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BLACKWOOD'S

Edinburgh

MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCI.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1862.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1862.

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WASSAIL : A CHRISTMAS STORY.

PART II.—CHAPTER V.

THE interior, however, was the strong side of Tregarrow. We will enter whilst the yeoman and his guest are shaking off the snow from their shoes in the entrance hall. On the left of this was a room with a blazing fire in its large grate, which showed cheerfully through the half-open door; but it had, nevertheless, a stiff, stately, unsocial look. This was evidently the apartment which had been offered up as a temple to the grand piano. A little farther, on the same side, was a smaller and cozier room—a perfect little snugger. This was the dame's "bowdwoir," as her spouse called it; a dear little sanctuary suggestive of home meetings, home talk, and home affections. Opposite the door was an oak staircase, very broad and very massive, but very dark also and very slippery—the scene of many a fall, and the cause of many a bruise—for the yeoman considered carpets aristocratic, and would have the stairs left in the nakedness of their native oak. In a dusty corner at the foot of the staircase stood an old clock. In the obscurity of this position, the face of this horologe was quite an

enigma. The large gilt figures, on a dark ground, would have made the note of time difficult under the most favourable circumstances—now it was a perfect mystery; but when it struck, then it showed what a clock with good, strong, healthy works could do. Its accuracy, too, was a proverb. The church and town clocks deferred to it, and all minor timepieces and watches were set by it most humbly.

On the right, a large door in the wainscot partition opened into the chief room. In fact this was the interior; here the interior life was passed; here, too, was the place of the hearthstone, and that made it sacred in Guy Penrice's eyes. The first perception of the interior was pleasant certainly. A genial warmth took possession at once of mind and body. The cold was completely conquered here; not only conquered, but annihilated. The thought of it even was subdued. Standing there, one looked out on the heaps of snow through the windows as though it were a picture of a winter in Russia. The warmth reigned supreme; it had things all its own way; it swept even into odd cran-

nies and corners, leaving not a chilly spot; and if a blast of cold came through an open door, it was at once seized and whirled and sucked into the maelstrom of heat. Servant girls as they came in ceased to blow their fingers; servant men to stamp their feet or beat their bodies: a few minutes before that hearth were enough. 'Twas a glorious hearth that; no scanty starveling thing half-choked with bricks, or just built a few feet into the wall, but a large-hearted, open-armed hearth, which thrust itself well out on the floor, and seemed to invite all to come there and be warm.

The fire, too, was worthy of the hearth. It would have kindled the devotion even of a fire-worshipper. It was a perfect structure. All the elements of a fire were there, all scientifically piled and arranged. There was a layer of motts, as the stumps of old trees are called in the West, another of coal, then came a pile of peat, and over all would lie the dry crackling faggots. The fire took its character from the element which predominated at the time; now it glowed bright, strong, and steady in the motts and coals—now burnt more dull and heavily with the peat, and then, as it caught the sticks of the faggots, its flames would blaze and roar up the chimney. That old chimney, too, black and grimy with the smoke of centuries, looked like the crater of an old volcano, as the columns of smoke and flame whirled up it, clouding for the time the bit of clear bright sky above.

The mantelpiece was of dark oak without carving or ornament, unless that horse-shoe nailed on the front of it could be called one. We grieve to reveal this weakness of our yeoman, though he certainly made no attempt to conceal it. The horse-shoe was not placed with any cheat-the-devil compromise in an obscure corner or crevice, but stood well out in front; nor was it a small shoe, such as might have fallen from Lilian's filly, but a good substantial piece of iron

which had undoubtedly once shod the hoof of Dobbin the plough-horse. Old Penrice rather paraded his superstition, and prided himself on the efficacy of the talisman. He used to boast that old Jenny Giant could never cross his threshold; which was true enough, as all the dogs had been trained to make an onslaught on her the instant she made the attempt.

The apartment itself was neither exactly hall nor kitchen, but had somewhat the character of each. Jonathan Oldbuck might have called it the symposium; for there the yeoman, his family, and dependants, sat down to the daily meals, there were the evening gatherings, and there were held the feasts and family meetings. The yeoman said he did not care whether 'twere hall or kitchen—'twas the place of the hearthstone, and that was enough for him. All the culinary processes had, however, been removed from hence, as an open door showed a second kitchen, where a large grate and a still glowing oven seemed to have been fully employed of late. As a further proof of disfranchisement as a kitchen, the dressers and the pewter, the glory of a farmhouse, had been displaced by a curious piece of furniture; it was, like everything else, of dark oak, and in shape was part cabinet, part press, part book-shelf, or rather a union of all. On the ground shelf stood a cavalry helmet with long horse-hair plume, a breastplate, and broadsword, all highly burnished, seemingly a most impertinent pretence in such a place; but old Penrice cherished most religiously these reminiscences of his having belonged to the yeomanry, and of his having gone out when the country called him. The shelf above held implements of a service much more in accordance with the *genius loci*—a punch-bowl of the old grey dragon pattern, which had evidently seen good service, and owed its present entirety to one or two rivets; a plain silver tankard, and the cup of buffalo's horn flanking it on either

side; a large deerhorn-handled knife and fork, strongly suggestive of rounds of beef backing it behind. In other recesses were the books which Lilian had added to his library, and little models of ploughs and winnowing-machines.

The dame, too, had her relics and knick-knacks. She had her bowl—a syllabub bowl—handsomer and more modern than her spouse's. There were also pieces of delicate china-ware spread about, and an ivory cabinet, evidently a gift from George. Treasured there was also an old-fashioned pillow for lace-making, with all its little bobbins, evidently a relic of the industrial skill of some grandmother or great-aunt. Lilian had striven to get a place for her guitar, but this was ignominiously banished by the yeoman, who said he would have no such fal-dals there. The room retained much of its original character when belonging to a higher state. An oak cornice ran round the ceiling, and the walls were wainscoted. Their dark tone was enlivened now by wreaths and garlands of laurel, laurestines, and holly berries, which hung on the panels and columns of the same, which were ranged up and down between them. Little sconces, too, for lighting up, stood in their centres. Next to warmth, the characteristic most predominant and manifest was fatness—plenty. It had its witnesses in the stout servants, who moved about with the satisfied air of full-bellied labour—in the dogs, whose sleekness spoke of a fatness in the crumbs which fell from the table—in the cats, which purred before the fires in lazy innocence of the necessity of catching mice except for pastime. It had its tokens in the great hams and pieces of bacon which lay like boulders in the succession of racks which hung all along the ceiling, some cut flitches or sides showing tempting strata of fat and lean—in the geese and salmon which hung to be dried and smoked in the chimney—in the dressed joints which

were seen through the open door of the pantry, all ready for the approaching supper—in the turkeys, geese, and ribs of beef which hung from hooks, in preparation for the morrow's feast—in the more distant vista of salting-pans and pickling-tubs, milk-pails, and large home-made cheeses. There was fatness everywhere—a fatness which had endured through generations; and it seemed as if leanness had never fallen on the tribe.

Waste and wastrels were, however, bitterly denounced by Guy Penrice. Every one should have a full belly, he said, but every one should work for it. The chairs and forms had been placed along the wall, and the supper tables drawn up also into retirement under the windows, leaving the floor clear for dance or revel.

The dame was moving about with a host of handmaidens finishing the arrangements. A buxom dame she was—comely and brisk. Her face would have been homely but for a gentle bright expression which lay on it, and which had evidently grown out of contact with higher natures. Years of ease and comfort had left her cheeks fresh and soft; her arms, too, were still smooth and plump. She wore her own soft grey hair, for her spouse denounced unsparingly all frisees and frisettes, and this added to the effect of softness. Her dress was behind the fashion of her generation, in accordance with the taste of her husband. A lace cap was fastened under her chin by pinners; her gown was of thick strong silk of sober hue, the skirt of which was now looped up through the pocket-hole to avoid unnecessary contact with dust or dirt. As a further precaution she had wrapped a large apron around her. Her eye was not sharp, nor was her voice; and yet the eye seemed to be everywhere, and the voice had a certain peremptoriness which insured immediate attention. The servants all said that missus would do more in one hour with her quiet way, than the maister in two with his tantrums; and his

brother, who set up for a wag, observed that Guy would stop to crow, whilst the missus went and laid an egg. The dame evidently indulged in a delusion common to the housewives of that day, that they made the most of their time by resorting to peripatetic industry, and had accordingly a stocking hung to her waist, in which she ever and anon knit a few stitches. As she heard a strange voice in the entrance with her husband, the apron was hastily thrown aside, and the skirt restored to its original flow.

The yeoman ushered in his guest with a "this is cheery, ben't it," and he stretched forth his hands, and then rubbed them as if shaking hands with the warmth. "Here, dame, here's the curate, Master Jones, come to see ye."

The dame made a half-curtsy as she said, "I am sure Mr Jones is kindly welcome, but I'm afeard he'll find our feast plays rather rough."

"Oh, he's come to see us in the rough," replied her spouse, "and don't expect to find us very jonteel or French polished."

"Won't he come into the parlour for a bit?" suggested the dame.

"No, no; you can take us there some night when you have your fal-dals and your company; we'll spend the night by the hearth now; so come along, passon." Then taking off his hat, rubbing his head, shaking himself into his boots, and making an abortive attempt to produce a better mutual understanding between his waistcoat and breeches, by which measures he seemed to have accomplished his toilet for the evening, he sat down in a large chair by the hearth. The curate sat opposite, and the dame slid quietly into a bee-hive by the side of her spouse, having first filled the silver tankard with a fragrant beverage, and placed it by him.

"Pass round the cup, dame," so the dame took a slight sip, just kissed the cup, and passed it on to the curate.

"Don't be afeard, sir," said Penrice, "'twon't hurt; 'tis only cider

warmed up with spices, and with a roast crab-apple bobbing about in it. Cider is proper faarmer's drink, so is ale, but I can't take kindly to your brandies and hollands, and your ports and sherries—they don't seem to me proper for faarmer folks, or faarmer life; but here's to you," as the cup passed on to him, "and wishing you hearty welcome."

"That seems a solid cup," remarked the curate.

"Yes, 'tis very solid, and have stood good use too, for 'tis very anshent, and have got the date, Anno Domini 1755, but the inscription be rubbed out, and we don't know how we comed by un, whether 'twos a prize, or what they calls a testimonial. I should think, however, there have been liquor enough in that tankard to float a little ship." The curate did not doubt the probability.

"The only other piece of plate belonging to us, was a large snuff-box. My brother have got un, and always wears un in his waistcoat; he's a small man, you know, and we says that it weighs un down, and makes un go lop-sided like a crab."

"I'm afeard, Mr Jones, you'll find it cruel dull down here-along," broke in the dame; "you up-country folk ben't used to our ways like. The vicar was good company once, but since he've been so hurried in mind about Miss Emily, he han't been so social."

"There ben't no mirth nor moosic in un now," chimed in her spouse. "Then there's the squire, too, a-gone furrin to what they calls the Spa."

"Bad health?—Gout, I suppose?"

"No, I think 'twas rather what they calls a atrophy of the purse that drove un away, though he was cruel broke, sure, arter he had to give up the hounds and the hosses, and never took heart in anything, specially after that young Rankin begun to hunt the country. If that por-digal Tom was here he wud have took ye about and showed ye some sport. Natheless, if you'm a sports-

man, you can al'ays have a day o'er the manor; and if you'm fond of riding, there's al'ays a hoss for ye."

The curate acknowledged the kindness.

The dame now took up her part, and made inquiries as to his lodging and his comforts, revolving in her own mind how she could supply the poor young man with fresh milk, butter, and eggs from the farm without offence. The curate began to feel inwardly as well as outwardly warm, under this flow of good offices. He thought, however, that the absence of the legacy made rather a gap in the scene. This absence was soon accounted for.

"Dame," said her spouse, "where's Lily? where's the lass?"

"Oh, she's gone to fetch the girls; they'll be here presently."

"They'll be heard afore they'm seen—half a mile off you'll hear 'em twittering and chirping like sparrows in the snowy morning."

Another sort of visitor now arrived. "Good to know who that is by the dogs," said the dame.

The sound of his step seemed the signal for a general gathering of the canine species. They came from every hole and corner. The old spaniel uncoiled himself from the mat—the sheep-dog came stretching and yawning from the wood corner—the old pointer left his place at the master's feet—a large greyhound abandoned a reconnaissance in the lower regions, and stalked forth, all to do honour to the huntsman Jim. These were all content with a respectful calm obeisance, acknowledged by a pat on the head or a rub of the ear. A much more enthusiastic reception was given by an old terrier, who might have been taken before for a half-charred log of wood lying on the hearth, and who jumped up now and advanced towards Jim, grinning, wriggling, twisting, and doubling himself, as though he were tying himself in knots and then bursting them again, or sometimes he would seem to go through himself and come out at

the other end. He had apparently reached the height of bliss when taken up in the huntsman's arms. This special favour was not due to him for his extrinsic beauty—an uglier creature never stood on four legs. He was an old, dirty-white, straight-haired terrier, very small and very lean, with a black spot over one eye, which looked like a patch—the other had been half-closed by a bite—and part of his jaw was bitten off, besides smaller wounds. But Cappy, familiar for Capsicum, was a hero in his generation, whose deeds of prowess stood high in the dog chronicle.

"The wishes of the season, marm, and many returns, and the same to you, maister," said Jim, entering the circle, but drawing back, as he saw the curate, with "I axes pardon, I didn't see you had company."

"Come on, James," shouted the yeoman, "'tis only Passon Jones, and he knows that we're all Jans and Joans to-night; there's the tankard by you, though I believe you despises cider."

If Jim had a contempt for that beverage it certainly required a long experience and a deep pull to create the inspiration, for his lips seemed glued to the cup, and he quitted it with a sigh—half of satisfaction at the meeting, and half of regret at the parting.

"Cappy han't forgot you, James," said the dame.

"Good to know he oughn't too, arter all I've done for un, marm."

"Dogs have a strong instinct in such matters, I believe," remarked the curate, wishing to fall in with the conversation of his company, "and remember a kindness a long time."

"You may well say that, sir; there ben't nothing more grateful than dows—that is, good dows—they beats 'umans in that; they never forgets a good turn or a good word, or them that has treated 'em well. Now, there's this yere Cappy, he'll never forget how I nussed un when his jaw was tore off—will you,

Cappy?" Cappy answered by a most unmusical howl and abortive lickings at Jim's face—the canine method perhaps of blowing a kiss.

"He met with an accident, then?" asked the curate.

"I doesn't know whe'er's you can call it an accident or no, for 'twas all in the way of his dooty. This is how it wos. There was one cover—the maister knows un, Dunbrook—where, whenever we drewed un, we al'ays found a fox in the same place 'xactly, and when he broke he wud al'ays take off in the same line, and when we comed to a certain spot we shud lose un altogether, and he'd vanish just like magic; so we used to call un the wizard, for we knowed 'twos the same fox. Well, one time we drewed, and, 'cording to custom, found our ould friend. Afore he broke the squire sent on some chaps to turn un, and so he took to the hills, and we drove 'im to 'arth up among the tors. Then the squire swore he wud hae un out, for he was mortal anxious to see this yere wizard; so we sends for picks, and puts in Cappy and another tarrier. Afore the men cud come to dig, we heerd a growling and a scuffling in the mouth of the 'arth, and out cum the wizard with Cappy a hanging on to un. Lor'-a-massy, he wos the biggest fox I ever seed, all straikey with grey. As soon as he got into the open he flinged Cappy from un as thof he'd been the twig of a tree, and drashed un down to the ground. So I did but jest put the dowgs on the wizard and cum back to Cappy. There he was, a-lying with his jaw hanging by a little bit of skin, so I bandages un as well as I cud, and makes a little bed of the moss and leaves for un. Well, we lost the wizard again at the ould spot, and then I goes and takes home Cappy afore me on the pony. I made a bed for un in the saddle-room and nussed un day and night, and sometimes sot up with un to dress his wounds. Well, I never, thof he wos in cruel pain, heard this little dowg groan

or whine, but he wud look up in my face as much as to say, 'Tis an honourable wound, James, and was got all in the way of dooty."

"More shame to you, James," said the dame, "for teaching un to fight and get in harm's way."

"No, marm, I didn't teach un, 'twas his natur; if we hadn't trained un to go agin the varments he wud hae been fighting with his own kind. I never put dowg agin dowg; but some is born to fight. 'Tis the same with the 'umans. Some ov 'em is never happy 'cept they is giving one anither black eyes, or shoving a bayonet or driving a bit of lead through one anither."

"You seem," said the curate, "to have made the dog a regular study."

"In coose I have; 'twas my dooty, my vocashun, as the vicar called it, to study 'em. You'll never rule nothing, dowg or 'uman, 'cep you studies 'em and watches 'em in all their ways. Now there's the doctors, and, axing your pardon, the passons too, wud give the same dose to everybody. There's old Doctor Drenchpot wud treat an ould scarecrow like me same as he wud the maister, and old Passon Piejohn wud preach the same sarmment to the missus as he would to Rich Jope" (Rich Jope was a noted poacher, and therefore in Jim's eye a criminal of blackest soul). "No, you can never do nothing with dowgs or 'umans that way. They must know you, and you must know they. Now you flog one dowg and spoils un, breaks his sperit—you flog anither, and makes un a good hound for life; you may trust one dowg to eat by hisself, and you must watch anither or he'd eat till he bust."

"Why, you are quite a philosopher, James," said the curate, "and in your love for the dog, would almost sympathise with the Indian of whom the poet speaks."

"What was that, sir, please?" said James, eagerly.

The curate quoted the well-known lines—

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the
wind,
And thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog should bear him com-
pany."

"Not onreasonable ayther in a
haythen as knowed no better," re-
marked James.

"I believe," struck in the yeo-
man, "that James is almost a hay-
then about dogs; and I often thinks
he fancies that he and the squire
and the hounds will turn up to-
gether somewheres."

Even the mild dame joined in
the attack.

"Yes, James, I'm sure the way
you took on about the hounds was
almost sinful. You cudn't have
grieved more if they'd been chil-
dren or friends."

"Well, marm, and wo'sent they
friends? I'd a-reared 'em all from
puppies, leastwise knowed their
gets, and had tended 'em, and
broke 'em, and nussed 'em, and
gied 'em their mait, and hunted
with 'em, and had long discoose
with 'em, for days and years some
ov 'em, and knowed all their ways
and their wants, so 'twas nat'ral I
shud feel wisht at parting from
'em."

"That's James's romance—his
journey to Lunnun with the hounds.
I've towld the passon mine, dame,"
said old Guy, turning towards his
spouse.

The dame nodded significantly,
as if she felt well assured of that.

"I doen't knaw that there was
much romance in it," returned
James; "but 'twos the dismallest
time I ever knawed—'twos an un-
common wisht time."

The curate, however, expressed a
wish to hear the story.

"Well, then, you must knaw, sir,
that some time back the squire was
obligated to put down the hounds,
as he was agoing to furrin parts.
So he selled 'em to a gent up the
country, and I was to take 'em up
to un. 'Twos all very aisy so long
as we gaed along the road, for the
dowgs was used to that, but when

they com aboard the steamer at
Plymouth they growed mortal on-
aisy and mistrustful, and wud com
about me a-rubbing agin my legs,
and looking up in my face with a
sort of whine, as much as to say,
What doth all this main? and when
I sot down they wud com and talk
to me, one arter the ither as thof
they thoft we was going to part.
Little Fortune cum fust—you knaw-
ed her, maister—she wos the pur-
tiest and the fleetest bitch in all the
pack—and she puts her paw up and
looks in my face with her purty
way and gave a soft whine like, I
knawed wot she was a-saying—
she wos saying, 'Now, James, what
be a-going to do with that last pup
of mine? he was a booty, you knaw,
and I hopes you'll remember un.'
'All right, old gurl,' says I; 'I'll
tend un as if he was a cheeld, and
bring un up as a hound of his get
hoft to be.' Then anither com up
and tells his story, and then an-
ither. When it com on dark I lied
down a bit with the dowgs around
me, and cruel dismal 'twos. All at
once I feels a nose shued under
my arm, and when I looked down
I seed 'twas old Royal. Now Royal,
you know, maister, was a very
proud high-minded hound, and thof
he was very dootiful in the kennel,
he was never so social-like as the
rest, but wud kep off, as much as
tosay, You'm only huntsman, James,
but I'm a high-breed hound; thof
if the squire com in and sot down,
as he did sometimes, he wud stand
with his haid on his knee for a
hour maybe. You knaw, maister,
I thinks there's a sort of freemasonry
among they high-breeds—dowgs or
'umans."

"I thinks so too, James, though
'tis agin my politics."

"Well, I wos astonished when I
seed old Royal, and more so when
he begins a-muzzling me, and cry-
ing o'er me, as much as to say, 'We
han't ben so thick like as the rest,
but we'm good friends, and I'm
sorry to part, old fellow.' When
the other dowgs heerd un yowling,
they sot up tuning their pipes too,

and there was a pretty how-d'ye-do. The captin he com then and tells me to stop that darned noise, so I wos obliged to quiet 'em; but 'twos a mortal drear night that, my heart almost broke. Well, at last we lands and gets to the place where we wos going; a nashun fine place 'twos, but they never axed me to sot and rest, or hae a sup of ale or a bite ov bread and cheese, and just sends me on to the kennel. Lor'-amassy, what a place that wos—'twos more like a palace than a kennel. There was coorts for exercise, and feeding coorts, and biling kitchens; and the floor of the dowgs' place was all a-done hard like with lime or somewhat; and the binches for the beds wos all so roomy and fine—I was a'most 'mazed at it all; but I didn't see no foxes' haid nowhere. Then there cum up a man to me; he wos so nashun smurt I thoft he wos the maister, and wos a-going to touch my cap to un, but I stops jest in time. He had a fine buff waistcoat, with sheeny buttons on, and whitey corduroys, all cotched in at the ankle with little buttons; and the buttons of his coat wos all over foxes and dowgs and osses. He had, too, a great blue neck-kercher round his neck, with a gowld fox's haid stuck in un; and his hat was thraved on one side, sassy and janty like. He seemed to look down on me, thof I had my bestes clothes on. 'Ah,' says he, 'my man, you brought the hounds for us from the West.' 'Iss, sir,' says I, 'and good dowgs they be on the whole, and I hopes you'll find 'em so.' 'Ah,' says he, 'they looks goodish dowgs, though rayther in the rough.' 'Iss, sir,' says I, 'we'm all rayther in the rough, down along.' 'Oh, I daresay but they'll do very well with a little weeding, and a little of our fining and discipline; and I don't doubt we shall have as good a season as we had last year.' 'May I ax, making so bowld,' says I, 'how many foxes you killed last year?' 'Oh,' says he, 'getting a bit red, 'we doan't care so much about the number, but we likes to

kill 'em secundem hartem.' 'Oh, then,' says I, 'I'm afeard you'll have to onlearn our dowgs a brave lot, for our squire have toft 'em to kill their fox.' With that I says 'Good-morning, sir,' and then gits to the door as fast as possible, but I soon heers a yowl, and then a whip a-going, so I puts my fingers in my ears and rins, and never stops till I gits to the town. Sure 'twos a wisht time—a cruel wisht time."

James, on the strength of this story, obtained great credit for repartee in his own little world, and was looked up to as one who had thraved the up-country chap a fale. "Here, James, wash down the story," said the yeoman, handing over the tankard.

"Well then," said he, as he raised it to his lips, "here's a health—I can't help it, maister, if you be angered, I must do it—here's a health to Mr Tom, who's away."

"James," said the yeoman, with rather got-up indignation, "you knows I never allows nobody to name that pordigal but myself."

"More shame to you," retorted the dame, quietly, "on such a night as this too. It's to be open doors and closed hearts, full board and scant love, then, with us. Our own are to be the only ones shut out. That's rayther mockery, ben't it."

The curate too muttered something about there being nothing but peace and goodwill and Christian love at such a holy time.

Old Guy glared from one to another, as though he intended to stand at bay, but he thought better of it, and taking the tankard in his hand, said, "You'm right, dame, so here's a health to un, and God bless un." The last words were intended to be drowned in the cup, but were given with too much emphasis to be lost. A great clatter of tongues and laughing was now heard. "Ah, there's they be," said old Guy, "they'm about half a mile off now."

The yeoman was either much out in his calculation, or they had accomplished the distance in marvelously short time, for they were

soon heard rustling in the entrance hall. The party consisted of the yeoman's brother and his daughters, Lily bringing up the rear.

The brother was the very opposite of Guy ; he was a little, old, leathery man—in fact, very like a bundle of cranky leather tied together ; one of those contrarities often seen in families. It had been remarked once that he would never fill his brother's boots, when a wag added, that if he was pounded and rolled out, he wouldn't furnish material enough to make boot-trees for them. The daughters, however, asserted the family type very strongly. They were what would be called fine women, though perhaps rather strong in tone and colour ; and in the breadth of shoulder and development of bone, did not exhibit much of the line of beauty. They came in, however, bringing a fine healthy breath of life with them—bracing as the air outside, without its coldness.

"There she is, that's Lily," said the yeoman, nudging the curate ; "she always wears that red cloak and hood to please me." Any one who observed how well the loose hood with its white lining suited the fair round face beneath, would not have given Miss Lily credit for much self-sacrifice. Like the bal-lad Lilian, she looked—

"So innocent arch, so cunning simple,
From beneath her gathered wimple,
Glancing with her deep blue eyes,
Till the lightning laughter dimple
The baby roses in her cheek."

We have taken a liberty with the poet in respect of the eyes. Our Lilian's were blue, deep blue, but the lightning laughter played in them, and over the whole face, or rather a lightning joyousness, a joyousness born of sunshine, and caught from breeze and bird. There were baby roses too, very baby roses, for it was the softest blush of bloom which tinged the fairness of her face. 'Twas vain to say what that face was like, for the joyousness lay on it in a dazzle, like the mirage of a summer day. You saw

there was a dimpled chin, that the eyes were blue, and that the light flaxen hair lay dishevelled in loops and bands on her forehead, or hung in loose tresses and waving pendants over her neck ; but to classify the face, to say it was classic, or Saxon, or Celtic, was impossible. You might as well try to analyse a sunbeam.

Slender she was, though taller and not so tiny as the mother, yet beside the nieces she looked almost fairy-like, and, compared with their pronounced movements, hers was a floating motion. The country life had not detracted from her native grace and delicacy, but only moulded them into firmness and elasticity.

"Look, he has put himself directly under the mistletoe," she cried out with a laugh, as soon as she was clear of the phalanx of the stalwart nieces, "a regular challenge ;" and with this she bounded on her guardian, throwing one arm round his neck, and stroking his head with the other, whilst her kisses fell softly on cheek and forehead. The old man smiled blandly, as though, like Tennyson's oak, he felt his sap stirred, spite of hard wood and wrinkled rind. Things, however, took a more serious aspect when the nieces all rushed on, shouting out, "Now it's our turn." Very different, indeed, was their vigorous handling and hearty smacks, to the gentle manipulation and caresses he had just undergone. In vain he tried to extricate himself from the toils. At length he effected a diversion by saying, "There's the parson—take the parson—'tis his turn."

And the parson had his turn, we blush to say ; but whether the nieces took the parson or the parson took the nieces, would be a question as idle as that of old, whether the codfish took the hook or the hook took the codfish. Anyways, there was kissing under the mistletoe.

By this time a great number of guests had arrived—farmers and their wives, parochial magnates, the

farm-labourers, and many a high-way and by-way chance-comer besides.

"Now then, dame," said Penrice, "let's have the hearth-cup, and then we'll clear the floor for dancing or games, jest as the young ones like. By the by, I promised Master Jones to show Lily's cup to un; he thinks 'tis of more vally than we knows, and you can drink your sweet stuff out ov it. I'll go and fetch un."

Meantime the brother handed round the snuff-box, which resembled a small dressing-case, as a sort of interlude. An Eastern monarch is said to send a subject whom he wishes to ruin an elephant as a present. This box was almost as mischievous an inheritance, for it had induced the possessor to feed his own nose and the noses of his friends at a most costly expenditure.

The dame and Lily had taken advantage of the interval to have a little conversation *sotto voce* with Jim. That worthy, however, only shook his head mournfully, saying, "No marm, no letters, nor no news of any sort or kind."

James was rather a strange go-between, but he had been selected as a medium of communication between Tom and his mother from his known honesty and devotion to the former. The dame had hoped that a letter might have brightened even the Christmas festival, and the the disappointment seemed to sink deeper into her quiet nature than would have been imagined. It shaded even the joyousness of Lily's face.

Presently old Guy returned, bearing in his hand a sandal-wood box,

inlaid with silver, which emitted a delicious fragrance when opened, and the cup was taken from its sanctuary. The cup was of ivory, carved delicately at the foot, and there was a ring of bright and many-coloured stones around the rim. All were surprised at its beauty, and at the brilliancy of the gems, real or not. The yeoman even was astonished, as he had scarcely ever seen it since it was first given into his custody, and had never taken any particular note of it. "We'll hansom un first, dame, with thy sweet trade, and then the passon can examine un, and let's us have George's horn too."

So Lily's cup, filled with spiced elder wine, surrounded by a little company of glasses of metheglin, went round among the fair drinkers; the buffalo horn, with the tankard as a reservoir, was reserved for the family and neighbours. Cups and jugs of beer and cider were liberally distributed among the company generally. The orchestra had arrived, consisting of two fiddles and flute, led by old Steve Rowell, whose reputation as a musician was so great, that 'twas thought he would have made his fortune in London, only that he never could get beyond a public four miles distant, whenever he made an attempt to reach that place.

The musicians were now called upon to give an accompaniment to the chorus, with which the toast of the hearth-cup was always introduced.

"Now, Bob, pitch the time," said Guy to his brother.

The lead being given, all hands joined in giving—

Here's success to the old roof-tree!

Heigho for the old roof-tree!

Here's to the bounteous, whoever they be!

Heigho for the jovial and free!

Curs'd is the cold heart that dwelleth alone.

Here's to the hearth and the warm hearthstone!

Heigho for the warm hearthstone!

All voices gave the burst of the refrain so heartily and lustily that it made the roof-tree ring again.

The toast, of course, was drunk right merrily.

"Now then," said Guy, "let

Mister Jones gie his judgment of the cup."

The curate looked at it long and carefully, and then said, "It is my opinion, if these stones are real gems, that the cup is of great value."

"Great valy! what do you mean by great valy?" inquired Guy.

"Well, I should think as valuable as the broad lands we saw to-night."

"Of as great valy as Tregarrow, with its tenements, and messuages, and heriditaments, its pasturages, uplands, and plantashuns? 'Tis impossible, 'tis impossible."

"Well, perhaps, that would be a little exaggeration, but 'twould be worth a good sum of money."

"Then the gurl's a hairress! my legacy a hairress! and I'm spon-sible as her guardian; we must put this away safe if that be the case."

"Yes, mind you do, for I shall be a most ruthless creditor, and shall demand my pound of flesh, guardy," said Lily, playfully.

As the yeoman turned to go away, he met a most sinister-looking face, which had been peering over his shoulder when the cup was shown. "Halloa, Mister Rich Jope, what has brought you here?"

'Twas an evil-looking fellow he addressed; he had an evil squint, nor was the obliquity confined to the vision, for he squinted all over; there was an obliquity in figure, manner, and gait.

"Why, I thoft bygoness was bygoness," replied this worthy, "and that everybody was welcome here to-night."

"Well, I never turn nobody from my doors in Christmas times, but the farther off we be, the better friends."

With this Jope slunk off.

"James," said Guy, beckoning the huntsman to him, "see that

old Steve and his gang get plenty to keep 'em going."

"I should think," remarked the wag brother, "that being a Rowel, he wouldn't require a spur in the head."

"And, James," continued Guy, "keep your eye on that Rich Jope; he's up to no good."

James thus found himself established as general family factotum and confidant.

"Now, then," shouted the yeoman, as he returned from depositing his trust in safety, "let us have a dance; tune up your pipes, my boys. Now Lily, then, first dance with you. Robert will take the dame—the girls will passel out the passon among 'em."

The music struck up, and away they went—up the middle and down again, change sides, crissy-crossy—heads bobbing and feet stamping. Sometimes the yeoman's face would be seen gleaming among the rest like a full moon—sometimes a glimpse of the yellow tops would be seen in the interstices of legs—now there would be a tangle and a puzzle, which the nieces set right in a strong-handed way, and then off they'd go again. If it had not been for the propriety and pleasantness of the thing, there might as well have been no music—the dancers mostly ignored it altogether; their steps, too, were most original. If there was little grace, there was much fun. It was very muscular mirth, which delighted to find vent in strong exercise; it was a loud-voiced, noisy, hob-nailed mirth, which delighted in shouts and laughter, and snapping of fingers, and stamping with the heel.

But who shall say what is the true expression of mirth? At any rate, if there be any faith in outward signs, there were merry hearts and happy ones in that revel by the hearthstone of Tregarrow.

CHAPTER VI.

We must return to the wassailers now—we pick them up in a narrow lane leading from the village to the vicarage. They had taken their usual beat, and had presented their bowl and sung their wassail to those who were likely to appreciate either, or to show their appreciation in what old Kit would consider the orthodox fashion. They were not merry men all, certainly, but seemed rather a melancholy band—very silent, and very blue at the nose—not at all like men who had been devoting their energies to the inspiration of the jolly wassail. The fact is, that old Kit had most ruthlessly abided by the established tactics of the fraternity, and had enforced a most rigorous sobriety.

"How foolish 'twud be," he'd say, "to be a-filling yersels with bread and cheese, and getting boozy on small sour beer, when we've the good ating and the good drinking in view at Tregarrow. 'Sides, if we wos to go there a-roaring and screaming, and not 'tending to our chowrus, we shud gie mortal offence to the faarmer."

So abstinence had been the rule, but it had not improved the tempers or added to the cheerfulness of the party. They were now turning the corner and wending towards the vicarage. Still the same dark female figure followed, hovering round them, hanging on their skirts, and yet never coming into sight—specially did she shun this as the vicarage stood before them.

"Now, comrades," said Kit, "mind you'm very meek with the song, and very piany with the chowrus, for the passon's nerves be oncommon shaky; and if we'm axed to drink, let's take a drop of some—'ut short, for the passon's ale han't got draught enough to be good, and the hollands is very superior. The housekeeper's curranty-cake, too, is to be depended upon."

The members of the bowl bright-

ened up at the thought of even this small whet to their appetites.

As they entered the garden the vicar came forth through the window (which opened on the ground) to receive them. After listening quietly but with evident effort to several verses—which were certainly, according to Kit's caution, given in the mildest form of wassail melody—he stepped forward and said, "Thanks, my friends, thanks for your greeting; but you know I am not fitted now to be a good disciple of the jolly wassail, so you'll excuse me. I must, however, sip the bowl for the sake of old times, and wish you and yours all the happiness of the season." As he sipped he dropped an offering into the bowl, which met even Kit's views of orthodoxy in such matters.

"And now, my friends, good-night, and God bless you," he said, waving his hand. "The housekeeper will be expecting to see you, and she will make you merrier than I can."

As the band trooped off towards the kitchen, that dark figure again stole forth, glided silently towards the window, and looked cautiously into the parlour, where Arthur Versturme stood by the hearth. A long anxious look she took, and then a sigh, a deep wailing sigh, escaped her. At this the vicar looked up, and she glided back as quietly and silently again into the dark shades of the shrubbery. Arthur Versturme mused for a moment, then rubbed his eyes, and then advanced to the window and looked out. "Surely," he said, "I heard a sigh and saw a figure here—it could not be fancy." But there was nought to be seen; and 'twas vain to look for traces in the snow, as the wassailers had trampled it into a maze of foot-steps.

"No, it must have been an illusion," he said, as he returned to the

hearth, "one of those which spring from a heated brain and weak stomach. I have kept too long a vigil and fasted too much. Yet it seemed so real. Can it be that spirits come back to visit us? Could it be that dear one," looking up at the picture of his wife, "coming from the world of angels to call

me—or that poor lost one returning to mourn over the hearth she had made so desolate?—but these are fantasies."

And so he sat, now fighting with these fantasies, now hugging them to his heart, until the housekeeper entered, and forced him back to the materialism of supper.

CHAPTER VII.

We will precede the wassailers and await them at Tregarrow. The feast was spread there, and the guests all seated. One table had been placed across the upper end of the room, and another branched from it down the middle; at the upper sat old Guy, with his relations and friends beside him. From this position he could command a view over all the tables, and see that all his guests were doing justice to his fare. To say the board groaned, would be to use a false metaphor, and to cast an unjust reflection on it. It seemed not in the least inclined to groan, but looked very jolly, covered as it was with goodly viands, and bedecked with laurel and holly berries. It was certainly heavily laden, but bore its burden cheerfully. The sight of that supper would have given Soyer dyspepsia for a month, and have driven Gunter to an asylum a hopeless lunatic. There were rounds of beef and ribs of beef, of wondrous size and fatness; plump hams, goodly to sight and savour; large pies; legs of roast pork, succulent and brown with crackling; huge plum-puddings dark with fruit; cheeses; great loaves and cakes, all set in tempting array, interspersed with cans of cider and jugs of ale. Round the dame were scattered a few trifles, such as patties, tarts, little bowls of syllabub and cream, and sweet-cakes. These were for her own delectation, and that of Lily and the curate. The yeoman called them the wife's pomps and vanities, and despised them heartily. The nieces, too, were

true to the family tastes and the solids. If they renounced the pomps and vanities of the world half so easily as they did those of the *patisserie*, it must have been very gratifying to their godfathers and godmothers. All were now impatient for the arrival of the wassailers to commence operations. Old Penrice sat with his chin just rising over a round of beef—the knife and fork held erect on either side of it, in readiness for work. Seen thus, he looked like some grotesque bit of heraldry; the jovial face was the crest, the round of beef the shield, the carvers the supporters.

Presently a crackling of the snow was heard without.

"Here they come," cried the yeoman; "shut the doors, quick!"

There was a little dramatic action, it seemed, which must precede the entry of the wassailers. Acting up to it, these worthies turned from the closed doors, and ranged themselves outside the window; a ghostly band they looked, standing in the cold light—very chill and comfortless as the outs always look to the ins on such occasions. Their outside part was short, yet many a longing glance was cast at the warm hearth and the full board within. The wassail song was now struck up with all the strength of the company. The execution exhibited every degree of nasal twang and nasal energy. These, modulated and organised by a Jullien, might have produced a novel effect; as it was, the individual nose was too prominent and too independent. Thus ran the first verses of their ditty:—

A jolly wassail bowl,
 A wassail of good ale ;
 Well fare the butler's soul
 That setteth this to sale.
 With our wassail,
 Our jolly wassail.

Good Dame here at your door,
 Our wassail we begin ;
 We are all fellows poor,
 We pray now let us in,
 With our wassail,
 Our jolly wassail.

Our wassail we do fill
 With apples and with spice ;
 Then grant us your good will
 To taste here once or twice
 Of our wassail,
 Our jolly wassail.

If any maidens be
 Here, dwelling in this house,
 They kindly will agree
 To take a full carouse
 Of our wassail,
 Our jolly wassail.

But here they let us stand,
 All freezing in the cold ;
 Good master, give command
 To enter, and be bold,
 With our wassail, &c.

Here there was a pause with the minstrelsy, and the yeoman again gave the word. The doors were thrown open, and in rushed the band. Old Penrice chuckled over this bit of pantomime, as though it had been the most cunning stage effect ever invented by Scribe or Planché. The wassailers now formed

in procession—Kit, the arch-priest, at the head, the other ministrants following in Indian file—and marched up and took position behind the master's chair. The song was again taken up, and certainly the refrain was given more *con spirito* than before :—

Much joy unto this hall
 With us is entered in ;
 Our master first of all,
 We hope will now begin,
 Of our wassail, &c.

The master drank, and then there was a loud chink in the bowl. Song and cup now passed on to the dame :—

And after his good wife,
 Our spiced bowl will try ;
 The Lord prolong your life ;
 Good fortune we espy
 For our wassail, &c.

A sip, and another chink ; and on went the bowl with laugh and cheer through the rest of the company, the wassail band singing the remaining verses of their ditty :—

Some bounty from your hands,
Our wassail to maintain ;
We'll buy no house or lands,
With that which we do gain
With our wassail, &c.

It is a noble part,
To bear a liberal mind ;
God bless our master's heart,
For here we comfort find,
With our wassail, &c.

And now we must be gone,
To seek out more good cheer,
Where bounty will be shown,
As we have found it here,
With our wassail, &c.

Much joy betide them all ;
Our prayers shall be still,
We hope, and ever shall,
For this your great good will
To our wassail, &c.

The chink-a-chinks in the bowl during the progress had been so numerous that old Kit smiled all over, and was evidently rejoicing in the thought that the dregs of his bowl would not be so bitter as those of festive cups are generally supposed to be. The departure announced in the concluding verses was merely pantomimic, like the entry, and meant only a temporary seclusion in the entrance hall, where the bowl was deposited, and the ministrants then returned in their private character to the supper-table.

The feast now began in right earnest. The yeoman's carving was a sight to see. How he flourished the carvers at each cut ! how the slices fell before his knife like corn before a sickle ! and how he chuckled, as empty plates succeeded full ones in apparently endless succession. As his labours grew a little lighter, he would stop to take a view of the general operations. Epicure Mammon's sensualism was not larger than his benevolence. He ate with

every man's appetite, and drank with every man's draught. A good performance at the trencher he applauded as we would a good hit in a play. At length his eye lit on young Pretty Tommy. His destiny had placed that neophyte opposite a stuffed leg of pork, and some friendly hand had helped him largely from it. How did the young savage devour the savoury meat, making inarticulate sounds the while ! how did he grin with surprise and delight as he sucked crackling, and crushed the brown skin between his teeth, and the unctuous sense stole over his palate ! how recklessly he dashed into the sage and onions ! What a sight he was as he stopped for a minute to breathe and sigh, his face smeared with grease up to the cheek-bones, and his nose even bearing marks of contact with the onions. His ecstasy reached its climax in a slice of plum-pudding. Crackling and pudding were novelties both to sight and sense. The advantages which more civilised vagabonds

have in contemplating such delicacies à la distance, by flattening their noses against the window of a cook's shop, had not been his. His was a virgin palate and a virgin taste as far as such things were concerned.

"Lor! 'tis as good as a play, to see un," said old Guy, going off in a peal of chuckles. "Let un alone now—let un enjoy hisself—don't ye stop un." This last was a monition to Kit, who was endeavouring to check the youth's ardour.

Melody at length succeeded to feasting, and song was the order of the day. A Christmas catch was trolled by Lily and the uncle—the curate giving the bass. The yeoman struck out, in lusty tones, "Speed the plough;" and Lily, by request, sang sweetly and simply "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme," &c., which the yeoman pronounced worth all the modern folle-rols, and "the nonsense they was always twaddling nowadays about gazelles and being a butterfly."

James, as in duty bound, gave "Bright chanticleer;" but if he had pursued the fox as feebly in the field as he did in song, there would not have been so many heads on the squire's kennel door. There was one song in which all joined most unanimously. The burden was a ruthless and vindictive determination to hunt the buffalo, which, if carried into effect, would have led to the extermination of that animal in his native wilds. How the buffalo had provoked this animosity did not appear. In one of the pauses, Jim was observed to look very anxiously out of the window. "Halloa, James!" cried the host, "what's the matter? you look skeered as if you had seen a ghost—it must be the ghost of a dowg if anything."

"I doan't knaw whether it be the ghost of a dowg or not, but 'tis something nashun queer-looking—'tis more like a fox or a wolf a-glinting in here with his great saucer eyes."

"'Tis the 'Scovy dowg," said young Pretty Tommy, eager to give

information, and then sputtering and colouring at finding himself a speaker.

"'Scovy dowg?" said the yeoman, inquiringly.

"Oh," explained old Kit, "young Tommy seed a 'Scovy duck once, and he always thinks everything furrin is 'Scovy. 'Tis a 'Stralian dowg belonging to one of our chaps."

"'Tis a queer one, whatever he be," muttered Jim; and, watching his opportunity, he slid out to reconnoitre the stranger. To his surprise the dog ran down towards him, but in turning round he saw that his master had followed him out. "Is this dowg yourn, my friend?" he said, by way of commencing acquaintance.

"Yes, 'tis," surlily responded sailor Dick.

"Well, he's a queer one as ever I seed. What may he be good for, may I ax?—varmint, or fox, or rabbit?"

"Good for?—why, sheep, kangaroo."

This conversation was not encouraging to James, so he stooped down to make personal acquaintance with the strange animal. As he did so, sailor Dick laid his hand on his shoulder and whispered in his ear—"Jim, you old stupid, don't you know me?"

"Lor'-a-massy," ejaculated Jim, starting up and trembling all over with surprise and joy—"Lor'-a-massy if it ben't Maister Tom! and to think I should be bothering about an old dowg when you was nist me! but I'm cruel glad to see ye again—cruel glad, sure," and with this he set to wringing him by both hands. "They'll be cruel glad to see ye in-doors too. The maister he drink your health, and say 'God bless un' to-night—so come along in, Maister Tom; and you'm looking so brave and hearty, I declare."

"Stop, Jim, I can't show myself yet until I have made one or two little inquiries; so do you go and see if you can make a signal to Lily to come out."

Jim departed on his mission, but turned more than once to wring the prodigal by the hand again. By this time the song in the hall had degenerated into the low comic. Old Kit was in the middle of a facetious and mystic ballad known as "Bung-y'r-eye." The sentiment of it was, that an exciseman having seized on a keg which he supposed contained bung-y'r-eye—the slang term for hollands—on opening it, found a fine young baby inside. Determined to make the best of it, he carried the young foundling to be christened, and gave Bung-y'r-eye as the name of the future Christian, and the gist of the ballad was the surprise and perplexity of the parson at receiving such a baptismal

denomination. After a while the mirth began evidently to slacken—the yeoman ceased to fill his cup—the dame gave little winks and starts at intervals—and the nieces were caught in most unmistakable yawns. "Come, then," said old Guy, "pass round the tankard once more before we part, and as 'tis well on in the Christmas morn we'll have a curl (carol, *Anglicè*). Let Lily begin : but where's Lily ?" Lily had disappeared. The alarm caused by her absence was soon absorbed in a greater one—a shrill female voice was heard shrieking out, Fire ! fire ! and in a few minutes James came in, pale and ghastly, shouting out, "Maister, maister, the thatch be a-fire !"

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

A GENERATION or two ago it was an article of popular belief that the possession of genius was not only compatible with folly, meanness, and pettiness, but that a man could scarcely be "a great genius" without either an amount of imbecility which exposed him to the contempt of his neighbours, or of self-indulgence and vice, which made him justly their horror. Perhaps the idea has not yet entirely faded from the obstinate popular mind, which is slow to change its opinions ; but in the upper levels of intelligence it has been for some time replaced by a counter idea, not less sweeping, and scarcely less untrue. It is to Mr Carlyle that we owe the principle which he is at present laboriously attempting to set forth by the difficult process of turning Prussian Frederick into a lofty hero, that Genius necessarily implies all the wisdom, goodness, and perfection, both moral and intellectual, which can belong to man. A man who has this one divine gift, instead of contenting himself with the

double portion which has actually fallen to his share, must have every other excellence claimed for him by birthright. It is not enough that he is the poet of a nation ; he must be acknowledged the individual most worthy, were not his contemporaries blind—to be that nation's ruler too. Strength and goodness, and all the more exquisite qualities of the soul, must belong to him whose possession of the incommunicable gift has been made manifest, even in modes which have little to do with the moral qualities. This modern philosophy, which saw in Burns not the inspired minstrel only, but, had it not been for blind fate and adverse circumstances, the hero and demigod of his country, has exercised a subtle influence in contemporary literature ; and perhaps has nowhere more fully shown its perfect contradictoriness at once to fact and nature than in the eloquent and repeated defences, the webs of cunning argument and specious pleading, in which his admirers have enfolded the pitiful and scanty

history of the painter Turner, whose *Life*,* so called, has just been given to the world.

If the greatest gifts of intellect are but synonymous with a great soul—if moral excellence, purity of heart, nobility of mind, are all as necessary parts of creative genius as the special faculty of utterance or of creation, that is peculiar to it—the dread dilemma which arises when a sudden phenomenon appears, splendid with indisputable genius, but deficient in everything which ennobles a mere human creature, may easily be divined. How such a thing can be, is puzzling enough without any theory to perplex the matter; but when there is no possibility of denying the fact, common observers, who do not feel their own discrimination disparaged by the paradox, may admit and deplore the sad contradiction, or even adopt the timid wisdom of silence, and conclude it best to turn the light away from the unsatisfactory figure, and direct it upon the undeniable productions which are not inconsistent with themselves. This prudent mode of procedure is, however, impossible to those who hold that genius cannot exist by itself, but must carry every human excellence along with it. Under such circumstances the only thing to be done is, with the strangest inconsequence, to prove how vulgar material restrictions and obstacles have tarnished and limited the divine soul—have driven it into painful corners, where its aspect looks poor and cowardly only because of the wicked bonds surrounding it; and have gained such mastery over its loftier nature as circumstances seldom gain over commonplace men. Treated according to this plan, the Immortals appear to us weakly succumbing to temptations and overborne by influences which ordinary individuals struggle through without any surrender of honour; and at length, by the cir-

cuitous route of Hero-worship and deification, we are brought back again to the old vulgar dogma, that of all the inspirations of human life Genius is the one least like to carry its possessor through the world with honour and dignity, or to preserve his garments unspotted. The great modern example of this extraordinary process is the great painter whose shabby figure has not been long enough off the stage to permit the possibility of its reproduction amid fabulous lights. It has fallen to the lot of this unhappy man to attract the adoring admiration of one of the most brilliant writers of the day, and, half deified, to have at the same time his notable imperfections accounted for according to the only plausible hypothesis by which the rights of genius can be kept intact while its faults are excused. If Turner could have chosen for himself, it is probable that he would have rather resigned the applause than borne the consequent examination and defence. But Turner was not consulted; and here, accordingly, stands forth, under the strongest light, a figure only adapted for twilight and the shadows; an unhappy soul, whom common charity is content to accept as a great painter, without special inquiry into his character, but whom the cruelty of friends forces forth into public ignominy, by way of proving his right, had not circumstances forbidden, to take his place among the greatest of men.

We presume there can be little doubt that circumstances have an effect upon the lives and characters of men; to say anything else would be to contradict flatly the ordinary opinion of the world. Notwithstanding, if one will but look at one's private experience among the most ordinary and obscure actors in the life drama, how wonderfully, one must allow, character, temper, heart, and spirit, assert themselves beyond the reach of all external powers.

* *The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.* By WALTER THORNBURY. Hurst & Blackett. 1862.

How triumphantly the poor prodigal, to whom Providence has given the fairest prospects, and whose steps are guarded by love and kindness, can vindicate his own instincts against all the virtuous force of circumstance surrounding him, and go to destruction in its very face! Who needs to be taught that ever-recurring lesson? Who can be ignorant that scarcely a great career has ever been made in this world otherwise than in the face of circumstances—in strenuous defiance of all that external elements could do to overcome the unconquerable soul? In the face of such examples, what are we to say to the theory that adverse circumstances can excuse a man born with all the compensations of genius for an unlovely and ignoble life, a bitter and discontented heart, a course of vulgar vice and sordid meanness? Never was genius more wickedly disparaged. That celestial gift to which God has given capacities of enjoyment beyond the reach of the crowd, is of itself an armour against circumstance more proof than steel, and continually holds open to its possessor a refuge against the affronts of the world, a shelter from its contumelies, which is denied to other men. He who reckons of this endowment as of something which gives only a more exquisite egotism, a finer touch of selfishness, a sublimation of envy and self-assertion, and dependence upon the applause of the crowd, forms a mean estimate against which it is the duty of every man who knows better to protest. Outside circumstances, disappointment, neglect, dark want and misery, have plagued the souls and disturbed the temper of great men before now, but have never, so far as we are aware, polluted a pure heart, or made a noble mind despicable. The bitter soreness of unappreciated genius belongs proverbially to those whose gift is of the smallest; and the man who excuses a bad life by the pretence that this divine lymph contained within it has been soured by popular

neglect, and turned to gall, speaks sacrilege and profanity. Such is the plea set up for Turner by his worshippers. Who that ever knew the generous craft but knows some poor painter toiling through real neglect and slights, bearing sharp anguishes yearly from a hanging committee, meeting with mortifications and disappointments all the harder to bear because other lives are dependent on his own, who yet bears a sweet heart through all his troubles, and, taking comfort in his art itself, finds the joy of that restore him always to fellowship with all men? Noble, humble, disappointed soul! unconscious of any nobility in your humbleness and brave rebound out of failure. What was neglect to this man would be fortune to you, who bear no grudge against the world. Yet, turning from such a spectacle, we are called upon to reverence Turner, and be remorsefully compassionate of his miserable life and niggard heart, because the public, once in the days of his youth, was doubtful of his pre-eminence, and soured the lymph of genius in his soul. Vain pretence and unworthy plea! If Mr Ruskin, standing sadly, as well might any true man, before those treasures which he has had so great a share in expounding to the world, had turned our eyes to the pictures, and hushed with ineffable pity and tears any undue reference to the painter, he would have but done a friend's part to the unhappy man of genius, whose wretchedness his over-adoration has brought forth naked and pitiful before the world.

For what Mr Ruskin could gloss over in a maze of harmonious words, Mr Thornbury sets forth bare and unsoftened in the blaze of day. We will not ask whether the public demanded a life of Turner with so much clamour that the present author could not forbear; but it is only just to say that he has collected a mass of information larger in quantity, and fuller in detail, than Turner's uncommunicative and secretive character could have war-

ranted any one in expecting ; and that henceforward nobody can have any excuse for reopening the subject, or gathering again out of merciful oblivion the few facts of the great painter's life. Little more can be said for the performance : it is a chaos of material without arrangement or form, full of repetitions, affectations, and Cockneyisms of every conceivable degree of bad taste. Yet through the muddle, by chance or happy fortune—"more by luck than good guiding," as the Scotch proverb has it—the man may be seen, shabbily visible as in the days of his flesh, an unattractive, sordid figure, giving the lie sturdily, with obstinate vulgar perseverance, to every attempt which may be made to make him a poet and a gentleman. Under no circumstances could the picture be a pleasant one ; but now that it has been made, and that no amount of silence can save the unlucky hero from the cruel kindness of his friends, our readers may not be displeased to hear, in a form less diffuse than Mr Thornbury's, the story of a man who has enriched the world with so many sunsets and sunrises, so many various splendours of storm and calm, without leaving one gracious human reminiscence behind him to make his fame dear to any heart of man. If impartiality ever could be attained in any human narrative, here is the unhappy soul who should have achieved the sad distinction of an impartial history. The love of his admirers for their own opinion has, however, saved Turner from this pre-eminence, and indeed originated in his favour a hotter partisanship than could ever have arisen from love of him. Though Mr Thornbury's high-pitched enthusiasm rings false beside the superlative certainty of Mr Ruskin, yet all that could be gleaned in his favour is undoubtedly collected in these volumes. The idea here presented of him is meant to be a lofty one ; how far it justifies either the panegyric or the apology, every reader can now judge for himself.

Joseph Mallord William Turner (an unlucky multiplicity of names, which he seems in earlier life to have eluded by using only the last) was born—to the great comfort and delight of his biographer, who recurs to the fact on every possible occasion, as if it contained something specially characteristic—the son of a barber in Hand Court, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, in the year 1775. This humble origin was dignified by no personal superiority in his immediate progenitors. The barber was a barber of mind conformed to his fortunes ; the mother a person of ungovernable temper, who ended her life in a lunatic asylum : not a gleam even of domestic love and comfort shines round the house which Mr Thornbury is at much unnecessary pains to describe, and which he declares to be "now so sacred a place in the eyes of many Englishmen." Nor does the boy himself awake any interest in the breast of the unenlightened observer. Nobody seems to predict any special glories of him : somehow the faculty within him gets kindled into expression by sight of a piece of heraldry, or a drawing of Paul Sandby's, or a print from Vandervelde—which we please ; Mr Thornbury jauntily permits the reader to choose. Then he begins to draw cocks and hens, and then poplars and waving willows by the Thames, when good fortune carries him out to Brentford to do a little schooling there. By the time he is fourteen his drawings are for sale in the window of his father's shop ; a year or two later he is a student of the Royal Academy, doing for himself at the same time in a variety of notable ways : washing-in backgrounds for architects, colouring prints for printsellers—maintaining, evidently, a very comfortable boyish traffic in those productions of industry, and by no means kept back or kept down by adverse fate. Neither is there anything very dark in the surroundings of his boyhood. A kind dilettante, Dr Munro, opens his house and his portfolios to the

boy and his companion Girtin—and, permitting them to study and copy as they pleased amid apparently a very good collection of pictures, gave the lads half-a-crown for their nightly drawings, and entertained them at supper in a most genial and encouraging way. Nor was this the only pleasant circumstance in Turner's youthful life: he went boating on the Thames in many a prolonged excursion—he went to Margate—he made drawings for illustrated books—he fell in love. These amusements show little evidence of any lack of youthful indulgences in his early life. The falling in love, however, of which Mr Thornbury tells the tale most tragically, came to final disappointment and failure; and in this, which seems to have happened when he was about twenty, lies the only substantial reason his candid biographer can find, for the dark shades of his character. "It helped to sour that great generous nature, and burn out of him hope and youth with the terrible corrosive of disappointment," says our author, with grandiloquence; but there is no corresponding pause of despair to be recorded in the thrifty and busy existence of the young artist. When he was little more than sixteen he seems to have not only exhibited, but sold his pictures. At twenty he added to his many occupations a little teaching, in which he does not show in the most conscientious or satisfactory light. "He would be silent and rough, and leave the puzzled pupils pretty well alone while he thought over some sketch of his own. . . . He was not going to let out guinea secrets for five shillings; so he let his pupils paint on as they liked," said Mr Thornbury, with naïve frankness, probably forgetting that he has just attributed a great and generous nature to his hero. Ever busier and busier went on the increasing life. Between twenty and twenty-five years old he had made expeditions over all the midland counties, through Wales, and the south coast, making drawings for the illustrated

books which were then in fashion, wandering over the country in all the freedom of a young artist, making notes and sketches invaluable for himself, while doing the drawings which paid his expenses and kept him afloat—a perfect probation for an English landscape-painter. His biographer interrupts his account of this industrious life to remind us that "Turner was a bitterly disappointed man," and to tell us that some of his engravings entailed a heavy loss upon the publishers. Notwithstanding, work never seems to have failed him; and a good supply of work is a vulgar but sure sign of a certain amount of appreciation, which Turner was the last man in the world to undervalue. While steadily supporting himself by these drawings, he began to exhibit pictures; and here again we find no such marks of neglect as were to be expected. A picture of Sheffield, exhibited at one-and-twenty "obtained loud praise from all the critics;" at twenty-eight he appears with "Coniston Fells," "evidently a great painter," says Mr Thornbury; at twenty-nine he was an Associate of the Academy. To most other men this would have been marked success; how it can possibly be supposed to lay the foundation of bitter disappointment—disappointment almost justifying and certainly excusing the unhappy peculiarities of his after life—perhaps Mr Ruskin and Mr Thornbury know; we do not pretend to understand. There are painters who could swallow greater disappointments than any which up to this time seem to have occurred to Turner for the certainty of admission into the privileges of the Academy, even at a less early age; and compassion for a man who has attained the first rank in his profession at nine-and-twenty seems to us a most unnecessary waste of sympathy. Few men do so much; and favoured beyond the lot of common humanity are those who succeed in doing more.

During these probationary years

the young artist worked with a tradesmanlike industry and energy worthy of all praise. A silent, somewhat surly, uncommunicative young man, wandering over the country a sturdy humble traveller, on the top of stage-coaches, on foot with his bundle over his shoulder, filling his memory and his sketch-books with a thousand notes of the way; resting in the humblest wayside inns, living hardily, impatient of all the restraints of companionship, intent upon his work, always thrifty, taciturn, reserved, willing enough to learn other people's secrets, but jealous to extremity about his own. In London, where his friends and contemporaries had formed one of the friendly social coteries so usual among artists, meeting now and then at each other's houses, to sketch together in the pleasant interval between tea and supper, Turner declined to join them. The sketches were to be the property of the host of the evening, who supplied the materials; and that, and the necessity of working among his brethren, and possibly betraying some of his dear secrets, deterred the self-contained young man, whose heart, even at this early period of his life, does not seem to have been sufficiently liberal to bestow tea and bread and cheese on his own account. Had he been hospitably inclined, the mean paternal house, that bugbear to so many a youth of genius, had soon ceased to be his home. At twenty-five the young man was able to change the shabby atmosphere of Covent Garden for the solemn decorum of Harley Street; no small advance for an artist. Even Mr Thornbury seems unable to discover anything about these years except a record of work quite sufficient to show that public neglect never interfered with the daily bread of the laborious painter. Sturdily silent, supporting himself, as most men have had to do, with work secondary to the great work of his life, but in itself not disagreeable, and leaving him sufficient leisure to carry on his higher la-

bours, and make all those experiments in colour which he communicated to nobody, and which produced such brilliant results in after years, there seems nothing specially distressing in his life. He was not poor; he was not without admiration from his fellows, and notice from the world without. His mind and time were alike fully occupied, and in a manner rather advantageous to his future fame than against it. He was, in fact, pursuing the study of his art under circumstances which nobody can call unfavourable, with few of the limits and restraints to which most men are subjected in the earlier stages of such a profession. In the year 1808 he became Professor of Perspective in the Academy, the highest honours of which, though Mr Thornbury gives no dates, he had no doubt already attained, and went to live in Hammersmith, where his house, according to the account of a friend, had "a garden sloping to the river, at the end of which was a summer-house. Here, out in the open air, were painted some of Turner's best pictures. It was here my father, who then resided at Kew, became first acquainted with him; and, expressing his surprise that Turner could paint under such circumstances, he remarked that lights and a room were absurdities, and that a picture could be painted anywhere. His eyes were remarkably strong. He would throw down his water-colour drawings on the floor of the summer-house, requesting my father not to touch them, as he could see them there, and they would be drying at the same time." Mr Thornbury conjectures that Turner's reason for seeking this suburban dwelling was, that he might be near De Loutherbourg, whom he admired, and out of whose house he was at last turned by that artist's suspicious wife, who imagined, and probably not without some truth, that the young painter was obtaining all her husband's secrets from him. One of Turner's humanest qualities seems to have

been his love for the river. The Thames runs through the scanty story of his life, sometimes gleaming fresh with a purity inalienable from youth, even in its least lovely developments; sometimes squalid and dismal, as it flows between the muddy banks and wretched houses, roughly picturesque and miserable, to which his eyes were turned in his last days.

There seems little to be said about this professorship; whether it was that his soul was too great for utterance, as his biographer would have us believe, or whether it was simple want of all faculty which could not find expression by means of brush and pigment, it is certain, and admitted, that words would not come to his service, however great his need. "When Turner lectured on perspective, he was often at a loss to find words to express the ideas he wished to communicate," says Mr Thornbury. "To aid his memory he would now and then copy out passages, which, when referred to, he could not clearly read. Sometimes he would not make his appearance at all, and the disappointed students were sent away with the excuse that he was either ill, or came from home without his lecture. . . . Turner's want of expression rendered him almost useless as a Professor of Perspective, though he took great pains to prepare the most learned diagrams. He confessed that he knew much more of the art than he could explain. His sketch-books contain many drawings evidently made in preparation for these lectures. On one memorable occasion the hour had come for his lecture. The Professor arrived—the buzz of the students subsided. The Professor mounts his desk—every eye is fixed on him and on his black board. But the Professor is uneasy—he is perturbed. He dives now into one pocket, now into the other—no! Now he begins, but what he says is, 'Gentlemen, I've been and left my lecture in the hackney-coach.'" Mr Thornbury is good enough to inform us that,

when he could find utterance to his thoughts, "he soared as high above the common order of lecturers as he did in the regions of art," and that "his language was often elegant, his ideas original and most attractive;" but unfortunately no example of this rare eloquence has been preserved to the world; nor does his faculty of teaching seem to have improved since the time when, according to Mr Thornbury, "he was not going to let out guinea secrets for five shillings." Mr Ruskin himself describes this peculiar mode of instruction in the following words: "In teaching generally he would neither waste time nor spare it; he would look over a student's drawing at the Academy, point to a defective part, make a scratch on the paper at the side, say nothing. If the student saw what was wanted and did it, Turner was delighted; but if the student could not follow, Turner left him."

How long this professorship lasted we are not informed, but in 1812 he removed from Hammersmith to the well-known house in Queen Anne Street, which, so long as Turner is remembered at all, will be the only recognisable background for the singular figure, so often wondered over, so greatly praised, so greatly blamed, so rich, so famous, so squalid and miserable, of the greatest painter of his age. A year later he was able to add to this town-house a residence in the country, and while using the great rooms in Queen Anne Street for a gallery, took up his abode with his old father at a little house in Twickenham, his own property, called at first, by a clumsy conceit, Solus Lodge, a name presumed by Mr Thornbury "to express his love of, or wish for solitude," but afterwards changed into Sandycombe Lodge by some suggestion of common sense. Up to this time an uninstructed observer would have some difficulty in discovering those evidences of public neglect and unappreciated genius which are said to have soured "the great heart" of the

man. There is certainly little appearance of any noble or elevated aspect to his life, but after its homely fashion it is so steadily progressive, and shows so many vulgar symptoms of prosperity, that one could imagine his friends of conceptions less sublime than Mr Ruskin offering congratulations instead of condolences to the well-to-do painter. His life at Twickenham makes a distinct little vignette, perfectly clear and quaint enough. His father, whose humble occupation pleases Mr Thornbury's fancy so much, was now a retired barber, visiting his former clients and their wigs at rare intervals, and living with his son, to whom the old man seems to have been very serviceable. "The father and son lived in very friendly terms with one another," says Mr Thornbury, "and the father attended to the gallery (in Queen Anne Street), showed in visitors, took care of the dinner, if he did not himself cook it. That he ever received the shillings* at the door is, I believe, entirely untrue, though, had they been offered to him, I fear the temptation might have been too much for him to resist. Soon after Turner first went to Solus Lodge at Twickenham, his old father was met by a friend very disconsolate in Queen Anne Street. The expense of coming up daily to open the gallery was weighing on his heart. Life was embittered to him by the thought. A week after, the same friend met him again, gay, happy, and jumping up on his old toes; he asked him the reason of the sudden change in his spirits; he replied, 'Why, look here, I have found a way at last of coming up cheap from Twickenham to open my son's gallery. I found out the inn where the market-gardeners baited their horses; I made friends with one on 'em, and now for a glass of gin a-day he brings me up in his cart on the top of his vegetables.'"

Homely as this sketch is, it is by

no means out of keeping with the general aspect of the life at Twickenham. Mr Trimmer, whom Mr Thornbury describes as the eldest son of Turner's oldest friend, gives the following sketch of this extraordinary *menage*: "I have dined with him at Sandycombe Lodge, when my father happened to drop in too, in the middle of the day. Everything was of the most modest pretensions—two-pronged forks, and knives with large round ends for taking up the food; not that I ever saw him so use them, though it is said to have been Dean Swift's mode of feeding himself. The table-cloth barely covered the table; the earthenware was in strict keeping. I remember his saying one day, 'Old Dad,' as he called his father, 'have you not any wine?' Whereupon Turner, senior, produced a bottle of currant, at which Turner, smelling, said, 'Why, what have you been about?' The senior, it seemed, had rather overdone it with hollands, and it was set aside. At this time Turner was a very abstemious person. I have dined with him in Queen Anne Street, where everything was of the same homely description. I should say that he never altered his style of living from his first start in Maiden Lane; not that I think him censurable for preferring the frugal meals of past times." Out of doors, however, things were better; the painter had a boat, in which he worked direct from nature; and also kept a gig, in which he was accustomed to go out on sketching expeditions. Some gleams of redeeming light fall upon the picture as one perceives the artist in his boat painting skies and sunsets, and the willowy banks of Thames which he loved. It is almost the only time of his life which one cares to dwell upon. He had his little garden planted so thickly with willows that his father complained that it was a mere osier-bed; but the eye of the painter took pleasure in the drooping flexible boughs which

* Were there ever shillings received at the door? or is this only a little flourish of wit for the pleasure of the author?

overshadowed his window. At the end of this same garden was a pond in which he cultivated water-lilies ; and rude as was the interior and unrefined the inmates, a certain homely idyllic freshness lingers about the river-side cottage, with its willows, where Turner defended the blackbirds of the neighbourhood, and mused over the silent Thames angling or painting, and drove soberly about the country, finding those "bits" of landscape, undistinguished by the ignorant eye, in which all painters delight. "He said," says Mr Trimmer, "if when out sketching you felt at a loss, you had only to turn round or walk a few paces farther, and you had what you wanted before you." Simple though the observation looks, no man who had not a certain amount of divine insight in his eyes could have made it.

This peaceful scene, however, the pleasantest glimpse we ever obtain of Turner's surroundings, was the background of a life full of equivocal circumstances. In the years which had elapsed since he left his native Covent Garden, he had painted some of his most notable pictures, most of which, however, bear the mark of distinct rivalry to one or other of the great masters with whose ever-recurring names English amateurs and picture-collectors were wont to vex the souls of English painters. The first object of Turner's rivalry seems to have been Vandervelde, to whom, however, he appears to have borne no grudge. With a different and more spiteful feeling, however, the painter immediately after pitted himself against Claude, then the idol of the dilettante world. The results of this rivalry are sufficiently well known, and need no description here ; but, not content with the pictures by means of which the jealous painter had set his heart upon pursuing Claude to the judgment of posterity, with opposition as intense as if it had been a visible rival, and not a name against which he contended, another method of confronting this chosen rival oc-

curred to Turner. One of Mr Thornbury's informants declares the suggestion of the *Liber Studiorum* to have come from her father, a Mr Wells, then a drawing-master at Addiscombe, in whose house Turner was familiar. Not to throw any doubt on the word of a contemporary and a lady, Turner's mind does not seem to have been one which took kindly to other people's suggestions ; but however that might be, the *Liber Studiorum* was planned and came into being within the first sixteen years of this century. While the painter delivered, or made a pretence of delivering, inarticulate perspective lectures, and while he studied his beloved river at Hammersmith and at Twickenham, those matchless sketches were being made ; while at the same time arrangements not the most creditable in the world were also making for their conveyance to the public eye. The drawings themselves were doubtless the easiest, as they were certainly the most satisfactory, part of the transaction. The history of the *Liber Studiorum* is one of incessant squabbles with engravers, and hard exaction on the part of the painter, of the bond into which these necessary assistants had unwittingly entered. Charles Turner, after engraving the first twenty plates, with all the corrections and additions made to them, for eight guineas each, struck work upon the twenty-first, and declined to proceed further except with the modest addition of two guineas a plate. "The painter," says Mr Thornbury, "who had never had quarter given to him while he was struggling, now in his turn gave no quarter." This assertion may be true or not, but Mr Thornbury certainly gives us no proof of it. It is true, however, that no consideration for the engraver moved Turner's angry soul ; he and his namesake quarrelled, separated, and did not speak again for nineteen years. A multiplicity of other engravers were employed to complete the work, which, though nowadays worth any price, did not

at the moment pay. Quarrels with engravers, however, were not the only remarkable circumstances in the story. When the plates had been made, Turner handled them with the skill of a cunning old shop-keeper, craftily making the utmost penny of a damaged stock. He watched over them in their old age, as the cottar's wife watched over the defective wardrobe of her family, reshaping, retouching, and renewing the old plates till they looked "a'maist as weel's the new." This operation, however, we will allow Mr Thornbury to describe in his own words:—

"Generally speaking, the alterations were made with consummate art, merely to hide the tear and wear of the copper, the faintness, the blur, or the pallor of the plate's old age. It would have bordered slightly on sharp practice, had it not been for the vigour of Turner's inventive genius. Out of these very defects he devised new beauties. These crafty tradesmanlike alterations, which, when studied, are the strongest proof I know of his genius and of his thriftiness, were made under his own eye, if not by his own hand.

" 'These variations,' says Mr Dillon, who possesses a superb collection of the etchings, 'render it extremely difficult to form a complete set of the first impressions of the *Liber* ; it appears that no set, at the time when it was issued, contained all the plates in the first state, or indeed in any one similar state ; on the contrary, in the original numbers, a very early and fine impression of one plate will be found in company with very late and bad impressions of another plate, as if one had been given with a rude sense of justice, as a sort of compensation for the others.'

"I am sorry, too, to say that there can be no doubt, from years of investigation by Messrs Pye, Stokes, and other collectors, that Turner often took out the thickened letters of the plates in the bad thick state, and engraved open letters higher up in the plate—in fact, he sold sham proofs, having private marks and scratches to indicate to himself the various states.

"I would not press the charge so severely as I perhaps ought, because Turner is dead, and there is no one to defend him. The only defence I can set up for him is, that it is possible that he considered that the entire change of

the effect in the later states—the harmony being still as perfect as before—really made them new works. The new idea, and the strain on a new portion of the copper, Turner perhaps, with his entangled logic, thought equivalent to a new thought, which he had no idea of selling for the ordinary price."

Such an episode somewhat mars the tranquil effect of the Twickenham landscape ; yet, notwithstanding, this rural residence is the least disagreeable portion of Turner's life. He had friends about him who liked him, and whom, after his fashion, he liked ; foremost among whom was the country clergyman and amateur artist, Mr Trimmer, whose son's recollections have been already quoted. This gentleman's wife made herself memorable by the wonderful feat of extorting from the painter two little drawings, being almost the only instance upon record in which he is known to have given away any of his works, however slight. The nation, it is true, has been the final gainer ; but it is difficult to understand how the very warm interest in posterity which is supposed to have inspired Turner, can be held consistent with the wasteful recklessness of accumulation in which he delighted ; and which, in all probability, but for the existence of such an out-and-out adorer as Mr Ruskin, ready to spend time and care upon the tedious work of arrangement, would have made those hoards entirely useless to the world.

He left Twickenham in 1826, his father having died, to settle in the old house in Queen Anne Street, which is fresh in everybody's memory. The death of his father, the only visible link of nature which he had in the world, seems to have had no small effect upon the life whose rude and dreary household economy was thus broken up for ever. Up to this period the shades of the picture are only obscure with natural shabbiness and personal insignificance. If darker depths lay below, they are kept out of sight. A thrifty, hardworking, uneducated, and taci-

turn man, shrewdly taking advantage of all chances, living a life of utter meagreness and unloveliness, not intentionally, but of mere habit, and because anything better or brighter does not seem to have occurred to him, surly and saving, but not absolutely ungenerous, is the figure disclosed to us by Mr Thornbury; not without friends, and conducting himself among them with a certain vulgar jocularity, dreary fun, and what Mr Thornbury calls "mystification," which, according to the instances given in this book, looks more akin to the workhouse and tavern-talk which George Eliot paints—or rather to what that tavern and workhouse drivel would be without George Eliot to give point and meaning to it—than to any kind of conversation which we remember to have encountered in ordinary life. A man already rich, yet whose mind and social ideas have never expanded or risen above the homely level on which they set out—indifferent apparently to any beauty but that which could be represented on canvass, rather preferring than otherwise the squalor, dirt, and wretchedness of his own surroundings—armed at all points against the possibility of being imposed upon, suspicious and self-secluded, yet with an element of rude impatience in his character which repulses humbug, and preserves a certain uncouth reality in the man. Such is the aspect under which he appears among ordinary mortals—a very ordinary mortal indeed, without a single perceptible gleam of light upon him, the only relief to the general obscurity lying in those said dim jokes, the tricks of the varnishing days, in which he distinguished himself by sudden inspirations of change, when his pictures happened to be injured in colour by those which surrounded them—and a certain twaddling affectionateness of demeanour towards his friend "Joney" and other chums;—not a gleam of light, but at the same time no trace of that darkness which betrays itself when

a silent dramatic agony of life, such as that described by Mr Ruskin, is going on within a human spirit. Nobody understood him, we are told; yet all his fellow-Academicians—those brother craftsmen whose applause is of all others the most sweet—recognised his pre-eminence; and Mr Thornbury brings in Lockhart as a witness, and quotes the enthusiastic assertion of that authority contained in *Peter's Letters*, that "the world has only one TURNER," side by side with Scott's declaration, that though he himself would have preferred Thomson of Duddingston, "Turner was all the fashion." With these sweet voices in his ears—with wealth accumulating surely, and his name, perhaps, more widely known over the country than the name of any painter has ever been known in his lifetime—and with a private and select circle (to whom, however, he seems to have been profoundly indifferent) of worshippers, who found everything he did divine,—what are the grounds, we may well ask, upon which Turner is represented as a bitterly disappointed man?

Sentimentally, Mr Thornbury informs us that at twenty he was disappointed in love—an occurrence not unique in the history of men or painters. Soberly, his *Liber Studiorum* was not at first successful, and his great pictures did not sell. It is easy enough to imagine circumstances under which this latter vexation might embitter the best of men. Had Turner been a young artist fighting his way into fame and subsistence by means of those pictures—had he been the support of other lives, and condemned to cruel obscurity and penury by unsuccessful—some natural pangs might have been pardoned. But the fact is evident that his path, from his earliest beginning, was never unaccompanied by fame; that his greatness as a painter was early recognised, and certified by the speedy bestowal of all the privileges and honours which the special Guild of Art had in its power. While still a young man, he held not only the

rank of R.A., the highest professional distinction possible to an artist, but was intrusted by the Academy with the instruction of its pupils. The pictures which did not sell were not on that account unnoticed or unappreciated. Without any assistance from the prices which they did *not* bring, he was already accumulating a vast fortune. We are told that, when they did sell, he parted with them reluctantly. To accumulate and keep them was in every respect consonant with his habits and peculiar turn of mind; he loved to hoard up and keep together all the multitudes of his productions, and was evidently not indifferent to the fact that the collection in that wretched gallery in Queen Anne Street secured to himself a quite distinct and individual standing, and made him a kind of independent sovereign in the world of Art. Looking at the facts merely, and at the matter-of-fact and unexalted man to whom they relate, it is impossible to come to the conclusion so laboriously enforced upon us. Turner loved money, and was successful in amassing it to an extent attained by few men of his profession, or of any other. If Turner loved fame, of which there is no very certain proof, he had that also in abundant measure; he had even adoration, which bored and perplexed him. Where, after all, the grounds of a disappointment so deeply seated as to embitter all his life are to be found, it is beyond our power to guess at, much less explain.

But Mr Ruskin says he was not understood. It is a penalty which most great men have more or less to pay for their greatness. Mr Ruskin himself is not always understood as one might wish. And whatever his great critic may say, there is not a single trace in the life or acts of Turner that he meant, or was aware of, the great new revelation, the tragical epic of life and death, which his interpreter says he brought to the world which would not understand it. With unquenchable sur-

prise and astonishment we perceive and acknowledge the wonderful genius which somehow has got into conjunction with that shabby individual soul; but it is beyond the reach of human credulity to believe that this opaque individual, lost in petty earthliness, without love, without grace, without faith in God or confidence in man, could be an inspired Ezekiel, dumbly instructing his generation by signs which that generation would not perceive. He whose highest commendation is that he spoke no harm of other artists, nor would permit any envious disparagement of them, and that now and then, waywardly and with ungracious aspect, he did a secret kindness, presents no feature of the melancholy prophet labouring with a conscious message, unless, indeed, we may admit that if he came into the world on a special mission from God to show his country the tragic meanness of its money-making life, he himself was a sign and type of it as impressive as could be discovered. The burden of woe which Turner had to carry, and which he proclaimed to the world in sad pictures of ruins, in melancholy classic myths, in sacred effulgences of crimson and scarlet, is sadly difficult to understand or come at, even with Mr Ruskin's elucidations. Harder still it is to believe that the painter was anyhow conscious of his mission, or chose his "subject" for any higher reason than because it pleased his fancy. In the inarticulate ages, when Art was the great preacher, that sweet instructress gave forth her oracles with a legibility lofty and tender, so that the very wayfarer could read and learn; but it requires a second man of genius, more subtle, delicate, and graphic than the first, before any meaning can gleam to us out of that dearest splendid canvass which Turner would have had himself buried in. Such a lesson as that conveyed in Didô building Carthage, is it worth a Turner and a Ruskin too? or is the sacred signification all Mr Ruskin's, and does quite another mean-

ing, sharp, lucid, and personal, to be comprehended by the meanest capacity, twinkle all over his favourite picture from the painter's less visionary eyes?

Circumstantial evidence certainly seems to say so. Throughout Turner's life one quality seems to have reached to a superlative height within him—not a very lofty, yet a not altogether contemptible impulse. Through the perplexity and confusion of his intellectual faculties the fire of emulation burned hot and fervid. He measured himself with unpleasant personal consciousness against almost every other painter who crossed his way. Departing from his usual view, he took the trouble to paint against honest Wilkie, against tender Stothard, even against the respectable Jones; which latter, one cannot but suppose, must have been as much dismayed as flattered by the cordiality of sympathy which led his friend to choose the same subject, size, and form as himself on one particular occasion. But amid all these emulations the rival with whom Turner grappled with intensest grip was Claude, whose praises, dinning into his ears in early life, had driven him into a chronic craze of opposition. This inveterate determination to eclipse another man—to be compared, contrasted, put into competition with a painter who preceded him by a full century, is sadly inconsistent with any prophetic office. If he had really a solemn epic strain to deliver to his generation, he suspended it for this favourite struggle, and with the strangest pertinacity followed out the master desire, till at last, by dying, he got his will, and bequeathed to the world and his country, more prominently than any loftier message, that spectacle of a rivalry which cannot die. While Turner's pictures hang in dumb defiance between the sweet unconscious skies and waters which Claude painted without any premonition of his adversary, it will be hard to receive as real that ideal man who, Mr Ruskin tells us, followed sparrow-

fully the problems and necessities of England and humanity through Hesperides Gardens and dreams of Rome and Carthage. Perhaps solemn thoughts of the rise and fall of empires were in his mind as he painted; but he has left it on record in the distinctest matter-of-fact way, that Claude was in his mind, and that death itself could not make him indifferent to that longing for comparison and anticipated triumph.

From the time when Turner's only recognised home was the house in Queen Anne Street, a new period of his life seems to have begun. The bitterness and disappointment, which were taken for granted before, became really visible now, though not in any dignified or lofty fashion. Nobody seems able to find words strong enough to describe the miserable aspect of the house. The following sketch, quoted by Mr Thornbury from the *Times*, conveys some idea of its external aspect:—

“Judging from its weather-stained and soot-grimed walls, its patched windows, dark with dust and foul with cobwebs, its wood-work unfreshened by paint, its chimneys from which curled no smoke, its unsound threshold, it might have been in Chancery, it might have been haunted, it might have been the scene of a murder. Yet it was not uninhabited. Not unfrequently a visitor might be seen to knock, and, after long waiting, the door would be half opened by a withered and sluttish old woman, or, before 1830, by a little, shabby, lean old man. Nay, repulsive as the house might be, and grim as might be its guardians, carriages would sometimes be seen drawn up before its doors for hours, while their gay and elegant freight found occupation inside. . . . Hanging along a bare and chilly gallery, on the first floor of that gloomy house, stacked against the walls, rolled up in dark closets, flung aside into dark cellars, the rain streaming down the canvasses from the warped sashes and paper-patched frames of the ill-fitting skylights, were collected some hundreds of the noblest landscapes that were ever painted; while piles of drawings even more masterly, and reams of sketches, the rudiments and first thoughts of finished works, were piled

away in portfolios and presses and boxes, in every nook and corner of the dark and dusty dwelling."

"It might have been the house of despair," adds the biographer; "death's door could scarcely have been less inviting to knock at." Nor was the scene less dismal within; desolate rooms, cold, dreary, and choked with the dust of years, in one of which seven tailless Manx cats reigned paramount, the sole inmates of the vast empty house being Turner himself and a melancholy old housekeeper, afflicted with a disease in her face, which made it necessary for her to keep it covered. The gallery which contained his riches was in rather worse case than the rest of the dreary habitation. "The oil-paper of the skylight hung down in black sooty furred slips; the damp here and there had free access." One of the worshippers, who went there as to a shrine, describes it as "an art chaos, all confusion, mouldiness, and wretched litter,—most of the pictures, indeed all those resting against the wall, being covered with uncleanly sheets, or cloths of a like size and character." Amid these melancholy surroundings the painter appears in an attitude of defiance. The disappointment which, in Mr Ruskin's representation, appears so tragical and solemn, displays itself here in pettish rudeness and wrath, more like the passion of a child whose work had not obtained the full praise it had anticipated, and whose inclination is rather to tear the disputed production in pieces than to make peace with its critics—than the sorrowful silence of a man who feels his loftiest labours misunderstood. Works which had been returned to him unsold from the Academy, Turner furiously declines to sell, with outbreaks of surly passion; and, sullenly comforting himself with the hopes of posthumous fame and a grand bequest to the nation, accumulates around him in that noisome den the pictures which he will not sell, the myriads of drawings which he cannot now hope

to live long enough to use, the costly proofs over which he struggled and squabbled in former years. With these riches wasting round him, huddled into damp boxes and frowsy bundles, master of a useless fortune and an unenjoyed fame, he still paints, solacing himself, perhaps, with intentions of testamentary charity—an angry figure, suspicious of all men, and inspiring his visitors with a mixture of alarm and pity. In Queen Anne Street is his nominal and lawful home; his memory dwells in the frowsy gallery, and is identified with the unlovely house; but another secret residence, of which nobody knows anything, except the fact of its existence, offers, somewhere within the cloudy London precincts, an unacknowledged shelter to the declining life which has never sought legitimate solace. Children even the unhappy man is said to have had—heirs neither of his name, nor his fame, nor his dreary hoards. Charity, unusually tolerant, throws this underside of the picture into complete shadow, and makes neither remark nor guess; and between this concealed and invisible privacy, and the melancholy gallery in Queen Anne Street, life passes onward for a quarter of a century, and all kinds of honours come to the defiant painter, standing at bay among his unsold pictures. Anxious purchasers, craftily bursting into the besieged castle, assail him with petitions and bank-notes; one man alone, if Mr Thornbury is to be trusted, carrying off in one morning five thousand pounds' worth of pictures. A number of public men, among whom were Sir Robert Peel and Lord Hardinge, offered him five thousand pounds for his two favourite pictures, "The Rise" and "Fall of Carthage," with the intention of presenting them to the National Gallery. More than one private purchaser made a similar offer, all equally in vain. No sooner does he take up his position of defiance, than all the world comes to his feet.

During the greater part of this bare and meagre existence, a great project, much dwelt upon by Mr Thornbury and by Turner's few private friends, had been in his thoughts—a magnificent intention of charity, out of which these kind witnesses spin a shining veil to cover the multitude of sins. The English mind, however, has for some generations at least been doubtful of posthumous benevolence; such a method of compounding with life and conscience has ceased to commend itself to the popular heart. The hoarded pictures which the painter meant to bestow upon the nation—those pictures which, if saleableness be any test, were no longer unappreciated or misunderstood,—were a noble gift, worthy both receiver and giver; but the dreary fortune which, when he could no longer take any pleasure in it, was at last to pass into use, if law permitted was a poor compensation for a life in every human particular so unprofitable to his fellows. For this magnificent distant aim his biographer would have us believe he exacted the last possible penny from his purchasers, and ground down to the barest pay his assistants in his work. For this he squabbled with publishers and engravers, and hoarded away every scrap of paper which his pencil had ever touched. If such was the case, Heaven defend us all from such projects of benevolence! The very array of facts, however, adduced in support of this hypothesis, proves a very different issue. With all the inconsistency of a natural man, whose desire of wealth was strong enough to overpower within him all the more delicate suggestions of honour, but not to conquer the sullen temper which developed with age, he scraped equivocal riches together with one hand, and with the other thrust out of sight with passionate pride the very means of increasing those riches; and, all unaware that he was thereafter to be shaped into a hero and martyr, followed his con-

tradictory impulses as a man naturally does who takes counsel only with himself. When interest had the upper hand, Turner paired his plates, and played with astonishing sleight-of-hand with the proofs and impressions, for which he warred with all his little world; but when the other workmen employed, having a human regard to their own interest too, resisted long enough to rouse that obdurate secret soul into the sudden gusts of passion which were natural to him, his fierce self-will was capable of thrusting those very proofs into the heart of his damp treasures, and banishing them forthwith from daylight and use. These two impulses ran through his life, reacting upon each other, till, by dint of long indulgence and the weakening of other faculties, they stand out intensified upon the lurid background of his excited and passionate old age—avarice hoarding jealously, sparing meanly, self-will bursting forth into wild provocation, and as ready to destroy as the counterbalancing demon was to accumulate. The result is not a miser such as misers are usually represented, for the parsimonious instinct is always liable to be crossed by wild gusts of that other regnant influence in fierce contradiction to its power; still less is it a benevolent martyr, laying up for posterity treasures which he himself has never had the heart to enjoy. No abstract idea indeed occurs to us when we gaze sadly at that shabby figure, within the damp walls, among the covered pictures, the choicest of which he will rather carry to corruption with him than yield to the world which did not take him at his first word. It is a melancholy human creature we see, governed by contending passions—one not shut out by force of circumstances, but shutting himself out by fierce selfish instinct from the ordinary ameliorations of life—a man not to be continually lamented over for his wifeless and childless estate, but one who has chosen to

pervert these domestic consolations into degradation and dishonour—silent not with the oppression of big human woes and thoughts, but with a dark confusion of obtuse musings centred in self, the only object which the unhappy man seems to know or believe in. Throughout his life human influence never acts upon him except in distorted impulses of rivalry—fierce, silent suggestions that he himself could do better, which he forthwith proceeds to prove to his own unsatisfied satisfaction and the wonder of the world. That passionate yet mean career of rivalry cannot go on for ever. When he has come to be recognised and hailed as the greatest of modern painters, nothing remains to the unhappy self-regarding soul. He is more incapable than ever of extracting any joy out of that life which he regards solely as centred in himself. By dint of grasping at everything he can reach as *his*, with a silent insane acquisitiveness which shares nothing, but will have all, and his own will first of all, the wretched old man stands stripped and destitute at the end of an existence which he has spared no pains to make miserable, and with the last effort of that self-concentration confusedly projects himself into the appalling future, where there will be no Turner, and grasps at a kind of personal perpetuation as melancholy as any circumstance of his life. He will have a statue in St Paul's; a yearly dinner in his honour; a Turner's gift to carry the poor name of him down to future ages. So he muses in confused pagan darkness, straining incoherent eyes into that gloom. The details of the deification convey some dismal comfort, it is to be supposed, to the mind bemused and inarticulate, shaking with the tremors of old age. Turner against Claude shall go down to posterity, and Turner will win the bays; while as for these toys of human flesh and blood which have served Turner, and to whom in darkness and wretchedness he has given being,

let them drop into the mire from which they were born. Love and pity stand aloof from that lurid chaos of musings, through which nothing but his own poor figure looms upon the bloodshot eyes of the passionate self-willed old man. Sad is the spectacle, but we cannot draw near with tears or sympathy. Fortune and chance, if such things ever were, have manifestly nothing to do with this dismal life. The man has chosen his own way, and his own reward—framing the latter elaborately to his pleasure; and room for human pity, save such as grieves over a visible wreck of humanity, there is none.

The death of the great painter was as dismal as his life. He had disappeared, nobody knew where, from Queen Anne Street. Chance glimpses of him were seen from time to time, principally in suburban public-houses, from which the tremulous old figure vanished as soon as it was recognised. His friends, his "Joney," and brother Academicians; would have sought him out, had it perhaps been anybody's business, or had there been any clue to his whereabouts. At last his old housekeeper, employing the wits which possibly some woe-ful vestige of old love or jealousy quickened, discovered the retreat at Chelsea in which the old man had found another dismal bower of Armida. When he was discovered, he was dying. He had sent for a doctor from Margate in whom he had confidence, who told him his end was near. "Go down-stairs, doctor," said the trembling patient, with a wistful appeal to the arbiter of life and death most tragic in its serio-comedy and faltering attempt at a jest, "take a glass of sherry, and then look at me again." But this propitiation did not alter the dread verdict: and thus, always sordid in his poor surroundings, apparently preferring the meanest aspect of things domestic, in a house no better nor more refined than his Covent Garden birthplace, the great painter died nameless. They say

that in these last dreary days the lonely old man would start from his bed and stumble up with tottering steps to the cottage roof, from which he could see that dark river weltering between its familiar banks, which had twined a glistening thread of natural tenderness through his barren life. Despairing feeble eyes, before which the gloom of night was gathering, turned wistful on that stream where still the golden sunshine glories shone upon the darkened tide. Refuged like a wild creature in that obscurity, fled from his vain fame, his useless hoards, the familiar circumstances of his long unlovely life, what thoughts possessed the dumb soul, mutely defiant of all human influences, in that dying gaze upon the light which had no pity for his failing vision? Too dark for imagination to enter upon—pitiful enough to silence even the necessary verdict of justice, is that last scene in the dark drama. The tragedy was over when the black gleaming Thames, all muddy and miserable, yet glorified with light from heaven, faded from the closing eyelids of the old painter, upon whose murky life a light almost as glorious, and as profoundly alien to the turbid stream it shone on, had blazed and glistened; but the tragedy is only ineffably pitiful, sad with real human failure and misery—not heroic, nor touched with the elevation of sorrow. No compensation beautifies the dismal loss there consummated and brought to a conclusion. The heart aches that turns away from that dark spectacle. No throb of human conquest over death and forgetfulness, no consciousness of genius triumphant over the obstacles that have fretted its path, swells the breast of the spectator as he turns from that melancholy death-scene. Let the darkest curtain fall over the lost life. Here died a man to whom, by strangest accident, had fallen such a glorious gift of genius as might have indemnified a human creature for all the agonies of existence. He could not an-

nihilate the splendid donation of Heaven; but he did all that human perversity could do to lessen its glory. He permitted it to blaze forth in pictures marred by his wilfulness. He debarred it, with stubborn pertinacity, from fashioning out of the harsh elements of his speechless soul either a man or a life.

Upon this sad humiliating history the postscript which follows makes such a commentary as might have been looked for. If Turner's hoardings were those of benevolent intention, instead of those of inclination and character, salved by a posthumous appropriation which comforted his conscience, utter disappointment came, as was to be expected, upon the too long deferred charity. Nameless relatives, whom in one codicil of his will he dismissed with a gratuity of fifty pounds apiece, which pittance was in an after-codicil revoked, took the bulk of the painter's property. His pictures alone came to their intended destination; that bequest, and the legacy of a thousand pounds for a monument to himself, being the only items in his voluminous will which were held valid. So perished the hope, if it were a hope, by which he solaced himself through so many meagre years. He had his way fiercely in his own confused and dark little world as long as the breath of life was in him. When he was gone, his will went with him, beyond any possibility of perpetuation. Vain as the avarice, which did all but ruin the stores it had accumulated, proved the fiery self-will which had defied and wrestled with the world through his later years. No charitable institution remains to soften a heart here and there to the sound of his name. A gallery of wonderful pictures, vast genius everywhere marred and betraying the soils of a soul unmeet for such a yoke-fellow; a world of drawings more wonderful still; a silent duel to be perpetuated as long as the National Gallery shall last, in which that self-assertive

soul takes advantage of its genius to engage calm Claude, unconscious of the challenge, in a conflict never to be ended; a self-erected monument in St Paul's:—such are the issues of the life of Turner in the world to which he came as man. Few modern men have left behind them a collection of works so splendid—perhaps no one modern man, whose days have been thought worthy of a record, stands in himself so poor a figure before the gazing world.

To the craft of painters, of which Turner was a member—a body unstained, honourable, and pure-hearted, beyond the bulk of most professions—this attempt to represent his character as a man, is, so far as its capacity of influence goes, a distinct injury. Mr Ruskin, himself a man of genius, knows how to envelop the doubtful soul, which, indeed, he declares plainly he did not understand, in the mist and rosy vapours of the celestial gift which accompanied it. Perhaps in those vague but eloquent sketches which indicate a man Turner sorrowful and misconstrued, tragically worthy of the painter Turner, whose genius no one has dreamed of denying for

nearly half a century, no positive harm was done to truth. But when daylight and fact are poured cold and killing upon the visionary picture—when luckless Mr Thornbury puffs aside those splendid mists, and, all unaware of the havoc he is making, reveals that shabby reality below, it is no longer possible to tolerate the supposition that such a man as this, is to be honoured among men, whatever may have been the genius miraculously linked to his poor existence. We cannot explain or account for that marvellous combination—it is such a mystery as all our wonderings cannot solve: fortunately it is such a mystery as seldom occurs to tempt speculation. But it is equal wrong to humanity, to youth, and to genius, to attempt to foist this man upon us as a great man, or to seek for him a niche among the heroes. He has his money's worth, his statue in St Paul's; but as for us, let us bury our dead out of our sight. Of all countries in the world England should be the last to receive into her heart, or to justify before her children, on any pretext of genius, howsoever splendid, a polluted life and a contracted soul.

CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK'S CHAMPAGNE.

A WEST INDIAN REMINISCENCE.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XII.

It is quite true that Lorton lay very sick while these things were passing. He had a bad nervous fever—one of the most difficult diseases that doctors deal with in that climate; it is so hard to treat it in any way. Often to support the patient is to increase the disease, while to lower the fever is to kill the man. People don't think of going to sea till they get very ill; and when they are very ill, they are not fit to be embarked. Once launched on the Atlantic, they soon revive; the difficulty is to get them there. If poor Lorton, when he clasped together, as he often did, his thin hands, on which still hung the trinkets which he had worn in happier days, a world too wide for his shrunk fingers—if, we say, he had by this act unwittingly invoked a colossal genius, who said, "I am ready to obey you as your slave; I, and the other slaves of that ring," he would have replied, like Aladdin, "Whoever you are, take me out of this place;" and he would have added, "Place me in an English ship five hundred miles from hence, with her head toward that pleasant country; let the fresh winds course upon my hot parched face, let the salt breath of the sea bring life and hope to my soul. I would be riding away on the billow, and hear the mariners sing the songs of my native land." Such imaginations sound childish, and well they may, for healthy childhood is a state of mental energy and clearness compared with the weak yearnings and fancies of the fever-tossed in a tropic land. There is the worn, racked body and the shattered mind, the strong will reduced to plaintive whinings, and the understanding leagued with deceit and despair.

"Give me some drink, Titinius!

As a sick girl,"

cried mighty Julius, quelled by fever's power. And worse than the pain of body and the failing mind is the sense of desolation which overwhelms the poor sick soldier away from home, thrown in his helplessness on strangers and hirelings. The nurses are proverbially skilful and attentive in Jamaica, medical attendants accompany every regiment, and comrades are generally kind and sympathising; but these do not, by the bed of sickness, compensate for some low sweet voice which is longed for there.

To Lorton his attack was truly a bitter visitation. In the silence and frequent solitude, his old grievances, magnified by disease tenfold, tortured him from hour to hour. He was bidden to expect recovery, but what comfort was there in that! To recover health would be to be once more buffeted by Fortune—to be alone in misery amid a smiling, happy world. The sick-bed or the grave seemed fitter for one so persecuted. Yet his mood would change to Hope sometimes; bright visions and lofty aspirations would visit him again, and he would pant for health and vigour that he might realise his dream. He was restricted entirely to the recumbent position, but lifted by day from his bed to the sofa, where he lay propped up with pillows. The doctor had insisted on the attendance of a nurse; and accordingly there sat near him the grandly-developed form of Miss Malvina MacGlashin, her dark wool concealed by a cotton handkerchief, which was knotted across the nape of her neck, with two enormous mosaic drops in her ears, a triple

chin, a chintz wrapper of a florid design, and reaching a little below her knees, and a pair of morocco slippers, the heels whereof were well trodden down, and the toes pointing inwards like those of a parrot. Miss Malvina was a lady of colour, somewhere about quadron in blood, and tolerably light-brown. Her age was between forty and fifty; she inclined decidedly to embonpoint; a fine bridge on her nose was the charter by which she claimed kindred with the MacGlashin, and a pair of lips about two inches thick conspired with hair and skin to indicate the other source of her hybrid existence.

"Isn't it nearly time for the medicine, Malvina?" inquired the sufferer, who has been restless for some little while.

The brown lady rose, and with a motion which we should esteem neither light nor graceful on this side the Atlantic, lifted Lorton's watch and showed it to him, for the revelations of the timepiece were foolishness to Miss Malvina.

"Wants ten minutes," Lorton said, "but that doesn't signify; I can take it now."

"My chile," replied Miss Malvina, with a whining drawl, "when de dactar say a ting, it is praper to do it; so you mus' wait till de tree hour is up, and den I will give you de draff."

"I expect Mr Knox here to see me directly," pleaded the patient, "and we may as well get the medicine over before he comes."

"Very well, my chile," said Miss MacGlashin, "it is near de time now, and if you promise me not to talk too much to Meesta Knox, you shall have it. See now, only dis half glass of de mixture, and den dis nice piece of pink shaddock. Dere now, he really take it good; now den, pop in de shaddock, and the nassy taste will soon gone; so, so, dat is it. Now, let we make de room look leetle bit neat and tidy before de visitor come in. Where dat creature Sampson?"

Miss Malvina knew her work

too well to call or knock in a sick-room for the assistance she required. She stepped into the verandah herself for the purpose of sending down a message by the first passenger; and in so doing she caught sight of Sampson rolling in the grass below, whom she forthwith summoned to the upper chamber by the title of "lazy, worthless hangman." It was wonderful the gentleness with which they both moved about and arranged the room. Plates, glasses, and bottles quickly disappeared; table-covers were smoothed, and chairs set in their places. Lorton had a clean shirt put on him, and his hair carefully and gently dressed; then he and his apartment were perfumed with eau-de-Cologne.

"Ah, that's nice!" he said; "I really think I feel a little better!"

"Yes; only keep quiet, and do as you is told, and you will soon be better, my chile. De fus' young man I ever nus, he very much in de same way as you is, and I bring him round. Nice young man! he come court me before he sick: I used to pretty den; dat is a long time ago. He most my fus' sweetheart. Chaw, how I lub him! Those times was different from now. De officers more attentive to de young ladies, and de sailor officers bring in prize-money, and make we handsome presents. My! how de doubloons fly about! never see dem now. And de beautiful horses and de kittureens! I shall never see de like again. Hei! What dat you have dere?" suddenly said she in a loud whisper to Sampson, who was retreating through the door with sundry articles which he had been desired to clean. "What is dis?" repeated Miss Malvina, following him into the verandah, and seizing a black bottle from under his arm. It was three parts full of madeira.

"I tink it did turn bad," said Sampson.

"Take it back," said Miss Malvina, not deigning to notice the lame excuse. Sampson obeyed, muttering to himself as he did so,

"Dis brown lady too bad, cubbich* as a 'tar-apple tree. Massa nebber do so."

We by no means wish to create an impression that poor little Sampson was an incorrigible thief. He had his own notions of what his merits entitled him to, and took care that he was not neglected. When Lorton was well and in his better humours he was generally very considerate, and then Sampson was content with what was given to him; but when Lorton was in his tantrums, and the rates were not duly paid, then Sampson considered it proper to distrain. Of course, when his massa was weak and sick it would have been a cruelty to trouble him about such matters, and therefore a quiet process was the best that could be adopted. It was most officious in Miss Malvina to interfere thus between an upright domestic and his lawful perquisites.

Miss Malvina looked towards the window, and nodded in reply to a sign from Knox, who had made a quiet reconnaissance to ascertain whether the patient was awake and prepared to receive him. A flush overspread Lorton's wan face as he shook hands and answered the usual interrogatories. Even this little excitement tried him, it was clear; seeing which, Knox addressed his conversation for a while to Miss Malvina.

"A little feverish still, Malvina; pulse variable," said he: "we must still be careful to avoid excitement."

"He will do very well, sar," replied Miss Malvina, using the severity which is proper when unprofessional people attempt to talk scientifically to an adept. "Can you tell me what is de hour?"

"Just gone three. Didn't you hear the bugle, old girl?"

"I am not an old gal, Meesta Knax. You will be good enough

to recollect dat you is talking to a leady."

"Of course," Knox said, "but your figure and face are so girlish that one forgets. Let's see, you must be quite a woman now; yes, of course!"

"I am afraid dat you is making fun, sar," remarked Miss MacGlashin, composedly.

"There was a gentleman of your name at mess last night, Lawyer Macglashin. Is he any relation?"

"He is my broder, sar."

"Indeed! I was not aware of that."

"My *white* brother, dat is. He wouldn't tell you so. They is not bery proud of their coloured relations. They can't wash out the MacGlashin blood for all dat. It is here;" and Miss Malvina placed her hand on the magnificent region above her heart.

"He ought to feel flattered," said Knox, "at having so lovely and accomplished a relation."

"Ah, sar," sighed Malvina, "you is not so prejudice as dese creole whites. You cannot understan' deir silly pride. I often say I will go home to Scotland, where they will not be ashamed of the MacGlashin blood, whatever is the skin it run under. De heart of dat people is warm, sar!"

"But their country is devilish cold," said Knox.

"What does de cold matter to me, sar?" said Malvina, loftily: "if I have de blood I have de spirit too, and I can bear de cold like de res' of my relations."

"You'll have to wear a kilt."

"Whatever is de proper dress, sar."

"And to live upon whisky and oatmeal."

"Of course, sar."

"And talk Gaelic."

"Yes, sar."

"And play the bagpipe."

"Whatever oder leadies does, sar."

* Probably a corruption of "*covetous*," but used in the sense of *parsimonious* or *illiberal*. The star-apple tree does not cast its fruit, however ripe; hence it is emblematic of a close-fisted person.

Malvina, it is clear, dreamed of a land that was very far off, where the MacGlashin was lord, and where she would be welcomed as a sister, and sit in honour a MacGlashin among MacGlashins. Poor soul! and yet let us not too hastily lavish on the brown woman our complacent pity. Which of us does not secretly cherish a vision no less absurd than Malvina's idea of the misty heather—unattainable, untrue, and which, if it could be realised and won, is unsuited to our nature?

"Malvina," said Lorton, who was composed again now, "oblige me by seeing what they are about with my broth. I think Sampson will not prepare it nicely without your directions."

"De wort'less!" said Miss Malvina, drawing her robe around her and sailing off, while the dragging of her slippers along the boards of the verandah could be heard for many a yard.

"Come close to me, Knox," said Lorton, "that I may speak low, and husband my strength for what I have to say. You are Brune's friend. I fear that I may have assisted in doing Brune a grievous wrong. I would speak of the matter to you, and, if there be cause, try to make amends to him. There is a belief in Mr Arabin's family that Brune is a gambler and a bully; that he cruelly crushed the affections of an Irish lady, shot her brother, and decamped. The story was carried to them by Mr Melhado; Melhado got it from me. I have here the account which furnished it, written by an Irish female cousin. Making all allowance for gossip and exaggeration, the whole thing is very bad; but, you see, the language is ambiguous—there appears to have been another officer concerned, to whom may belong part of the odium. His name is not mentioned, but Brune's is, the reason being that I, from this country, made inquiries concerning Brune when he first came out, and people were talking of him so much. I have often—oh, how often, lately!—ex-

amined into my feelings at that time, and cannot hide from myself that I greedily believed what was said to Brune's prejudice, and that I neither suggested nor sought for palliating explanations—indeed, that I wished for none. The blow was not aimed openly; the poison wrought underground; the effects, I know, have been most serious. Tell me, Knox—tell a weak, miserable man—did Brune do that which has been laid to his charge?"

Lorton's chest heaved, his hands shook, his lips quivered, drops stood on his brow, and his eyes were suffused with tears. Knox, without answering, looked at him for a minute, partly observing his emotion, partly revolving smarting thoughts within.

"Speak," said the sick man; "speak to me, Knox. I cannot wait."

Knox took hold of the thin, quivering hand, and as he pressed it, said, "Lorton, Brune has been cruelly slandered. May God forgive those who wronged him!"

There were sobs now and choking sighs from the sofa. Lorton was in an agony of remorse, and Knox, astonished at his condition, knew not at the moment how to allay it, or what he should do.

Suddenly Lorton sprang upright on the couch, the light of fever gleaming from his eyes, his hands clenched, and his whole frame supernaturally braced.

"Take me to him!" he shrieked; "I will tell him all. I will beg his pardon on my knees. I will do all—give all to atone."

Knox held him fast now, and with some trouble got him into the recumbent position again. The transient flash of energy disappeared, and was succeeded by a passion of tears. Knox saw that this matter must be disposed of now. However trying it might be, it was better it should be ended than that it should lie festering and fretting, under the delusion that it might be better borne hereafter, so he said, "Listen to me, Lorton. If you will

compose yourself you shall hear the story of this affair. Nobody, I am sorry to say, can tell it you more truly than I. There now, be calm, and turn your face this way. An explanation to Brune will do him not the least good at the present time, and will do you much harm. When you are stronger I shall be very glad to know that you have made it. This, now, is the outline of what passed at Cork, and you shall judge how far Brune deserved what has been said of him. *He* did not play high at Cork, but there was another young officer there, belonging to the *dépôt*, who was less discreet. He had won some tolerably large sums from a Mr O'Flaherty, who, it seems, was not quite prepared to pay. The score had been going on some weeks without the Irishman clearing any part of his debt—indeed, he rather increased it; but, in the mean time, he had hit upon an expedient for not only getting easy treatment, but for doing a little family business. He introduced his creditor to his sister, a wild, handsome, clever girl; and the silly fellow at first took the bait, and thought himself desperately in love. If the young lady had been left to play him skilfully and patiently, he would possibly have sealed his ruin by marrying her; but O'Flaherty, fearing lest so promising a plan should miscarry by delay, attempted to precipitate matters, and called upon the young officer to speak out like a man, and not to trifle with his sister's young affections. This entirely uncalled-for interference caused the lover to consider his conduct and his situation, and to perceive that he was getting within the meshes of a very ugly net, to extricate himself from which, however promptly he might act, would require some discretion. Fortunately he took Brune for his counsellor, who soon saw through and exposed the whole affair, and who speedily made it known to Mr O'Flaherty on his friend's behalf that, before making any demands

in his fraternal character, it would be desirable that he should pay his debt, otherwise the singleness of his motive might be suspected. Imagining therefrom that the youth was intimidated by his bluster, and that he had only to press on and succeed, O'Flaherty sent a challenge, which Brune peremptorily refused to let his friend accept until the money had been paid. But Brune intimated that he himself was ready at once to fight if O'Flaherty must have a victim. This did not at all harmonise with the programme. O'Flaherty insisted that his quarrel was with the man who was trifling with his sister; and by some means or other he managed to procure the money, and paid it; whereupon he was informed that the duel might take place whenever he wished. He seemed, however, to have cooled in his warlike intentions, and some days elapsed without a repetition of the challenge; consequently he received a hostile message, to which he replied that he could not meet a person who, having been called out, had declined the encounter. Mr O'Flaherty was immediately after this horsewhipped in the street by the man whom he had selected for his brother-in-law, Brune and many others witnessing the chastisement. The matter excited much scandal, and was, with many colourings, reported in the papers. The account followed by your lady-cousin may very likely have been one of those circulated, but the true one is that which I have just given."

"But may you not have been imposed upon as well as she?" asked Lorton, feebly.

"Not easily," was the reply, spoken in a hoarse voice and with averted head. "The name of the lover, gambler, and brawler, is *Edward Knox*."

Malvina's horror, when she returned with the broth and found her patient tossed and exhausted, may be imagined. She dismissed Knox, darkened the windows, moved her poor charge back to his bed,

which was now well cooled and aired, and resorted to the many soothing expedients which her long practice showed her to be proper.

"Malvina, you are everything that is kind and gentle," whispered Lorton; "but what—what would I not give to see my mother's face bending over me as yours is!"

"Be patient, my child," answered Malvina; "please God, we will have you well again soon, and your mother shall bend over you in old England!"

The result justified the opinion which induced Knox to go through with the discussion of Lorton's trouble in reference to Brune when it was once begun. The sick man was evidently soothed by being disburdened of this matter, and Malvina owned the next day that no evil effects of the scene appeared to remain. For a day or two Lorton even seemed to rally, but such a mind was not long in calling up others of its many cares to file and wear the miserable body. Still he dragged on, apparently not worse, but of course losing strength by confinement.

At home, sickness seems the natural result of fogs, frosts, and constant changes; but in the tropics

its appearance is less comprehensible. Everything without is associated with life and joy and beauty. New-comers rejoicing in the brightness, the warmth, and the loveliness which are everywhere manifest, are apt to think the visitations of disease but bugbears to frighten children. Up to the time of being attacked, people generally preserve their spirits and their energy. "Disease," say they, fondly, "is afar off, where winter shakes in melancholy halls." But no; it is even at the door!

Thus, probably, must it ever be. Where Earth is most fit to be enjoyed, there must come the most startling warnings that Earth is not our resting-place. We say, Lo, here is Paradise! lo there! But a dread Teacher is near to claim our whole hearts, and forbid undue affection for created things. 'Tis the same lesson read under every sky. "Whither shall I go, then, from thy Spirit? or whither shall I go, then, from thy presence? If I climb up into heaven, thou art there; if I go down to hell, thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

CHAPTER XIII.

As will have been perceived, Arthur and Violet were in Spanish Town at the same time. They did not, however, meet there. It was not Brune's wish that they should, and it was much better for all parties that they did not; for Melhado, anxious to efface the recollection of that disagreeable day on the water, had joined Mr Arabin and his daughter.

Having effected the purpose for which he went thither, Arthur was anxious to return from Spanish Town to Stony Hill. He therefore, on the morning after they dined with the Governor, got Tom Gervaise out of bed as early as he could, and urged him to go back.

Tom had, however, by no means fulfilled the little scheme of enjoyment which he had sketched out, and fought hard against going—indeed positively refused to go. Brune, having exhausted his exhortations in vain, bethought himself of a lure which had the desired effect. He promised to send on a runner to order a dinner, of which turtle-soup and stewed eels were to be components, at the Ferry House Tavern, half-way between Spanish Town and Kingston, if Tom would only get them thither by the appointed time to eat it. Thus he not only induced his frail ally to go, but caused him to start punctually, which he would hardly have done

had there not been a risk of spoiling dinner.

They rattled back to the Ferry, and were informed that everything would be ready in ten minutes, so that Arthur had just time to wash before dinner was announced. During this interval, Tom Gervaise loitered outside a little room where the dinner was being dished, and took in odours that might create an appetite under the ribs of an alderman who has passed the chair.

The dining-room looked very nice—spacious, cool, and shady. The table was set in the midst, with a bright tureen and capital dinner-service. Fine limes for the turtle-soup were piled in a little glass dish by themselves, and two or three peppers, of various shapes and colours, rested on the top of each salt-cellar. A black bottle of claret in a wet bag stood on a slide between the dishes. Indeed, everything looked complete to a common observer; but Tom Gervaise was not, on such occasions, a common observer; and, scanning curiously the arrangements of the table, he asked sternly where the punch was.

"It ready dereckly, sar," answered the waiter. "Missy berry sorry it oberlook at fus, but it soon come; dem making it."

"Forget the punch! Turtle-soup without punch! Arthur, do you hear? the villains have forgot the punch!" and Tom waxed wroth, and spake great swelling words, and bound himself under a curse, saying that he would neither eat nor drink till the punch should appear. "And look here, bo," he added; "tell her to put in a little extra spirit; that's the only way to prevent my pulling the house down and making dogs' meat of the whole brood of ye."

As there would thus be a few minutes of self-imposed expectation highly trying to Tom, Arthur sug-

gested that it might pass the time if he would go and wash his hands. Tom was glad to escape the tedium even at the expense of ablution, and it is written in the chronicles of the house of Gervaise that he called for water, soap, and towels; and that, without constraint, bodily fear, or delusion of any kind, he did then and there of his own free will wash, clean, and entirely purify his hands, and afterwards did dry and wipe them, the hands aforesaid, and that he returned to Arthur Brune buttoning his left wrist-band (the right had no button) just as the punch was ready.

And Tom did eat and drink; and his heart expanded under the influence of the good cheer; and he laughed and spake pleasant words, and was satisfied exceedingly. A little child might have played with him!

Their dinner ended, it was arranged that they should continue their journey in about an hour, by which time it would be cool. Meanwhile, that he might not sit by and see Arthur discharge a bill of which he ought to have borne his share, Tom said he would stroll out and smoke a cigar. Accordingly he dragged himself very leisurely out from the back of the Ferry House, and so along some enclosures which groaned with plenty of the sweet cane, till he got to a cool shady field of guinea-grass, through which ran a little stream. Just in front of him were two negroes intently watching something in the grass.

"Wha you got dere, eh, you sars?" inquired Tom, who thought himself a proficient in the negro dialect.

"It is one crab, massa," replied one of the men; and Tom on coming up saw between the roots of the plant a solitary land-crab,* which appeared to have lagged behind his kindred in their annual migration,

* Bryan Edwards, quoting Du Tertre, writes thus of the land-crabs:—"These animals live not only in a kind of orderly society in their retreats in the mountains, but regularly once a-year march down to the sea-side in a body of some millions at a time. As they multiply in great numbers, they choose the months of April or

and to be endeavouring to overtake them by travelling at unwonted hours.

"Devilish fine one too," said Tom; "that fellow would eat remarkably well."

"Yes, massa," one of the blacks said, "him will berry nice; make massa a sweet supper. Supposin' massa goin' home, it quite wort' him while to carry him dere. Do take him, my massa."

The consequence of following this generous advice would have been, that Tom's hand would have been clasped acutely by the crab's nippers. It was a cruel joke to try upon any one: it was an impudent joke for a negro to play on a buckrah gentleman; but these phases of it were nought beside the presumption which selected him, the intelligent Tom Gervaise, as its subject—Tom Gervaise, who supposed him-

May to begin their expedition; and then sally out from the stumps of hollow trees, from the clefts of rocks, and from the holes which they dig for themselves under the surface of the earth. At that time the whole ground is covered with this band of adventurers; there is no setting down one's foot without treading upon them. The sea is their place of destination, and to that they direct their march with right-lined precision. No geometrician could send them to their destined station by a shorter course; they neither turn to the right nor to the left, whatever obstacles intervene; and even if they meet with a house, they will attempt to scale the walls to keep the unbroken tenor of their way. But though this be the general order of their route, they upon other occasions are compelled to conform to the face of the country; and if it be intersected by rivers, they are seen to wind along the course of the streams. The procession sets forward from the mountains with the regularity of an army under the guidance of an experienced commander. They are commonly divided into battalions, of which the first consists of the strongest and boldest males, that, like pioneers, march forward to clear the route, and face the greatest dangers. The night is their chief time of proceeding, but if it rains by day, they do not fail to profit by the occasion, and they continue to move forward in their slow uniform manner. When the sun shines and is hot upon the surface of the ground, they make a universal halt, and wait till the cool of the evening. When they are terrified, they march back in a confused disorderly manner, holding up their nippers, with which they sometimes tear off a piece of the skin, and leave the weapon where they inflicted the wound.

"When, after a fatiguing march, and escaping a thousand dangers—for they are sometimes three months in getting to the shore—they have arrived at their destined port, they prepare to cast their spawn. For this purpose the crab has no sooner reached the shore than it eagerly goes to the edge of the water, and lets the waves wash over its body two or three times to wash off the spawn. The eggs are hatched under the sand; and soon after millions at a time of the new-born crabs are seen quitting the shore, and slowly travelling up to the mountains."

He goes on to quote Brown's *History of Jamaica*:—"The old crabs, having disburdened themselves [as above], generally regain their habitations in the mountains by the latter end of June. In August they begin to fatten, and prepare for moulting, filling up their burrows with dry grass, leaves, and abundance of other materials. When the proper period comes, each retires to his hole, shuts up the passage, and remains quite inactive till he gets rid of his old shell, and is fully provided with a new one. How long they continue in this state is uncertain, but the shell is first observed to burst at the back and the sides, to give a passage to the body, and the animal extracts its limbs from all the other parts gradually afterwards. At this time the flesh is in the richest state, and covered only with a tender membranous skin, variegated with a multitude of reddish veins; but this hardens gradually, and soon becomes a perfect shell, like the former. It is, however, remarkable that, during this change, there are some stony concretions always formed in the bag, which waste and dissolve as the creature forms and perfects its new crust."

"To these full and particular accounts," says Edwards, "I will add, of my own knowledge, that many people, in order to eat of this singular animal in the highest perfection, cause them to be dug out of the earth in the moulting state; but they are usually taken from the time they begin to move of themselves till they reach the sea, as already related. During all this time they are in spawn, and if my testimony can add weight to that of all who have written, and all who have feasted, on the subject, I pronounce them, without doubt, one of the choicest morsels in nature."

self to know the ways of the island so well that he had a sort of property in them!—Tom Gervaise, who considered his right infringed if any other person in his hearing ventured to tell a native story, or to explain a custom or tradition of the colony!—Tom Gervaise, who was accustomed to pour fresh instruction o'er the minds of yahoos by inducing them to the very act to which he had just been incited!—it was a sin ranking close behind apostasy and blasphemy. Mercy there could be none; and Tom's stick visited the calves of the offender's legs with power. Lucky that the man's position was not such as would have put his shins more in the stick's path, or those tender parts* would have known tribulation. The unhappy criminal sent up a yell of agony and terror as this judgment overtook him, and executed the first movements of a very lively *pas seul*; but, seeing a second blow about to descend, he abruptly terminated the dance, and rushed off at the top of his speed. The stroke missed, but its force overbalanced him who dealt it, and Tom Gervaise staggered repeatedly ere he could regain his equilibrium. During these reelings the other negro made his escape, or he would surely have suffered for the transgression of his comrade. Had Tom's ability equalled his great revenge, he would have given chase; but the niggers were off like young roes, and his crazy old machine might as well have tried to scale the heavens as to catch them. On his turning a corner, however, an unexpected chance hove in sight; for there, upon a high rocky bank, stood Arthur Brune with a telescope in his hand, looking seaward and landward, and into the many-coloured woods, and adown the long straight Spanish Town road over which they had lately driven.

"Hollo, Arthur! stop that black

rascal," shouted Tom. If Tom's lungs had been as good as they were twenty years ago, instead of a wheezy, dilapidated old bellows, Brune could not have heard. Tom fancied, though, that he had roared with pristine vigour, when he saw Arthur throw himself suddenly from his eminence and rush across the field. Already he clutched his stick with a humane grasp, and limped towards the prey like an old lion whose jackall is in certain cry, when, to his surprise and indignation, he perceived that Arthur's course would not cut off the escape of the negro, but that it was directed to some other object. Undoubtedly it was so. Arthur had neither heard Tom's shout nor seen his pursuit, nor been thinking of Tom's quarrel, or anything that was his. He had walked abroad, restless with checkered thoughts, and taken a glass from the inn, that the sights of external nature might, if they could, quell the tumult of his hope and difficulty, and joy and fear. And as he curiously scanned the long line of road, and watched the passengers, there came in sight a carriage driven with furious speed—so fast that it fairly riveted his vagrant attention. Was the driver mad, or drunk, or helpless? He must be one or other, for the son of Nimshi never drove like this. Rapidly the outlines became more distinct. There were two horses before the flying vehicle, and two persons within it. Yes; and now there is the streaming of a light garment and a fluttering veil: one of them is a woman. Another instant, and his heart seems to recognise the dress—the figure—the very features! Merciful heaven! Violet herself!! And, like a demi-god, Arthur bounded to the rescue.

He shot across the field, he leapt the fence, and cleared the yard, and tore down the rickety gate and the rickety gate-post fast locked to it, and stood in the road while yet the

* You may pound a nigger's head till you have tired yourself and broken your knuckles, without affecting him; but to touch him across his shins, even with a slight switch, is to discover the mainspring of his system. It drives him frantic.

reeling car was several yards off. It was a curricule; the reins and whip still in the hands of Melhado, who, white and wild, seemed to clutch them convulsively, but to have lost all sense and nerves and motion. A sharp jar behind Arthur told that the toll-man had shut to the gate (for a difficult wooden bridge had superseded the old ferry.) Arthur waved his hat to show that the danger was understood, and Violet knew at once who made that gesture. The sight of the strong and daring young man gave her confidence; her lover's presence made her scorn the danger. Her eye was true, her brain was clear; she comprehended Brune's signs, for the mind and heart of that man, were they not her heart and mind? and she rose without trepidation or confusion, and, clearing her clothes from her feet, and from the side of the carriage, stood for a few moments calm and steady as the frantic coursers dashed towards him. Then she cast herself, without faltering, into the arms of Arthur Brune, who, strong and active as he was, staggered and fell with the shock, but not till he had broken the fall and shielded Violet from serious harm. Scratched and bruised, he was up again in a second, and Violet in the same time was in charge of the "lady" of the house. But before that second had elapsed the mad steeds had swerved at the gate, and, turning sharply, flung out poor Melhado into the deep mud of the creek; then they continued their course on to the filthy swamp that skirts the sea, where, amid mangrove stumps and mud, their career was stopped, and they tore, and fretted, and kicked at the handsome curricule.

The toll-man and the two negroes of the crab adventure fished out, after some little time, the wretched Melhado, his gay clothes covered with black mud, his hat gone, and his hair—nay, his very eyes and nose—filled with the soil of the creek. As they landed him, Tom Gervaise

just came, blowing and fuming, on the scene; and at sight of that avenger the two blacks dropped their exhausted burden on the creek side and fled. Tom, being very much out of breath, and seeing pretty plainly what had happened, did not ask questions or make remarks, but quietly surveyed Melhado, as he leaned upon his stick and smoked. The sight seemed to give him satisfaction, for Tom, who knew of Manuel's shortcomings as a charioteer, and who was wroth at his costly turn-out, had often prophesied a "smash." Manuel, from exhaustion and suffocation, could not speak, and Tom, as we have said, would not; but the latter, after a minute or two, began to move slowly round the unlucky Phaëton, pausing at intervals in his revolutions, so as to ascertain the whole extent of the discomfiture. At one of these halts he espied a little spot below the coat collar which had by chance been left untouched by the mud, and upon this Tom carefully broke off the ashes of his weed, which, in his abstraction, he had allowed to grow half an inch long. Having at length assured himself of Manuel's utter humiliation, and noted all the circumstances of his plight to tell at mess, and for general conversation, he suggested to the toll-man that it would be better to pour a few buckets of water over the gentleman till he should be fit to touch, and then to get him taken into the house and put to bed. The fugitive blacks did not return, but the servants of Mr Arabin (who had by this time come up), and some people from the inn, came and lifted Manuel once more. Christy had of course gone to ascertain the condition of his daughter, and been inexpressibly relieved at finding her safe. He cordially thanked Arthur Brune. Then he went to see after his future son-in-law, and arrived just in time to take the direction of the case out of the hands of Tom Gervaise, and to see poor Manuel properly cared for. Tom, it will be remembered,

knew nothing of Violet's accident, or even of her being there; therefore, when he surrendered Melhado to old Christy, his next object of interest was the curricule, up to the axles in mud, and before which the horses, hampered by the mire, were yet tugging and plunging, breaking the harness by degrees, but not yet clear. He privately admitted that the horses were admirable,—well bred, well matched, and beautifully formed; also that the equipage in general was unexceptionable. But he consoled himself for the admission by reflecting that the wealth which could command these treasures could not buy the skill to handle them. And so Tom went off to look after his own team and cart, which, if less showy, he flattered himself would be tooled home by the first practitioner in the island. While he was in the stable-yard Mr Arabin came in, after seeing his son-in-law stripped, and washed, and put to bed, to look at the miserable remains of Melhado's fine equipage and his pair of splendid horses, which had by this time been extricated from the mud.

"Lucky you came in," said Tom, "or that fellow would have rubbed a hole in your horse in another minute." The horse was in no danger of being rubbed through; on the contrary, he was getting the faintest possible shadow of a rubbing, though the coachman, stripped and hissing through his teeth, made a great show of exertion. Tom therefore spoke in bitter irony, which caused Christy to appeal to the feelings of his servant by tender advice and hints of cowskin. After these the coachman hissed a good deal harder, showing that he was accessible to gentle reproof.

Then they smoked for some time over the wreck, when Tom broke silence by saying, "Devilish clever business!" Christy shrugged his shoulders. "Shocking, shocking," said he, "but I can't grieve over the horses and trap when I think of the escape my daughter had. I expected to find her maimed, or even

killed. Thank God!" after which unusual ejaculation Christy wiped his brow; then he added, "Remarkable clever active young man, that Brune, and no mistake about it. Owe him Violet's life; glad to find he is not much hurt."

Gervaise, not being cognisant of the events alluded to, asked Mr Arabin to explain his dark sayings, and thereupon Christy repeated as it had been told to him the perilous adventure, winding up again with a hearty commendation of Arthur.

"Humph!" grunted Tom, "you should have laid those remarks to heart before. Nobody'll dispute with you that Arthur's a devilish fine fellow. We fancied once that you admired him as much as anybody; thought *he* would have been your son-in-law, instead of that miserable, disagreeable spoon!" and Tom pointed his thumb over his shoulder towards the room where poor Manuel lay, holding the cigar between the middle fingers of the same hand.

"Ah, did they indeed?" answered Christy. The remark made him very angry, as it called up plaguy old ideas, which he hadn't half set to sleep; moreover, the facts of the last hour seemed to din in his ears the same doctrine. Christy was a tolerably free-and-easy fellow, and could stand a good deal, but yet we think that such a remark just then would have induced him to quarrel with many men. It was, however, perfectly useless to have a row with Tom Gervaise. The shrewd old senator knew this, and therefore he held his peace and smoked gloomily away.

"Wasn't it rather rash," asked Tom, after a short interval, "to let your daughter travel in a carriage drawn by such wild cattle?"

"Wild!" answered Christy; "there were never quieter or better-tempered horses."

"Not broke to double harness then, probably," suggested Tom.

"Perfectly broke, sir; a baby might drive them."

"Then I suppose some infernal accident set 'em off?"

"Accident!" repeated Christy, now recurring to the origin of the disaster, and forgetting everything else, "there was not the shadow of an accident. Damme, sir, a pair of pet lambs would have been turned into hyenas by such handling. The poor brutes showed immense docility by only running away; I wonder they didn't——" Then catching on Tom's face a look of well-satisfied contempt, Christy became aware of his indiscretion, and concluded by saying, "Well, it's of no use talking about it now; the thing's over, and I'm thankful it was no worse."

"Always said it would come to this," said Tom, who was so delighted at the fulfilment of his prediction, that, having occasion to take a fresh cigar from his case, he offered one to Christy, an honour which he seldom conferred on anybody.

"No, thank 'ee," said Christy; "I always like my own better than any other; suppose you try one, and see what you think of it."

Tom Gervaise took two, whereof he lighted one and put the other into his case, returning at the same time that which he had first intended to consume. The tobacco re-established amicable relations, as if they had been a couple of red Indians. Tom guessed that he was helping Arthur Brune by keeping old Christy outside, and so he discussed the points of the horses, the build of the carriage, and the method of shoeing, at length; he also made some valuable remarks concerning bearing-reins, which amused the councillor, and detained him a good while.

Meanwhile the lady of the house, in her own apartment, gave a vent to her feelings on the late occurrences.

"My! dat buckrah is reelly a noble young man! And it is a sweet nyong leady, too. How he catch her!—so. My king! it must have sweet* her to be save dat

way. When I have been catched in a nyong man's arms, I find it very pleasant. It is quite de ting to make people love one another!"

"Dat won't do, Miss French," said Christy's coachman, who happened to come into the room; "she goin' to marry de gentleman dat come out of de creek."

"No matter for dat, my good sir," pursued Miss French; "she love dis hansom buckrah, if I know anything about sich matters. I observe her look. Chaw! don't tell me! And as for dat Meesta Melhado, he no good. I know'd his fader well. He stop often at dis house when he was a member of de Assembly. He drink nutten but brandy, and he bring his own bottle. Chaw!"

Arthur, we may be sure, made use of the opportunity thus afforded him. Violet had really suffered nothing more than fright; and when they had taken her into the house, laid her on the sofa, and given her some smelling-salts, she declared that she felt steadier, and would soon be composed again. The landlady ordered in for her a glass of raw brandy, which, not being desired by Violet, was mingled with some cold water and swallowed by her parent. Christy was soon satisfied by her assurances and by her good spirits that Violet had sustained no injury; and therefore, when he heard of Melhado's plight, he went off to examine it for himself.

"Dearest Violet," said Arthur, when they were alone, "this opportunity is most valuable; but as it may be interrupted at any moment, let me, without preface, speak of some weighty matters. My plan is being matured rapidly. Everything seems propitious. My journey to Spanish Town has been attended with complete success; for, see, here is a document which charters for us both, let us trust, long years of happiness. Nay, dearest, I can-

* Delighted.

not allow myself the pleasure of seeing you read its contents; the time may not permit; but I will tell you what it is;” and he whispered, “A marriage licence: you guess, I presume, the names of the parties.”

Violet's face, which had been pale from her accident, for a moment blushed like the delicate lining of a shell which happy Nereids love to make their car; but as a mortal dream of those fair beings, the colour fled and blanched her beauty like the lily. She did not change nor falter in her decision; but yet the sight of such a document might well send back the blood to her heart. What before had been indefinite and uncertain, seemed now confirmed by the seal of destiny. A hundred thoughts rose up within her, each claiming attention, when none could receive any. Oh that she could have wept! but no, Arthur has words that crowd into that span of time, and Violet must listen now, and reflect, and, it may be, weep, when he is gone. And clearly and rapidly did Brune then detail a scheme which we do not give in his words, because the course of our story will develop it. With scarcely beating heart she heard him to an end. When he had ceased she was a few moments silent. Then a low voice, coming as it were from the depths of her heart, murmured—“Be it so, Arthur: I consent.”

“Bless you for that,” said Arthur; “I cannot thank you as I would in this almost public room. An indiscretion might subvert our whole design. Therefore I behave like an ordinary acquaintance now, that hereafter I may be acknowledged as your choice before all the world.” And Brune refrained himself, and sat at a distance, and spoke of matters indifferent till the entrance of Mr Arabin and Tom Gervaise, which soon took place. Christy, having ascertained that Violet continued to retain her self-possession, turned to Arthur Brune.

“And you, Mr Brune, how do you feel now?”

“Oh,” said Arthur, “I had quite forgotten that I am hurt. A little sore, thank you, but nothing worse.”

“Allow me to order in some champagne,” said Christy; “we shall all be the better for it—don't you think so?”

“None for me, papa,” said Violet; “I do not require it.”

“And I,” said Brune, “had been taking good things of all sorts in plenty before you came up; so I had rather have nothing more.”

Christy now looked at Tom Gervaise, who, on principle, said he would not mind a glass with Mr Arabin; accordingly those two seasoned vessels imbibed a little more wet.

“I say, Gervaise,” observed Arthur, “remember you are to drive me home. Don't take any more, or you'll upset us.”

“Not I,” said Tom; “I don't deal in upsets. As long as I can see, or even feel, I can drive straight. Only your jimmy-jessamy conceited muffs that go to smash and endanger ladies' lives!” Tom looked sternly at Violet as he spoke, intending to convey to her that contrition alone, and an entire change of conduct, could win his forgiveness for ever encouraging Melhado.

There was nothing now to prevent their departure, so Tom and Arthur set off, leaving Christy and Violet to follow; while Melhado, who was ascertained to be uninjured, was to remain in bed, and have clothes and a carriage sent for him next morning.

“I'll be hanged,” said Tom, in excess of admiration, “if I couldn't marry that girl myself!”

“Could you, old boy?” said Arthur.

“That is, if I were a marrying man,” explained Tom, careful even in his enthusiasm.

Arthur was too much excited to converse. His pulse beat strong, for the events of the afternoon had brought him unexpected aid, and

the sight of Violet, and the opportunity of preserving her, wrought his spirit to its highest mood. Long his thoughts fermented within him; at last, when they were far on their way, the fire kindled for a moment into utterance, and he burst forth—

“By Aphrodite and her mischievous son, the Fates, it seems, will have it so. Be propitious, ye powers, but a little longer, and I win the fairest bride since Helen.”

Tom nodded assent, but did not commit himself to words, having dropped his acquaintance with mythological personages, except a malignant power presiding over men's eyes, with whom he maintained a constant intercourse, and on whose favour he greatly presumed, inasmuch that the whole time of the

divinity must have been occupied by the frequent, and, it might be said, wanton requisitions which he made on his own and his neighbours' account.

Tom, too, had his pleasant meditations, and evidently felt that the accidents just passed were in harmony with his own ideas of the eternal fitness of things. He, also, could not at one time forbear to speak his satisfaction.

“A counter-jumping snob! I sent him word that I'd upset him the first time I met him on the road, but I needn't have intended the trouble. Such a whelp is sure to smash himself. If old Arabin hadn't come out, I'd have had him under the pump, as sure as his name's Melhado. Serve him right too, the conceited ass!”

CHAPTER XIV.

At length arrived the evening which was to witness the delightful ceremony of *wetting* Captain Clutterbuck's commission. The event had created a great sensation. Clutterbuck had asked as many guests, civil and military, as the room would hold. The messman had made unheard-of preparations. Fortunately an American ice-ship was in the harbour, and that there might be no failure of this luxury, a quantity which must have weighed several tons had been purchased, and piled up at one end of the room in blocks like a grotto or fernery, creating in that neighbourhood a radiation of sharp cold which might have been expected to cause serious illness to those who were placed within its influence. It is not, however, recorded that any of that jovial party suffered even inconvenience. At the cold end they drank plenty of wine to keep up the steam, and at the warm end they employed the same remedy against the heat and relaxation. Old Clut had seen to the cooling of the wine and other liquors himself, and lived in a nervous, ex-

cited state all day, having never before been the hero of such an entertainment. Half an hour before dinner-time he was in the mess verandah in the very coolest arrangement of costume, but no more cool than a salamander would be if he had his shell-jacket carefully turned down, and wore a waistcoat and trousers of a material not much thicker than cambric. He fidgeted through the half-hour at last, and then the company began to arrive, on foot, and on horseback, and in gigs and top-chaises and waggon. In the lower storey under the verandah three or four white mess-servants marshalled a staff of negro waiters in white suits; these received an augmentation at the arrival of nearly every guest, by his domestic joining their ranks.

Such a clatter there was in the verandah above, after a dozen or two had come in and given old Clut each a torrid shake of the hand, which is not the pleasantest thing in life, though never dispensed with here! Besides soldiers and sailors, there were lawyers and clergymen, and planters and dealers.

Christy Arabin's conveyance disgorged its owner and Melhado for the upper regions, and Mr Chitty and another gentleman of colour for the black ranks underneath, where Mr C. at first assumed the airs of a pampered menial, but was speedily reduced to order by the white waiters. This check rendered him externally sulky, and inwardly determined to double the amount of pillage in the way of wine, fruits, sweets, &c., which he had previously intended to carry off. The Rev. Mr Grant was there, and an acting judge who held a lower permanent appointment—a functionary of Irish extraction, heavy embarrassments, and a social turn. Bitters were handed about in liqueur-glasses to provoke appetite. It was with reference to these preparations that Tom Gervaise performed, on this occasion, his solitary act of self-denial. He firmly refused to take any bitters, feeling bound to reserve every cranny for the feast that was at hand, and to take the edge off his thirst with the iced punch that was to follow the turtle. Tom was in great feather. There were some yahoos, or Johnny Raws, belonging to the last reinforcement, and only a few days on the island. These young gentlemen were in a state of pleasing distraction at finding out the entire incorrectness of the ideas which, before and during the voyage, they had formed of Jamaica. The lowering atmosphere, foetid with miasmata and mist, the arid plains marked only by grave-stones, the sickly miserable population, of which they had dreamed—where were all these? At present they are simply dizzy with the agreeable disappointment: by-and-by they will vote the whole account a bugbear, become foolhardy, and pay for this temerity with their health or lives. During the dawn of reaction on the minds of unsophisticated youth like these, it was one of the benevolent pleasures of the excellent Gervaise to caution or to reassure them as to the phenomena of the island. One after another they approached the

corner where Tom was standing, and hung upon the accents of his kind experience. It was only now and then that Tom's lore was audible amid the babel, but a few gems were overheard and recorded. For instance, he said to an open-mouthed weedy youngster:—

“Earthquakes, my dear friend! they're so common that we think nothing about 'em. Just look at my shirt that was shivered by one as I drove down to dinner from Stony Hill;” and Tom drew attention to his best shirt, the bosom of which had been plaited, but was now split into ribbons.

Soon after he was heard saying, “Fever be hanged! you only get fever through funkng. Live like a man; take your liquor heartily, and eat the country peppers—you'll never have fever then. Daresay your mother told you to be temperate, and avoid the night air. All women are fools.”

And, just before dinner was announced, Tom told them, “If a yam is at all large, it comes out of the ground with its roots scorched: they don't dare to dig foundations for the houses; that's the reason they are all on piers: in fact, it's well known that there's only a sheet of brown paper between this and h—f—.”

As he pronounced the last words, whatever they were, Tom saw the archdeacon looking at him from the other end of the gallery far beyond earshot, whereupon he cast down his eyes and muttered, “you be hanged,” as if rehearsing a convincing and exculpatory answer to a supposed rebuke of the dignitary.

Dinner is served at last, and, after a short scramble, the multitude is arranged in order around the board, Clutterbuck in the chair as governor of the feast, supported by a clergyman and a colonial officer of state. The army and navy distributed themselves among the plain coats, the archdeacon said grace, and the feast began. If that party wasn't in spirits, outward and visible signs are a mockery, a delu-

sion, and a snare. Reserve or affectation there was none: the jokes were a little broad, perhaps, and some of them a thought personal and glass-papery, but the laughs had the genuine ring, and the appetites did credit to the bitters. The colonel of the regiment sat between Arabin and Melhado, doing honour to Christy as a member of Council and leading colonist, and to the other as a person about to form a great connection, and wed the belle of the island. Melhado, who had never before been treated with such distinction, was immensely pleased with it, and wished that his mother could only look in upon the dinner. Those about him expressed great regret for his misfortune at the Ferry, and did not hint at any fault on his part. Brune had withdrawn himself among a slow set on the same side of the table as, but remote from, Tom Gervaise, lest his voice or neighbourhood should tempt Thomas into incautious candour when the bands of his discretion should be loosed by the champagne. Pat Shane, in a noisy corner of the table, effected a rapid interchange of ideas with some choice spirits, who had apparently determined not only to dispel care and sorrow for a few short hours, but to push hilarity to the extremes of decorum. On Gervaise's left hand sat one of his juvenile friends, who, fascinated by his conversation, had almost jostled a civilian to procure the place; his right was occupied by a fine, old, hard-baked planter, who had been forty years in the colony, and never in that time flinched from food or drink. This gentleman's habits being eminently practical, he had no energy left for conversation. Tom, nevertheless, liked his society, feeling the propinquity of so indomitable a reveller to be a great moral support.

Immediately after the turtle and punch commenced the challenging in champagne, and men did not cease to dare each other to that refreshing encounter till land-crabs

and cheese brought malt liquor once more to a premium, and that beverage blew off its indignation, engendered by previous undeserved neglect, in vicious and frequent pops. Pat Shane's party went very recklessly at the long-necks, not considering the work that lay before them.

"What the devil," said Pat Shane, "is the use of taking thimblefuls of champagne with one another—a glass with you and a glass with you, in that tedious way? Why not drink from tumblers, and all together?" This suggestion was acted upon as soon as made.

"Look at that hangdog haberdasher, Melhado, now," said Pat in a high voice, under the influence of these improved draughts. "Oi hate him, so I do. There's a fellow to be faysted like a big wig, and to be sitting cheek by jowl with the colonel! Tom, you must tell us again of the figure he cut when they drew him out of the creek, the baste! It's a new way of boultin' a pike, first to boult to the right, then to go boult into the creek, and then to boult six quarts of mud; there's a sintince for ye with as many *boult*s in it as there are in the ironmongery department of the villain's own store, or on Tim Whelan's door at Sligo, who fastened nineteen on th' outside of it, to show what a dale of treasure was within. To handle a whip nately comes close after a good finger for a hair-trigger or a strong head for liquids in the scale of blessings and graces, but to be murtherin' a lovely crayther, and destroying a curricule, and taking a mud bath, isn't any grace at all, but a *disgrace* intirely. Be me sowl, if that darlint girl was of my mind, sorrow a touch she'd let the crummugeon feel of her delicate hand. This is to her health; I wish 'twas whisky, and she'd know the ginuineness of my devotion. There's truth in wine, they say; but there's Scripture trust in the mountain dew. The people that made that saying about the wine wasignorant haythens, unacquainted

with the Bible and poteen. He's not married yet, and there's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip."

No consideration was strong enough to prevent Tom Gervaise calling across the table:—

"He little thinks what's in store for him to-night, Pat."

"Indeed he does not," said Shane, imagining that Gervaise alluded to the fight that had been arranged.

Another person had been listening to the conversation: that was Mr Chitty, who had been busy in assisting Shane and his friends to champagne, and passing bottles three parts full to accomplices in the verandah. When Nick heard Gervaise's remark, a suspicion of some treachery rushed across him, insomuch that he involuntarily gave utterance to a "Hei!"

"Now then, Julius Sasar," said Pat Shane, using his generic term for all negroes with whom he was not personally acquainted—"now then, don't be making use of hay-then interjections behind a Christian gentleman's chair; but fill moi tumbler—don't you see it's impty? I can't see for the loife of me why we shouldn't have a dozen or so of bottles on the table, or within reach, instid of being dependint upon divils like you. 'Tisn't the fashion to use your own hands for anything. By-and-by a man won't be able to shave himself or commit suicide without somebody to do it for him!"

"Soaker," called Tom Gervaise to a fiery-faced officer who sat opposite, with vacant, staring eyes, "a glass of champagne with you. What's become of Lofthouse of yours? don't see him here."

"Oh, he can't come. There's somebody sick: his wife, or one of his children, or something of that sort."

"Your health! The deuce take women and children!" said Tom, draining his glass.

The sot opposite bowed too, and raised his wine, but set it down again untasted when he heard the

last part of Tom's toast. He thought of a little, motherless, neglected girl, made over to the care of strangers in England, and was conscience-stricken and unhappy for five minutes: at the end of which time he called for a glass of brandy, and proceeded to drink himself blind.

Poor Arthur all this time was not enjoying himself. He sat nearly opposite to Melhado, the sight and voice of whom did not tend to soothe the excitement he was suffering. Had he not well considered the step he was about to take, and assured himself that it was, under all the circumstances, his duty to take it, his manly nature could not have endured to sit at the same board in seeming charity and good-fellowship with one whom he was plotting to disappoint so grievously. Few men, we fancy, would have entertained such scruples, and many a man would have laughed in his sleeve at the thought of outwitting a treacherous and ungenerous rival. Nevertheless it required Brune's recollection of that *other* happiness that was at stake besides his own to prevent his renouncing his plan. He sat near Mr Grant, with whom he endeavoured to keep up a conversation that was to banish for a time the thought of the adventure arranged for the coming night. To Mr Grant this was comparatively easy, as he got on his hobby of marrying all the negroes to regenerate them, but to Arthur it was not congenial work. He was not a man, either, to be allowed to keep in the background. Usually one of the merriest companions, with a wit which, if not always scintillating, did not stoop to abortive jokes, but gave out something to tickle when it *did* speak—a referee on all sporting matters—the best-read military man and the truest soldier among them, and noted for sound discretion, though by no means for presumption, in the conduct of worldly affairs; being, above all, of a kind and affable disposition, his notice was challenged by all sorts and con-

ditions of men. "Brune, a glass of champagne?" "Brune, we've not taken wine!" were continually the invitations addressed to him. Christy Arabin, now relieved of the dread of having him for a son-in-law, and grateful for his late rescue of Violet, indulged his predilection for Arthur, and made overtures to converse with him.

"Fine young man that," said old Christy, in a low voice, to his neighbour the colonel, after failing for the third or fourth time to provoke Brune's conversation.

"The most promising I know, in the regiment or out of it. If he escapes the perils of this place and this society—as I believe he will, for he has sense and firmness—his name will be better known than it is now."

"No, none of that stuff," said Gervaise to a servant who offered him curry—"none of that; I've got a very pretty thirst on me without." But Tom immediately repented of his forbearance, and called after the man, "Hollo! come back here; it looks amazingly good—I'll have a little;" and so it was with everything presented to him.

Clutterbuck tried to look cool, and to do the honours in a manner becoming the occasion. In the first endeavour he was not successful; in the second he succeeded as long as his faculties lasted. Imagining it to be his duty to set a great ensample of making merry (where, indeed, no man required either practice or precept to prompt him), he was incessant in his invitations to take champagne, and the number of glasses he got through was astonishing, considering what a sober and regular man he was. Pat Shane remarked, that "if mere instinct could do so much, what might not such a man achieve if liberally educated! But, then, Clut had no proper ambition, and would not cultivate his talent." The task which he had set himself for this exceptional occasion was certainly herculean, and Clut's gallantry succumbed at

last. After he ceased to bow and talk, he rested his head on his hand, and continued his bland smile of hospitality, though rather less expressively than before.

The most delightful ceremonies must conclude, and Clutterbuck's dinner, after wending its glorious way through turtle and mulligatawney, thence to callipever, mountain mullet, and flying-fish, then again to ragouts of turtle, alligator's eggs, fricasseed iguana, and other native *entrées*, next culminating in saddle and sirloin as at home, subsiding into wild guinea-fowl and wood-pigeons, and winding up with mango tarts, shaddock fritters, pineapple jelly, and creams and sweets *ad infinitum*, came to an end. The grace was said, the cloth withdrawn, the mess mahogany shone out well rubbed for the occasion, and the decanters and dessert took their turn. Christy Arabin himself, in a neat speech, proposed Captain Clutterbuck's health, and long life to him, after enumerating his many virtues and illustrious achievements. Clutterbuck expended his last effort of will in keeping his legs for three minutes, and giving vent to a flow of oratory remarkable rather for the fusion of its words and the repetition of its phrases than for force or originality. Nevertheless, it must certainly have possessed merit of some kind, for, as Clutterbuck sank once more into his chair, the cheering was vociferous, and the rapping and rattling could hardly be induced to stop.

As Tom Gervaise became now less busy than he had been for the last hour and a half, he once more delighted the admiring ensign with his affability, and sought to illuminate the tyro's mind.

"Is that archdeacon a clever man, Captain Gervaise?" asked the lad.

"Wonderfully so," replied Tom.

"He doesn't look it, though he has a good appetite and takes his wine kindly. What's his line?"

"Sermons and general science," said Tom.

"Ah, I don't read that sort much, but I read lots of advertisements, and don't recollect his name. Do you remember any recent production?"

Gervaise paused to examine his memory, and then said, "He is bringing out an interesting treatise on the digestibility of land-crabs, and their pretensions as an article of food. Didn't you observe him at dinner practising what he preaches, and tucking them in one after another?"

"Didn't he! But why is it necessary to write about them? I suppose people here know perfectly well whether land-crabs agree with them or not without a clergyman's voucher!"

"The book is supposed," said Tom, "to be a reply to his wife, who won't let him eat them (though he doats on 'em), because they killed his predecessor. He doesn't dare to contradict her to her face."

"The deuce! what a spoon! Is she an Amazon?"

"That little delicate woman you were talking to the other night at old Lopez's, with her dress so terribly scanty at both ends!"

"That his wife! why, she's as gentle as a dove; and such spicy ankles! By Jove, Captain! you don't mean to say he's afraid of such a little duck as that!"

"You should see," said Tom, "the milliners' bills that he has to pay to soothe her. It costs three-fourths of his income to keep her indecent."

"I thought her the very picture of neatness. Hasn't she nice feet, though, and ankles, and, for the matter of that——"

"For shame, young man!" said Tom Gervaise.

The ensign coloured scarlet, and rapidly changed the subject.

"And who's that vivacious little squinting man in spectacles, Captain?"

"That; oh, that's Lawyer Blake, now acting judge—a broth of a boy."

"Very learned, I daresay?"

"In a cockpit or at picquet you can't match him, especially after

midnight. He knows a good many things, but law isn't one of them."

"How did he get a government appointment, then?"

"Because he was bankrupt in pocket and reputation, and just the sort of reprobate that unscrupulous ministers send out to draw colonial salaries and degrade colonial courts: not a bad fellow though," said Tom. "Listen; he is going to sing."

And Acting Judge Blake, whose mercury now stood at an exceedingly genial and large-hearted temperature, sang with much expression and no voice a popular Irish melody, which appeared to give the greatest satisfaction. The learned gentleman then, in right of his melodious achievement, called upon Captain Clutterbuck to sing himself in, making a very humorous speech in humble imitation of Counsellor Curran. But, far from being able to sing, Clut could scarcely articulate; and two or three of his friends, of whom Arthur Brune was foremost, having requested Mr Knox to take the chair, escorted the new-made captain to his quarters, where they carefully undressed him and placed him in bed, setting a light near, and a glass of weak brandy-and-water within his reach; and Arthur Brune threatened Clut's domestic with very dreadful pains and penalties if he should defraud his unconscious massa of one drop of the mixture. Arthur did not return to the mess-table that night, and many of the graver guests likewise withdrew, leaving a numerous invincible phalanx, who resolutely closed their ranks towards the head of the table, and never allowed a blank chair to hint for an instant that the evening was growing old. Perfect enjoyment could not, however, be said to be attained until the colonel, having risen, invited some of the elder officers to take coffee at his house. He included Arabin and Melhado in his invitation; but these gentlemen, it appeared, were under engagement to play a game of cards in Mr Knox's rooms. Christy was just beginning to feel himself

a boy again, and did not consider any man his friend who desired to take him home before morning. It was in those days the custom of every mess in Jamaica to allow the introduction of cigars and brandy-and-water after a certain hour in the evening. No sooner, therefore, had the colonel and his companions departed, than each man began to blow his cloud and to require a tumbler and some iced water. The singing recommenced with spirit, and became very hearty and humorous. It would be easy to name and publish several choice melodies which were performed on this occasion with unbounded applause. They are, however, suppressed, under the fear that they might be less palatable to the refined reader than they were to the jolly companions who heard them. The learned acting judge was frequently called upon, and never in vain. Pat Shane's canticles were remarkable rather for boisterousness than for prudery. Even old Christy, after his first tumbler, became infected with the spirit of harmony, and poured forth his soul in a ditty which did little credit to his taste and his grey hairs, but which delighted his hearers more than anything they heard from their contemporaries.

Captain Thomas Gervaise was not addicted to singing, and the advanced bacchanal next him seldom used his voice in any way after five o'clock in the afternoon. These two respected gentlemen were therefore understood to be excused from vocal obligations. But Pat Shane viewed their exemption with extreme disapprobation, and even railed at Tom for the honourable privilege which he enjoyed, saying, "Tom, y'unmelodious ould monument; how can ye remain silent when there's every incintive to harmony? Your face is loike the lion's head on a waterpipe, and gives out no sound but the gurgling and gulping of fluids. Here we've been piping to ye like them blessed babbies in the market-place, without projuicing the desired effect.

Ye must chant, Tom, me boy. I'll tell ye now; be the ghost of Moses, I'll give ye a clane new shirt if ye'll sing us a song!"

"You haven't got credit for a shirt in all Jamaica," said Tom; "you're obliged to send to Ireland for home-spun linen, or you'd go naked. You don't fancy I'd wear such stuff as that!"

"Calico houlds the dirt better, and so ye prefer it, I'm thinking," replied Pat, whereupon Tom showed the head of his stick above the table as a caution.

Mr Knox, from the chair of state, made proclamation that there should be one more song all round, and then an adjournment to his apartments to enjoy coffee and chicken-hazard, or any innocent recreation which gentlemen might prefer.

"Only one more!!" echoed several voices discontentedly. "Remember he said *all round!*" put in Pat Shane, "and round things have no end; so clear your chanters and begin. Here's an ould cock that'll crow with any of ye yet," saying which he smote Christy Arabin smartly on the back; for in the various disturbances which had recently taken place in the symposial system, Pat's orbit had been erratic, and he had finally gravitated to Christy's elbow.

This last circuit of the muse was of course the most remarkable of the evening. Earlier efforts might have excelled in grace or sentiment, but in respect of massive power, unassisted by art or ornament, the palm was unquestionably due to the crowning round. Many of its songs required a chorus, and all the others obtained that support, whether they required it or not. Finally, in refutation of any censorious cynics who might insinuate that the orgies had been prolonged to exhaustion or excess, the whole band filed down the mess-room steps and on to Knox's rooms, raising a chant in praise of punch, as *fresh* as those Normans who advanced to Hastings fight singing the songs of Rollo!

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XIV.

"WELL, it's to be hoped she's going to do well for herself—that's all we've got to do with it, eh?"

"I suppose so," said Mr Wodehouse; "she's nothing to you, is she, but a little girl you've taken a deal of notice of?—more notice than was wanted, if I am any judge. If she does go and marry this fellow from Australia, and he's willing to take the whole bundle back to where they came from, it is the best thing that could happen, in *my* opinion. Sly young dog that doctor though, I must say—don't you think so? Well, that's how it appears to me. Let's see; there was Bessie ——; hum! perhaps it's as well, in present circumstances, to name no names. There were *two*, in the first instance, you know; and the way he got out of that was beautiful; it was what I call instructive, was that. And then—why then, there was Miss Marjoribanks, you know—capital match that—just the thing for young Rider—set him up for life."

"Papa, pray—*pray* don't talk nonsense," said Miss Wodehouse, with gentle indignation. "Miss Marjoribanks is at least ten years——"

"Oh, stuff!—keep your old-maidish memory to yourself, Molly; who cares for a dozen years or so? Hasn't she all the old Scotchman's practice and his savings?—and a fine woman yet—a fine woman, eh? Well, yes, I think so; and then here this little wretch of a sister-in-law. Why, the doctor's taken your *rôle*, Wentworth, eh? Well, I suppose what ought to be your *rôle*, you know, though I *have* seen you casting glances at the strange little creature yourself."

"Indeed, I assure you, you are entirely mistaken," said Mr Wentworth, hastily, with a sudden flush of either indignation or guilt. The curate glanced at Lucy Wodehouse,

who was walking demurely by his side, but who certainly did prick up her ears at this little bit of news. She saw very well that he had looked at her, but would take no notice of his glance. But Lucy's curiosity was notably quickened, notwithstanding St Roque's Cottage was wonderfully handy, if the perpetual curate of the pretty suburb and church saw anything worth visiting there. Lucy drew up her pretty shoulders in her grey sister-of-mercy cloak, and opened her blue eyes a little wider. She was still in circumstances to defy her reverend lover, if his eyes had declined upon lower attractions than her own. She looked very straight before her with un pitying precision down the road, on which St Roque's church and cottage were becoming already visible. The whole party were walking briskly over a path hard with frost, which made their footsteps ring. The air was still with a wintery touch, benumbed with cold, yet every sound rang sharply through that clear cloudless atmosphere, reddened without being warmed by the sun as it approached the west. It was Christmas again, and they were wending their way towards St Roque's to assist at the holiday decorations, for which cartloads of laurel and holly had been already deposited within the church. Lucy Wodehouse was chief directress of these important operations. Her sister had accompanied her, partly to admire Lucy's work, and partly to call at the cottage and see how Nettie was going on. Mr Wodehouse himself had come merely for the pride and pleasure of seeing how much they were indebted to his little girl; and the attendance of the curate was most easily explainable. It was, indeed, astonishing how many extremely neces-

sary and natural "calls of duty" should bring Mr Wentworth's path parallel to that of the Wodehouses. This is why they were all proceeding together on this particular afternoon in the week before Christmas towards St Roque's.

In the church, when the party arrived, a little group of workers were busy. The chancel arch was already bristling with glossy holly leaves. At a little distance from the active group occupied with this pleasant work, and full of chatter and consultation, as was natural, stood one little figure pointing out to two children the wonders of that decorative art. Every one of the newcomers, except Mr Wodehouse, recognised Nettie before she was aware of their presence. She stood with her bonnet fallen a little back, as it generally was, either by encounter of the wind, or by the quantity and luxuriance of her beautiful hair, looking upwards to the point where she had directed the children's eyes. She looked a little forlorn and solitary, as was natural, all by herself, so near that group of busy girls in the chancel—so little separated from them by age, so entirely divided by circumstances. If a certain softening of half-tender pity shone in the curate's eye, could Lucy Wodehouse blame him? But the fact was, Lucy swept past the little Australian with a very brief salutation, and burst into sudden criticism of the work that had been done in her absence which startled her collaborateurs, while Mr Wentworth followed her into the chancel with a meekness quite unusual to that young priest. Nettie noted both circumstances with a little surprise; but, not connecting them in the most distant degree with herself, turned round with a little twitch of Freddy's arm to go away, and in doing so almost walked into the arms of her older and more faithful friend. Miss Wodehouse kissed her quite suddenly, touching with her soft old cheek that rounder, fairer, youthful face, which turned, half wondering, half pleased, with

the look of a child, to receive her caress. Nettie was as unconscious that Miss Wodehouse's unusual warmth was meant to make up for Lucy's careless greeting, as that Lucy had passed her with a positive flutter of resentment and indignation, and that she had been the subject of the conversation and thoughts of all the party. Miss Wodehouse turned with her, taking Freddy's other hand—a proceeding to which that hero rather demurred. They went out together to the frosty road, where the fair willow branches rustled between the church and the cottage. When they reached the porch of St Roque's, Nettie instinctively held her breath, and stood still for a moment. Along the footpath in front of them a big figure was passing, and beyond that bearded shadow the doctor's drag flew past with all the separate tones of the horse's feet, the wheels, the jingle of the harness, ringing clear through the sharp unsoftened medium of that frosty atmosphere. The doctor himself had all his attention concentrated upon the windows of the cottage, in which the sun was blazing red. He did not see Nettie in the church porch. He was looking for her too intently in the crimsoned windows, to which he turned his head back as he dashed on. Unawares Nettie clasped the fingers of her little companion tighter in her hand as she watched that unexpected homage. The drag was out of sight in another moment; and in a few seconds more the bell of the cottage pealed audibly, and the door was heard to open, admitting the Bushman, who had come upon one of his frequent visits. That last sound disturbed Nettie's composure, and at the same time brought her back to herself.

"I cannot ask you to go in, for Mr Chatham is there, and Susan of course talking to him," said Nettie, with a quiet breath of restrained impatience, "but I should like to talk to you, please. Let me take the children home, and then I will walk up with you. Mrs Smith is

very kind; she will take off their things for them: they behave better now, when I am out for a few minutes—though, to be sure, I never am out much to try them. Come, children; be good, and do not make a great noise till I come back.”

“What do you want to talk to *her* for?” asked the little girl, gazing coldly in Miss Wodehouse’s face.

“When Nettie went out to her, we made as much noise as we liked,” said Freddy, “but there was papa there. Now there’s only mamma, and she’s so cross. I hate Chatham—mamma is always crosser when Chatham’s there. What do you want to talk to people for, Nettie? Come in, and say there’s to be toast, and let us have tea.”

“We never have any tea till Nettie comes back,” added his sister, looking full once more into Miss Wodehouse’s face. The calm childish impertinence disconcerted that gentle woman. She gazed at the wonderful creatures with dumb amazement. Her eyes fell before their steady stare. “I should be sorry to bring you out again, dear, if it’s a trouble,” began Miss Wodehouse, turning her face with a sense of relief from the hard inspection of the children to their little guardian.

Nettie made no reply, but carried off her children to the cottage door, turned them peremptorily in, and issued her last orders. “If you make a noise, you shall not go,” said Nettie; and then came back alert, with her rapid fairy steps, to Miss Wodehouse’s side.

“Does not their mother take any charge of them?” faltered the gentle inquisitor. “I never can understand you young people, Nettie. Things were different in my days. Do you think it’s quite the best thing to do other people’s duties for them, dear? and now I’m so sorry—oh, so sorry—to hear what next you are going to do.”

“Susan is delicate,” said Nettie. “She never had any health to speak of—I mean, she always got better, you know, but never had any pleasure in it. There must be a great

deal in that,” continued Nettie, reflectively; “it never comes into my head to think whether I am ill or well; but poor Susan has always had to be thinking of it. Yes, I shall have to take them away,” she added again, after a pause. “I am sorry, very sorry too, Miss Wodehouse. I did not think at one time that I had the heart to do it. But, on the whole, you know, it seems so much better for them. Susan will be stronger out there, and I have not money enough to give the children a very good education. They will just have to push their way like the others; and in the colony, you know, things are so different. I have no doubt in my own mind now that it will be best for them all.”

“But Nettie, Nettie, what of yourself? will it be best for you?” cried Miss Wodehouse, looking earnestly in her face.

“What is best for them, will be best for me,” said Nettie, with a little impatient movement of her head. She said so with unfaltering spirit and promptitude. She had come to be impatient of the dreary maze in which she was involved. “If one must break one’s heart, it is best to do it at once and have done with it,” said Nettie, under her breath.

“What was that you said about your heart?” said Miss Wodehouse. “Ah, my dear, that is what I wanted to speak of. You are going to be married, Nettie, and I wanted to suggest to you, if you won’t be angry. Don’t you think you could make some arrangement about your sister and your family, dear?—not to say a word against the Australian gentleman, Nettie, whom, of course, I don’t know. A man may be the best of husbands, and yet not be able to put up with a whole family. I have no doubt the children are very nice clever children, but their manner is odd, you know, for such young creatures. You have been sacrificing yourself for them all this time; but remember what I say—if you want to live happily, my dear, you’ll have to sacrifice them to your

husband. I could not be content without saying as much to you, Nettie. I never was half the good in this world that you are, but I am nearly twice as old—and one does pick up some little hints on the way. That is what you must do, Nettie. Make some arrangement, dear. If he has promised to take them out with you, that is all right enough; but when you come to settle down in your new home, make some arrangement, dear.”

When Miss Wodehouse arrived breathless at the conclusion of a speech so unusually long for her, she met Nettie’s eyes flashing upon her with the utmost surprise and curiosity. “I shall never marry anybody,” said Nettie. “What do you mean?”

“Don’t say anything so foolish,” said Miss Wodehouse, a little nettled. “Do you suppose I don’t know and see *that* Mr Chatham coming and going? How often has he been since the first time, Nettie? and do you suppose it’s all been benevolence? My dear, I know better.”

Nettie looked up with a startled glance. She did not blush, nor betray any pleasant consciousness. She cast one dismayed look back towards the cottage, and another at Miss Wodehouse. “Can *that* be why he comes?” said Nettie, with quiet horror. “Indeed, I never thought of it before—but all the same, I shall never marry anybody. Do you imagine,” cried the brilliant creature, flashing round upon poor Miss Wodehouse, so as to dazzle and confuse that gentlewoman, “that a man has only to intend such a thing and it’s all settled? I think differently. Twenty thousand Chathams would not move me. I shall never marry anybody, if I live to be as old as—as you, or Methuselah, or anybody. It is not my lot. I shall take the children out to Australia, and do the best I can for them. These children want a great deal of looking after—and after a while in Carlingford, you will all forget that there ever was such a creature as Nettie. No, I am not crying. I

never cry. I should scorn to cry about it. It is simply *my business*. That is what it is. One is sorry, of course, and now and then it feels hard, and all that. But what did one come into the world for, I should like to know? Does anybody suppose it was just to be comfortable, and have one’s own way? I have had my own way a great deal—more than most people. If I get crossed in some things, I have to bear it. That is all I am going to say. I have got other things to do, Miss Wodehouse. I shall never marry anybody all my life.”

“My dear, if you are thrown upon this Mr Chatham for society all the time of the voyage, and have nobody else to talk to——” said the prudent interlocutor.

“Then we’ll go in another ship,” cried Nettie, promptly; “that is easily managed. I know what it is, a long voyage with these children—they fall up the cabin stairs, and they fall down the forecabin; and they give you twenty frights in a day that they will drop overboard. One does not have much leisure for anything—not even for thinking, which is a comfort sometimes,” added Nettie, confidentially, to herself.

“It depends upon what you think of whether thinking is a comfort or not,” said good Miss Wodehouse. “When I think of you young people, and all the perplexities you get into! There is Lucy now, vexed with Mr Wentworth about something—or nothing worth mentioning; and there was poor Dr Rider! How he did look behind him, to be sure, as he went past St Roque’s! I daresay it was you he was looking for, Nettie. I wish you and he could have fancied each other, and come to some arrangement about poor Mr Fred’s family—to give them so much to live on, or something. I assure you, when I begin to think over such things, and how perverse both people and circumstances are, thinking is very little comfort to me.”

Miss Wodehouse drew a long

sigh, and was by no means disinclined to cry over her little companion. Though she was the tallest of the two, she leant upon Nettie's fine little fairy arm as they went up the quiet road. Already the rapid winter twilight had fallen, and before them, in the distance, glimmered the lights of Carlingford—foremost among which shone conspicuous the large placid white lamp (for professional reds and blues were beneath his dignity) which mounted guard at Dr Marjoribanks's garden gate. Those lights, beginning to shine through the evening darkness, gave a wonderful look of home to the place. Instinctively there occurred to Nettie's mind a vision of how it would be on the sea, with a wide dark ocean heaving around the solitary speck on its breast. It did not matter! If a silent sob arose in her heart, it found no utterance. Might not Edward Rider have made that suggestion which had occurred only to Miss Wodehouse? Why did it never come into his head that Susan and her family might have a provision supplied for them, which would relieve Nettie? He had not thought of it, that was all. Instead of that, he had accepted the impossibility. Nettie's heart had grown impatient in the maze of might-be's. She turned her back upon the lights, and clasped Miss Wodehouse's hand, and said good-night hastily. She went on by herself very rapidly along the hard gleaming road. She did not pay any attention to her friend's protestation that she too was coming back again to St Roque's to join Lucy—on the contrary, Nettie peremptorily left Miss Wodehouse, shaking hands with her in so resolute a manner that her gentle adviser felt somehow a kind of necessity upon her to pursue her way home; and, only when Nettie was nearly out of sight,

turned again with hesitation to retrace her steps towards St Roque's. Nettie, meanwhile, went on at a pace which Miss Wodehouse could not possibly have kept up with, clasping her tiny hands together with a swell of scorn and disdain unusual to it in her heart. Yes! Why did not Edward Rider propose the "arrangement" which appeared feasible enough to Miss Wodehouse? Supposing even Nettie had refused to consent to it, as she might very probably have done with indignation—still, why did it not occur to Dr Edward? She asked herself the question with a heat and passion which she found it difficult to account for. She half despised her lover, as woman will, for obeying her—almost scorned him, as woman will, for the mere constancy which took no violent measures, but only suffered and accepted the inevitable. To submit to what cannot be helped is a woman's part. Nettie, hastening along that familiar path, blazed into a sudden burst of rage against Edward because he submitted to it. What he could do else she was as ignorant of as any unreasonable creature could be. But that mattered little. With indignation she saw herself standing on the verge of that domestic precipice, and the doctor looking on, seeing her glide out of his reach, yet putting forth no violent sudden hand to detain her. All the impatience of her fiery nature boiled in her veins as she hasted to the cottage, where Susan was discussing their journey with her Australian visitor. No remnant of pathos or love-sickening remained about Nettie, as she flashed in upon them in all her old haste and self-reliance—resolute to precipitate the catastrophe which nobody took any measures to prevent.

CHAPTER XV.

It was not long before the doctor was made aware of the ghost in his troubled path. Nobody in Car-

lingford could meet the big Bushman in those streets, which always looked too narrow for him, without

a certain curiosity about that salvage man. Dr Rider had observed him with jealous interest on his very first appearance ; but had hitherto connected no idea but that of a return to Australia, which he felt sure Nettie would never consent to with the big stranger. With such a thought he had seen him making his way towards the cottage that very evening when he himself turned back, as long as those crimsoned windows were visible, to look for Nettie, who did not show herself. The doctor was bound to see a distant patient, miles on the other side of Carlingford. As he dashed along over the echoing road he had time to imagine to himself how Nettie might at that very moment be badgered and persecuted ; and when he had seen his patient and done his duty, and with the lamps lighted in the drag, and the frosty wind blowing keen on his face, and the lights of Carlingford cheering him on in the distance, was once more returning, an impatience, somewhat akin to Nettie's, suddenly came upon the doctor. Akin, yet different ; for in his case it was an impulse of sensation, an inspiration of the exhilarating speed and energy of motion with which he flew through the bracing air, master of himself, his horse, and the long sweep of solitary road before him. Again it occurred to Dr Rider to dash forward to St Roque's and carry off Nettie, oppose it who would. The idea pleased him as he swept along in the darkness, its very impossibility making the vision sweeter. To carry her off at a stroke, in glorious defiance of circumstances, and win happiness and love, whatever might ensue. In the flush of the moment the doctor suddenly asked himself whether this, after all, were not the wisest course ? whether, whatever might come of it, happiness was not worth the encounter of the dark array of troubles behind ? and whether to precipitate anything by a sudden conclusion might not be the best way of solving all the intricacies of the

matter ? He was still in this mood when he arrived at his own house, where dinner, as usual, was not improved by having been ready for an hour. The lamp was not lighted when he came in, and only the cold reflection of the street lights outside, with a particoloured gleam at the corner window from his own red and blue professional ensign at the surgery door, lighted the solitary little room, where he looked in vain even for so much as a note or letter to bring some shadow of human fellowship to his home ; the fire smouldering dully, the big chair turned with a sullen back against the wall, as if nobody ever sat there—though Nettie had once and for ever appropriated it to her use—everything in such inhuman trim and good order disgusted the doctor. He rang his bell violently for the lights and refreshments which were so slow of coming, and, throwing himself into that chair, bit his nails and stared out at the lamp-light in the rapid access of thought that came upon him. The first thing that disturbed him in this was the apparition of a figure outside peering in with some anxiety at the blank windows—somebody who was evidently curious to know whether the doctor had yet come home. The unhappy doctor started, and rang his bell once more with furious iteration. He knew what was coming. Somebody else, no doubt, had taken ill, without any consideration for young Rider's dinner, which, however, a man must manage to swallow even when tormented with importunate patients, and in love. But the knock of the untimely visitor sounded at the much-assailed door before Mary, sulky and resistant, had been able to arrange before the hungry doctor the half-warm half-cold viands which his impatience would not permit to be duly "heated-up;" and he had just seated himself to dispose of the unsatisfactory meal when the little groom, who was as tired as his master, opened the door for Mrs Smith from St Roque's. Mrs Smith was a

familiar periodical visitor at Dr Rider's. She had not ceased to hold to that hasty and unwise financial arrangement into which the doctor was persuaded to enter when Fred's pipe had exasperated the landlady into rebellion. He had supplemented the rent at that exciting moment rather than have Nettie disturbed; and now that poor Fred's pipe was extinguished for ever, the doctor still paid the imposition demanded from him—half because he had no time to contest it, half because it was, however improper and unnecessary, a kind of pleasure to do something for Nettie, little as she knew and deeply as she would have resented it. Dr Rider's brows cleared up at sight of Nettie's landlady. He expected some little private anecdotes of her and her ways, such as no one else could give him. He gave Mrs Smith a chair with a benignity to which she had no personal claim. Her arrival made Dr Rider's beefsteak palatable, though the cooking and condition of the same were, to say the least, far from perfect. Mrs Smith evidently was a little embarrassed with the gracious reception she received. She twisted the corner of her shawl in her fingers as if it had been that apron with which women of her class relieved her feelings. She was in a false position. She came with the worst of news to the melancholy lover, and he treated her as if she brought some special message or favour from the lady of his thoughts.

"Well, Mrs Smith, and how are you all at the cottage?" said the doctor, applying himself leisurely to his beefsteak.

"Well, doctor, nothing to brag of," said Mrs Smith, fixing her eyes upon the fringe of her shawl. "I haven't nothing to say that's pleasant, more the pity. I don't know, sir, how you'll take it when you come to hear; but it's come very hard upon me. Not for the sake of the lodgings, as'll let again fast enough, now the poor gentleman's sad fate is partly for-

gotten; but you know, doctor, a body gets attached-like when one set of people stays long enough to feel at home; and there ain't many young ladies like Miss, if you were to search the country through. But, now she's really giv in to it herself, there ain't no more to be said. I never could bring myself to think Miss could give in till to-night when she told me; though Smith he always said, when the stranger gentleman took to coming so constant, as he knew how it would be."

"For heaven's sake, what do you mean?" cried Dr Rider, pushing away his plate, and rising hurriedly from that dinner which was fated never to be eaten. Mrs Smith shook her head and drew out her handkerchief.

"I know nothing more, doctor, but just they're going off to Australia," said the landlady, mournfully; "and Miss has started packing the big boxes as have been in the hattic since ever they come: they're going off back where they come from—that's all as I know."

"Impossible!" cried the doctor.

"I'd have said so myself this morning," said Mrs Smith; "but there ain't nothing impossible, doctor, as Miss takes in her head. Don't you go and rush out after her, Dr Rider. I beg of you upon my knees, if it was my last word! I said to Smith I'd come up and tell the doctor, that he mightn't hear from nobody promiscuous as couldn't explain, and mightn't come rushing down to the cottage to know the rights of it and find the gentleman there unexpected. If there's one thing I'm afraid of, it's a quarrel between gentlemen in my house. So, doctor, for the love of peace, don't you go anear the cottage. I'll tell you everything if you listen to me."

The doctor, who had snatched up his hat and made a rapid step towards the door, came back and seized hold of his visitor's shoulder, all his benignity having been put to flight by her unlooked-for revelation. "Look thee! I want the

truth and no gossip! What do you mean—what gentleman? What is it all about?" cried Dr Rider, hoarse with sudden passion.

"Oh, bless you, doctor, don't blame it upon me, sir," cried Mrs Smith. "It ain't neither my fault nor my business, but that you've always been kind, and my heart warms to Miss. It's the gentleman from Australia as has come and come again; and being an unmarried gentleman, and Miss—you know what she is, sir—and, I ask you, candid, Dr Rider, what was anybody to suppose?"

The doctor grew wildly red up to his hair. He bit his lips over some furious words which Carlingford would have been horrified to hear, and grasped Mrs Smith's shoulder with a closer pressure. "What did she tell you?" said the doctor. "Let me have it word for word. Did she say she was going away?—did she speak of this—this—fellow?" exclaimed the doctor, with an adjective over which charity drops a tear. "Can't you tell me, without any supposes, what did she say?"

"I'm not the woman to stand being shook—let me go this minute, sir," cried Mrs Smith. "The Australian gentleman is a very nice-spoken civil man, as was always very respectful to me. She came into my back parlour, doctor, if you will know so particular—all shining and flashing, like as she does when something's happened. I don't make no doubt they had been settling matters, them two, and so I told Smith. 'Mrs Smith,' said Miss, in her hasty way, enough to catch your breath coming all of a sudden, 'I can't stand this no longer—I shall have to go away—it ain't no good resisting.' These were her very words, Dr Rider. 'Get me out the big boxes, please,' said Miss. 'It's best done quietly. You must take your week's notice, Mrs Smith, from this day;' and with that she kept moving about the room all in a flutter like, not able to rest. 'Do go and get me out those boxes; there's always a

ship on the 24th,' she says, taking up my mushing and falling to work at it to keep her hands steady. 'The day afore Christmas!' says I; 'and, oh, Miss, it's running in the face of Providence to sail at this time of the year. You'll have dreadful weather, as sure as life.' You should have seen her, doctor! She gave a sort of smile up at me, all flashing as if those eyes of her were the sides of a lantern, and the light bursting out both there and all over. 'All the better,' she says, as if she'd have liked to fight the very wind and sea, and have her own way even there. Bless you, she's dreadful for having her own way. A good easy gentleman now, as didn't mind much—Dr Rider—Doctor!—you're not agoing, after all I've told you? Doctor, doctor, I say——"

But what Mrs Smith said was inaudible to Edward Rider. The door rang in her ears as he dashed it after him, leaving her mistress of the field. There, where he had once left Nettie, he now, all-forgetful of his usual fastidious dislike of gossip, left Mrs Smith sole occupant of his most private territories. At this unlooked-for crisis the doctor had neither a word nor a moment to spend on any one. He rushed out of the house, oblivious of all those professional necessities which limit the comings and goings of a doctor in great practice; he did not even know what he was going to do. Perhaps it was an anxious husband or father whom he all but upset as he came out, with sudden impetuosity, into the unfrequented street; but he did not stop to see. Pale and desperate, he faced the cold wind which rushed up between the blank garden-walls of Grange Lane. At Mr Wodehouse's door he stumbled against Cecil Wentworth coming out, and passed him with a muttered exclamation which startled the curate. All the floating momentary jealousies of the past rushed back upon the doctor's mind as he passed that tall figure in the wintry road: how he had snatched Nettie from the vague

kindnesses of the young clergyman—the words he had addressed to her on this very road—the answer she had given him once, which had driven him wild with passion and resentment. Impossible! the Australian, it appeared, had found nothing impossible in those circumstances in which Nettie had intrenched herself. Had the doctor's wisdom been monstrous folly, and his prudence the blindest short-

sightedness? He asked himself the question as he rushed on towards that lighted window shining far along the dark road—the same window which he had seen Nettie's shadow cross, which had been opened to light poor Fred upon the way he never could tread again. Within that jealous blind, shining in that softened domestic light, what drama, murderous to the doctor's peace, might be going on now?

CHAPTER XVI.

Nettie had taken her resolution all at once. Breathless in sudden conviction, angry, heated, yet seeing in the midst of her excitement no help but in immediate action, the hasty little woman had darted into the heart of the difficulty at once. Every moment she lingered wore her out and disgusted her more with the life and fate which, nevertheless, it was impossible to abandon or shrink from. Nothing was so safe as to make matters irrevocable—to plunge over the verge at once. All gleaming with resolve and animation—with the frosty, chill, exhilarating air which had kindled the colour in her cheeks and the light in her eyes—with haste, resentment, every feeling that can quicken the heart and make the pulses leap—Nettie had flashed into the little parlour, where all was so quiet and leisurely. There Susan sat in close confabulation with the Bushman. The children had been banished out of the room, because their mother's head was not equal to their noise and restlessness. When they came in with Nettie, as was inevitable, Mrs Fred sustained the invasion with fretful looks and a certain peevish abstraction. She was evidently interrupted by the rapid entrance, which was as unwelcome as it was hasty. Cold though the night was, Mrs Fred, leaning back upon her sofa, fanned her pink cheeks with her handkerchief, and looked annoyed as well as disturbed when her children

came trooping into the room clamorous for tea behind the little impetuous figure which at once hushed and protected them. Susan became silent all at once, sank back on the sofa, and concealed the faded flush upon her cheeks and the embarrassed conscious air she wore behind the handkerchief which she used so assiduously. Neither she nor her visitor took much share in the conversation that rose round the domestic table. Nettie, too, was sufficiently absorbed in her own concerns to say little, and nobody there was sufficiently observant to remark what a sudden breath of haste and nervous decision inspired the little household ruler as she dispensed the family bread-and-butter. When tea was over, Nettie sent her children out of the way with peremptory distinctness, and stayed behind them to make her communication. If she noticed vaguely a certain confused impatience and desire to get rid of her in the looks of her sister and the Australian, she attached no distinct meaning to it, but spoke out with all the simplicity of an independent power, knowing all authority and executive force to lie in her own hands alone.

"When do you think you can be ready to start? My mind is made up. I shall set to work immediately to prepare," said Nettie. "Now, look here, Susan: you have been thinking of it for months, so it is not like taking you by surprise. There is a ship that sails on the 24th.

If everything is packed and ready, will you consent to go on that day?"

Mrs Fred started with unfeigned surprise, and, not without a little consternation, turned her eyes towards her friend before answering her sister. "It is just Nettie's way," cried Susan—"just how she always does—holds out against you to the very last, and then turns round and darts off before you can draw your breath. The twenty-fourth! and this is the nineteenth! Of course we can't do it, Nettie. I shall want quantities of things, and Mr Chatham, you know, is not used to your ways, and can't be whisked off in a moment whenever you please."

"I daresay it's very kind of Mr Chatham," said Nettie; "but I can take you out very well by myself—just as well as I brought you here. And I can't afford to get you quantities of things, Susan. So please to understand I am going off to pack up, and on the 24th we shall go."

Once more, under Nettie's impatient eyes, a look and a smile passed between her sister and the Australian. Never very patient at any time, the girl was entirely aggravated out of all toleration now.

"I can't tell what you may have to smile to each other about," said Nettie. "It is no very smiling business to me. But since I am driven to it, I shall go at once or not at all. And so that you understand me, that is all I want to say."

With which words she disappeared suddenly to the multitudinous work that lay before her, thinking as little of Susan's opposition as of the clamour raised by the children, when the hard sentence of going half-an-hour earlier to bed was pronounced upon them. Nettie's haste and peremptoriness were mixed, if it must be told, with a little resentment against the world in general. She had ceased being sad—she was roused and indignant. By the time she had subdued the refractory children, and disposed of them for the night, those vast Australian boxes, which they had brought with

them across the seas, were placed in the little hall, under the pale light of the lamp, ready for the process of packing, into which Nettie plunged without a moment's interval. While Mrs Smith told Edward Rider her story, Nettie was flying up and down stairs with armfuls of things to be packed, and pressing Smith himself into her service. Ere long the hall was piled with heaps of personal property, ready to be transferred to those big receptacles. In the excitement of the work her spirit rose. The headlong haste with which she carried on her operations kept her mind in balance. Once or twice Susan peeped out from the parlour door, and something like an echo of laughter rang out into the hall after one of those inspections. Nettie took no notice either of the look or the laugh. She built in those piles of baggage with the rapidest symmetrical arrangement, to the admiration of Smith, who stood wondering by, and did what he could to help her, with troubled good-nature. She did not stop to make any sentimental reflections, or to think of the thankless office in which she was about to confirm herself beyond remedy by this sudden and precipitate step. Thinking had done Nettie little good hitherto. She felt herself on her true ground again, when she took to doing instead. The lamp burned dimly overhead, throwing down a light confused with frost upon the hall, all encumbered with the goods of the wandering family. Perhaps it was with a certain unconscious symbolism that Nettie buried her own personal wardrobe deep in the lowest depths, making that the foundation for all the after superstructure. Smith stood by, ready to hand her anything she might want, gazing at her with doubtful amazement. The idea of setting off to Australia at a few days' notice filled him with respect and admiration.

"A matter of a three months' voyage," said Smith; "and if I might make bold to ask, Miss, if

the weather ain't too bad for anything, how will you pass away the time on board ship when there ain't nobody to spak to?—but, to be sure, the gentleman——”

“The gentleman is not going with us,” said Nettie, peremptorily—“and there's the children to pass away the time. My time passes too quick, whatever other people's may do. Where is Mrs Smith, that I see nothing of her to-night? Gone out!—how very odd she should go out now, of all times in the world. Where has she gone, do you suppose? Not to be ungrateful to you, who are very kind, a woman is, of course, twenty times the use a man is, in most things. Thank you—not that; those coloured frocks now—there! that bundle with the pink and the blue. One would suppose that even a man might know coloured frocks when he saw them,” said Nettie, with despairing resignation, springing up from her knees to seize what she wanted. “Thank you—I think, perhaps, if you would just go and make yourself comfortable, and read your paper, I should get on better. I am not used to having anybody to help me. I get on quite as well, thank you, by myself.”

Smith withdrew, not without some confusion and discomfort, to his condemned cell, and Nettie went on silent and swift with her labours. “Quite as well! better!” said Nettie to herself. “Other people never will understand. Now, I know better than to try anybody.” If that hasty breath was a sigh, there was little sound of sorrow in it. It was a little gust of impatience, indignation, intolerance even, and hasty self-assertion. She alone knew what she could do, and must do. Not one other soul in the world beside could enter into her inevitable work and way.

Nettie did not hear the footstep which she might have recognised ringing rapidly down the frosty road. She was too busy rustling about with perpetual motion, folding and refolding, and smoothing

into miraculous compactness all the heterogeneous elements of that mass. When a sudden knock came to the door she started, struck with alarm, then paused a moment, looking round her, and, perceiving at one hasty glance that nobody could possibly enter without seeing both herself and her occupation, made one prompt step to the door, which nobody appeared to open. It was Mrs Smith, no doubt; but the sudden breathless flutter which came upon Nettie cast doubts upon that rapid conclusion. She opened it quickly, with a certain breathless, sudden promptitude, and looked out pale and dauntless, understanding by instinct that some new trial to her fortitude was there. On the other hand, Edward Rider pressed in suddenly, almost without perceiving it was Nettie. They were both standing in the hall together, before they fully recognised each other. Then the doctor, gazing round him at the unusual confusion, gave an involuntary groan out of the depths of his heart. “Then it is true!” said Dr Rider. He stood among the chaos, and saw all his own dreams broken up and shattered in pieces. Even passion failed him in that first bitterness of conviction. Nettie stood opposite, with the sleeves of her black dress turned up from her little white nimble wrists, her hair pushed back from her cheeks, pushed quite behind one delicate ear, her eyes shining with all those lights of energy and purpose which came to them as soon as she took up her own character again. She met his eye with a little air of defiance, involuntary, and almost unconscious. “It is quite true,” said Nettie, bursting forth in sudden self-justification; “I have my work to do, and I must do it as best I can. I cannot keep considering you all, and losing my life. I must do what God has given me to do, or I must die.”

Never had Nettie been so near breaking down, and falling into sudden womanish tears and despair. She would not yield to the over-

powering momentary passion. She clutched at the bundle of frocks again, and made room for them spasmodically in the box which she had already packed. Edward Rider stood silent, gazing at her as in her sudden anguish Nettie pulled down and reconstructed that curious honeycomb. But he had not come here merely to gaze, while the catastrophe was preparing. He went up and seized her busy hands, raised her up in spite of her resistance, and thrust away, with an exclamation of disgust, that great box in which all his hopes were being packed away. "There is first a question to settle between you and me," cried the doctor: "you shall not do it. No! I forbid it, Nettie. Because you are wilful," cried Edward Rider, hoarse and violent, grasping the hands tighter, with a strain in which other passions than love mingled, "am I to give up all the rights of a man? You are going away without ever giving me just warning—without a word, without a sign; and you think I will permit it, Nettie? Never—by heaven!"

"Dr Edward," said Nettie, trembling, half with terror, half with resolution, "you have no authority over me. We are two people—we are not one. I should not have gone away without a word or a sign. I should have said good-by to you, whatever had happened; but that is different from permitting or forbidding. Let us say good-by now, and get it over, if that will please you better," she cried, drawing her hands from his grasp; "but I do not interfere with your business, and I must do mine my own way."

The doctor was in no mood to argue. He thrust the big box she had packed away into a corner, and closed it with a vindictive clang. It gave him a little room to move in that little commonplace hall, with its dim lamp, which had witnessed so many of the most memorable scenes of his life. "Look here," cried Dr Rider; "authority

has little to do with it. If you had been my wife, Nettie, to be sure you could not have deserted me. It is as great cruelty; it is as hard upon me, this you are trying to do. I have submitted hitherto, and heaven knows it has been bitter enough; and you scorn me for my submission," said the doctor, making the discovery by instinct. "When a fellow obeys you, it is only contempt you feel for him; but I tell you, Nettie, I will bear it no longer. You shall not go away. This is not to be. I will neither say good-bye, nor think of it. What is your business is my business; and I declare to you, you shall not go unless I go too. Ah—I forgot. They tell me there is a fellow, an Australian, who ventures to pretend. I don't mean to say I believe it. You think he will not object to your burdens! Nettie! Don't let us kill each other. Let us take all the world on our shoulders," cried the doctor, drawing near again, with passionate looks, "rather than part!"

There was a pause—neither of them could speak at that moment. Nettie, who felt her resolution going, her heart melting, yet knew she dared not give way, clasped her hands tight in each other and stood trembling, yet refusing to tremble; collecting her voice and thoughts. The doctor occupied that moment of suspense in a way which might have looked ludicrous in other circumstances, but was a relief to the passion that possessed him. He dragged the other vast Australian box to the same corner where he had set the first, and piled them one above the other. Then he collected with awkward care all the heaps of garments which lay about, and carried them off in the other direction to the stairs, where he laid them carefully with a clumsy tenderness. When he had swept away all these encumbrances, as by a sudden gust of wind, he came back to Nettie, and once more clasped the firm hands which held each other fast. She broke away from him with a sudden cry—

"You acknowledged it was impossible!" cried Nettie. "It is not my doing, or anybody's; no one shall take the world on his shoulders for my sake—I ask nobody to bear my burdens. Thank you for not believing it—that is a comfort at least. Never, surely, any one else—and not you, not you! Dr Edward, let us make an end of it. I will never consent to put my yoke upon your shoulders, but I—I will never forget you or blame you—any more. It is all hard, but we cannot help it. Good-bye—don't make it burden you, who are the only one that—good-bye,—no more—don't say any more."

At this moment the parlour door opened suddenly—Nettie's trembling mouth and frame, and the wild protest and contradiction which were bursting from the lips of the doctor, were lost upon the spectator absorbed in her own affairs, and full of excitement on her own account, who looked out. "Perhaps Mr Edward will walk in," said Mrs Fred. "Now he is here to witness what I mean, I should like to speak to you, please, Nettie. I did not think I should ever appeal to you, Mr Edward, against Nettie's wilfulness—but, really now, we, none of us, can put up with it any longer. Please to walk in and hear what I've got to say."

The big Bushman stood before the little fire in the parlour, extinguishing its tiny glow with his vast shadow. The lamp burned dimly upon the table. A certain air of confusion was in the room. Perhaps it was because Nettie had already swept her own particular belongings out of that apartment, which once, to the doctor's eyes, had breathed of her presence in every corner—but it did not look like Nettie's parlour to-night. Mrs Fred, with the broad white bands of her cap streaming over her black dress, had just assumed her place on the sofa, which was her domestic throne. Nettie, much startled and taken by surprise, stood by

the table, waiting with a certain air of wondering impatience what was to be said to her—with still the sleeves turned up from her tiny wrists, and her fingers unconsciously busy expressing her restless intolerance of this delay by a hundred involuntary tricks and movements. The doctor stood close by her, looking only at Nettie, watching her with eyes intent as if she might suddenly disappear from under his very gaze. As for the Australian, he stood uneasy under Nettie's rapid investigating glance, and the slower survey which Dr Rider made on entering. He plucked at his big beard, and spread out his large person with a confusion and embarrassment rather more than merely belonged to the stranger in a family party; while Mrs Fred, upon her sofa, took up her handkerchief and once more began to fan her pink cheeks. What was coming? After a moment's pause, upon which Nettie could scarcely keep herself from breaking, Susan spoke.

"Nettie has always had the upper hand so much that she thinks I am always to do exactly as she pleases," burst forth Mrs Fred; "and I don't doubt poor Fred encouraged her in it, because he felt he was obliged to my family, and always gave in to her; but now I have somebody to stand by me," added Susan, fanning still more violently, and with a sound in her voice which betrayed a possibility of tears—"now I have somebody to stand by me—I tell you once for all, Nettie, I will not go on the 24th."

Nettie gazed at her sister in silence without attempting to say anything. Then she lifted her eyes inquiringly to the Australian, in his uneasy spectator position before the fire. She was not much discomposed, evidently, by that sudden assertion of will—possibly Nettie was used to it—but she looked curious and roused, and rather eager to know what was it now?

"I will not go on the 24th," cried Mrs Fred, with a hysterical toss of her head. "I will not be treated like

a child, and told to get ready whenever Nettie pleases. She pretends it is all for our sake, but it is for the sake of having her own will, and because she has taken a sudden disgust at something. I asked you in, Mr Edward, because you are her friend, and because you are the children's uncle, and ought to know how they are provided for. Mr Chatham and I," said Susan, overcome by her feelings, and agitating the handkerchief violently, "have settled—to be—married first before we set out."

If a shell had fallen in the peaceful apartment, the effect could not have been more startling. The two who had been called in to receive that intimation, and who up to this moment had been standing together listening languidly enough, too much absorbed in the matter between themselves to be very deeply concerned about anything Mrs Fred could say or do, fell suddenly apart with the wildest amazement in their looks. "Susan, you are mad!" cried Nettie, gazing aghast at her sister, with an air of mingled astonishment and incredulity. The doctor, too much excited to receive with ordinary decorum information so important, made a sudden step up to the big embarrassed Australian, who stood before the fire gazing into vacancy, and looking the very embodiment of conscious awkwardness. Dr Rider stretched out both his hands and grasped the gigantic fist of the Bushman with an effusion which took that worthy altogether by surprise. "My dear fellow, I wish you joy—I wish you joy. Anything I can be of use to you in, command me!" cried the doctor, with a suppressed shout of half-incredulous triumph. Then he returned restlessly towards Nettie—they all turned to her with instinctive curiosity. Never in all her troubles had Nettie been so pale; she looked in her sister's face with a kind of despair.

"Is this *true*, Susan?" she said, with a sorrowful wonder as different as possible from the doctor's

joyful surprise—"not something said to vex us—really true? And this has been going on, and I knew nothing of it; and all this time you have been urging me to go back to the colony—*me*—as if you had no other thoughts. If you had made up your mind to this, what was the use of driving me desperate?" cried Nettie, in a sudden outburst of that uncomprehension which aches in generous hearts. Then she stopped suddenly and looked from her sister, uttering suppressed sobs, and hiding her face in her handkerchief on the sofa, to the Australian before the fire. "What is the good of talking?" said Nettie, with a certain indignant impatient indulgence, coming to an abrupt conclusion. Nobody knew so well as she did how utterly useless it was to remonstrate or complain. She dropt into the nearest chair, and began with hasty tremulous hands to smooth down the cuffs of her black sleeves. In the bitterness of the moment it was not the sudden deliverance, but the heartlessness and domestic treachery that struck Nettie. She, the champion and defender of this helpless family for years—who had given them bread, and served it to them with her own cheerful unwearied hands—who had protected as well as provided for them in her dauntless innocence and youth. When she was thus cast off on the brink of the costliest sacrifice of all, it was not the delightful sensation of freedom which occurred to Nettie. She fell back with a silent pang of injury swelling in her heart, and, all tremulous and hasty, gave her agitated attention to the simple act of smoothing down her sleeves—a simple but symbolical act, which conveyed a world of meaning to the mind of the doctor as he stood watching her. The work she had meant to do was over. Nettie's occupation was gone. With the next act of the domestic drama she had nothing to do. For the first time in her life utterly vanquished, with silent promptitude she abdicated on the instant. She seemed

unable to strike a blow for the leadership thus snatched from her hands. With proud surprise and magnanimity she withdrew, forbearing even the useless reproaches of which she had impatiently asked, "What was the good?" Never abdicated emperor laid aside his robes with more ominous significance, than Nettie, with fingers trembling between haste and agitation, smoothed down round her shapely wrists those turned-up sleeves.

The doctor's better genius saved him from driving the indignant Titania desperate at that critical moment by any ill-advised rejoicings; and the sight of Nettie's agitation so far calmed Dr Rider that he made the most sober and decorous congratulations to the sister-in-law, whom for the first time he felt grateful to. Perhaps, had he been less absorbed in his own affairs, he could scarcely have failed to remember how, not yet a year ago, the shabby form of Fred lay on that same sofa from which Susan had announced her new prospects; but in this unexampled revolution of affairs no thought of Fred disturbed his brother, whose mind was thoroughly occupied with the sudden tumult of his own hopes. "Oh yes, I hope I shall be happy at last. After all my troubles, I have to look to myself, Mr Edward; and your poor brother would have been the last to blame me," sobbed Mrs Fred, with involuntary self-vindication. Then followed a pause. The change was too sudden and extraordinary, and involved results too deeply important to every individual present, to make words possible. Mrs Fred, with her face buried in her handkerchief, and Nettie, her whole frame thrilling with mortification and failure, tremulously trying to button her sleeves, and bestowing her whole mind upon that operation, were discouraging interlocutors; and after the doctor and the Bushman had shaken hands, their powers of communication were exhausted. The silence was at length broken by the Australian, who,

clearing his voice between every three words, delivered his embarrassed sentiments as follows:—

"I trust, Miss Nettie, you'll not think you've been unfairly dealt by, or that any change is necessary so far as you are concerned. Of course," said Mr Chatham, growing red, and plucking at his beard, "neither your sister nor I—found out—till quite lately—how things were going to be; and as for you making any change in consequence, or thinking we could be anything but glad to have you with us——"

Here the alarming countenance of Nettie, who had left off buttoning her sleeves, brought her new relation to a sudden stop. Under the blaze of her inquiring eyes the Bushman could go no farther. He looked at Susan for assistance, but Susan was still absorbed in her handkerchief; and while he paused for expression, the little abdicated monarch took up the broken thread.

"Thank you," said Nettie, rising suddenly; "I knew you were honest. It is very good of you, too, to be glad to have me with you. You don't know any better. I'm abdicated, Mr Chatham; but because it's rather startling to have one's business taken out of one's hands like this, it will be very kind of everybody not to say anything more to-night. I don't quite understand it all just at this moment. Good-night, Dr Edward. We can talk to-morrow, please; not to-night. You surely understand me, don't you? When one's life is changed all in a moment, one does not exactly see where one is standing just at once. Good-night. I mean what I say," she continued, holding her head high with restrained excitement, and trying to conceal the nervous agitation which possessed her as the doctor hastened before her to open the door. "Don't come after me, please; don't say anything: I cannot bear any more to-night."

"But to-morrow," said the doctor, holding fast the trembling hand. Nettie was too much overstrained and excited to speak more. A single

sudden sob burst from her as she drew her hand out of his, and disappeared like a flying sprite. The doctor saw the heaving of her breast, the height of self-restraint which could go no further. He went back into the parlour like a true lover, and spied no more upon Nettie's hour of weakness. Without her, it looked a vulgar scene enough in that little sitting-room, from which the smoke of Fred's pipe had never fairly disappeared, and where Fred himself had lain in dismal state. Dr Rider said a hasty good-night to Fred's successor, and went off hurriedly into the changed world which surrounded that unconscious cottage. Though the frost had not relaxed, and the air breathed no balm, no sudden leap from December to June could have changed the atmosphere so entirely to the excited wayfarer who traced back the joyful path towards the lights of Carlingford twinkling brilliant through the Christmas frost. As he paused to look back upon that house which now contained all his hopes, a sudden shadow appeared at a lighted window, looking out. Nettie could not see the owner of the footsteps that moved her to that sudden involuntary expression of what was in her thoughts, but he could see her standing full in the light, and the sight went to the doctor's heart. He took off his hat insanely in the darkness and waved his hand to her, though she could not see him ; and, after the shadow had disappeared, continued to stand watching with tender folly if perhaps some indication of Nettie's

presence might again reveal itself. He walked upon air as he went back, at last, cold but joyful, through the blank solitude of Grange Lane. Nothing could have come amiss to the doctor in that dawn of happiness. He could have found it in his heart to mount his drag again and drive ten miles in celestial patience at the call of any capricious invalid. He was half-disappointed to find no summons awaiting him when he went home—no outlet for the universal charity and loving-kindness that possessed him. Instead, he set his easy-chair tenderly by the side of the blazing fire, and, drawing another chair opposite, gazed with sweet smiles at the visionary Nettie, who once had taken up her position there. Was it by prophetic instinct that the little colonial girl, whose first appearance so discomposed the doctor, had assumed that place ? Dr Rider contemplated the empty chair with smiles that would have compromised his character for sanity with any uninstructed observer. When the mournful Mary disturbed his reverie by her noiseless and penitent entrance with the little supper which she meant at once for a peace-offering and compensation for the dinner lost, she carried down-stairs with her a vivid impression that somebody had left her master a fortune. Under such beatific circumstances closed the evening that had opened amid such clouds. Henceforth, so far as the doctor could read the future, no difficulties but those common to all wooers beset the course of his true love.

CHAPTER XVII.

When the red gleams of the early sunshine shone into that window from which Nettie had looked out last night, the wintry light came in with agitating revelations not simply upon another morning, but upon a new world. As usual, Nettie's thoughts were expressed in things tangible. She had risen from her

sleepless bed while it was still almost dark, and to look at her now, a stranger might have supposed her to be proceeding with her last night's work with the constancy of a monomaniac. Little Freddy sat up in his crib rubbing his eyes and marvelling what Nettie could be about, as indeed anybody might have mar-

velled. With all those boxes and drawers about, and heaps of personal belongings, what was she going to do? She could not have answered the question without pain; but had you waited long enough, Nettie's object would have been apparent. Not entirely free of that air of agitated haste—not recovered of the excitement of this discovery, she was relieving her restless activity by a significant rearrangement of all the possessions of the family. She was separating with rapid fingers those stores which had hitherto lain lovingly together common property. For the first time for years Nettie had set herself to discriminate what belonged to herself from the general store; and, perhaps by way of softening that disjunction, was separating into harmonious order the little wardrobes which were no longer to be under her charge. Freddy opened his eyes to see all his own special belongings, articles which he recognised with all the tenacious proprietorship of childhood, going into one little box by themselves in dreadful isolation. The child did not know what horrible sentence might have been passed upon him while he slept. He gazed at those swift inexorable fingers with a gradual sob rising in his poor little breast. That silent tempest heaved and rose as he saw all the well-known items following each other; and when his last new acquisition, the latest addition to his wardrobe, lay solemnly smoothed down upon the top, Freddy's patience could bear no more. Bursting into a long howl of affliction, he called aloud upon Nettie to explain that mystery. Was he going to be sent away? Was some mysterious executioner, black man, or other horrid vision of fate, coming for the victim? Freddy's appeal roused from her work the abdicated family sovereign. "If I'm to be sent away, I shan't go!" cried Freddy. "I'll run off, and come back again. I shan't go anywhere unless you go, Nettie. I'll hold on so fast, you can't put me

away; and, oh, I'll be good!—I'll be so good!" Nettie, who was not much given to caresses, came up and put sudden arms round her special nursling. She laid her cheek to his, with a little outbreak of natural emotion. "It is I who am to be sent away!" cried Nettie, yielding for a moment to the natural bitterness. Then she bethought herself of certain thoughts of comfort which had not failed to interject themselves into her heart, and withdrew with a little precipitation, alarmed by the inconsistency—the insincerity of her feelings. "Get up, Freddy; you are not going away, except home to the colony, where you want to go," she said. "Be good, all the same; for you know you must not trouble mamma. And make haste, and don't be always calling for Nettie. Don't you know you must do without Nettie some time? Jump up, and be a man."

"When I am a man, I shan't want you," said Freddy, getting up with reluctance; "but I can't be a man now. And what am I to do with the buttons if you won't help me? I shall not have buttons like those when I am a man."

It was not in human nature to refrain from giving the little savage an admonitory shake. "That is all I am good for—nothing but buttons!" said Nettie, with whimsical mortification. When they went down to breakfast, she sent the child before her, and came last instead of first, waiting till they were all assembled. Mrs Fred watched her advent with apprehensive eyes. Thinking it over after her first triumph, it occurred to Mrs Fred that the loss of Nettie would make a serious difference to her own comfort. Who was to take charge of the children, and conduct those vulgar affairs for which Susan's feelings disqualified her? She did her best to decipher the pale face which appeared over the breakfast cups and saucers opposite. What did Nettie mean to do? Susan revolved the question in considerable panic, seeing but too clearly that the firm

little hand no longer trembled, and that Nettie was absorbed by her own thoughts—thoughts with which her present companions had but little to do. Mrs Fred essayed another stroke.

"Perhaps I was hasty, Nettie, last night; but Richard, you know, poor fellow," said Susan, "was not to be put off. It won't make any difference between you and me, Nettie dear? We have always been so united, whatever has happened; and the children are so fond of you; and as for me," said Mrs Fred, putting back the strings of her cap, and passing her handkerchief upon her eyes, "with my health, and after all I have gone through, how I could ever exist without you, I can't tell; and Richard will be so pleased."

"I don't want to hear anything about Richard, please," said Nettie—"not, so far as I am concerned. I should have taken you out, and taken care of you, had you chosen me; but you can't have two people, you know. One is enough for anybody. Never mind what we are talking about, Freddy. It is only your buttons—nothing else. As long as you were my business, I should have scorned to complain," said Nettie, with a little quiver of her lip. "Nothing would have made me forsake you, or leave you to yourself; but now you are somebody else's business; and to speak of it making no difference, and Richard being pleased, and so forth, as if I had nothing else to do in the world, and wanted to go back to the colony! It is simply not my business any longer," cried Nettie, rising impatiently from her chair—"that is all that can be said. But I shan't desert you till I deliver you over to my successor, Susan—don't fear."

"Then you don't feel any love for us, Nettie! It was only because you could not help it. Children, Nettie is going to leave us," said Mrs Fred, in a lamentable voice.

"Then who is to be instead of Nettie? Oh, look here—I know—it's Chatham," said the little girl.

"I hate Chatham," said Freddy, with a little shriek. "I shall go where Nettie goes—all my things are in my box. Nettie is going to take me; she loves me best of you all. I'll kick Chatham if he touches me."

"Why can't some one tell Nettie she's to go too?" said the eldest boy. "She's most good of all. What does Nettie want to go away for? But I don't mind; for we have to do what Nettie tells us, and nobody cares for Chatham," cried the sweet child, making a triumphant somersault out of his chair. Nettie stood looking on, without attempting to stop the tumult that arose. She left them with their mother, after a few minutes, and went out to breathe the outside air, where at least there were quiet and freedom. To think, as she went out into the red morning sunshine, that her old life was over, made Nettie's head swim with bewildering giddiness. She went up softly, like a creature in a dream, past St Roque's, where already the Christmas decorators had begun their pretty work—that work which, several ages ago, being yesterday, Nettie had taken the children in to see. Of all things that had happened between that moment and this, perhaps this impulse of escaping out into the open air without anything to do, was one of the most miraculous. Insensibly Nettie's footsteps quickened as she became aware of that extraordinary fact. The hour, the temperature, the customs of her life, were equally against such an indulgence. It was a comfort to recollect that, though everything else in the universe was altered, the family must still have some dinner, and that it was as easy to think while walking to the butcher's as while idling and doing nothing. She went up, accordingly, towards Grange Lane, in a kind of wistful solitude, drifted apart from her former life, and not yet definitely attached to any other, feeling as though the few passengers she met must perceive in her

face that her whole fortune was changed. It was hard for Nettie to realise that she could do absolutely nothing at this moment, and still harder for her to think that her fate lay undecided in Edward Rider's hands. Though she had not a doubt of him, yet the mere fact that it was he who must take the first step was somewhat galling to the pride and temper of the little autocrat. Before she had reached the butcher, or even come near enough to recognise Lucy Wodehouse, where she stood at the garden-gate, setting out for St Roque's, Nettie heard the headlong wheels of something approaching which had not yet come in sight. She wound herself up in a kind of nervous desperation for the encounter that was coming. No need to warn her who it was. Nobody but the doctor flying upon wings of haste and love could drive in that break-neck fashion down the respectable streets of Carlingford. Here he came sweeping round that corner at the George, where Nettie herself had once mounted the drag, and plunged down Grange Lane in a maze of speed which confused horse, vehicle, and driver in one indistinct gleaming circle to the excited eyes of the spectator, who forced herself to go on, facing them with an exertion of all her powers, and strenuous resistance of the impulse to turn and escape. Why should Nettie escape?—it must be decided one way or other. She held on dimly, with rapid trembling steps. To her own agitated mind, Nettie herself, left adrift and companionless, seemed the suitor. The only remnants of her natural force that remained to her united in the one resolution not to run away.

It was well for the doctor that his little groom had the eyes and activity of a monkey, and knew the exact moment at which to dart forward and catch the reins which his master flung at him, almost without pausing in his perilous career. The doctor made a leap out of the drag, which was more like that of a mad

adventurer than a man whose business it was to keep other people's limbs in due repair. Before Nettie was aware that he had stopped, he was by her side.

"Dr Edward," she exclaimed, breathlessly, "hear me first! Now I am left unrestrained, but I am not without resources. Don't think you are bound in honour to say anything over again. What may have gone before I forget now. I will not hold you to your word. You are not to have pity upon me!" cried Nettie, not well aware what she was saying. The doctor drew her arm into his; found out, sorely against her will, that she was trembling, and held her fast, not without a sympathetic tremor in the arm on which she was constrained to lean.

"But I hold you to yours!" said the doctor; "there has not been any obstacle between us for months but this; and now it is gone, do you think I will forget what you have said, Nettie? You told me it was impossible once——"

"And you did not contradict me, Dr Edward," said the wilful creature, withdrawing her hand from his arm. "I can walk very well by myself, thank you. You did not contradict me! You were content to submit to what could not be helped. And so am I. An obstacle which is only removed by Richard Chatham," said Nettie, with female cruelty, turning her eyes full and suddenly upon her unhappy lover, "does not count for much. I do not hold you to anything. We are both free."

What dismayed answer the doctor might have made to this heartless speech can never be known. He was so entirely taken aback that he paused, clearing his throat with but one amazed exclamation of her name; but before his astonishment and indignation had shaped itself into words, their interview was interrupted. An irregular patter of hasty little steps, and outcries of a childish voice behind, had not caught the attention of either in that moment of excitement; but just as

Nettie delivered this cruel outbreak of feminine pride and self-assertion, the little pursuing figure made up to them, and plunged at her dress. Freddy, in primitive unconcern for anybody but himself, rushed headforemost between these two at the critical instant. He made a clutch at Nettie with one hand, and with all the force of the other thrust away the astonished doctor. Freddy's errand was of life or death.

"I shan't go with any one but Nettie," cried the child, clinging to her dress. "I hate Chatham and everybody. I will jump into the sea and swim back again. I will never, never leave go of her if you should cut my hands off. Nettie! Nettie!—take me with you. Let me go where you are going! I will never be naughty any more! I will never, never go away till Nettie goes! I love Nettie best! Go away, all of you!" cried Freddy, in desperation, pushing off the doctor with hands and feet alike. "I will stay with Nettie. Nobody loves Nettie but me."

Nettie had no power left to resist this new assault. She dropped down on one knee beside the child, and clasped him to her in a passion of restrained tears and sobbing. The emotion which her pride would not permit her to show before, the gathering agitation of the whole morning, broke forth at this irresistible touch. She held Freddy close and supported herself by him, leaning all her troubled heart and trembling frame upon the little figure which clung to her bewildered, suddenly growing silent and afraid in that passionate grasp. Freddy spoke no more, but turned his frightened eyes upon the doctor, trembling with the great throbs of Nettie's breast. In the early wintry sunshine, on the quiet rural highroad, that climax of the gathering emotion of years befell Nettie. She could exercise no further self-control. She could only hide her face, that no one might see, and close her quivering lips tight that no one might hear the bursting forth of her heart. No one was there either to hear or see—nobody but Edward Rider, who

stood bending with sorrowful tenderness over the wilful fairy creature, whose words of defiance had scarcely died from her lips. It was Freddy, and not the doctor, who had vanquished Nettie; but the insulted lover came in for his revenge. Dr Rider raised her up quietly, asking no leave, and lifted her into the drag, where Nettie had been before, and where Freddy, elated and joyful, took his place beside the groom, convinced that he was to go now with the only true guardian his little life had known. The doctor drove down that familiar road as slowly as he had dashed furiously up to it. He took quiet possession of the agitated trembling creature who had carried her empire over herself too far. At last Nettie had broken down; and now he had it all his own way.

When they came to the cottage, Mrs Fred, whom excitement had raised to a troublesome activity, came eagerly out to the door to see what had happened; and the two children, who, emancipated from all control, were sliding down the banisters of the stair, one after the other, in wild glee and recklessness, paused in their dangerous amusement to watch the new arrival. "Oh! look here; Nettie's crying!" said one to the other, with calm observation. The words brought Nettie to herself.

"I am not crying now," she said, waking into sudden strength. "Do you want them to get killed before they go away, all you people? Susan, go in, and never mind. I was not—not quite well out of doors; but I don't mean to suffer this, you know, as long as I am beside them. Dr Edward, come in. I have something to say to you. We have nowhere to speak to each other but here," said Nettie, pausing in the little hall, from which that childish tumult had died away in sudden awe of her presence; "but we have spoken to each other here before now. I did not mean to vex you then—at least, I did mean to vex you, but nothing more." Here she paused with a

sob; the echo of her past trouble breaking upon her words, as happened from time to time, like the passion of a child; then burst forth again a moment after in a sudden question. "Will you let me have Freddy?" she cried, surrendering at discretion, and looking eagerly up in the doctor's face; "if they will leave him, may I keep him with me?"

It is unnecessary to record the doctor's answer. He would have swallowed not Freddy only, but Mrs Fred and the entire family, had that gulp been needful to satisfy Nettie, but was not sufficiently blinded to his own interests to grant this except under certain conditions satisfactory to himself. When the doctor mounted the drag again he drove away into Elysium, with a smiling Cupid behind him, instead of the little groom who had been his unconscious master's confidant so long, and had watched the fluctuations of his wooing with such lively curiosity. Those patients who had paid for Dr Rider's disappointments in many a violent pre-

scription, got compensation to-day in honeyed draughts and hopeful prognostications. Wherever the doctor went he saw a vision of that little drooping head, reposing, after all the agitation of the morning, in the silence and rest he had enjoined, with brilliant eyes half-veiled, shining with thoughts in which he had the greatest share; and, with that picture before his eyes, went flashing along the wintry road with secret smiles, and carried hope wherever he went. Of course it was the merest fallacy, so far as Nettie's immediate occupation was concerned. That restless little woman had twenty times too much to do to think of rest—more to do than ever in all the suddenly-changed preparations which fell upon her busy hands. But the doctor kept his imagination all the same, and pleased himself with thoughts of her reposing in a visionary tranquillity, which, wherever it was to be found, certainly did not exist in St Roque's Cottage, in that sudden tumult of new events and hopes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I always thought there was good in him by his looks," said Miss Wodehouse, standing in the porch of St Roque's, after the wedding-party had gone away. "To think he should have come in such a sweet way and married Mrs Fred! just what we all were wishing for, if we could have ventured to think it possible. Indeed, I should have liked to have given Mr Chatham a little present, just to mark my sense of his goodness. Poor man! I wonder if he repents——"

"It is to be hoped not yet," said Lucy, hurrying her sister away before Mr Wentworth could come out and join them; for affairs were seriously compromised between the perpetual curate and the object of his affections; and Lucy exhibited a certain acerbity under the circumstances which somewhat amazed the tender-hearted old maid.

"When people do repent, my be-

lief is that they do it directly," said Miss Wodehouse. "I daresay he can see what she is already, poor man; and I hope, Lucy, it won't drive him into bad ways. As for Nettie, I am not at all afraid about her. Even if they should happen to quarrel, you know, things will always come right. I am glad they were not married both at the same time. Nettie has such sense! and of course, though it was the very best thing that could happen, and a great relief to everybody concerned, to be sure, one could not help being disgusted with that woman. And it is such a comfort they're going away. Nettie says——"

"Don't you think you could walk a little quicker? there is somebody in Grove Street that I have to see," said Lucy, not so much interested as her sister; "and papa will be home at one to lunch."

"Then I shall go on, dear, if you

have no objection, and ask when the doctor and Nettie are coming home," said Miss Wodehouse, "and take poor little Freddy the cakes I promised him. Poor child! to have his mother go off and marry and leave him. Never mind me, Lucy, dear; I do not walk so quickly as you do, and besides I have to go home first for the cakes."

So saying the sisters separated; and Miss Wodehouse took her gentle way to the doctor's house, where everything had been brightened up, and where Freddy waited the return of his chosen guardians. It was still the new quarter of Carlingford, a region of half-built streets, vulgar new roads, and heaps of desolate brick and mortar. If the doctor had ever hoped to succeed Dr Marjoribanks in his bowery retirement in Grange Lane, that hope nowadays had receded into the darkest distance. The little surgery round the corner still shed twinkles of red and blue light across that desolate triangle of unbuilt ground upon the other corner houses where dwelt people unknown to society in Carlingford, and still Dr Rider consented to call himself M.R.C.S., and cultivate the patients who were afraid of a physician. Miss Wodehouse went in at the invitation of Mary to see the little drawing-room which the master of the house had provided for his wife. It had been only an unfurnished room in Dr Rider's bachelor days, and looked out upon nothing better than these same new streets—the vulgar suburb which Carlingford disowned. Miss Wodehouse lingered at the window with a little sigh over the perversity of circumstances. If Miss Marjoribanks had only been Nettie, or Nettie Miss Marjoribanks! If not only love and happiness, but the old doctor's practice and savings, could but have been brought to heap up the measure of the young doctor's good-fortune! What a pity that one cannot have everything! The friendly visitor said so with a real sigh as she went down-stairs after her inspection. If the young people

had but been settling in Grange Lane, in good society, and with Dr Marjoribanks's practice, this marriage would have been perfection indeed!

But when the doctor brought Nettie home, and set her in that easy-chair which her image had possessed so long, he saw few drawbacks at that moment to the felicity of his lot. If there was one particular in which his sky threatened clouds, it was not the want of Dr Marjoribanks's practice, but the presence of that little interloper, whom the doctor in his heart was apt to call by uncomplimentary names, and did not regard with unmixed favour. But when Susan and her Australian were fairly gone, and all fear of any invasion of the other imps, which Dr Rider inly dreaded up to the last moment, was over, Freddy grew more and more tolerable. Where Fred once lay and dozed, and filled the doctor's house with heavy fumes and discreditable gossip, a burden on his brother's reluctant hospitality, little Freddy now obliterated that dismal memory with prayers and slumbers of childhood; and where the discontented doctor had grumbled many a night and day over that bare habitation of his, which was a house, and not a home, Nettie diffused herself till the familiar happiness became so much a part of his belongings that the doctor learned to grumble once more at the womanish accessories which he had once missed so bitterly. And the little wayward heroine who, by dint of hard labour and sacrifice, had triumphantly had her own way in St Roque's Cottage, loved her own way still in the new house, and had it as often as was good for her. But so far as this narrator knows, nothing calling for special record has since appeared in the history of the doctor's family, thus reorganised under happier auspices, and discharging its duties, social and otherwise, though not exactly in society, to the satisfaction and approval of the observant population of Carlingford.

THE POOR AND THEIR PUBLIC SCHOOLS: THE NEW MINUTE.

THERE is a series of Periodicals published at irregular intervals, which scarcely receive from the public the attention they deserve. Very little pains, indeed, are taken to recommend them to a fastidious taste, or force them upon the notice of indolent readers. There is nothing very piquant in their titles, and certainly their exterior is the very reverse of attractive. They are neither placarded at railway stations, nor advertised in large type in publishers' circulars; they are not associated with the names of any popular authors; and they are never on Mr Mudie's list. They cannot be classed amongst the light literature of the day; for until very recently they appeared as heavy folios, and even now, though considerably reduced, they are not of that comfortable calibre which you can hold in your hand as you sit over the fire, or lounge about the room; they require that steady sitting-down at the library table which does not suit the eager caprice of modern literary appetite. Another secret of their lack of popularity is that there is an undefined association conveyed with them of income-tax and other unpleasant inquisitions. Yet they are very interesting and even entertaining in their way. Their contents are various, and embrace a wide range of subjects; they are more instructive than many sermons which are preached and published, and much more amusing than modern philosophical novels; and wonderfully cheap, even in these days of cheap serials. If they appeared upon a bookseller's counter in a pretty dress, they might get a better introduction into society. But they are the children of the State, ushered into the world with very little circumstance, called by commonplace names, and dressed

all alike in a sort of workhouse livery. They are known as the *Blue Books*.

To one of the most recent additions to this numerous family we wish now to call our readers' attention. It consists of six volumes; which we may safely assume the majority of our readers are not likely to open. Yet we can assure them they may easily find, and probably will find, this Christmas, much worse reading in every respect, in prettier covers and under more taking titles, than the *Report and Evidence of the Commissioners on Popular Education*.

Usually, as we have observed, these Government serials come into the world very quietly—are, in fact, still-born so far as their public life is concerned. Members of Parliament are supposed to read a good deal of this Blue literature as one of the penalties of their exaltation: under-secretaries, and other officials, are supposed to cram their chiefs with this kind of food; but ordinary mortals eschew it. This last batch, however, has caused a terrible commotion; amongst a class of the public, too, usually very quiet and unexcitable,—long-suffering men whom income-tax assessors and poor-rate valuers spoil with impunity—clergymen and schoolmasters. These Blue Reports have come upon them like a thunder-clap. Though, after all, the real cause of the present educational excitement is not a blue book, or even a book at all—a mere few sheets of paper, called a *New Minute*.

Here, perhaps, at the risk of setting before many readers what they know too well already, it may be as well to state briefly what the matter is. It is a money matter, as might be concluded from the loudness of the dispute. The State has, for

many years, granted an annual sum for the education of the poor. This sum has risen gradually from £20,000 in 1832 to £800,000 in 1861. If the present system of its distribution goes on, it will amount in the course of time to—nobody knows what; two millions, three millions—Dr Temple thinks possibly five millions. It is expended, partly in grants to aid in building schools, partly in the erecting and maintaining training colleges for teachers, and partly in “augmentation grants” in the way of salary to trained and examined masters, mistresses, and pupil-teachers—varying from £30 to £6, 13s. 4d. per annum, according to the “class” of their certificates.

There had been complaints from time to time that this large sum of money was not doing its work satisfactorily, in more respects than one: that its distribution was unequal, its rapid increase formidable: and, in consequence, this Commission was appointed on the motion of Sir John Pakington in 1858. Its members, though well known to differ on many points, were all men of high position and character, of earnest and yet liberal views; the Duke of Newcastle, Sir John Coleridge, and Mr Senior, are public names which on such a subject would carry with them the confidence of all but extreme parties. The Universities are represented by Professor Goldwin Smith, Mr Lake, and Mr Rogers; and the Non-conformists by Mr Miall. They appointed ten Assistant-Commissioners, to each of whom was assigned a separate district of England, to serve as a “specimen” of what was being done, and what was yet required amongst the several types of population classed as Agricultural, Manufacturing, Mining, Maritime, and Metropolitan—in each of which the character and habits of the people might be supposed to present somewhat different features. They were to examine personally the state of existing schools, public and private, and to collect from all reliable witnesses the general state of popu-

lar education, and to report the result—“with the utmost fulness and accuracy, and without the slightest regard to its bearing, real or supposed, upon any of the questions relating to education which at present occupy public attention.” The Commission itself issued a comprehensive circular of inquiry “to persons of all shades of opinion practically conversant with popular education”—whose answers form one of the six volumes. Another contains the *viva voce* evidence taken, in many cases from the highest and most practical authorities, from the Secretaries of the Privy Council as well as from private schoolmasters of humble rank but high intelligence, during the winter sittings of the Commissioners in 1859 and 1860. Meanwhile Mr Pattison, the present head of Lincoln College, Oxford, and Mr Matthew Arnold, were investigating the state of public education in France, Germany, Holland, and Switzerland; and educational authorities in the United States and Canada also contributed their experience and information. This *New Minute*, put into your hands complete for twopence-halfpenny, has cost as much pains and travel for its production as the Code of Lycurgus or the Laws of the Twelve Tables.

The operations of the District Commissioners, involving as they did minute investigation into the finances, numbers, and efficiency of private as well as public schools, and in very many cases a personal visit of inspection, had necessarily very much of an inquisitorial character. It is pleasant to read the unanimous testimony of these gentlemen to the kindly spirit in which, almost without exception, their inquiries were received, even in cases where, from various motives, full information was refused them—in itself the best proof of the courtesy and forbearance with which a difficult duty was discharged. The Roman Catholic school managers, “acting under central orders,” po-

lately but uniformly declined either to allow inspection or give information of any kind. The Primitive Methodists, in some cases, took the same course. With these exceptions, nearly all "public" schools, of whatever religious denomination, freely admitted the Commissioner's visits, or answered his circular of inquiry. The private school interest, as may be supposed, was more suspicious, and in some cases very jealous of the Government's motives. As the inquiry was especially directed to the lower class of these schools, an investigation of their ways and means, financial or educational, could hardly be otherwise than unpopular. "It is but little as they pays, but then, to be sure, it is but little as I teaches 'em"—a reply given by one dame to her interrogator, might have served in a good many cases as a comprehensive answer to a whole circular of queries. In the two metropolitan "specimen" districts, where establishments of this class abound, the Assistant-Commissioners met with a good deal of opposition, active or passive. Dr Hodgson, to whom the East London district was assigned, has reported some amusing experiences. Some thought he was the Income-tax in disguise. Sometimes, when his clerk had taken down the name of some humble "academy" in a street or court not remarkable for the solvency of the tenant, he himself, upon visiting the locality, would find that either the name had been changed, or that school and teacher had vanished altogether—to reappear, perhaps, after his departure; and "all questions as to the whereabouts of the missing one were evaded with true neighbourly sympathy;" for a gentleman so particular and personal in his inquiries, only one motive was conceivable in their society—the settlement of a "little account." One old lady was opposed on principle to such "furreting out." Another, in reply to the printed query as to "Terms on which instruction is given," writes

thus—"Not understanding the questing, I answer thus a view of reading the Bible." Some were modest, and shrank from publicity. Here is a letter which the writer little thought was to be printed at the public cost, and enshrined amongst the national archives:—

"3rd March 1859.

"SIR,—I regret that I am not able to attend to all the rules lade down in thee in closed, as my school is of to humbel a cast to meat eyes (of thee publick gaze) at thee same time, Sir, I shall be moust appy to refur you to my Childrn's Parents, as kindly favord me with thir children, for some Years any further information that you require Sir, I shall be moust appey to give Pardone defects I remain Your most Humbel Servant,

"ELLEN D—."

Some, of rather higher grade, professed themselves opposed to all State interference as against the liberty of the subject. Others, again, were earnest advocates for the application of a strict teachers' examination test—to the head of the rival establishment in the next street, who, they considered, was quite unfit to be trusted with education. Sometimes, in order to get at some information refused to his direct inquiries, the official has recourse to something like a "dodge." Mr Cumin is evidently a man of some tact in dealing with a reluctant witness. One master of a private school in his district had decidedly declined to allow any kind of examination, but politely offered to show the Commissioner his school-room, if that would be any satisfaction. They went in together, and after a few remarks, Mr Cumin observed—

" 'Mr —, it is very singular that the boys in the *public* schools really know very little. I find very few can write down three hundred thousand and one.' He said, 'Indeed, sir!' and then addressing himself to a tall boy of fourteen — 'John, take your slate and write down three hundred thousand and one.' The boy took his slate, and, after some hesitation, wrote down three millions and one. The man looked very much

chagrined, and it was obvious to me that he had thought his pupil was quite equal to solve the problem proposed."

Occasionally there is reason to fear that these scholastic inquisitors may have taken too stern and prosaic a view of their duties. Mr Wilkinson's brief note upon "Mrs P.'s" school, for instance, runs as follows:—"Thirty little children, mixed—eldest nine; boy reading *Gulliver's Travels*, and firmly believes them true: mistress not very certain upon the matter." But surely he was a well-educated little boy to be able to read *Gulliver*, and a happy little boy to be able to believe it all true; perhaps it was good nature, after all, in Mrs P. not to deceive him; and we cannot help hoping that the Assistant-Commissioner left him, as he found him, in that not illiterate ignorance.

These ten Assistant-Commissioners, then, went through their several districts, collected their evidence, and sent it in to their chiefs with the report which they had founded upon it, drawn up each according to his taste and ability; some philosophical, some statistical, some graphic and picturesque; some erring, perhaps, on the side of diffuseness, some on the other hand rather dry; but all, it must be generally allowed, bearing tokens of patient and dispassionate inquiry. Upon these subordinate reports, and upon the evidence, oral and written, taken by the Commissioners themselves—and partly also upon the previous annual reports of the School Inspectors, contained in "twenty-seven octavo volumes"—is founded the Report of the Education Commission, which forms Vol. I. of the Blue Books now before us.

Some of the conclusions arrived at by this careful process, however satisfactory, are neither novel nor surprising. That education is an admirable thing; that it has made and is making considerable progress throughout the country; that, on the whole, a man who has received even a very moderate amount of

sound education is likely to prove a more peaceful subject, and a more desirable member of society, than an ignorant savage,—these are propositions which it was perhaps the duty of the Commissioners to set forth formally, and to the illustration of which two or three of their assistants have devoted some pages of very nice writing; but which most of us who have had education enough to read their Report have already pretty well settled for ourselves. So again, when we are informed that the 6897 schools which are aided by State grants present a marked superiority to the remaining 15,952 which are not so fortunate, and that the teachers who have gone through a regular course of preparation for their work in the training colleges (chiefly at the expense of the State) are very much more successful, in the great majority of instances—for it amounts to no more than this—than those who have not enjoyed such advantages,—these results, which the advocates for the now repealed Code point to with exceeding satisfaction, will not appear so remarkable as to require any elaborate statistical proof, or to prove much themselves as to the working of the system. Few, we imagine, even of the most sanguine old ladies whom the Government officials "furetted out," could ever have hoped that the voluntary system could run a race with the Government and win, carrying weight, as we may say, to the amount of £800,000. The bitterest opponent of the training colleges could never have maintained that these institutions, supported at an annual cost to the public of £122,000, and turning out one thousand trained masters and mistresses per annum, were to be beaten out of the educational field by competitors who had no training to prepare them for their duties, no Government inspection to stimulate, and no Government salary to remunerate them. It is, no doubt, quite true, as the Report states, that, as a general rule, in every district

throughout England, the school which has the best share of these advantages is the most efficient school. A military commission which should inform us that, on the whole, the officers and men of a regularly trained artillery, though rather more expensive, were found to make better practice than coast volunteers, would not tell us much that we did not know before. It scarcely requires seven Commissioners, ten assistants, three years, and six small folios, to establish conclusions like these.

There are other general facts, however, reported by the Commissioners, which, though only corroborative of the private observation of most sensible people, it is nevertheless satisfactory to meet with as the results of a careful and special inquiry. First, that education is becoming more and more popular; that even the most illiterate parents are beginning to feel that ignorance is a dead weight in the struggle of life, and on that lower ground, if on no other, are anxious that their children shall not inherit it. There are, no doubt, exceptional districts, and exceptional families in every district; but nothing comes out more distinctly, in the whole course of this inquiry, than a desire on the part of the lower classes to have their children educated, and a readiness to make personal sacrifices for this object, even greater than the inquirers had expected to find. It might even be doubted whether some, to whom education was a mystery, were not inclined rather to overrate its worldly advantages. An Irishman, whom Mr Cumin met driving a cart, summed up the case in favour of education thus :—

“ ‘ Do you think reading and writing is of any use to people like yourself ? ’ I inquired. ‘ To be sure I do, sir, ’ the man answered, with a strong brogue ; ‘ and do you think that if I could read and write, I would be shoved into every dirty job as I am now ? No, sir ! instead of driving this horse, I’d be riding him. ’ ”

A shrewd north-countryman, whom another Commissioner found building a house for himself in Teesdale, gives it as his opinion that, so popular was the school-master becoming, “ in thez Dal t’oonedicated wull soon be coon-saithered loonateeks.” Even the British farmer, if we may trust Mr Fraser’s experiences in the counties of Devon, Dorset, and Hereford, is fast forgetting his hereditary traditions that reading and writing spoils the ploughman. Twice only, in the course of his inquiry, he heard expressed the old illiberal sentiment that “ uneducated labourers made the best slaves.” In most neighbourhoods, not only was this barbarous notion strongly repudiated, but the employers of field-labour were very anxious to have good “ middle schools ” established for their own families.

Upon this encouraging fact of a general and increasing desire for a sound education amongst all classes of the population, the Commissioners found a conclusion which will be generally satisfactory,—that any scheme of compulsory education for the poor, which some zealous progressionists have suggested, is “ neither attainable nor desirable ; ” “ opposed to both our political, social, and religious feelings ; ” and that even the attempt to restrain by law the employment of children under a certain age, without a certificate of their having received a certain amount of instruction, would be not only unpopular, but practically impossible, as being constantly liable to evasion.

But if these general conclusions had been all that the Commissioners arrived at, their Report would have been “ presented to both Houses of Parliament ” in due course, and there would have been an end of it. Instead of being hashed up in all kind of shapes for public entertainment, and quarrelled over by peaceable people as surely no Blue Books (except those of the University Commissions) ever were before, it would never have

been seen or heard of again except as waste paper. But the points to which their inquiries were directed obliged them to deal with an array of other facts and opinions with regard to education, not always easy to be reconciled with each other, and from which, draw what conclusions they would, they were sure to evolve subject-matter for future discussions.

Before it is possible to decide what sort of education is the best to give to any child, rich or poor, it is well to consider what is to be that child's future destination in life, and how many years of his life can fairly be devoted to education. What is the best absolutely may not be the best under the circumstances; and even the best conceivable with regard to circumstances, may not be always possible. The State—so we are told—has something like 2,500,000* children looking to it for help towards an education of some kind. It is clear that she cannot possibly afford, out of her limited income, to bring them all up as gentlemen, or educate them as thoroughly as a good mother might desire. Like other parents with large and increasing families, she is obliged to get them out into the world rather early. The Commissioners have come to the conclusion—and we believe it to be a wise and a wholesome one—that ten or eleven years of age, amongst the boys of the labouring class, must be the general limit of education. They have had before them scores of competent witnesses—statesmen, philosophers, clergymen, and plain practical men; and though, as may be supposed, they are not unanimous on this question more than on others, the overwhelming preponderance of fact and opinion tends to this. It is very well for philanthropists to wish and think it might be otherwise; thus it is, and thus it must be, so long

as there stands unrepealed the original curse under which a merciful Voice disguises a blessing—"In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread." "To set ourselves to stem back the demands of the labour-market," says the Dean of Bristol, "is only to attempt the task of Mrs Partington over again." Mr Freeman, diocesan inspector, says that boys destined for farm-labourers should be kept "never later than ten." "Sixteen years of constant occupation in and about elementary schools," says Mr Inspector Watkins, have fully convinced him that "the school-age of the children must needs be small; they are born for hand-work, and must go to hand-work as soon as they are physically able. This truth has not been denied by those who have been most active and interested in the education of the labouring classes, yet it has been practically ignored." It may possibly be urged by educational enthusiasts, that Deans and Inspectors are notoriously hard-hearted. They will not say so, we suppose, of Miss Yonge of Otterbourne, or of Miss Elizabeth Sewell. *Their* sympathies, we may be sure, are with the poor, and with intelligent education. Both are constrained to admit that, in the case of boys, the necessity is irremediable; the girls may be spared to the school a year or two longer. Miss Carpenter, again—a name scarcely less known, and where known not less honoured—who has, in her own words, "for thirty years paid considerable attention to the state of education of the working classes"—which means, we believe, when translated into other language, devoted her life to such objects—is content to only "*wish* that all children should stay till eleven or twelve," though she would gladly keep them longer, "*if practicable*." Lady Macclesfield and Miss Coutts are quite content to recognise in the same way the paramount claims of

* Mr Horace Mann puts the number at 3,000,000; Sir J. K. Shuttleworth at 2,000,000; we have taken the mean, though the lesser number seems more probable.

labour; the latter even giving an opinion that "the urging children to remain at school has been pushed much too far, both for the interest of the individual child, and for the social condition of the working classes as a body." One lady alone, of those who favoured the Commission with their evidence—Miss Hope—thinks it desirable that they should stay till about fourteen or fifteen. We respect our fair countrywoman's zeal; but we fear that she "tells a flattering tale," especially since she thinks "boys may proceed to algebra and practical mathematics, and in Scotland they will expect to learn Latin and perhaps Greek;" though we are glad to find that she considers it "not desirable" that the girls "should be encouraged to attempt those accomplishments which they are too apt to aspire to, such as *French, and instrumental music*." (We have already warned our readers that they lose a good many amusing things by not attending to their Blue Books.) As far as our own experience goes, we never have heard of an inspector being called upon to examine French exercises, and have never but once heard a piano going in a charity school; and in that instance the apology might have been made for it that it was a very little one, very much out of tune, and was doing duty for a harmonium, teaching the children psalms.

To return once more to the Commissioners,—they sum up the result of their inquiries on this head in the words of Mr Fraser: "On the average, we must make up our minds to see the last of boys, as far as the day-school is concerned, at ten or eleven, and of the girls, at the outside, at twelve;" and while they admit that in towns "the demand for *intelligent* labour will keep children longer at school," they fix, as "the probable limit of education of a large body" of those who are born to labour, the age of eleven years.

And now comes the problem. Given a boy who is to be "finish-

ed" at eleven, what kind of education can be allowed him? There is not much to be done with him before four, even supposing that you get hold of him; what can you put into him between those two interesting ages? There are seven years for the schoolmaster to deal with him in; or rather, such fragmentary portions of those seven years as may remain after making reasonable deduction for intervals of bird-keeping, bean-dropping, potato-planting, and all other lawful interruptions to which a country boy's school life is subject, to say nothing of unlawful truant-playing on his own part, and weekly pence and shoes to go to school in, not always forthcoming on the part of the parents. Still, in spite of all these difficulties, the Commissioners tell us that a great deal may be taught in these seven years. Not much algebra and Latin perhaps, not even "geography and the use of the globes," but a good deal which may be quite as useful to the Tom Browns of humble life. Let us hear what Mr Fraser says again; his opinion is backed in all important particulars by a whole army of witnesses; but we incline, as the Commissioners evidently do, to fortify ourselves whenever we can with his sound good sense and vigorous English:—

"I venture to maintain that it is quite possible to teach a child, soundly and thoroughly, in a way that he shall not forget it, all that is necessary for him to possess in the shape of intellectual attainment, by the time that he is ten years old. If he has been properly looked after in the lower classes, he shall be able to spell correctly the words that he will ordinarily have to use; he shall read a common narrative—the paragraph in the newspaper that he cares to read—with sufficient ease to be a pleasure to himself and to convey information to listeners; if gone to live at a distance from home, he shall write his mother a letter that shall be both legible and intelligible; he knows enough of ciphering to make out, or test the correctness of, a common shop-bill; if he hears talk of foreign countries, he has some notion of the part of the globe in

which they lie; and, underlying all, and not without its influence, I trust, upon his life and conversation, he has acquaintance enough with the Holy Scriptures to follow the allusions and the arguments of a plain Saxon sermon, and a sufficient recollection of the truths taught him in his Catechism, to know what are the duties required of him towards his Maker and his fellow-men. I have no brighter view of the future or the possibilities of an English elementary education floating before my eyes than this. If I had ever dreamt more sanguine dreams before, what I have seen in the last six months would have effectually and for ever dissipated them."

This estimate is certainly high for the boy who goes off to plough at ten; but if, with the Commissioners, we extend the educational period to eleven, there is abundant weight of independent authorities to show that, with our present machinery, it might be done. Mr Allies for the Roman Catholics, Mr Unwin, of Homerton College, for the Congregationalists, Mr Angel for the Jews, are in harmony on this point with Church of England inspectors and schoolmasters. Mr Shields, the master of the "Birkbeck" school at Peckham (a very remarkable institution), would expect to have a great part of this done in a good infant school by the time the child was *seven*. Miss Yonge would think a much higher standard practically attainable by a boy of eleven or twelve, and Miss Carpenter is at least not less sanguine than the Commissioners.

But some zealous educationists will say, This meagre dole of education is unworthy of a nation of progress in this nineteenth century; it may satisfy the Commissioners, but it does not satisfy us; it will not satisfy the public. What public is it that we are to satisfy? We have just seen that a laudable desire for education is spreading very fast through the country; what sort of education is it that the people are asking for? Mr Inspector Blandford noticed in a report, some time

ago, that "the clergy were satisfied with a low standard of instruction;" indeed, that "many among the clergy and laity, although they might not like to acknowledge it, are perfectly well satisfied if the children are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic."* The clergy are often supposed to be rather behind in the race of progress, and no doubt in some matters they are; but it is possible that in what concerns the immediate welfare of their own parishes, they may be in as good a position as any one else to see not only what is desirable but what is practicable. On this particular question, it almost seems as if they had been standing still, and find the world, contrary to its usual habits, coming back to them. Let the people speak a little for themselves. If there be one single point—and there are not many—upon which inspectors, assistant-commissioners, and witnesses are unanimous, it is on this, that the people whom we are to educate know a good school when they see one. "All the difficulties which surround the attendance of children do not prevent the efficient schools from being full." They are Mr Fraser's words, echoed, however, from all quarters. "The best schools are always full," says Mr Hare. There is a sort of instinct by which parents, even "described as too ignorant to judge," know the article they want, and choose it. Neither an additional weekly penny, nor an additional mile of distance, deters them from preferring the school where their children "get on." It is one of the most encouraging features in the educational aspect of the country. And what is the kind of instruction which the people seek, and for which they are willing to pay? There appears to be no manner of doubt about it. "Schoolmasters, clergymen, ministers, city missionaries, all told me," says Mr Cumin, "that the poor, in selecting a school, looked entirely

* *Minutes of Council*, 1850-51, p. 474.

to whether the school supplied good reading, writing, and arithmetic." Mr Hare again, while bearing testimony that the best of the labouring classes hold good teachers "in the highest esteem," says also that, "when they find fault, it is that too many things are taught, not too few;" and "the trained masters are themselves the first to allow that the majority of parents, perfectly content with moderate skill in reading, writing, and arithmetic, vote superfluous grammar, geography, history, and all that kind of things." Mr Foster and Mr Wilkinson might be quoted to the same effect. Writing is the parents' favourite test of good scholarship, perhaps too exclusively; but they are so far right that the power of writing fairly and correctly from dictation, now constantly practised under all good teachers, becomes, as Mr Cummin has remarked, the most satisfactory of all practicable tests of the efficiency of a school. It not only presupposes reading and spelling, but also implies, as he says, "presence of mind and intelligence." Now, although this limited view of education on the parents' part may be said to arise from narrow considerations of its immediate value in the wages-market, yet, like many other vulgar and narrow notions, its foundations rest upon a broader truth. "When I ask for these four things," says Mr Allies—speaking of these three elements combined with religious teaching—"it is not a little that I ask." The boy who leaves school, say at twelve years old, with the power of reading so as to understand and be understood, of writing correctly, and working the rules of arithmetic, goes out into the world, so to say, with the full use of his mental fingers. He is not a geographer, a historian, or a natural philosopher in any degree, any more than he is a carpenter or a shoemaker; but he has the power to become either the one or the other. He can lay hold of, and with a little practice use, the delicate tools that have been invented for any branches

of mental or bodily industry to which his tastes or opportunities may lead him. Nothing has gone further to justify the doubts expressed throughout these reports, of the soundness of the present training system for masters, than the opinions which many of them have loudly expressed, at public meetings and elsewhere, against the elementary teaching exacted by the New Minute, as the *sine quâ non* of Government aid. They have called it "drudgery," "grinding," "machine-like and monotonous drill." They have protested against it as tending "to throw national education ten years backward." These are exactly the ideas which we should expect to find in men who have been educated at once too much and too little,—too much to believe, as many of the old schoolmasters did, that spelling and penmanship were education in themselves; too little, to have learnt that the laying a solid foundation is a greater and truer work—more worthy of "a wise master-builder"—than building up a flimsy frontage. A great deal of the best work done in this world is "drudgery;" *i.e.*, there are some who call it by that name; those who do it in a different spirit call it "duty." Many a young graduate, full of University honours, enters in this spirit upon one of the under-masterships of our public schools, and spends the ten or twenty best years of his life in teaching the barest elements of the classical languages, to generation after generation of boys, who are not always so willing, so grateful, or so intelligent, in their and his relative degree, as the pupils of the parish schoolmaster; but his own high education has left him very ignorant indeed, if it has taught him to think that his abilities are wasted, or that his work is a drudgery. Mr Commissioner Lake, at any rate, had been "trained" in a somewhat different school. He suggests to one of the witnesses that, after all, the parents' view of the question—that "as soon as the

child could read well, write well, and count well," he was educated for his station in life—might not be "an altogether unsound view;"—"remembering always that in the process of attaining that knowledge, the child must have attained a good deal of other knowledge besides." It might also be very safely concluded, even had we not Mr Watkins's direct testimony, that in almost every case "where children are taught reading well, the other subjects are taught well also." Any schoolmaster who fancies that the *New Minute* requires him to devote himself to teaching reading "mechanically," or that his "results" are likely to be either profitable or satisfactory if he makes the attempt, will do well to copy into his notebook the following instructive anecdote from one of the Assistant-Commissioners' experiences:—

"Some years ago, one of my old colleagues was appointed assistant-master in the great Nautical School at Greenwich. It was his first duty to *drill* those boys who were backward in reading, and who, being placed in a room by themselves, were kept continually reading, reading, reading. This teacher begged permission to vary their mechanical task, and to try to interest them by explanation of what they were reading, even though some time were thus withdrawn from oral practice. After some hesitation, permission was granted, and ere long the boys gained ground in mere reading, much more rapidly than if they had done nothing else but read aloud."—HODGSON, *Report*, iii. 559.

But it is an impertinent waste of time to force upon educated readers arguments upon the value of elementary instruction, or the absurdity of imagining that any child can receive such instruction at the hands of a competent teacher without having all his mental faculties improved, or can attain the power of intelligent reading and correct writing from dictation without having taken in a considerable amount of collateral knowledge by the way.

Mr Fraser, indeed, confesses himself "sorely tempted to put grammar down amongst the essentials

of elementary education." There are others of his opinion. Mr Marshall, once a clergyman of the English Church, now a Roman Catholic school-inspector, goes so far as to say that it "is the only element of education which leads to any practical result," and that "any education which omits it is a delusion." The reason which he gives for this opinion is so important that we feel bound to notice it, though quite dissenting from his conclusion. He considers that the want of some knowledge of the structure of language is the great defect in our educational system, from which arises the fact—too unfortunately true—that most clergymen preach in vain to a very large part of their congregation; in fact, that, as one of the Reports observes very strongly, there are in England two languages,—the language of education, and the language of the poor. But, in the first place, this results not so much from a deficiency of grammatical knowledge as from a deficiency of reading; it is the limited vocabulary that is at fault, not the power of analysis. A child of the highly-educated classes will understand and use (and is often ludicrously fond of using) high-flown language which he has met with in books, long before he could explain the grammatical relations of his sentence. And here, again, comes in that conclusive argument of the limited period of this general school-life. What grammar can be really taught, before twelve years old, to such children as the State alone has to deal with? It must come to this, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—as Mr Jenkins finds it—"grammar means generally part of a text-book learned by rote." It is not often we agree with Mr Bright; but he was right the other day about *Lindley Murray* for the labourers. Look even at Mr Fraser's own experience: in a school "under a highly certificated master" (that of course) "the boys in the first class being asked to what part of speech the words *once, twice, be-*

longed, replied successively—adjective, noun, verb, &c., before they got right.” That kind of haphazard grammar—if it were not for the name of the thing, as the Irishman said—is hardly better than no grammar at all. Miss Yonge’s remarks upon the subject show a better appreciation of the practical difficulties and possibilities of the education of the poor: “Grammar does not improve their spoken or written language.” A girl will even “forget all her orthography in a letter out of school;” and in the class of society in which she must mix when she leaves it, “correctness of speech would be treated as an affectation.” All, probably, that can be attempted in this direction to any really good purpose is what is suggested by the Rev. Mr Zincke—“The ruder solecisms may easily be corrected orally, and by the way, as they occur, without making grammar a main or distinct part of their education.” To do so in the case of the children of the agricultural labourer is, we agree with him, “a waste of opportunity and effort;” in short, like many such educational fancies, “a sad mistake.”*

How, then, may this moderate average of education be best secured, and to the greatest number of my children? is the question which the State may be fairly permitted to ask, before she makes arrangement for paying the school bills. And we have a perfect clamour of answers. “It cannot be done; not in that time, for £800,000 per annum, or any other amount of money.” “It is done, we are doing it now,” says Archdeacon Sinclair, and the National Society, and a great many other very respectable bodies, individual and corporate; and they produce, in proof of such performance, an arithmetical statement not highly creditable to their own elementary education, as we will take an opportunity of showing presently. “It is not worth doing; we won’t condescend to do it; we

can do much better; such ‘beggarly elements’ as you ask for are not education at all:”—this is a third answer, made by a large proportion of certificated masters and school-managers. “We are giving you a great deal more than this for your money, and much finer things than this, already; your young ladies and gentlemen are learning a little history, and a little grammar, and a little map-drawing, and a little etymology, and a little drawing for those who have the taste, and especially a little about ‘prefixes and affixes’—how do you expect them to be prepared for life without *them*?”

Let us examine these answers in their order. How far is it true that the children whose school-fees are paid in part by the nation receive on the average such an amount of education as has been laid down as desirable and possible? The Commissioners, after the fullest and most patient inquiry, find that “the great majority of the children do not learn, or learn imperfectly, the most necessary part of what they came to learn—reading, writing, and arithmetic.” Both the annual reports of Inspectors, and the special reports of the Assistant-Commissioners, abound with evidence of this. “The very staple of life in the learning of a poor scholar is his reading,” the Commissioners observe; “and in this at least we should expect no insuperable difficulty with a child of ten or eleven years old; but on this point the complaints of Inspectors are perhaps more nearly unanimous than on any other.” They are indeed. One, Mr Alderson, who “rarely finds schools deficient in the higher branches of instruction, such as geography, history, and grammar,” remarks that not only are the junior classes inefficient, but that “they often reach a comparatively high position in the school, reading inarticulately, spelling incorrectly, and with the vaguest notions of numeration.”†

* *Answers to Circular.*—Report, v. 458.† *Report*, i. 248, &c.

Another observed, "with surprise," that both with school-managers and school-teachers reading was "often treated as of subordinate importance." "Reading and spelling is the most defective subject of instruction"—"rarely well taught"—"the part which, on the whole, is the least satisfactory in the schools I have visited"—are remarks which reappear, in substance, in report after report; and these from official inspectors, who surely are not to be supposed eager to proclaim faults in a system of which they themselves form a part. The complaint made by Mr Bromby, that the Commissioners "drew their opinions far too much from the witness of new examiners, and far too little from that of the Inspectors,"* is not justified by the Report, and would be worthless as an argument, even if it were true. We have the highest respect for the evidence of both; but if they were at issue on any point as to the working of the system, we should attach more weight to the view taken by the *independent* witness. But in this case the special inquirers under the Commission only confirm the Government officials. "The old-fashioned mode of spelling by syllables," Mr Fraser found (and on this point we can fully testify from our own knowledge of modern schools) is wholly exploded. Listen, again, to Mr Winder. "No attempt is made to teach the art of division into syllables, and the old mode of spelling seems universally discarded. The wonder is that they learn anything at all on the plan which I have frequently seen adopted." In arithmetic the state of affairs seems very much the same. We do not attach much importance to Mr Inspector Brookfield's *crux*, which he applied in so many schools with such fatal effect—"What is the cost of five dozen eggs at five for twopence?" because, simple as it seems, we have since found some of our educated friends puzzled by

this little bit of mental arithmetic; we agree with Mr Lake, that it is rather too much of "a catch;" but when we read in Mr Cumin's report, that "it was not uncommon to find boys and girls in fractions and compound division, who could not write down sums up to 10,000, or even 1000," and that "it seemed to be the opinion of some that notation was *hardly a fair test to apply*," it really seems to us to disclose—in the latter fact especially—a misconception of the *principles* of education, which in trained teachers is perfectly astounding, and implies some radical defect in the system which could grant to such persons certificates of competency. One no longer wonders to hear from Mr Fraser that he found in one school "a poor young mistress, evidently earnest in her work," carrying her class through a sum in long division, with eight figures in the quotient, which not one child in the class could read." She might have been a very earnest young woman, but it was a very poor joke on the part of her "College" to turn her loose upon society as a "trained and certificated" teacher. Lord Palmerston long ago complained that the national handwriting was degenerating. "Writing," says Dr Hodgson, "is much more practised than taught, and "even errors in spelling are not corrected." Perhaps Mr Hedley's remarks are even stronger; "the impression which I have received from my visits to schools under certificated masters is, that the elementary branches of instruction are *not* sufficiently attended to; the mechanical part of the work is not well done; the writing of the children can seldom be called good; the reading still more seldom." There are some hints which transpire here and there in these reports that the Government inspectors themselves have in some cases been inclined to direct their examination test to what they

* *Letter to the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, M.P.* By C. H. BROMBY, M.A., Principal of the Normal College, Cheltenham. Simpkin & Co.

consider the higher branches, to the neglect of the elementary. The certificated mistresses in Kirkdale apologised for so much teaching of history and geography by saying, that "if their salaries did not depend on their children answering Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools fairly, at least, on history, &c., they could spend the time much more profitably." "My credit depends upon the Inspector's report," said a London schoolmaster; "if he makes most account of mental arithmetic and etymological derivations, what can I do?" That there had been some suspicions upon this point at headquarters is plain from Mr Lingen's evidence, that there have been "quite recent instructions, in which they are, *in the most emphatic terms*, told to attend to the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and on no account to postpone them to other subjects." And as an instance how the best intentioned examiner may sometimes fail to get to the root of the matter, the following *naïve* confession (from Mr Assistant-Commissioner Hare) will scarcely be read without a smile, by those who know what a real examination is:—

"I confess it had not occurred to me to try even the younger boys in numeration until Christmas, when one of my colleagues in this inquiry suggested it as a test of the arithmetical knowledge of even the senior classes. In both Yarmouth and Ipswich, I subsequently acted upon the hint, and to the chagrin of masters and the astonishment of scholars, many boys of the first class in their respective schools, able to solve questions in advanced rules with ease and accuracy, were found utterly at fault in a simple addition sum, when consisting of five or six lines of seven figures, slowly and repeatedly dictated, but testingly interspersed with numerous 0's."—*Report*, iii. 233.

There is quite sufficient ground, then, for the decision of the Commissioners, not only that the elementary teaching is too generally defective, but also that the present mode of inspection, "regarded as an examination, is insufficient, and

especially insufficient with respect to that part of the school which most requires vigilant and assiduous teaching."

And now let us see the reply which is made by the National Society, and quoted triumphantly by Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, to this "alleged failure of a large part of the scholars to read, write, and cipher."

"Archdeacon Sinclair, the treasurer of the National Society, replies, that 'in respect to National Schools in particular, it appears from the reports of the Queen's Inspectors for the year 1860-61, that of schools under certificated teachers, the percentage reported to have been instructed 'excellently,' 'well,' or 'fairly,' was, in reading, 86.2; in writing, 87.9; and in arithmetic, 80.' The British and Foreign and Wesleyan Education Committee reply in like manner."—*Letter to Earl Granville*, p. 6.

Surely there was seldom a more remarkable instance of the fallacy of figures. The complaint, that three-fourths of the *children* are not in any sense educated, is supposed to be refuted by the fact that above four-fifths of the *schools* are "well instructed." The Commissioners seem to have had a prevision of some such counter-assertion, when—with the very same inspectors' reports before them on which the Archdeacon relies—they remind the public that—

"It is obvious that the inspection is an inspection of schools rather than of scholars, of the first class more than of any other classes. Speaking generally, the inspector's description of an excellent school turns upon the performance of boys of eleven or twelve years old. The present system (particularly in its plan of examination) seems to us to have a necessary tendency to make the first class the measure of the value of the whole school; and indeed we find Mr Norris . . . making the important, though in our opinion mistaken statement, 'that school teachers seem to have a right to ask that their success be measured by the proficiency of their first class children. In the best schools the discipline is often imperfect, the reading and writing awkward, and the arithmetic inaccurate in the junior classes.'"—*Report*, i. 238.

Mr Norris is by no means singular in his notion of a school examination. Mr Bromby, on behalf of the Normal College, defends the claim of the schoolmaster that "his results should be tested by the efficiency of his elder class."* Yet this is a claim which has never been allowed, even in the case of our higher public schools, where the attainment of University honours might be supposed *one* of the objects of such education; it is totally inadmissible where the sole object ought to be the general education of the poor.

We will take only one other witness as to how far an inspector's official report of the school is any test of the elementary teaching of the lower classes. That witness shall be Sir J. K. Shuttleworth himself. Examined before the Commission as to the inspectors being "totally unable to take the boys *capitativim*," he answers—

"Nor do I think it in the slightest degree desirable that they should do so; I think that the tendency of such a system would be this: instead of examining the general moral relations of the school, and all the phenomena which meet the eye, the attention of the inspector would be concentrated necessarily upon some two or three elements of education. I think that it would be quite impossible for him, by examining those three elements of education, to test the condition of a school."—*Minutes of Evidence*, p. 325.

Our readers will not be surprised to find that, as Sir James proceeds to inform us, "the committees of the great educational societies would not, however, be content to leave the question on *this* issue: they would say, that the obstacles to the production of the results contemplated in the Report of the Commissioners in teaching, reading, writing, and ciphering well, to three-fifths of the scholars" (the proportion which they consider attainable) "have been hitherto insurmountable." But whether Sir James or

the Societies mend their argument by this change of ground,—whether, after quoting statistics with the view of implying at least the probability that *more than four-fifths* are fairly taught already, they are not slightly contradicting themselves by declaring the difficulty of teaching *three-fifths* "insurmountable,"—is a question which we leave without comment to the reader's consideration.

To these strangely contradictory assertions, that the thing has been done long ago, and that it cannot be done by any manner of means, the Commissioners have replied, by anticipation, that they recommend it to be done, at any rate. If the recommendation is needless, so much the better; if impracticable, still—let it be tried. We have taken into consideration, they say, all the difficulties; "the capricious removal of children from school to school;" "the extreme difficulty and irksomeness of the task;"† still, with all these drawbacks, we think, that in the case of three-fifths of the children it might be done, and ought to be done. It *shall* be done, say the Committee of Privy Council, or we stop the money. And so we have the REVISED CODE.

The Commissioners had recommended that, in future, "all assistance given to the annual maintenance of schools shall be simplified and reduced to grants of two kinds;" 1. From the State, awarded on the average number of scholars in attendance in such schools as should satisfy the inspector on the points of discipline and efficiency: 2. From the county rate, upon an individual examination of each child, who was to satisfy a county examiner in reading, writing, and arithmetic; in the case of girls, in plain work also. This latter grant was to be "independent of any conditions whatever, except that the school was to be open to inspection, and was reported healthy." The Privy Council Committee has rejected the

* *Letter*, &c., p. 10.

† *Report*, i. 262, 263.

suggestion of a county rate, but has adopted generally the principle recommended in the second proposal. All grants are to be made in future on the results of an elementary examination. The family of the State are to be annually subjected to an individual test of their progress and attainment. They are to be examined in "groups," according to age; between three years old and seven, between seven and nine, nine and eleven, and once more finally between the age of eleven and the time of leaving school. The standard is carefully graduated until, at this last examination, the scholar is expected to read "a short ordinary paragraph in a newspaper or other modern narrative," to write down a similar passage from dictation, and to work "a sum in practice or simple proportion." The Government rate of aid (which, in a school of 100 children is fairly calculated to reach £64, supposing the attendance to be moderately regular, and every child to satisfy this test) is to be reduced proportionately to the individual failures in each or all of the three subjects; so that in a very bad school it might undoubtedly descend to almost *nil*; but in the case of schools efficiently taught and fairly attended, may be set down at about ten shillings for every child under education. All other grants, whether to teachers or in the way of capitation, are to be discontinued as merged in this.

When the Duke de Liancourt went to Louis XVI. at Versailles, on that July night, and told him of the taking of the Bastille, and the defection of his guards—"Mais," said the unfortunate King, "*c'est une révolution!*"—"Sire," replied the Duke, "*ce n'est pas une révolution—c'est une* REVOLUTION." So says Sir J. Shuttleworth of this demonstration on the part of the Privy Council. "Revised Code, call you it, my lords?—this is not revision,—it is

'a disastrous revolution.'"* It does, indeed, go a good way to upset the established system of things; but there have been revolutions before this, accounted very terrible by the authorities of the time, but which men have since come to call "pious and glorious."

This is the great principle which has been called the *Payment for Results*, as opposed to the previous system of *Payment for Means*. Practically, under the old code, the school was tested and encouraged according to the capabilities of the master; under the present, the rate of aid depends upon the progress of the children. But nothing can be more amusing than the storm of indignation which has been called forth by this very innocent form of words—"Payment for results." The *Times* has been constantly accused of having coined it—a crime of which it is as innocent as we are. Mr Lingen† appears to have been the first to use it in a technical sense, in his evidence before the Commission, if that be any especial credit or discredit to him. Mr Lake and Mr Miall (representing two very different schools of opinion amongst the Commissioners) seem to have adopted it as a very convenient phrase, perfectly intelligible to them, and having nothing dangerous about it. But it has given terrible offence since. The *Saturday Review* got quite into what ladies call a "state of mind" about it. It was good enough to tell us, however, that "this jargon veils a definite meaning: it means that the country is bent upon having the three fundamental subjects better taught in its elementary schools." Exactly; that is what it does mean: and if we all understand it to mean that, its being called "jargon" is of very little consequence. The reviewer may use a longer phrase if he thinks proper, as is sometimes the habit of reviewers; but if all parties know what is meant to be expressed, it does not matter if the

* *Letter to Earl Granville*, p. 58. † *Minutes of Evidence*, pp. 39, 43, &c.

vehicle of expression be an algebraic symbol.

It must be remembered that, while the education of working boys in the *day-school* is thus necessarily limited, so far as State aid is concerned, in time and in character, there are new facilities given in the Revised Code for continuing his education in the *night-school* as long as he pleases, still receiving aid towards such instruction. This is what the opponents of the change choose to forget in the most convenient manner, when they talk of "discouraging boys from remaining at school after eleven."* It is to these evening lessons which every sensible witness examined before the Commission looks with the greatest confidence for carrying on the work of which the day-school shall have laid the foundation. In many parishes they are doing good service already; with the encouragement which the new regulations offer, they will soon do much more.

The feature in the New Minute which has naturally called forth the strongest opposition from the schoolmasters is, the absolute annihilation of the money-value of their certificates. Under the old Code, the schoolmaster who had passed his examination at the training college and obtained an appointment to a school, carried with him, as it were, his salary from the Government, £10 to £30, according to his class. This was valued, no doubt, at something beyond its mere pecuniary worth, both as a testimonial of merit and as being independent of the school managers. It could only be forfeited, on the inspector's report, for some gross negligence of duty or moral delinquency; practically, such

a thing did not occur in two cases out of a hundred. But, by the present Minute, the certificate is only a licence to teach, and its *class* has a purely honorary value. But this change, whether defensible or not, is founded on the distinct recommendation of the Commissioners. Let us see what grounds they had for it. They had strong evidence before them, as we have already seen, of a tendency amongst the masters—not always intentional, very probably—to overlook elementary teaching in the desire for something more showy and more attractive. They had the reports of official inspectors, year after year, confirmed by the inquiries of the Assistant-Commissioners, showing that the class of the certificate, so far from being a safe index to the value of the holder as an elementary instructor—and such are the teachers whom the State is to select and pay—might rather in most cases be read backward, and the third-class man, with his lower augmentation grant, be a more really efficient instrument than his "college" superior. Mr Cumin says that "the opinion seemed to be general that first-class masters were more disposed to neglect the ordinary elements, and to devote themselves to the higher branches;" and Mr Coode, speaking of the dearth of good reading in his district, is "compelled to say" that "this neglect is too often in proportion to the higher pretensions of the teacher."† It is useless for Mr Derwent Coleridge, in the face of this independent evidence, to assume that he disposes of the question by the mere assertion that "it is not true that first-class men make inferior

* A phrase which, though used by many opponents of the Code, is incorrect and unfair; the last examination is placed *after* eleven, and the boy receives aid *during* his *twelfth* year. And those children who remain after twelve, as is abundantly proved by the evidence before this Commission, are almost always of a class who ought not to claim *aid* at all.

† See Mr Cook and Mr L. Jones's evidence, i. 152; Mr Brookfield, i. 153; and Mr Jago, iii. 86. There are similar complaints made in the case of mistresses. Mrs White, who speaks from a very long experience, would choose a second-class mistress, or even a *third*, in preference to a first.—*Answers*, p. 449, *Note*.

elementary schoolmasters."* If he means that they need not necessarily be such, or even that he could produce numerous instances to the contrary, he may be very right; but if this is the result in any such proportion as to attract the notice of those whose business it has been to inquire, it shows that the system of classification fails in what ought to be its main purpose. Supposing, in the somewhat parallel case of the Oxford and Cambridge honour lists—which, though not restricted to the scholastic profession, are nevertheless the recognised test of qualification for the masters of our public schools—that the report of a Commission of Inquiry went to show that, in a majority of cases, the schools conducted by graduates of inferior degree showed the soundest elementary scholarship; that the trustees and governors who elect to the head-masterships of such schools had come to prefer, on the whole, the third-class man to the first, the junior optime to the senior wrangler, because they had found that this was the best means to insure sound grammarians and accurate mathematicians;—how long would the present honour system at either university maintain its prestige? A classification which assigned its highest places to men who were distanced as public educators by an inferior grade, would be soon laughed out of the field. To be a first-class man or a gold-medallist would be about as valuable a distinction as to be Poet-Laureate to King Bonny, or Astronomer-Royal at Timbuctoo. As to any notion of *moral* qualifications affecting the class of a master's certificate, Dr Temple says distinctly that, although a very bad character would of course exclude a man altogether, considerations of moral fitness "have no effect upon the degree of the certificate."†

The first great point of failure in the existing system is, then, that those who are educated under it "do not, in fact, receive the kind of edu-

cation they require." The second is, if possible, of more importance to the nation generally. It must never be forgotten, that out of something like 2,500,000 children who ought to be at school, there are at present (of the poorer classes), in round numbers, about 2,200,000 receiving some kind of education, and that of these there are only 920,000 who receive any share of the Government grants; leaving 1,280,000—a considerable majority—of the same class, to struggle with all the disadvantages of unaided private efforts as they may. Even these figures do not express fully the real state of the case. If we take the number of schools, 6397 monopolise the whole grant, of which the remaining 15,932 never touch a penny. The smaller rural parishes—and more especially the remote and neglected districts—have a very small share of it indeed. Of parishes whose population is under 600, there were, two years ago, in Herefordshire, out of 130 schools, only 5; in Devon, out of 245, only 2; in Somersetshire, out of 280, only *one*, which had any help from Government towards the education of its poor children. It is not only that the present system is, as the Commissioners observe, "extremely partial," but its partiality bears in the most unfortunate direction. The weakest goes to the wall. "It does not touch the districts," they say, "which most require assistance." Its motto, says Mr Allies, for the Roman Catholics, is "to him that hath shall be given." Mr Lingen—surely a conclusive witness on such a question—admits, in answer to Sir J. Coleridge, that, "supposing a district to be very poor, but making all reasonable exertions in the way of contributions, and yet unable to come up to the condition required by the Privy Council, such a district would receive no help at all." Dr Temple, of Rugby, another witness, unexceptionable both as to his experience and his sympathies, as

* *Letter to Sir J. Coleridge*, p. 15.

† *Min. of Evid., Report*, vi. 366.

having been an examiner in the Council Office for two years, Principal of the Government College at Kneller Hall for six years more, and subsequently an Inspector of training schools, says, "that he sees no way, under the present system, in which such districts can be touched educationally, except by the Government taking the whole practically on its own shoulders." It is needless to appeal to further evidence of a position acknowledged by the council itself. It may readily be supposed that the sufferers under the operations of such a system express themselves somewhat more strongly than the faculty, who merely regard these anomalies as professional experiments. The Hon. Mr Langdale, a Roman Catholic school manager, declares that the Privy Council regulations "seem to exact the largest local contributions where there are the least resources for raising them." Its terms, says the Rev. Mr Proctor, speaking from his experience as a clergyman in the poor districts of towns, are "useless to promoters of schools in poor places, unless they are prepared to take upon themselves more labour and more pecuniary responsibility than it is reasonable to expect." Several of the educational boards in counties and archdeaconries, where these disabilities were most strongly felt, have at various times memorialised the Government on this subject. It is quite true that, as Dr Temple observes, the term "poor districts" often "means a district in which the proprietors refuse to take any share in the national duty of providing education for the people." We have no objection even to apply to them the term which Sir J. Shuttleworth prefers, both in his evidence and his pamphlet, of "apathetic districts;" but it must be remembered that the apathy is, in the vast majority of cases, the apathy of the landowners, resident or non-resident—sometimes even of the clergy. The poor, for whose education the State is presumed to be interested, are no more "apathetic"

in those districts than in others. It is hard that they are to be twofold sufferers, cursed with illiberal landlords, and thrust out, for that very reason, from all hope of State assistance. "It is a fallacy in saying that the present system helps those who help themselves; the poor cannot help themselves in districts where the rich will not help them." If for these words alone, the Report of these Commissioners would be worth all the money it costs the country. If no Minute had ever been founded on the Report—if no single step had ever been taken towards a remedy—it would still have been something for the unassisted schools to have had that pretence, upon which the rejection of their applications for aid has been continually founded, exploded by such competent authority. But they say more than this. They remark—and they are only giving voice to a very common feeling, they may rest assured—that "the case of the excluded parishes is doubly hard, since they contribute as tax-payers to the fund which they do not share." Managers and masters have talked about these Government grants, and their own claims, and the injustice of any contemplated diminution in their receipts, until we really believe they have become perfectly oblivious of where the money comes from. The deputation to Lord Granville spoke of themselves, the other day, as "those interested in National education." Are they *alone* interested? Are not the supporters of *non-assisted* schools to be heard? Why should poor little John Thomas, born under some Welsh squire, who will not contribute one farthing towards his parish school—John Thomas, who wants to read and write, and will cheerfully pay his weekly twopence for such instruction—or John Thomas's parson, who is ready to help him, by giving his time and such small money-help as his means may afford—have their tea taxed (if but to the minutest fraction that a "first-class" school-master can calculate), in order that

Tom Smith may learn his "suffixes and affixes," and do his mapping under a Government official in a Gothic villa? Is it merely because Tom Smith has the luck to live in a pet parish in a home county, where the school, to use again Mr Assistant-Commissioner Fraser's words, "is a picturesque feature on the outskirts of the park—an expected feature—one which visitors will like to see, and will be sure to ask after—in the village adjacent to the hall; and there, of course, it stands—is tolerably cared for and duly admired"? And then for poor John Thomas and his parson, paying for their own miserable school, taxed for Tom Smith's picturesque building, to have no comfort from Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, but this, that they are "apathetic!" Does any reader think we are putting an imaginary case? Will they take Mr Fraser's word, when he gives us the following illustration, with everything except names and localities?—

"Think of a Peer contributing £35 a-year to the support of a school where his mansion stands, and in the very next parish, from which he is said to derive an income of £4000 a-year, and which has twice the population, limiting his liberality to a subscription of £5—just one-seventh of the amount! Think elsewhere of a proprietor of £1800 a-year subscribing £3 to the school, but (that he may not be out of pocket) receiving back £3, 10s. as rent for the room in which it is held!"—*Report*, ii. 70.

We know, and probably so do our readers, quite enough of rural districts and non-resident proprietors to be in a position to add pretty largely to this class of illustrations of the system, if it were necessary, from our own experience.

Mr Lingen says, indeed, the Government grants "proceed upon fixed rules;" and that such a course, in a department which has to administer a fund of this kind, is "required for its own protection." And this is so perfectly true, that we would not advocate any relaxation of such fixed rules in favour

of parishes so unhappily circumstanced; still less any such subsidising of small parishes by exceptional grants; but any alteration of the principles on which the grants are made which tends to bring such parishes within the operation of the system, is an approach at least to the even-handed justice which is wanting in the present administration. Attempts have been honestly made to meet the difficulty; the capitation grant, in 1853, was one;* it was intended for the benefit of the rural districts especially; but in consequence of the rejection by Parliament of that part of the scheme which would have laid a rate upon the towns, the grant was made general to all schools; and it has so notoriously and confessedly failed in its purpose, that we shall not waste space in discussing it.

Even the regulations of the Privy Council's building grants, well-intentioned as they certainly were, defeated what ought to have been their main object. It was quite right that public money should not be spent upon ill-planned, ill-built, and ill-ventilated buildings. But in very many cases, the Committee of Privy Council, instead of promoting the building of schools, was very successful in preventing it. For some years aid was refused to village schools which had stone floors. No doubt, a wooden floor is a very good thing—if covered with a Turkey carpet, still better; but to insist upon either one or the other for village children who had stood upon earthen floors (when they did not prefer the gutters) all their lives hitherto, and were likely so to stand for another generation, was scarcely a regulation likely to have proceeded from any quarter but a Government office. Yet this piece of red-tapism was very unwillingly given up, as may be gathered from Mr Lingen's evidence. Many a promoter of a school in a remote and neglected district found that

* It was not extended to Scotland.

when he had got his promises of money and his plans for building, his real difficulties were only begun. He had badgered the resident squire into something like liberality, had extracted the business-like dole from the agent of the non-resident, and made himself a nuisance and a weariness to all his personal friends near and distant—but these things were nothing to his fight with the Privy Council. Had the little ragged brats, whom he was trying to reclaim from savagedom, been infant princesses, or wards in Chancery, Her Majesty's Privy Council could not have been more scrupulously anxious as to their proper establishment and accommodation. "My Lords" would inform him, post after post, on the very best foolscap paper, how they required this and disapproved of that; how the very slope of the desks was an object of painful anxiety to their lordships (for fear the pencils should roll off),* and how strongly they would recommend list to all the doors. If he went up to London (an economy in the mere matter of postage) and tried to obtain some relaxation of these important requirements in person, there he had a personal interview with Mr Chester—most pleasant and courteous of secretaries. Let that gentleman describe in his own words how such an applicant fared:—

"We were always very unwilling to admit beforehand that any latitude or any discretion was possible, because our experience led us to see that people would always strive to obtain the minimum. . . . If the parties saw that the requirement of the Committee of Council could be relaxed, they would always make the greatest possible efforts to get it relaxed. In the first instance, therefore, at any rate, we used generally to *hold them very much at arm's length*, until we were perfectly satisfied that their reasons were *bond fide* and sufficient, and then we made a relaxation."

Such stern virtue was not without its reward:—

"I have known many cases in which persons have come to the office, and have remonstrated against our objection to a particular site, which we thought insufficient or objectionable in some point of view, and they have scolded and complained, and said that we were without bowels, and have attributed the greatest possible cruelty to us. Perhaps a week or a fortnight afterwards the same persons will come back and say, 'We are so much obliged to you now for the objections which you made to our site. We are quite satisfied it was a very bad one; we could not get a better one when we saw you, but the day after, the most eligible site in the whole district was offered to us, and now we have got it.' I have known a very large number of cases in which people who have at first objected to our requisitions, have afterwards expressed themselves very grateful for them."—*Minutes of Evidence*, p. 93.

We do not grudge the worthy secretary or his chiefs the satisfaction of a good conscience, which they must have felt when these repentant applicants came back and kissed the Privy Council rod; but it was well for Mr Chester's personal peace of mind—for the Board itself, we suppose, is literally "without bowels"—that he could not enter into the feelings of those who never came back at all, but went their weary way home to their distant parishes, muttering anything but grateful blessings upon "My Lords" and their secretary. If he could only have seen the schools that never were built, as the Irish poet has it! and the wretched attempts at education that went struggling on in those "apathetic" districts, he would have confessed that the rigid and unbending virtue of the State made her a very harsh step-mother to some of her young family.

There is sufficient evidence, too, that even the lower strata of town populations have been as yet but little touched by these educational grants; that help has been given, not only in districts where it was least wanted, but also to classes who had no claim upon it; that the

* See "Memorandum on Organisation," &c. (1853), sect. 19.

farmers, for instance, of North Wales, shopkeepers and tradesmen of Scotland, and the skilled mechanics of Manchester—classes perfectly able to pay for education for themselves—have largely availed themselves of the cheap school, which should have been filled, in the one case by the children of the agricultural labourer, and in the other by the *gamins* of the poor streets. But this has arisen, not so much from any defect in the Privy Council management, as from the utter want—confessed and lamented everywhere—of respectable and efficient middle-class schools on the one hand, and the difficulty, on the other, of enticing a demoralised and often vicious population into schools of any kind.

Again, a lavish expenditure in many cases has been as much a characteristic of these building grants, as a stern refusal of them in others. One would like to know all the history of such an unreasonable award as £9248 to the one parish of St Thomas Charter-house; a poor and over-crowded district, unquestionably; not inaptly distinguished by its zealous incumbent, as “*Costermongria*,” yet it was hard to rob so many rural Peters to pay any town apostle at this rate. The Board always had architectural tastes, too, and encouraged them in others; in Wales, especially, there are buildings in which public money has been largely invested, which strike the traveller, not so much with admiration, as with an uncomfortable feeling of their total incongruity with everything around them. Mr Jenkins, the Assistant-Commissioner for the Welsh district, speaks strongly upon the tendency of the Government requirements, either to produce buildings at a wasteful cost, or, quite as often, to lead the promoters to relinquish all idea of Government aid. And what has been the consequence in many instances, not only in Wales, but even in Herefordshire? That which is the necessary consequence of all over-building, whether by

public bodies or individuals: “handsome and spacious buildings standing idle and unused,” says Mr Fraser, “from lack of funds;” or, as many can testify as well as ourselves, from personal observation, a magnificent-looking school-room not half filled; and of the children instructed there, more than half belonging to a class for which State aid never was intended. “Utility,” says Dr Hodgson, “is sacrificed to architectural design, and especially as regards high-pitched roofs and latticed windows.” At Clapham he found a grant of £900 made towards the building of a school, in which the boys’ room was “large and lofty enough for a small cathedral,” by which “the sound was so much affected, that it was found necessary to suspend clothes from the roof to break the echo.” To this extreme taste for single lofty rooms, and to another great hobby of the Council—“parallel desks”—more than one of the Commissioners are inclined to attribute no small share of the blame for indifferent reading and writing.

Another unpleasant feature of the present system is the growing tendency to dissatisfaction amongst certificated masters. It would be unfair to a body of, on the whole, useful and deserving men, to say that this feeling exists among the majority. No doubt the Commissioners speak in truth as well as in charity, when they declare that the charges of conceit and discontent are generally “not well founded,” though they admit “a certain degree of dissatisfaction.” Of this they had unquestionable evidence. Of the Assistant-Commissioners, Mr Foster thought the class “generally dissatisfied.” Mr Wilkinson “had abundant complaints made” to him of “the hardships under which the profession laboured;” but “the united testimony failed to convince him” of their existence. Mr Fraser “did not himself observe any tendency to dissatisfaction,” but “was told by several persons” that it existed. Mr Hedley, also, “had little op-

portunity of learning whether certificated teachers, as a body, were dissatisfied;" but met with one who had left the profession to be a clerk in a post-office, who assured him that many were so; "his position as a person of education was not recognised as he thought it should have been." So, Mr Watkins, an inspector of long experience, thinks that they are "not content with their social position; that they are educated men, and that they are not received by the world at large as gentlemen." Now, let us stop for a moment to examine what these men's position really is. They are the sons of parents either of the labouring or lower middle-class, almost universally. No doubt it is their own industry and ability, in great measure, which has won for them an opportunity of improving their position. They find themselves in possession of an income averaging £97 per annum. In Lancashire, where wages are high and education better valued, the average reaches £120 or £130.* In the Wesleyan schools, the *minimum* in most districts is £100. In fact, the Wesleyans have already begun to complain that they are "better paid than their ministers." They occupy a station of unquestionable respectability, and their superior education wins for them, from all classes, a large degree of consideration. It certainly is not easy, at first sight, to make out the peculiar hardship of their case.

But nothing is fairer than to hear men speak for themselves. Listen to Mr John Snell, whom the Commission examined at some length, and whom they have thought worthy of a distinct quotation in their Report. He is the master of "one of the best schools" that Mr Fraser met with in Somersetshire, and complained to him that "the best masters were dissatisfied, both with their remuneration and their social position." Mr Fraser thought that Mr Snell "himself did not share

this feeling." Let this witness speak for himself; he will not be sorry, we feel sure, to see himself once more reflected in our humble pages:—

"Trained teachers do not dislike their work; there is no reason why they should; it is honourable, intellectual, and benevolent; but society has not yet learned how to value them. This they feel with all the sensitiveness that belongs to educated and professional men. The man who studies human laws, he who understands the human frame and the healing art, the artist who can produce a picture, each has a recognised position, and is esteemed; but the man who labours for the elevation of his fellow, who deals with the human intellect, who is intrusted to cut and polish the most precious jewel in creation, is a mere social nonentity. The lawyer is ignorant of his existence, for he is without means; the parson takes the same notice of him as he does of the parish beadle; and the doctor only knows him as he knows all other poor souls, or rather 'poor bodies.' The Government, by assisting us to larger incomes and to better educations, have done very much to elevate our position, and we are thankful (?); still, we conceive ourselves not holding that place in public estimation we may justly expect to hold."—*Report*, i. 159.

It is well that all parties should understand each other on this question. Far be it from us to degrade the schoolmaster. We agree with Mr Snell so far as this, that much has been done of late years, and rightly done, to raise him. But if Mr Snell means to assert that the men whom the State wants, and whom the State is to pay, for "cutting and polishing" the little boys and girls of the labouring classes, are those who claim a social equality with surgeons and lawyers, he very much mistakes the feeling of the country. But there is a passage in Mr Snell's evidence which the Commissioners have not quoted, but which appears to us of even more significance. He wishes to be more distinctly the servant of the State, and "less dependent upon local employers." He says—

"The Committee of Council might fairly claim to be made acquainted with the reasons why teachers and managers separate. . . . If it were known that there is a power above that cares for him, he would no longer be snubbed by the little shopkeeper who subscribes half-a-crown annually to the school, or expected to walk in through the back-door of his wealthier patron, like the servants."—*Answers, Report*, v. 393.

It may be unfair to suppose that Mr Snell represents the feelings of the profession. But it must be remembered that he is really, as the Commissioners admit, a very "intelligent witness"—a man of considerable ability and attainments, and no doubt influential amongst his brother teachers. We are scarcely justified in supposing that he came forward to express sentiments which he knew they would generally repudiate. He must stand as in some sense a representative man. There is a lecture delivered by a Mr Jones, at a meeting of the "Schoolmasters' Association," and published under the auspices of that body, which breathes very much the same spirit; and we have a pamphlet lying before us,* written by "one of practical experience"—we presume a schoolmaster—in which, amongst some other intemperate remarks, it is suggested that each certificated master might fairly write after his name the letters B. P. C. D.—"Badly Paid Common Drudge." We have a Mr Addley stating that "their dissatisfaction arises from their imagining that they are fitted to take a higher position in society because of their education, which is *often superior to that of the clergyman*." We do not know who Mr Addley is, or whether this last opinion is his own, or merely quoted as that of his informants, but it is the narrow view which may be expected from some kinds of training. The schoolmaster brings to his work, no doubt, in some cases, more knowledge of cube roots, or of some details of physical geography, than the

clergyman; and this, among the half-educated, passes for a "superior" education. "The more we succeed," said an inspector, speaking of the system to Mr Allies,† "the more we fail." "The first-rate teacher compares himself with the clergyman, and, flattered somewhat by his self-love, it is not difficult for him to conceive that, in intellect and knowledge, he is more than a match for one so much above him in social position." He goes on at greater length than we have space to quote, to show the tendency of the present examinations to foster this delusion.

The effect of the present system of training is not less dangerous, as may be readily imagined, in the case of the weaker vessels—the mistresses. There is, indeed, a very proper degree of unwillingness, on the part both of Mr Lingen and other witnesses, to admit the complaints which Mr Senior, as a member of a Royal Commission which is above gallantry, insists upon it that he hears made—"that they know a good deal which they have not to teach, and are ignorant of a good deal which they ought to teach." Mr Baber (who is the ladies' training-master at Whitelands), confesses that they "spend a good deal of money very foolishly, particularly in dress;" but that is a little weakness which no one will for a moment think of imputing exclusively to any system of training. Pressed by Mr Lake as to any point in which "young schoolmistresses are most commonly found to fail," he replies that he "should be puzzled to select a point." A remarkable case which Mr Lake proceeds to quote, he thinks must be a "very rare one indeed." We trust it may be; but certainly, from our own limited experience, we can quite understand Mrs White (whose preference of second and third-class teachers was noticed above), having found a first-class young lady giving her pupils a

* *Remarks on Popular Education.* By "One of Practical Experience." (P. 26.)

† *Answers, Report*, v. 33.

lesson in Euclid, without herself understanding the meaning of an angle, and being quite unable to convince her that such teaching was useless.*

There is one very important point—almost the only one which is not of detail rather than of principle—in which the Revised Code differs from the recommendations of the Commissioners. They did “not recommend any reduction in the aid at present given to the training colleges in various forms.” This New Code, on the other hand, both in withdrawing certain grants of £100 per annum to “Lecturers in History, English Literature, Geography, Physical Science, and Applied Mathematics”—in reducing the number of Queen’s scholars—and in certain alterations in the system of pupil-teachers—will unquestionably have the effect of diminishing considerably the aid given by the State to these institutions. Sir J. Shuttleworth is indignant at such a “deliberate intention to degrade the curriculum of study.” He has a right to be heard with the utmost respect, for no man has been a more earnest worker in the field of education: but really, when the public know that these colleges cost the State £122,000 a-year, four-fifths of their expenditure—when they remember that the hopes of Sir J. Shuttleworth himself, their earliest founder, “that the teachers might be taught to look upon popular education in a missionary spirit, and be trained to a life of humility and self-denial, have been disappointed; that the precautions against personal ambition, which he tried to establish in the shape of extreme plainness of diet and hard manual labour, have been given up;”†—when they learn that the syllabus of these colleges originally provided for a course of *three* years, but that “the third year was omitted, as it was found that the

students of the third year were not the most vigorous, but the feeblest of its members;”‡—when Mr Robinson, himself the principal of one of these colleges, admits that he thinks the present system of instruction “operates unfavourably on the teaching in elementary schools;”§—and Mr Cundill, who formerly held a similar office, considers that “superficial acquirements sometimes take the place of those of a more practical and elementary character”||—and when to this is added Dr Temple’s plain warning, that the danger of “training teachers in a separate institution is that they get too exalted a notion of their position and what they have to do, and they gradually acquire a wrong belief that the work of a schoolmaster is the one great work of the day, and that they are the men to do it,”—when these opinions, drawn from no hostile witnesses, come to be compared with the independent testimony which has just been quoted as to the actual results of the training in some instances, the public will at least be willing to pause before they condemn even this feature of the New Code as a deliberate intention “to give the poor a worse education.” If it were a question of private feeling, and not of weighty public interest, we could readily sympathise with Mr Coleridge when he contemplates working on at St Mark’s with a less efficient staff and a lower curriculum of study; but it is impossible not to hope that even in this case the “lowering the standard of instruction,” which he regards with such natural dislike, may prove to be merely “stooping to conquer.”

That there are points of detail in the New Code to which fair objection may be taken, and has been taken, makes no difference with regard to its leading principles. The sudden alteration in the posi-

* *Answers, Report*, v. p. 450.

† We quote the words of the *Report* (i. 162). The evidence will be found in the *Minutes* of 1841-42, p. 200-207.

‡ *Report*, i. 119.

§ Paper on Training Colleges, *Report*, v. 405.

|| *Answers, Report*, v. 132, 15.

tion of masters now holding Government certificates, by the loss of their augmentation grants, is a case of hardship which we hope will meet with some consideration. Though the Commissioners may be quite right in denying that the nature of those grants give their holders any "moral right" to their continuance, there can be no question of the impression existing in the holders' mind; and we should be sorry to see so desirable a reform, as we believe the present Minute to be, based upon even a constructive injustice. But the schoolmasters and their friends may rest assured that they will not improve their case by the style of reclamation which some of them have adopted. When Mr Bromby, on their behalf, calls the Revised Code "one great libel upon, not only teachers and managers, but the whole body of school inspectors," or when the Free Church teachers of Scotland talk about "foul wrong and injustice," "a desire to keep down the education of the people," to prevent them from obtaining "State appointments," and "a gigantic scheme for establishing and perpetuating caste in one of its most odious forms,"* they only show how unfortunately the "breeches-pocket" question affects the judgment and the temper of men who, upon all indifferent subjects, are probably as sensible and civil-spoken as their neighbours. So again, as to the religious question,—which we purposely leave untouched, inasmuch as all moderate men seem agreed that it is not really affected by this New Code at all,—the public will not attach much weight to such remarks as those of the Bishop of Carlisle in his charge, when he suggests that "it has been resolved, at all hazards, to subvert the educational apparatus which worked so powerfully in favour of the National Church;" or of Archdeacon Denison at Cambridge,

"that it is an insidious attempt to get rid of religious instruction." Imputations of motives are not arguments; they are merely indications of a determination not to meet the real question at all. Some modification of its terms in favour of the younger class of children; some addition to the grant in the case of boys' schools, proportioned to the higher salary of masters compared with mistresses; above all, some further relaxation of the conditions of obtaining a certificate, so as to meet the wants and the resources of the rural schools,—may all be fairly asked, and will no doubt be obtained. But at present it seems almost impossible to separate the real blots in the Code from the mere personal grievances. The present system has created, as Mr Cole-ridge says, such "an immense complexus of interests," that to obtain a fair discussion of the real question has as yet seemed hopeless. Yet it is a question which must not be decided with any reference to private interests, however importunate, or private feelings, however enthusiastic and praiseworthy. Lord Granville was perfectly right when he remarked that some of the first deputation who had waited upon him made out "a case, unfortunately, almost too strong for themselves." When a school manager gets up at a public meeting, as at Northampton, and complains that his school, now receiving £40 from Government, will, under the New Code, only receive about £7—when another writes to a Church newspaper† and announces that, out of sixty-four children in attendance, in a school pronounced by Her Majesty's Inspector to be in a "very fair" state of efficiency, the result of an experimental examination on the new principle was that he would receive £5, when the production of five children only whose attendance was regular and progress moderate—

* *The Revised Code; being Resolutions agreed to at the Meeting of the Free Church Teachers' Association, &c., pp. 20, 23.*

† *Guardian*, Oct. 16.

ly good, would entitle him to that sum,—it is quite clear that these gentlemen have furnished us with at least two cases of a gross waste of Government money; and that, however painful such a result might be to honest and hard-working parish priests, the New Code will work well if it reduces such schools to the rank of dame-schools, or closes them entirely, until better attendance, or better teaching, or both, can be secured. The measure is not perfect; but it is an honest attempt in the right direction—the more honest, in that it confesses a failure in the past. It would be better even to accept it with all its faults than to go back to a system of which a Royal Commission has declared “that the whole scheme of education was settled, that the school-books were prepared, and, above all, that the teachers were trained, upon suppositions as to the age of the pupils, and the opportunities which would be afforded for in-

structing them, which the facts have not sustained.”*

Least of all should this be looked upon as a political or party question. We trust that Parliament will be prepared to meet, with as bold a front as they may, the ominous “reminder,” that “a goodly portion of the 9000 certificated teachers are possessed of the elective franchise.”† For ourselves, we are content to accept the principle of the Minute as a symptom of “Conservative Reaction” in the Privy Council itself. “*Stare super antiquas vias*” might have been its motto. The chiefs of the Conservative party who have been the staunchest friends of public education—Sir John Pakington, Lord Stanley, Mr Adderley, and many others—have carefully abstained from anything like a condemnation of its principles, and have declared their intention of waiting, as we hope the country will, until they shall have been fairly explained and discussed in Parliament.

CANADA—OUR FROZEN FRONTIER.

THE probability of a war with the Northern States of America makes us anxious to inquire what the condition of our colonies in that quarter of the globe is at present, and what assistance they may expect to receive from the mother country during the winter months.

Having passed a portion of last autumn in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and Canada, we may perhaps be able to throw some light upon a subject which just now is one of great national interest.

Early in September, a conversation took place in our hearing on board one of those excellent steamers which ply between the rapids of St Anns—the scene of Moore’s “Canadian Boat-song”—and the town of Ottawa, the new seat of

Government for the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada.

The party consisted of a distinguished officer in the English army on full pay; a merchant, resident at St John, New Brunswick; an Englishman well “posted” in public affairs at home; and a member of one of the Colonial Legislatures.

These gentlemen we will for brevity call respectively — “Miles,” “Mercator,” “Civis,” and “Senator.”

They were all proceeding to Ottawa,—Miles to make a report on certain Government works; Mercator to see his partner, who was engaged in the lumber-trade; Civis for curiosity, information, and fishing; Senator for the purpose of conferring with a contractor respect-

* *Report*, i. 260.

† *Resolutions*, &c., p. 23.

ing the extension of railways in his own province.

A brandy cocktail, after a substantial and well-cooked dinner, had made them all just sufficiently communicative and tolerant to be both pleasant talkers and good listeners.

CIVIS.—“How beautiful this river is! When one looks at the gorgeous foliage on the banks, the settler dropping calmly but quickly down the stream in his canoe, and feels the soft, warm, clear air, one can hardly realise the fact that before three months are passed the broad rapid stream will be completely frozen over, the branches of the trees borne down with snow, and the inhabitants along the banks almost entirely without occupation.”

MERCATOR.—“Yes; the lumbering is nearly over for this year now, and very few rafts will start from Ottawa after the first week in September.”

CIVIS.—“When do the steamers discontinue running?”

MERCATOR.—“They knock off about the 20th of November, I am sorry to say, as I have shares in the company; and grumble extremely at our property being idle for full four months every year.”

SENATOR.—“You will have more reason, I fear, to complain of your profits in the timber-trade falling off this year than your dividend in the steamboat company.”

MERCATOR.—“Yes; but our profits are pretty good most years, and we can afford to have a bad one in that trade now and then.”

CIVIS.—“Have the troubles in the States affected the timber-trade of Canada much?”

MERCATOR.—“Yes, sir, enormously; and that is one of those things which you people in England forget when you tell us that we must take care of ourselves in matters of military defence. Peace with the States is essential for the prosperity of almost all trades in Canada, but especially the timber-trade. Anything that affects the quiet of the United States acts immediately upon our business, for I

can show by books of our own that we export as much to the United States every year as to Europe.”

CIVIS.—“And what has been the falling off this year?”

MERCATOR.—“With the United States we have done nothing; trade there has been so paralysed, and prices have been so low, that we could not deal with them, except at a loss, and have therefore preferred to keep our stock on hand.”

MILES.—“How unfair, then, it is for England to suppose that Canada can defend herself in case of war between Great Britain and America. Her whole frontier must bear the brunt of the battle whenever it comes; and, owing to her proximity to the foe, she must suffer in a far greater proportion than the mother country.”

CIVIS.—“Suppose a war were to take place between the two nations upon a subject which did not directly affect the interests of Canada, what view do you think the Canadians would be likely to take of it?”

MERCATOR.—“I not only think, but know, that both provinces are as loyal as the county of Middlesex. We are proud of our connection with the old country. We send our children there to be educated when we can; we speak of it as ‘home;’ we cling to monarchical principles. When the Prince of Wales was here, he was received throughout the whole territory with an enthusiasm impossible to describe or overrate, in spite of occasional maladroitness and consequent arrangements devoid of tact and good judgment. In the Upper Province of Canada there are many subjects upon which men differ, and concerning which there are continually angry disputes in the Legislature. In the Lower, the land-tenure question being now settled, there can scarcely be said to be one matter of public importance upon which the public mind is at all agitated. Between the provinces the question of representation, of course, is one that divides parties, fills the newspapers with angry

arguments, and keeps up that unhappy feeling which their union was intended to obliterate, and which, in a great measure, it has allayed. But the people of both provinces believe that they have a better form of government than that which any foreign prince or president can offer them."

CIVIS.—"You hardly answer my question. If England was obliged to embark in a war with the United States, for the cause of which the colonies could in no way be held responsible, and the *casus belli* one that they were never asked their opinion upon, and were totally indifferent to, do you not think that the feelings of the Legislature would be to throw off a connection which made them obnoxious to their friends, without giving them the means of protecting themselves from their enemies?"

MERCATOR.—"You almost suppose an impossibility. America is not likely to go to war for any cause arising out of European disputes. But if she were to quarrel with you upon a question which affected England's honour, no matter how great our stake would be, or how little we had to do with the origin of the quarrel, we should prepare to defend our border with as much determination as if it were a question in which Canada alone was consulted and concerned."

SENATOR.—"I am not so sure about that. I believe the whole of the North American colonies would, if possible, on such an occasion, act as Mercator has described; but, in case of a sudden invasion in the winter season by a large army, they would very likely be driven to surrender, and would be obliged to make the best bargain they could for themselves."

MILES.—"I don't fear that any disaster of that kind could happen, even with the limited number of troops which we now have on the continent. We could, even with these, defend some of the strong places and positions, while our militia would in a few weeks be

quite as numerous and well drilled as any soldiers that they would be likely to meet."

SENATOR.—"The loyalty of the people was sufficiently shown during the Crimean war, by their contributions to the Patriotic Fund, and during the Indian mutiny, by the raising of the 100th regiment; and I believe nothing short of insult from the mother country will eradicate the feeling of devotion to England and England's honour, that universally pervades all classes in our colonies. At the same time, I hold it to be the plain duty of England, under existing circumstances, to keep many more troops on this continent than she has hitherto done. Look at the frontier we have to defend. From Detroit to the River St John is more than nine hundred miles, and thence to the Bay of Fundy is more than three hundred."

CIVIS.—"You don't propose that this should all be placed in a state of defence?"

SENATOR.—"Certainly not; such a thing would be impossible, of course; but I mention it to show our vulnerability. If a trouble were to arise suddenly, we could only do as Lord Seaton did in 1837—concentrate our forces, form magazines, and organise our militia."

CIVIS.—"For my own part, I do not see that much ultimate harm would ensue if a lodgment were made in Canada during the winter months by a force from the United States. It would be impossible for them to penetrate far into the interior. The absence of roads, the nature of the country, and the severity of the climate, would prevent them from making any way."

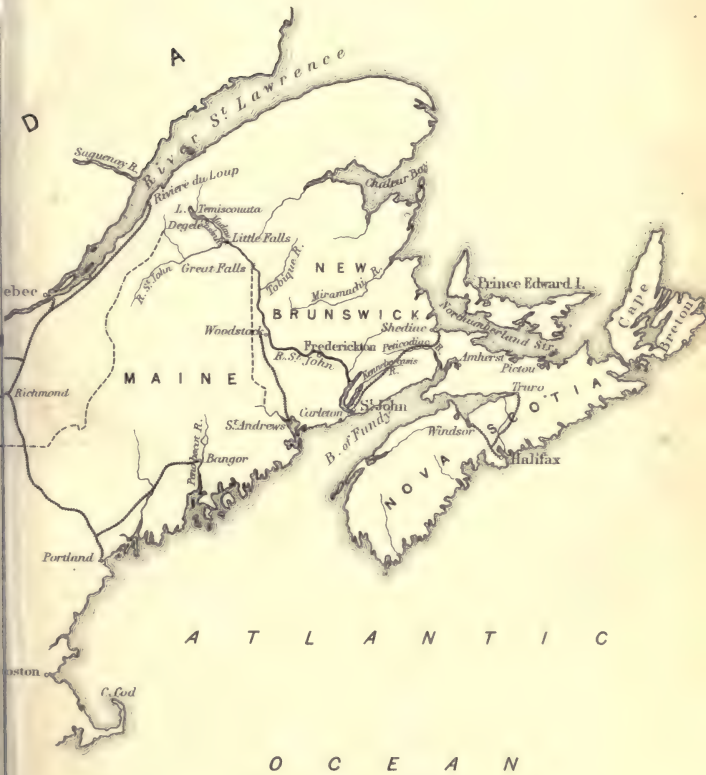
SENATOR.—"I hope that is not the opinion of English statesmen at home. It is true that the loyalty of the inhabitants of Canada would render it almost impossible for the hostile army to penetrate far; but the efforts made by the inhabitants, which alone would prevent a successful invasion, would be founded upon the conviction that they might



A



Frontier





expect succour from England before long, and that England is ready to protect our interests, and indeed to defend her own honour, which would be for ever sacrificed if she were to regard with coldness an attack upon our soil."

CIVIS.—"You mistake me. I mean that the invasion of Canada would not be attended with ultimate success. We could, when the St Lawrence opens, crowd the lakes with gunboats, cut off the enemy's basis of operations, and capture the whole of their invading force."

SENATOR.—"But see what destruction would be effected in the mean time! Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, totally undefended, would very probably fall. Batteries might be erected, which would render their recapture difficult and expensive. Besides, if England does not think that it is of vital importance that our towns should be saved from pillage, the sooner we know it the better, in order that we may be able to take measures in time to save ourselves from such a calamity."

CIVIS.—"If anything like the destruction of defenceless towns were to take place, we could have the most ample revenge by attacking and destroying the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and many others along the coast."

SENATOR.—"An operation which would be nearly as injurious to your own merchants and countrymen as to the Yankees, putting humane notions aside."

MILES.—"As we are at present, in case of an unexpected attack, the only thing to be done would be to seize a few strong positions, and hold them with the regular army, and leave the militia to account for the enemy when they crossed at other places; but the rapid manner in which the Americans have developed their railway system has altered the whole state of things in respect to the defence of Canada since 1837. Besides, that was only a rebellion, and danger was not actually felt beyond our own fron-

tier. But supposing that we were at war with the States, they would threaten by railway our New Brunswick frontier, from Bangor in the State of Maine. At Richmond they could, by sending troops from Portland, intercept our railway between Montreal and Quebec, and from this point to Detroit, in the extreme west, they would have lines along every inch of their border, communicating with the great seats of industry and population—Boston, Lowell, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati—and the Atlantic coast."

CIVIS.—"We could send you reinforcements from England in a month."

MILES.—"Suppose the difficulty were to take place in the winter. The St Lawrence is practically closed by Christmas, and it would be madness to attempt to land troops on the lower part of the river, even if ships could get into the centre of the stream. The snowstorms in the beginning of December are fearful—perfectly blinding, and the navigation most dangerous."

MERCATOR.—"There can be no better proof of that statement, than that after the middle of November owners find it extremely difficult to effect insurances on the strongest ships."

MILES.—"No wonder. The channel is narrow and tortuous. The masses of ice floating about the river are sufficient to break the strongest paddle-wheels to pieces, and to damage the most powerful screw. The ropes of the ships become coated and stiff with ice, which prevents their running through the blocks. The 'bordage,' consisting of rough masses of frozen water, shifting, rushing, and grinding with the action of the tide and wind, and varying from a mile to two in width, would render the landing of troops a most perilous undertaking. No common sailors could be of the least use in overcoming the difficulties, or in managing the ice-boats necessary for a disembarkation. And I should

be very sorry to intrust any number of men to the charge of the most experienced 'voyageurs,' wonderful as their daring and skill is in getting through this inhospitable stuff. A very short time ago, the 1st regiment was wrecked at the mouth of the St Lawrence. The men were all saved; and as the winter had not set in, a steamer was sent down from Quebec, which took them off. Had it been later in the year, it is impossible to say what the consequences would have been, for there was no road to escape by, and no ship could have come near them. Then again, if we were to look for help from Halifax or St John, I believe the road from Fredericton to Riviere du Loup, the point where the Grand Trunk Railway terminates, is narrow and bad, and would offer many difficulties to an army in the winter."

SENATOR. — "From the Lake Temiscouata to the St Lawrence it is new, and, I have heard, good; at any rate it ought to be an excellent one, for it has cost the province a very large sum of money."

MILES. — "Is it macadamised?"

CIVIS. — "Oh dear, no! It is a common clay road, with ruts in places two feet deep, many of which are capacious enough to inter a file of grenadiers."

"The country is covered by dense forests, only thinly populated, and buried in ice and snow for at least four months in the year."

MERCATOR. — "In peace we have a ready access to Canada through Portland, in the State of Maine, over a railway to Quebec, which is leased to the Grand Trunk Railway Company, and worked by them. This of course would be closed to us in war, and we should therefore be confined during the winter to one route—namely, that through New Brunswick, which Civis seems to have lately seen."

CIVIS. — "I shall not forget it in a hurry. About a fortnight ago I passed over it all with a friend, in travelling from St John to Quebec."

MILES. — "Then, as we are speaking of the defences of Canada, will you give a description of your journey, for there is nothing so important connected with that subject as the means of transport through New Brunswick?"

CIVIS. — "We left St John one morning about the end of August, in one of the steamers which ply daily during the summer and autumn between there and Fredericton, the town which, for some good cause, I have no doubt, is the seat of government rather than St John, the commercial capital of the province, and the most flourishing place between Quebec and the 'hungry' Galway. The passengers on board the steamer gave one a fair notion of what the travelling population is. One or two settlers, intelligent and hardy Scotchmen, returning to their farms after making arrangements at St John with merchants there, about sending down their corn for exportation; lumberers returning to their clearings; a few timber-merchants running up to get a peep at their various saw-mills and depots along the river; and three or four copper-coloured parties, attired like dilapidated inhabitants of Monmouth Street, whose long, black, straight-matted hair, dark, narrow, long eyes, high cheek-bones, flattish nose, wide mouth, bad teeth, and Tartar-like expression, made our first impression of the 'red man' anything but romantic. A few of them are here generally seen in every steamer, lying lazily on the cargo near the engine, or crowded with their squaws and children in some snug corner of the vessel."

"They are dreadfully poor and indolent, and defy the exertions of all settlers to make them work. Nothing will induce them either to dig the ground or hew the timber, and they seem perfectly incapable of learning any trade which might keep them in competence. They live in wretched villages of wooden huts, and support life by hunting and fishing, while the women make

baskets, as well as that bark-work, ornamented with flowers in mouse hair, so familiar to us at home. At the same time, no one can build a canoe like an Indian. His work in that line contrasts as favourably with that of the Anglo-Saxon as one of Barker's broughams does with a hackney cab; and no foreigner can call a moose, track a bear, or spear a salmon in comparison to him. They are perfectly harmless; and although living completely apart from Europeans, freely mix with them in the towns, solicit their alms, sell them game, and accompany Englishmen as guides in all sporting expeditions.

"For the first ten miles after leaving St John, the river spreads out into a series of lakes, each of which varies in breadth from two to four miles. Hills of considerable height, clothed with pine and oak from the top to the water's edge, fall precipitously to the shore; and rocky cliffs occasionally jut out into the stream, which in many places is so deep that the steamers can run up close to the trees that hang along the banks. Where the Kennebecasis joins the St John, the traveller may think that he has arrived at some great inland lake; for, in looking into its broad mouth, the watery horizon is only slightly varied by the mirage floating under the clear sky.

"The stoppages at regular stations along the St John are not frequent, but many boats push from shore to take off and bring back passengers. This does not in each case occupy more than two minutes. The vessel is eased, a rope thrown to the boat, which a man seizes with consummate skill, and away goes the steamer again at full speed, towing the boat along until the process of disembarkation is effected.

"Those who have seen the Danube at Orsova, can form from that a good notion of the St John river, thirty miles away from its mouth, except that the colour of the former is brown, and that of the latter clear and blue: but the high wooded

banks, the great width, and the bold cliffs, are very much alike in both. As we approached Fredericton, the banks became tamer, the clearings very frequent, and the appearance of the soil extremely rich. Meadows, on which were feeding large quantities of sheep and cattle, were situated near the river, behind which rose hills covered with wood, putting one in mind of the Clifden valleys around Maidenhead.

"The distance from St John to the capital is about seventy miles, and is performed by the steamers in eight hours against the tide, which runs up nearly the whole way. Great numbers of sailing vessels are met, loaded many feet above the deck with planks sawn at the various mills which lie along the river. But the rafts are much larger than those we have seen on the Ottawa, some extending over six or seven acres. They are very unmanageable, and where there are shoals and islands, often offer serious impediments to the course of the steamers."

MILES.—"Is there any road between Fredericton and St John upon which artillery can travel?"

CIVIS.—"Yes. On the left bank of the river, from Carleton there is a very good one, over which the transport of troops would be quite practicable.

"The town of Fredericton may be said to consist of one long street lying along the river. The houses are generally built of wood, and are of a very poor character. A few pretty villas are situated on the wings of the town, which have a comfortable appearance, and command a fine view of the broad stream in front. The only public conveyance north of this point is the Woodstock 'stage,' a sort of George II. coach, very heavy, rough, and uncomfortable. We have, however, pleasant recollections of the seat behind the coachman, as we there made the acquaintance of the first down-eastern 'cousin' we had the honour of meeting. After answering the common-form questions of the Yankee catechism, re-

specting our country, business, and destination, our friend said, with that curt sharp coolness of his countrymen—'Well, as you come from England, s'pose you know Taylor of Sheffield?' We thought for a moment, and were obliged to express our regret that we had not the advantage of Mr Taylor's acquaintance. 'Strange, that,' replied he; 'thought he was well known. Smart man, Taylor, and prompt in business matters. He travels for Smith and Company. One of you very much resembles him.' 'Indeed,' said we, 'we know a great many Taylors, but we fear we can't boast the acquaintance of Messrs Smith's Taylor.'

The road lies along the banks of the St John the whole way to Woodstock, a distance of sixty-five miles. The scenery resembles Saxon Switzerland—luxuriant meadows near the banks, and rich land in all directions; the clearings numerous, and the country thickly populated. About seven miles from Fredericton the Madamkeswick joins the St John, forming one of the most lovely views on the continent of America. The Yankee remarks—'I guess the Moose river in the State of Maine whips it?' 'No, sir,' replied the driver, a loyal New Brunswicker; 'all your folks that comes on my coach swears this is the prettiest spot in the whole airthe.' Nothing can be much worse than the road, but our vehicle was well horsed and went down the most precipitous dips and over the loose wooden bridges at a pace which tried our nerves to the utmost. These bridges consist of rough wooden buttresses, on which are placed strong timber logs laid longitudinally and covered over with transverse planks, which generally have nothing to keep them in their position but their own weight; and as we passed over the mountain-streams the boiling torrent was frequently seen through the larger crevices, which any other wheels in the world, we believe, would have fallen into.

"The great drawback to travelling in New Brunswick is the bad food which one is obliged to eat; and about half-way to Woodstock, where the coach dines, we were obliged to ill-treat our hearty appetites with salt pork, greasy trout, bad butter, and execrable tea. On arriving at our destination, we found, however, a comfortable little inn, kept by a Mr English, which is the only place between Fredericton and the St Lawrence where anything approaching to a civilised repast can be obtained. The next day's journey was to Grand Falls, a distance of seventy-five miles, which we were obliged to perform in a waggon kindly provided for us by Major Tupper, who has the contract for the mails to Rivière du Loup. As far as Tobique, a small village close to the St John river, the scenery was very much the same as that of the previous day, but the road a good deal rougher, so that it was impossible to travel more than about five miles an hour. After passing Tobique the clearings get less frequent and the forests more dense. The road leaves the river and passes over a ridge of hills covered with pine, hemlock, maple, ash, and oak. Below the town of Grand Falls the St John, about one hundred yards wide, throws itself over a rugged and irregular bed of rock quite seventy feet high, and rushes down a deep-wooded and very picturesque gorge—taking three or four more leaps in the space of about two miles. Here we found ourselves close to the frontier of the State of Maine, and were not surprised to be told that a considerable immigration had taken place into New Brunswick since the beginning of the war. The people, apprehending a large amount of taxation, have preferred to immigrate to British soil, although the advantages, in respect to the purchase of land, are not so great here as in the States. The next day a drive of twenty-six miles brought us to Little Falls, a small town at the junction of the rivers Madawaska and St John,

where we bade a final adieu to the latter, after adhering with great fidelity to its course for more than two hundred and forty miles."

MILES.—"How far is this from the frontier?"

CIVIS.—"I will answer your question better by saying that at Woodstock we were about fifteen miles from the boundary line, but near Tobique it strikes the St John, which continues to be the frontier for sixty miles beyond Little Falls."

MILES.—"So that between Tobique and Little Falls the road is close to the frontier?"

CIVIS.—"Exactly; it then follows the river to the foot of the Lake Temiscouata, where we stopped for the night at a house outside the hamlet of Degil . About halfway between Little Falls and Degil  we passed a long straight cutting in the forest, which we found to be the boundary between New Brunswick and Canada. The next morning we embarked on the lake, in a fine canoe, propelled by two men using alternately paddles and poles, as they considered best. Where the river Madawaska leaves the lake we passed a place which never freezes even in the coldest weather. Six or seven feet of ice may be all around, but at this spot there is always flowing water. We could not hear that there were any hot springs, but there can be no doubt that the coldest winter has little effect upon the temperature of this part of the lake. The wind was considerable, and it was remarkable to see the light and easy way in which our 'Indian bark' glided over the waves, not forcing or dashing herself through them like our boats, but slipping politely and quietly over the crest of each, insinuating herself gracefully into their captivated affections. Lake Temiscouata reminded us of Loch Lomond—the hills densely and universally wooded from top to bottom, and their foliage tinged with every variety of gorgeous colour—

'Umbrageous hills, sweet glades, and forests fair.'

But silence reigned over the whole scene. No house, no smoking cottage, no boat, nor picturesque peasant; all is lonely and deserted, but at the same time bright and luxuriant. If there were on its pleasant hills a few inhabitants like those at home, Temiscouata would, I fear, make some of our Scotch lakes hide their diminished heads, and even render it advisable that Killarney should avoid watering her colours quite as much as she does if she wishes to retain her rank amongst the sweet waters of the globe. At the head of the lake we found a waggon which had been sent to meet us from Riv re du Loup, some forty-five miles farther north. This journey we performed on the new road which Mercator has been speaking of, but were disappointed to find it very little better than that between Little Falls and Degil . The drive was through wilderness, broken by very few settlements, until we came to the watershed. Here the streams falling into the St Lawrence have only about twenty miles to travel, while those falling into the Bay of Fundy pass over the whole length of the province of New Brunswick. The view on descending was very splendid—the St Lawrence, twenty miles in width, lay at our feet studded with large islands, and dotted with ships beating up and down in all directions. On the other side is a noble range of mountains, into which the gloomy Saguenay winds its fathomless course; and here ended my first journey in the New World, which I must say was an extremely rough, but by no means a disagreeable one."

SENATOR.—"I suppose the population is chiefly French?"

CIVIS.—"Between St John and Grand Falls they are almost all of English and Scotch origin, but after passing Little Falls, one rarely meets a person who can speak any language except the French patois."

MILES.—"You see from Civis's description how exposed our fron-

tier is between Woodstock and the St Lawrence, and what a difficult country it would be to march an army through in winter."

SENATOR.—"In the winter they would come as the troops did in 1837 and 1838, at the time of the Canadian rebellion, if they could."

MILES.—"Then they only marched in companies through a friendly country, which is very different from moving an army in time of war along the enemy's frontier."

SENATOR.—"I forget the details of that expedition; but I daresay Miles can tell us the particulars."

MILES.—"My recollection of the history of that march is distinct, for it has always been looked upon by military men as a memorable transaction, and was attended with a success which the great risk rendered very remarkable; and when these troubles in America commenced, I rubbed up my memory, by looking at some interesting records on the subject, now to be found at the library at Quebec."

"When the attack of the rebels on the Richelieu broke out the first week in November, the 43d and 85th were ordered from New Brunswick, and the 34th from Halifax. These three regiments marched along the route which Civis has just described, and the season is said to have been one of the severest on record."

SENATOR.—"I very much doubt that fact; for I recollect that the 83d regiment was brought up by steamboat from Quebec to Montreal in December of the same year, that being much later than usual for the river to remain open."

MILES.—"Well, I am inclined to agree with you that the year was not so severe as those who have described the march represent it. The two first regiments I have mentioned followed each other in quick succession: the 43d left Fredericton on the 11th of December,* and reached the St Lawrence in

twelve days. The 85th started from St John a few days after, and proceeded by the same route, but accomplished the distance one day quicker than the 43d, the path being in some degree better, and the snow hardened by the first regiment."

"The 34th, after the reverse at St Dennis, were marched up from Halifax, and left St John about ten days after the 85th. This regiment seems to have been able to make more use of the river, and to have been transported upon it a considerable portion of the way, but does not appear to have done the distance in a shorter time than the other two. In December of the following year the 11th regiment left St John and proceeded in exactly the same mode as the 34th, but seem to have suffered more from the cold than their predecessors. This, however, did not prevent the gallant 11th from being bivouacked in the depth of the winters of 1838-39 and 1839-40 on the banks of the Temiscouata, during the dispute upon the boundary question between Great Britain and the United States, and the regiment had the distinction of marching thirteen hundred miles in the snow during the two winters which they spent in America."

CIVIS.—"In what numbers did the men travel through New Brunswick?"

MILES.—"In companies of nearly one hundred, and were carried in sleighs, each of which held eight men. During the first part of the march, the 43d and 85th were able to get along at the rate of twenty-five miles per day, but the seven last days, which they passed between Little Falls and the St Lawrence, were extremely severe, and the country was a great deal wilder and less settled than that through which the first part of the journey lay."

SENATOR.—"I believe there were few bridges there at that time?"

* Since the above was written, an interesting account of the march of the 43d has appeared in the *Army and Navy Gazette* of December 14th.

MILES.—“I think not. I recollect that they were obliged to cross several rivers in boats.”

SENATOR.—“Well, in that respect the route could be more easily performed now, for, according to Civis, although his nerves were severely tried, he was never reduced to passing through one of those torrents, the view of which, through the creaking and broken planks, appears so to have disturbed his peace of mind.”

MILES.—“Of course the journey could now be done much more easily than it was in 1838, but you must recollect that we were then at peace with the States; but if we were at war, we might not be able to venture to send men by companies; they would be then obliged to travel in large bodies, and bring with them artillery.”

CIVIS.—“Not all the way, surely?”

MILES.—“Well, from Woodstock to the St Lawrence the road runs so near the frontier that I don't believe any officer could recommend a march by companies. They would be exposed to be cut off by an enemy who would thoroughly know the country, and could bring a considerable body of men to bear upon many points of the line. Besides which, unless we had troops at St Andrews, the Yankees would probably seize that terminus, and send their own forces along the new line to Woodstock, and in that way cut off our communication entirely, and render any advance impossible.”

SENATOR.—“I was going to suggest that this new line would be of much service to us.”

MILES.—“So it would, no doubt, if we were sure of holding it; and it would be the best way now to get troops to Quebec so long as we can command it; but the enemy have got perfect railway communication to Bangor, within fifty miles of this town, and there can be no doubt that the whole of the St Andrews and Quebec track would be continually in danger. There is, however, a good access to the har-

bour of St Andrews, which is more free from those fogs that are the curse of the Bay of Fundy, than St John; but if it were determined to make the latter place a central depot, there is a good road to St Andrews, and the distance not more than sixty miles, so that the railway would be quite accessible, if it were thought desirable to use it.”

SENATOR.—“I believe in ordinary times there are not more than three regiments in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, besides a few artillery; and in case of war with the States, these could not be spared. In fact, Halifax and St John would require large garrisons, and St Andrews ought to be protected as well.”

MILES.—“I quite agree with you. The harbour of Halifax would be the great object; the forts at its mouth would require to be manned, and the citadel must be taken care of as well.”

CIVIS.—“Lord Mulgrave seemed fully impressed with this idea, and when I was there the other day the people spoke of him in terms of great praise for the successful efforts he had been making to raise volunteer corps in the neighbourhood.”

MILES.—“Volunteer artillery corps would be invaluable at Halifax, and I am glad to hear that they have been induced to see the necessity of raising them. The fleet would, I think, prevent any serious attempt being made upon the harbour; but it is such a vital point, that no effort ought to be spared to put the works in a thorough state of defence, and have every gun properly manned, which it is quite possible to effect with volunteers, when we consider the large population and feeling of the place.”

MERCATOR.—“The trade of St John is so extensive, and the shipping so great, that it would be a tempting place for the Yankee privateers to make a dash at from time to time.”

MILES.—“The remarks which I made with regard to Halifax apply with equal force to St John. Of course more damage could be

done to commerce at St John, but I hold Halifax must always be the real basis of operations; its harbour is open throughout the whole winter, and never exposed to those awful fogs which hang continually round St John, and in fact the whole mouth of the Bay of Fundy."

MERCATOR.—"There can be no nastier navigation than that round the western extremity of Nova Scotia; a heavy sea continually runs there; the tide is the most rapid in the world, and the atmosphere is almost always thick."

CIVIS.—"Well, suppose the contingency we are contemplating were to take place in the winter, after the St Lawrence is closed, where would you send the troops to?"

MILES.—"Undoubtedly to Halifax."

SENATOR.—"There is a line of railway open from there to Truro, sixty miles; and from that to Petitediac, a station on the Shediac and St John Railway, is only seventy miles. Could not troops be marched across there and get straight down to St John by rail?"

CIVIS.—"From Truro to Amherst the country is well settled and the road excellent. In the winter, of course, it is covered with ice and snow; and from Amherst to the railway it is dense forest, with a fair road and a well-to-do population, who could afford the troops plenty of assistance."

MILES.—"The march would be a long one, and time would be valuable under the circumstances we are supposing; so I should much prefer sending troops by railway to Windsor, and then run them across the Bay of Fundy to St John."

CIVIS.—"Why not then send them straight to St John from England?"

MILES.—"Because we should in the way I propose avoid the dangerous navigation we have been speaking of, and could send them down the bay in smaller numbers than if we were to transport them direct from England. Besides, I hold Halifax, with its accommodation

for almost any amount of shipping, to be the best port of embarkation."

CIVIS.—"Now, if you were to have a *carte blanche* given you by the commander-in-chief, to transport ten thousand men to Canada in the winter, how would you manage it?"

MILES.—"If they were to leave England after November, I should certainly prefer sending them to St John by Halifax and Windsor, to running the risk of landing them amidst the storms, snow, and ice in the Lower St Lawrence. I believe they would meet with fewer casualties in following the example of 1837. Arrangements could be easily made for putting a regiment or two under cover every night, along the march through New Brunswick. The lumberers would run up sheds at intervals of nineteen or twenty miles, into which plenty of stores could be put, and where the men could bivouac for the night. Food could easily be provided at each of these places, and there is no reason in the world why, with proper clothing, the men should suffer. Probably they would be obliged to march on snowshoes, but after a regiment or two had passed, guns could be transported without difficulty on sleighs. A guard would be placed over these depots; and although some danger would be incurred from the liability of an invasion from the State of Maine, the roads upon which the enemy could come are so few and far between that a small force would be sufficient to check any attempt of this nature. The St Andrews Railway would have to be guarded, or at least watched; the various roads leading from the State to the frontier should be broken up and the bridges destroyed; while a body of lumberers, each of whom could hew down the largest tree in twenty minutes, would make the roads impassable in a few hours, and render the march of the troops comparatively safe."

CIVIS.—"Is it not strange that a railway has not been made before

now along the St John to the St Lawrence?"

SENATOR.—"You, sir, have hit the right nail on the head: if that were done I believe it is out of the power of man to describe the benefit which the provinces would derive from it. New Brunswick would rapidly become settled. Halifax would successfully rival Portland. The colonies would get the advantage of the postal contract which England is now obliged to give to the States. St John and Quebec, brought into direct and rapid communication with each other, would increase with giant strides in wealth and importance. The trade of Canada, now shut up for six months in the year, would find an outlet through British ports. The mother country would save money in being relieved from keeping garrisons in Canada even as large as she does now, and the colonists would at length feel that they were brought nearer to England; while a closer intimacy would create increased affection for your laws and civilisation. The great obstacle to the extension of a railway from Halifax to Quebec has been the want of means by which the Governments of the three provinces through which it would run can act in concert. One province may make a railway, but there is no machinery by which the concurrence of all can be obtained, which is absolutely necessary for such a work as you allude to. This has been our great stumbling-block; and the example of the States shows what a detriment it has been to our advancement. There railways are made through wildernesses and prairies without inhabitants, but which soon become settled, cultivated, and wealthy. The lines may not and do not pay, but the State receives enormous advantage, and is indirectly recompensed a hundred-fold."

MERCATOR.—"Commerce would be benefited in a similar degree by the line you speak of. Vessels could make three voyages to Halifax for two to Quebec in the course

of the year; we should save the heavy insurances required for early and late voyages through the St Lawrence; and the trade now crowded into six months would be equally diffused throughout the twelve. I am inclined also to think more favourably of the direct paying prospects than Senator; for half the year the St Lawrence would not compete with it, and for the other half it would give a route to Europe and back more expeditious and safe than any other."

CIVIS.—"From a superficial observation of the resources of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, I should think that railways through the interior would develop many sources of industry now unknown."

SENATOR.—"Undoubtedly. Immigration would become rapidly increased, agriculture would be extended in proportion to the amount of labourers coming over to us. Those provisions which we now get from the States to the amount of nearly a million of dollars a-year, we could raise for ourselves; and if any surplus remained, we should become successful competitors with the far West for the European trade, possessing enormous advantages, as we should, in situation over the farmers of the prairies and the Mississippi valley."

CIVIS.—"If the advantages are so great, how is it that this railway has not been built before now?"

MERCATOR.—"Chiefly for the reason which Senator has assigned; but we think we have a right to ask the mother country to help us."

CIVIS.—"I fear the doctrine of subsidies to Colonial Governments is exploded, and that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer is one of the most determined enemies to its revival."

SENATOR.—"I cannot understand how such a friend to peace as Mr Gladstone can object to the promotion of an object that, by relieving the colonies from a weakness that invites aggression, will perhaps some day prevent a war, one year's expense of which would perhaps

pay for two or three railways from Halifax to Quebec."

MERCATOR.—"When we get to Ottawa, I think I shall be able to show *Civis* that, if the mother country will comply with the request which will be made upon her Chancellor of the Exchequer this winter, she would not only not lose, but save several thousands per annum."

On our arrival at Ottawa, we had an opportunity of meeting several gentlemen who were on a tour through Canada and the States, for the purpose of investigating the prospects and position of the Grand Trunk Railway, and who were kind enough to put us in possession of certain facts, and permitted us to see papers and documents, from which we think we can lay before our readers a statement respecting the importance of direct communication with Canada, a subject that has since derived additional interest from the state of our relations with America. Since the year 1836, the project of connecting Quebec with the Atlantic, by means of a railroad through British territory, has been anxiously and seriously debated; and during the disputes respecting the boundary question, which were not finally settled for some years afterwards, the probability of St Andrews becoming the Atlantic terminus of this line served as an additional stimulus to the Americans to bring their frontier as near to that harbour as possible. This they finally accomplished, and the mouth of the river St Croix was unfortunately taken as the limit of the boundary of the United States, instead of Penobscot Bay, as it had originally been intended. On the establishment of transatlantic steam navigation, Lord Durham was directed to turn his attention to the formation of a road between Halifax and Quebec; and, after pointing out the difficulties which the relation of the various provinces to each other presented to the undertaking, that

noble Lord remarked, in his report, that the completion of any satisfactory communication between Halifax and Quebec "would in fact produce relations between the provinces that would render a general union absolutely necessary. Several surveys have proved that a railway would be perfectly practicable the whole way. Indeed, in North America the expense of making a railway bears by no means the excessive proportion to that of a common road that it does in Europe. It appears to be a general opinion in the United States that the severe snows and frosts of that continent very slightly impede, and do not prevent, the travelling on railroads; and if I am rightly informed, the Utica Railroad, in the northern part of the State of New York, is used throughout the winter. If this opinion be correct, the formation of a railroad from Halifax to Quebec would entirely avoid some of the leading characteristics of the Canadas. Instead of being shut out from all direct intercourse with England during half of the year, they would possess a far more certain and speedy communication throughout the winter than they now possess in summer. The passage from Ireland to Quebec would be a matter of ten or twelve days, and Halifax would be the great port by which a large portion of the trade, and all the conveyance of passengers, to the whole of British North America would be carried on."

In 1843, the project of a military road was entertained by the Government of Sir Robert Peel, but was abandoned in consequence of the survey which was then made by Sir James Alexander and Colonel Simmonds, proving how much more advisable it would be to spend the money upon a railroad. And in 1846 a second survey took place, under the auspices of Major Robinson and Captain Henderson, and two reports were consequently made and presented to Parliament.

A line was recommended to be

constructed down the right bank of the St Lawrence, on to the Bay of Chaleur, then, near Northumberland Straits, across the Miramichi river, and so on to Shediac, Truro, and Halifax, with a branch from Shediac to St John. In these able papers, it was shown most plainly that the railway could be constructed at a much less expense than those in the States. The enormous advantages of the line, in a military and mercantile point of view, were pointed out with great minuteness; and the benefit which would result to our fisheries along the Bay of Chaleur and Northumberland Straits was fully considered and demonstrated. Major Robinson and Captain Henderson considered that "it was the one great means by which alone the power of the mother country can be brought to bear on this side of the Atlantic, and restore the balance of power fast turning to the side of the United States. Every new line of railway adds to their power, enabling them to concentrate their forces almost wherever they please; and by the lines, of which there are already some, and there will soon be more, reaching to their northern frontier, they can choose at their own time any point of attack on the long extended Canadian frontier, and direct their whole strength against it. The provinces, therefore, and the empire, having such interest in the formation of the Halifax and Quebec line, it should be undertaken by them in common, as a great public work for the public weal." The subject was taken up with warmth by the Government which succeeded that of Sir Robert Peel; and in 1848 Earl Grey, the Colonial Secretary, in expressing his belief that great advantages would result not only to the territory chiefly interested in the work, but to the empire at large, requested the Governors of the several provinces to bring the matter before their respective Legislatures, in order that the Government might know the degree of importance attached to

the enterprise by them before recommending the Imperial Parliament to afford the necessary assistance.

The view which the Provincial Governments took of the project was, that no other measure could be conceived that would so surely consolidate the colonies and perpetuate the connection with Great Britain. The Parliament of Canada passed an Act declaring, "That if her Majesty's Government shall undertake the construction of the said railway either directly, or through the instrumentality of a private company, it shall be lawful for the Governor in Council, on behalf of this province, to undertake to pay yearly, in proportion as the works advance, a sum not exceeding £20,000 sterling towards making good the deficiency (if any) in the income from the railway, to meet the interest of the sum expended upon it, and to place at the disposal of the Imperial Government all the ungranted lands within the province lying in the line of railway, to the extent of ten miles on each side thereof; and to undertake to obtain, pay for, and place at the disposal of the Imperial Government all the land required within the province for the line of railway, and for proper stations and termini." The provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, in effect, did the same thing. In 1850 the Hon. Joseph Howe of Nova Scotia was sent to England with the view of inducing the Government to take active measures towards giving effect to the resolutions of the different Legislatures, and on the 10th of March the decision of the Government was conveyed to Mr Howe. The credit of England was to be employed to enable the provinces to raise upon advantageous terms the funds necessary for the works. This assistance was only to be given in case of provision being made for a complete line between Halifax and Quebec; but that of Major Robinson and Captain Henderson was

not insisted upon as a *sine quâ non*, although any deviation from it was to be subject to the approval of her Majesty's Government. Subsequently, the valley of St John was agreed upon by Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia as the proper route; but this being so great a deviation from the proposed line of Major Robinson, another application to the home authorities was necessary. At this time a change of ministry took place in England, and the Colonial Secretary did not conceive that the Government would be justified in carrying out the pledge of assistance to the project, now that it was so much changed from the original plan. Then came the Russian war, followed by the Indian mutiny, which had the effect of hanging up the matter till 1857, when delegates from Canada and Nova Scotia were again sent to England, and once more the subject was pressed upon the Government, the same arguments being used and similar offers made by the provinces. The following year both branches of the Legislature of Nova Scotia and Canada addressed the Crown, praying—"That arrangements may be matured for the early commencement and the completion of this work by the united efforts of the three provinces of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, with such co-operation and aid from your Majesty's Imperial Government as may be commensurate with the greatness of the object, and the magnitude of the national interests which it promotes."

Public meetings were held, resolutions passed, and the Colonial Secretary and the Chancellor of the Exchequer were again waited on, when it was pointed out that Provincial Legislatures, having passed the acts affording assistance to the scheme so far back as 1849, might consider that these acts had fallen into desuetude, and that, as the arrangements had not been carried out, the provinces might think themselves absolved from the pledges

given ten years previously. A noble lord was then deputed to visit British North America and ascertain how far the colonies would be disposed to ratify the engagements of 1849. He reported that the majority of the people in the three provinces were desirous of seeing the work undertaken, and that the acts of 1849 were considered to be in full force. Delegates from Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, were again sent to England for the purpose of pressing the subject on the Imperial Government. They addressed Sir Edward Lytton and the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the autumn of 1858, but a change of Government occurred before any action was taken by the home authorities. We believe that gentlemen have this year come over to England in hopes of inducing the Colonial Office and the Treasury at last to grant them the same assistance promised by Lord Grey in 1851, and which, by a series of untoward circumstances, for which the colonies are not to blame, has never been afforded to them. Since the negotiations commenced in 1849, a line has been opened from Quebec to Rivière du Loup in Canada, from St John to Shediac in New Brunswick, and from Halifax to Truro in Nova Scotia. These are all portions of the great Halifax and Quebec route, to complete which a junction must be made between Truro and Shediac, and between Fredericton and Rivière du Loup, or a length of nearly three hundred and seventy miles of new railway, which it is estimated will cost about £3,000,000.

We believe that the proposal made to the present Government is that the three provinces will each charge their revenues with the payment of £20,000, to meet the interest of capital expended in case the line is not remunerative; that the British Government should guarantee a minimum dividend at 4 per cent on the whole amount, which would amount to £120,000 per annum. For

this she would have the guarantee of the Provincial Governments for £60,000, and the security of the land for ten miles on each side of the line. As to the other £60,000, we should have the payment in our own hands, for we now pay the United States £25,000 for the transmission of mails to Canada, a service which would be transferred to the projected line. We should save £25,000 a-year on the Cunard contract, by Halifax being more than five hundred miles nearer our shores than New York, and we should receive from the United States at least £20,000 per annum for the transmission of their mails by the railway; so that, provided the Provincial Governments meet their engagement, which there can be no reason to doubt their ability or willingness to do, the mother country would be ten thousand a-year richer for this guarantee upon their hands than without it, even if the railway were

never to pay a cent beyond its working expenses.

A golden opportunity now offers itself of completing this great work; public attention is drawn to the locality. The whole nation must feel the necessity for it; the anxiety which pervades us all as to the safe arrival of the army that has just left our shores, and which we are told is supplied with every appliance that can make it formidable to our enemies, would be considerably allayed if we were certain that it could with ease, and without risk, reach its destination. At any rate, let the work be begun. We think we have shown that it can be accomplished without cost to this country; and we believe that, independently of military considerations, it would tend more to establish our supremacy on the American continent, than anything that a bountiful Providence has hitherto given us the means of accomplishing.

THE CONVULSIONS OF AMERICA.

EVERYBODY who has thought, talked, and read much about America of late, must feel that English opinions on the subject, as rendered by the tone of our press, have been qualified by the medium that transmits them. Nobody in private life talks about "our Transatlantic kinsmen,"—nobody desires to claim peculiar ties with the performers in the absurd and barbarous dances which the American nation executes round its idols of the hour, any more than with the worshippers of Mumbo Jumbo. Our conversation on the topic is not silly or sentimental. We do not speak of the least sanguinary of civil wars as "the terrible and fratricidal struggle which is drenching America with blood." It is not a fact, as is sometimes asserted in print and public speeches, that every Englishman worthy of the name deplores the separation between North and South. The view commonly taken by Englishmen, who do not on that account consider themselves unworthy of the name, is, that every day tends to justify the judgment and policy of the South in withdrawing from a system, the results of which are what we contemptuously witness. We do not desire above all things that the struggle should be at once concluded, no matter how; because a conclusion which would leave the South at the mercy of a vindictive, unfair, and ungenerous enemy, would gratify nobody. We do not lament over the unexampled display of weakness made by the great Republic, because we knew that such weakness existed, and it was not for the interest of truth nor of the world that it should any longer be disguised, or allowed to vaunt itself as matchless force. Nor do we, as a people, desire to accept any slight, shifty pretence of reparation for the recent ruffianly outrage, which may be held by some among us, to whom honour is but a fantastic name, to

absolve us from the necessity of war; for previous insults from the same quarter still remain unatoned for: and now that we have, at enormous cost, and with patient and self-denying efforts, amassed an armament which adequately represents the power of England, we should have no objection to employ it in administering a sharp chastisement to the vainglorious people who have so often cheaply defied us. Sentiments, conciliatory even to poltroonery, and pacific even to disgrace, are frequently ascribed to us; yet they have no real origin in the heart of the nation. It would be impossible for the national vanity of America, hungry as it is, to extract any nourishment from what is expressed on the subject in the conversation of intelligent Englishmen. When they read the speeches of American public men, and the articles of American newspapers, they feel only scorn for the blind followers to whom such blind guides are possible. They are unable to see anything peculiarly tragical in the fact that half-a-million of men have been brought together in arms to hurl big words at each other across a river. Nor do we see anything in the circumstance that America was first colonised from our own shores, to induce us to treat with extraordinary indulgence the composite population with whose manners, customs, and character, we have so little in common. What truth can there be in the plea of relationship as an inducement to conceal our real sentiments, when we so loudly derided our own fellow-subjects of the Irish Brigade, who went forth from among us to make themselves ridiculous? And why should we conceal our contempt when absurdities far more mischievous, and on an immensely extended scale, are committed by those whom twaddling sentimentalists term "our American cousins"?

There is always in England a party remarkable for its excess of candour in self-abasement. Like Mawworm, it likes to be despised. Its sense of what is due to an adversary "o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side." Especially, when the nation is committed to a course which demands united action, there is sure to come some set of noodles with their preposterous array of arguments for the other side. We believe these men would regard the virtue of their mothers and the honesty of their fathers as open questions—that, if the family honour were assailed, they would calmly prepare to argue the matter, with a bias towards the assailant—that, if a ruffian were to spit in their face, their first impulse would be to afford him an opportunity of removing the stigma by presenting him with their own pocket-handkerchief. They are allowed to assert themselves without much contradiction, because some of those who despise them give them credit for being well-meaning though weak and foolish; and others think their silliness so transparent that to refute it would be beating the air. Such palpable dissenters from public opinion, though they may pass among foreigners for more than they are worth, can never be seriously received anywhere as expressing in any appreciable degree the spirit of the nation. It is not of these we speak as having misinterpreted our feelings in the present case. It is of the general deprecatory tone adopted by our journalists and public speakers, for this year past, in discussing American affairs. No doubt their intention has been to appear as conciliatory as possible to a people with whom we have such extensive commercial relations, and whose impatience of censure is only equalled by their disregard of the national feelings of others. But, while it is an error in any case to suppose that commerce between nations is dependent on sentiment, in the present instance we have ample proof that the feelings of

jealousy, dislike, and intolerance, which the Americans evince for us, could scarcely be aggravated by the statement of our real opinions. On the other hand, we believe that the serious attention which we have bestowed on their doings has had no inconsiderable share in perpetuating the self-delusions in which they wrap themselves, especially their ability to subjugate the South, the magnificent spectacle which they are exhibiting to the civilised world, and the general awe which is felt of their might by European Powers. It is a remarkable fact, and one that may puzzle future historians, that, in the same year, we, a people having no more sympathy with mob-rule than with despotism, viewed the downfall of despotic dynasties not only without pity but with derision and contempt, yet preserved a respectful demeanour while a worse and more hopeless tyranny was every hour growing more despicable and ridiculous. We discuss the statcraft of the Americans as if it really were directed by statesmen capable of planning and executing operations of finance and policy. We speak of the operations of their army and the designs of its leaders as if they had established a claim upon the consideration of a sensible people who have some reputation in war. We repeat or refute the assertions, prophecies, and denunciations of their orators and journalists, as if any human being, even the speakers and writers themselves, could consider them entitled to a particle of credit. The apparent consequence is, that they imagine they are impressing the old decried and worn-out Powers, who have so long regarded their great and free institutions with envy, with a profound respect for their military skill, their wonderful sagacity, the unrivalled perfection of their political system, and their indisputable claim to be regarded as foremost among the nations of the earth. Through their politicians, their journals, their public meetings, and their actions, they frankly

write themselves down as they are, in the broadest characters, yet we refrain from accepting the description given on such undeniable authority. It is in vain that they gesticulate, tumble, and perform the most extravagant antics : we persist in regarding the dreary farce as a grand melodrama, or even a tragedy. We, who ground our best claims to consideration as a nation on the great men, great actions, great works, and great principles which illustrate the massive volume of our history, grant the claim of this people to greatness on the single ground of material prosperity. And although happily we are as far removed from universal suffrage as from autocracy, and although the aspect in which Republicanism appears unmistakably in America has caused the democratic tendencies of our own institutions to be powerfully arrested, yet we continue to appear reluctant to draw from passing events deductions which would seem to reflect upon democracy.

This course we believe to have been injudicious and unfortunate. Had the Americans been permitted to see the true reflections of our minds—had they been aware of the extent and depth of the contempt with which we have regarded their doings—it could scarcely have failed to modify their conduct of the civil war. Nor, as a question of policy when we would avoid war, do we think it advisable to dwell on our pacific disposition as the key-note. To profess a disinclination to fight is not the best way to deal with a bully. Even were it true that we would sacrifice everything for peace, and that Messrs Bright, Cobden, and Joseph Pease were the great representatives of English feeling, it would be impolitic to say so. But when we are giving proof of our readiness for war on sufficient occasion, there seems more than ever reason to regret that we had not given the Northern Americans the word more plainly before the blow. They have seen us solicitous to observe a neu-

trality, the operation of which was unfavourable, even unfair, to the South. They have seen us foregoing our undoubted right to recognise the Southern Confederacy, and permitting them to enforce an ineffectual blockade which was most injurious to our interests, and which the law of nations would have warranted us in disregarding ; and they have heard us professing a desire for peace above all things. They remember the patience with which previous insults have been borne by us, and they take a childish delight in shaking their fist in the face of a great strong country. And, accustomed to hear us deprecate, as something scarcely to be thought of, an appeal to arms, the natural consequence is, that when they have gone so far as to place themselves in the predicament of having to choose between humiliation and war, they are almost universally persuaded that we shall bear this insult like the rest. Had our language been different from the first—had we given them plainly to understand that we meant to use our strength on due provocation, even the mob that originates, and the cabinet that conveys, their vulgar affronts would lower their tone of defiance, and would never have pushed matters to their present extremity.

Lest we should be wrongly thought to confound a whole people in one contemptuous verdict, we cannot too often reiterate the fact, that the best class of Americans would be an honour to any country. They are often men of extensive reading, thought, and information. They have generally travelled much, studied much, and learnt much, and are consequently free from the intolerance and arrogance that characterise their less cultivated countrymen. Their taste in literature is often fine, and improved by an acquaintance with the classics of many nations. They take wide and liberal views of public affairs, which they discuss in a tone equally removed from superciliousness and fanaticism. These should be the

natural leaders in their own country; and were they, we need hardly say that we should speak with respect of the policy and public opinion that bore the impress of their minds. But it is precisely because these men are excluded from public life that we condemn the system that rejects them. Constituted as the political arena is, they cannot enter it, nor would they if they could. They would shrink from the idea of wading through the mire that surrounds the Cabinet and the Presidency. None discern so clearly as these men the faults of American institutions; they feel even more strongly than ourselves all that is most admirable in our own; and democracy is detested by none more cordially than by those who have been deprived, by its agency, of their birthright. Let it be understood that, in speaking of the politicians and governing classes of America, we separate these men, who possess ability, refinement, liberality of view, and honesty of purpose, altogether from the mob and the political adventurers who mutually give and receive the impulses that determine the course of the nation.

We have said that, in our view, it is to be regretted that the apparent faults of democracy should be so tenderly treated. We are all ready to join in reprobation of absolute government; but when did any civilised absolute government show less claim on our indulgence than the American Republic? What despotism has displayed so little moderation in prosperity, so little dignity in adversity, less self-control, less wisdom in council, less courage in the field? Is King Mob a more agreeable or remediable despot than King Francis? The gravest charge against absolutism is, that it may place the liberties of the people and the conduct of public affairs in the hands of weak and incapable men. But to what country shall we look for hereditary princes less fit to wield the destinies of

nations than the obscure and commonplace man whose decrees now stand in the place of public law in the North? It may be said that at least he is the choice of the nation. But was he chosen by the intelligence of the nation? Or, to take lower ground, does he represent the material interests and responsibilities of the nation? Not at all; he is the choice of a numerical majority of a people who have derived the principal accessions to their numbers from the scum of Europe. Every four years the constitution is in travail—all mankind are invited, or rather commanded, to watch the interesting event—all is convulsion—the throes of the mountain are prodigious, and the latest result is—Mr Abraham Lincoln. The great achievement in self-government of this vaunted democracy, which we have been so loudly and arrogantly called on to admire, is, to drag from his proper obscurity an ex-rail-splitter and country attorney, and to place what it calls its liberties at his august disposal. No country furnishes so many examples as England of great men who have risen from humble beginnings. But it would have been impossible for him, or any of his Cabinet, to have emerged, under British institutions, from the mediocrity to which nature had condemned them, and from which pure democracy alone was capable of rescuing them. Are the best Americans willing to accept Mr Abraham Lincoln and Mr W. H. Seward as their best men? If not, can they substitute better men? If they cannot, what other proof is needed of the inefficacy of their boasted institutions? An imbecile executive above, a restless, purposeless multitude below, linked together like a kite tied to a balloon, and drifting at the mercy of the air-currents, while respectability, moderation, and sense are pushed aside, or dragged helplessly along,—such is the spectacle presented, in the first storm, by the Model Republic. A gallant army, whose energies have been

displayed chiefly in flight—a free country, whose judges are overlooked by sentries—disinterested patriotism, that requires to be bribed with eight per cent—a united nation, where the elements of dissolution are rife—a practical people, who are spending more than they possess for an object which they cannot define,—such are a few of the results of those remarkable institutions that have been recommended for our imitation as immense improvements on our own.

Of course we do not blame Mr Lincoln for being President. But we venture to pity him. No man is more unfortunate than he who is in a conspicuous position for which he is manifestly unfit. What had this ill-starred man done to merit such a visitation as to be set at the head of an unruly nation that is going to pieces in convulsions? His antecedents are respectable though not illustrious. He is said to have exhibited considerable dexterity and muscular power in the splitting of rails. He may possibly be a good attorney, though we should never have selected him as a legal adviser. Had we done so, we should have expected to find him an oracle of the cloudiest kind, and, as a rule, arriving at a clear comprehension of the facts a few weeks after the case was decided. In his public compositions he is distinguished chiefly for a disregard of grammar and an infatuated fondness for metaphor. He gets laboriously on to a figure of speech, which generally runs away with him, and, after exhibiting him in various eccentric postures, leaves him sprawling in an attitude highly unbecoming in the President of a great Republic. Still, to find metaphors unmanageable is no great crime. A man may be unskilled in composition, or even an indifferent lawyer, without meriting such a fate as that which we deplore in Mr Lincoln. It may be said that he sought the post which he so uncomfortably occupies, and has no right to complain of its inconveniences. But he may reply,

that other Presidents no better than he had got on very well, and that he only bargained to be, like them, the captain of a fair-weather ship. On such a plea he may possibly be absolved of presumption, but the absolution of the President is the condemnation of the system that renders him possible.

When the council of a nation meets, we and other countries that enjoy any degree of political freedom expect to listen to men capable, not only of expressing, but of guiding and controlling popular opinion. Many, of course, may be found in the assembly whom the nation would be unwilling to accept as the exponents of its spirit. But there will also inevitably be many who are marked for eminence, and none, as a rule, can command attention or gain influence, except in proportion to their abilities. But no man looks for light or guidance, or self-control, to the Congress that has just assembled. The vote of approval of the buccaneering attack on the Trent stamps the character of that assembly. In most countries the approbation of the people and of the Senate is the highest reward to which a citizen can aspire. But what man of real merit or character could be incited to action by the prospect of praise which he must share with a Wilkes, and which has thus become degradation? It is true that the political system of America may answer the end proposed by all representative institutions, and that President, Cabinet, and Congress may truly reflect the spirit of the nation. But how can the most bitter enemy of their institutions add to the strength of the case contained in the two facts, that the American people can elect such men as they please, and that such are the men whom they please to elect?

If it were necessary that an American idol should perform anything really great in order to justify the panegyrics of his countrymen, we should look on General McClellan as the most unfortunate man alive. He cannot, unless he be more than

mortal, redeem the pledges that have been given for him. He has received in advance, as a small instalment of public admiration, the title of "the Young Napoleon." From this we gather that, according to popular belief in America, Napoleon was solely remarkable as a soldier for making reviews the most serious business of his army, for complimenting his subordinates on their blunders and disasters, and for spending months in presence of his enemy, in forming a plan of campaign which he never ventured to execute. It is this singular way of estimating events and men that renders it so easy to maintain a position as a celebrity in America. The nation confers its fame as, according to the cynic, people give their gratitude—from a lively sense of favours to come. The prospect of taking up these heavy bills on the events of the future would appal most untried men. But luckily General M'Clellan, who is a great man for what he is going to do, has before him the reassuring example of Commander Wilkes, who is a great man for what he has already done. There are many other circumstances to soothe and comfort the future hero. General Jackson and General Scott are among the greatest commanders the world has ever seen. The battles of somebody's Bluff and somebody else's Ferry are the most important actions that ever were fought, as the victors of Waterloo, Inkermann, and Solferino are bound to admit. Bunker's Hill was a great victory. All American history is written to prove, not that Americans have performed great actions, but that the actions were great because they were performed by Americans. Let him who doubts it refer to some history of modern America written by a native, and he will be speedily satisfied that no foreigner would ever willingly undertake the dreary task of wading through the voluminous records, the grand object of which is to render trivialities important, and nobodies illustrious. All timorous candidates

for celebrity may learn from these chronicles that no American need think himself too insignificant to figure in the annals of his country. The materials for history now in course of preparation, in speeches and newspapers, are equally authentic, and much more entertaining. The bulletins and telegrams are frequently as comic as anything in *Punch*. The sporting enterprises of Mr Briggs are not more amusing than the military exhibitions of Jonathan. And the clever creation of Dickens—Mr Jefferson Brick—who has been accepted as a caricature, proves to be a faithful and even flattering portrait of that most indefatigable of modern American fictionists, the War Correspondent.

We admit that there is a serious and even tragic side to the aspect of American affairs, but it is not what commonly passes for such. It is not in the dissolution of a system that had become rotten and offensive while yet it preserved the appearance of life—not in the parades which Americans mistake for campaigns, nor the scuffles which they call great battles: it is in the fiendish spirit in which the contest is carried on on the part of the North—a spirit without example in modern conflicts, and to find a parallel for which we must go back to the time when Louis XIV. affixed an everlasting stain to his name by ravaging the Palatinate, or when the Spaniards under Alva so richly earned the curses of the Dutch by turning a prosperous territory into a frightful desert. But the Spaniards showed at least that, while doing the work of fiends, they had the courage of men. Not so these Northern destroyers, who, while they launch nothing but big words against the armies of the South, take advantage of their command of the sea to blot out of the map of the world those Southern harbours which were meant for the benefit, not of the South only, but of mankind. The Stone Fleet, which is supposed already to have done its diabolical

office, is intended to choke permanently the channels of Savannah and Charleston harbours. Mr Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, announces its object thus in his report to the President :—

SINKING VESSELS.

“One method of blockading the ports of the insurgent States, and interdicting communication, as well as to prevent the egress of privateers which sought to depredate on our commerce, has been that of sinking in the channels vessels laden with stone. The first movement in this direction was on the North Carolina coast, where there are numerous inlets to Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, and other interior waters, which afforded facilities for eluding the blockade, and also to the privateers. For this purpose a class of small vessels were purchased in Baltimore, some of which have been placed in Ocracoke Inlet.

“Another and larger description of vessels were bought in the eastern market, most of them such as were employed in whale fisheries. *Those were sent to obstruct the channels of Charleston harbour and Savannah river, and this, if effectually done, will prove the most economical and satisfactory method of interdicting commerce at those points.*”

Lest there should be any doubt of the nature of this measure, hear the *New York Times* on the subject ; and then let such advocates of Northern policy as are still to be found in England, say another word if they dare in favour of the party that wages hostilities in such a spirit :—

“The main ship channel leading to Savannah is but 250 yards across in the narrowest place, and can be perfectly barred by half-a-dozen of these vessels. Charleston harbour is equally eligible to the same treatment. Once sunk, these old hulks become points for the accumulation of alluvials which the rivers bear down, and of the sands which the tides carry back. There is a natural tendency in such ports to form obstructions, and all we have to do is, as the physicians say, to ‘assist nature.’ *Becoming thoroughly imbedded in the sand, these accumulations but advance with time, forming unconquerable obstacles to re-opening the harbours, and establishing a blockade which the highest-pressure diplomacy of the world will be utterly powerless to ‘raise.’ It must be confessed there is something wonderfully gratifying in this*

silent, resistless piece of Rhadamanthean justice. The calmness of the method is fine, and a chef-d’œuvre in its way ; no vulgar theatrical vengeance, no laying of the city in ashes, as those heated braggarts of Charleston threatened, but a silent blight falling on them as though out of the night—deadly, inevitable—and leaving those perfidious cities in a petrified death-in-life, to ‘point a moral or adorn a tale.’”

How long will the great Powers of Europe stand by and see such enormities committed? They do not hesitate to interpose by force to stop the barbarities of savages. In the Lebanon they step between Druse and Christian, and forbid the indulgence of the vindictiveness which will be satisfied only with the extermination of the foe. But this measure—which would destroy not merely the works of man which may be restored, but the works of nature, and which seeks, in revenge for a political difference, to condemn to sterility a region of the earth to which all nations have long been accustomed to look as a source of supply—is the most atrocious that has for centuries disgraced the annals of civilised warfare. It reveals, at once, a consciousness that the subjugation of the South is hopeless, and the blackness of the spirit of Northern revenge. On the assumption that the South is ever to return to the Union, it is absurd ; and, admitting that war is possible between the North and a European naval Power, it is suicidal. For, what reason can the inhabitants of New York and Boston, who have seen the Stone Fleet depart with acclamations on its dastardly errand, urge, to avert a similar doom from their own harbours? Why should not the mariners of Charleston and Savannah, who see their occupation gone for ever, sink a retributive Stone Fleet in the channels of the harbours blockaded by the squadrons of France or England, and leave the American continent to rot behind the barrier of the Atlantic? It would be a deed of most righteous retribution ; and the fact that we

could not, in the interests of mankind, permit it, only shows more forcibly the nature of an act which is so villanous as to forbid reprisal, and the perfect warrant that the Powers who guard civilisation possess to interfere in the name of mankind in this envenomed struggle. Imagine a war between France and England conducted on such a principle—on the one side the channels of the Clyde and the Mersey, on the other, those of the Seine and Garonne, choked to gratify an insane and insatiate spirit of revenge; while the inflictors of these deadly injuries exulted in the facts that Glasgow and Liverpool, Rouen and Bordeaux, were to be destroyed by “a silent blight, falling on them as though out of the night—deadly, inevitable!” Would not the whole world be justified in raising its universal voice against such mad vindictiveness? Let the apologists of the North, whether of the Bright or the Tom Brown school (if there be such schools), read the *New York Times*, and then say whether, as professed humanitarians, they wish any longer to identify themselves with the savage Abolitionists or the frenzied Unionists of the North. And if, naturally doubtful whether in this age of the world men are indeed relapsing into barbarism, they wish further to ascertain what the spirit is in which the war is waged, let them ask the next ardent Northern American whom they meet, whether, if the Union is only to be maintained by the ruin and desolation of the South, he would wish the struggle to proceed? They will be surprised to hear the calm, cool, highly civilised gentleman at their side testifying to the extent of his fanatic devotion to Abolition or to the Union, by a reply that would disgrace the savages of Central Africa; and we advise these enthusiasts to deliberate before they become known as the abettors of those who have devised the commission

of the abomination of desolation. That Stone Fleet ought to sink the Northern cause.*

Both our own and the French press have been profuse of compliments to the British public on the self-restraint which it exercised on receiving the news of the outrage on the Trent. There is, undoubtedly, matter for pride and congratulation in the unanimity with which jealousy has been expressed for the honour of our flag, indignation at the ruffianly insult, and inflexible determination to have due reparation. But we do not feel equally proud of remembering the doubts at first expressed on so clear a case; still less do we see any reason to rejoice in the hypothetical concessions to the adversary with which a simple matter has been perplexed. There was extraordinary readiness to grant that the exercise of the right of search was perfectly admissible, and that had the ship been taken into port to be adjudicated on by a prize-court, we should have had no reason to complain. These concessions have been granted, we presume, in deference to that bastard kind of generosity, so fashionable in public affairs, so unpopular in private business, of furnishing your adversary with every possible advantage. With the view, apparently, of further muddling what was in itself too clear to be mistaken, international law has been rummaged for precedents. We consider that the concessions and the appeals to authority were alike unnecessary. Let Templars who wish to air their learning write as much as they like of Vattel and Puffendorff, but we sincerely hope that our Government has not hampered its demands with any futile admissions, the only effect of which can be to raise grounds of discussion. International law, like any other law, has its basis and origin in common sense, the light of which alone is sufficient to interpret so plain a case. That a

* Since writing the above, we find sentiments almost identical receiving the powerful advocacy of the *Times* in a leading article of the 18th December.

belligerent should stop the vessels of a neutral power on the highway of the ocean, is in itself a privilege so obnoxious that it needs necessity to excuse, and clear boundaries to restrict, it. Accordingly, the principle which sanctions the exercise of this right is clear and unmistakable, and it is one which England, in the days of her unquestioned naval supremacy, and her fullest assumption of power, never departed from. To be liable to capture, a vessel must not merely contain supplies that would be useful to the enemy, but must be intercepted under circumstances which render it probable that they were intended for the enemy's use. Whether or not such was their destination, is for the Admiralty Court to decide. And the right of search is necessarily conceded in order that the character of doubtful vessels may be ascertained. The only case, then, in which the right of search is admissible is that of neutral vessels whose character is doubtful, and whose destination is suspicious. And the only case for capture is when the destination is suspicious and the cargo or contents contraband. The *Trent* was a well-known mail-steamer, proceeding on her ordinary errand between neutral ports, and her course was not towards, but away from, the coast of America. Neither her character nor her destination was doubtful. We say, then, that not only had the Americans no right to capture her though she had been crammed from stem to stern with munitions of war, but they had no right even to search her. Yet we, a maritime people, whose very existence depends on the sacredness of our flag, have within this month, over and over again, gratuitously admitted, through our press, that our mail-steamers may be stopped, overhauled, and taken into port as prizes by every insolent agent of a petty neutral that happens to be a belligerent. It would follow, from the doctrine thus laid down, that one of our hired transports, laden with guns and ammunition for the

batteries of Jamaica, might be taken into New York, when the kind of law that would be brought into operation may be divined from the late speech of the Secretary of the American navy. Again, suppose a British man-of-war had appeared in sight when the Americans were boarding the *Trent*. If the right of search and of capture be, as they have been, conceded, then the presence of our man-of-war could not modify the right, and a British captain must submit to see a British mail-steamer carried off from under his guns. We should not envy the officer who would permit such an act, and we do not believe that there is a commander in the service who would not have been prompt to prevent it. Nevertheless, the tone of our press shows that there may be sensible and intelligent, yet morbidly conscientious, men in the world, who would, in such a case, be terribly embarrassed by the double sense that they might be disgraced if they did not interfere, yet disowned if they did.

Whatever may be thought about the necessity of our searching for authorities to warrant the act of Commander Wilkes, it was of course to be expected that the Americans would ransack the records for precedents to justify it. The result of their researches, and of those of our own investigators, is not of any importance, further than that it shows us to have been always guided by justice in cases of the capture of neutrals. But had it been otherwise—had there been fifty such precedents against us—they ought not to have availed. That a former generation had overridden the rights of others, would be no reason why we should allow our rights to be overridden, any more than the fact that our grandfathers pulled the noses of those with whom they differed would be a reason why we should allow our noses to be pulled. All nations have at one time or another claimed to be a law to themselves, and many have put the claim in practice; but if the

sins of the fathers were, in such cases, to be visited on the children, all law would be at an end, except for those immaculate people who had never transgressed. To know the right is for those who are wise; to practise it, for those who are just; and to uphold it, for those who are strong. We wish to think ourselves wise and just, and we know ourselves strong, and our business is to stand for the right, whether our own or another's, leaving it to the foolish and the weak to be the slaves of bad precedent.

It would appear that our principles of international law, having long lain by, were at the bottom of the drawer, and in bringing them to light we have pulled out a vast quantity of useless matters, cases, precedents, and irrelevant questions along with them. Whether the Americans choose to stultify themselves by calling the Commissioners rebels in one breath, and ambassadors in the next—whether ambassadors are contraband of war—whether the act of the Americans is contrary to their previous interpretation of the rights of neutrals—what was done in 1812—what was done in 1856—whether the case of Lucien Bonaparte or of Laurens is most in point—are matters which serve very well to allay the cravings of an expectant public, but which can only overload the case if seriously imported into the argument. Of all these, however, it may be easily winnowed; but if a less manageable difficulty should arise, it will probably spring from our own unfortunate admissions. What use may be made of these to evade the real question, if our Foreign Minister has been as hasty as our press in making them, may be easily seen. Americans have not been slow to assert, both here and in their own country, that, if the right of capture be admitted, not only was it right to take the Commissioners without the vessel, but that it was even an indulgence to let the vessel go free. And to this proposition we thoroughly assent. The

right to take the vessel includes the right to take any part of what the vessel contained. Grant that the Americans had a right to take the Commissioners to New York at all, and what matters it, even as a point of form, whether they were taken in the Trent or the San Jacinto? To this it has been replied, that the whole question turns upon that point, and that what we complain of is, that the American captain had no right to decide for himself, upon a matter which should have been left to the decision of the proper court. But this is merely an attempt to blunder out of a blunder. The American captain did not decide any point whatever by taking his captives to America in his own ship, any more than if he had taken them thither in the Trent. In either case it would not rest with him to determine what should be done with them. We do not suppose that the British nation is ready to go to war because the Trent was not taken; but we do suppose that the British nation is ready to go to war to resist the claim of the Americans to meddle at all with either the Trent or her passengers, and to violate the protection of our flag. And we sincerely hope that the demands of the Ministry have rightly interpreted the feeling of the people.

But while all England is stirred with indignation like one man—while the only alternatives we think of are restitution or war, our naval squadrons are concentrating, and our troops already traverse the sea—the inhabitants of New York and Boston are entertaining the immediate author of all this tumult in the most pleasant and convivial manner. While we have been growing more and more anxious to forget our first too-indulgent admissions, our friends on the other side are casting doubt to the winds, and getting more and more confident and hilarious. They have settled that Great Britain will not trouble herself. Great Britain, say they, does not mind having her flag insulted. That being the case,

let us fortify our frontier. Let us lock up Mason and Slidell in Fort Warren on bread and water, and then give the gallant Wilkes an ovation. Whereupon these intelligent citizens of the greatest nation the world ever saw, join hands and perform, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, the most extraordinary dance, round the most extraordinary idol, that any human beings, civilised or savage, ever did homage to. They not only decree, by the mere will and pleasure of a sovereign people, that England must make no serious stir in the matter, but they also decree that Commander Wilkes has performed some act of singular daring which entitles him to be admitted into the very select band of the heroes of the American navy. Some excuse may be found in the fact that Americans must applaud something American, and that many months of war have given birth to no achievement in arms which they can be more proud of than the attack of a mail-packet by a ship of war. What particularly delights Governor Andrew is, that the packet thus assailed "bore the British lion at its head." Other official personages are equally jocular and congratulatory; and, at last, Commander Wilkes, intoxicated with the success of his bid for popularity, not only believes himself a hero, but begins to lament his own weak generosity in letting a rich prize slip through his fingers. Listen to the impudent pirate: "I should have felt justified in seizing the Trent itself, but I concluded to allow the vessel to proceed, though I thus deprived my men of a prize worth 150,000 dollars."

These sentiments would have been very suitable to another eminent American commander, Captain Kid, though we wrong his memory by the allusion, for he proved that he could fight hard for his plunder. But though little surprised that they should have found expression, under the circumstances, at the Boston festival, we were scarcely prepared to find a Cabinet Minister

imparting his buccaneering intentions to Congress. His ideas of spoliation are on a grand scale; for, while Commander Wilkes looks regretfully back on the escape of a single argosy, the Secretary of the Navy looks hopefully forward to seeing whole fleets of confiscated British merchantmen brought into American harbours. "The prompt and decisive action of Captain Wilkes on this occasion," says Mr Gideon Welles in his report, "merited and received the emphatic approval of the Department; and if a too generous forbearance was exhibited by him in not capturing the vessel which had these rebel enemies on board, it may, in view of the special circumstances and of its patriotic motives, be excused; but it must by no means be permitted to constitute a precedent hereafter for the treatment of any case of similar infraction of neutral obligations by any foreign vessels engaged in commerce or the carrying trade."

Many people seem to anticipate that even should the present difficulty end without war, the Americans will not fail very soon to inflict upon us some other unendurable insult. This anticipation we do not share; on the contrary, we are confident that if they manage in this instance to evade the consequences of the outrage, the proof that we are in earnest will suffice to prevent a repetition. Even Mr Gideon Welles will, we are persuaded, consent to forget the corsair in the minister, and will appear before Congress in future in a character less romantic and picturesque, but more official, than that of the Red Rover.

In arguing the question whether or not the Federal Government sanctioned the insult to England, it has been said that the policy so often attributed to the North, of attempting, when coercion has failed, to unite all conflicting parties against a foreign foe, cannot avail in this case, because the capture of the Southern Commissioners will only still more exasperate the South.

But the secession of the South is not the only nor the greatest peril that threatens the Republic. There is an Abolition party that is hostile to Union; there is a Union party that is hostile to Abolition; and though these discordant elements have hitherto been held together by the common tie of hatred of the South, yet they threaten speedily to start asunder. Nor will the North be split by party conflicts alone; territorial differences are likely to cause further dismemberment. Is it strange, then, that a desperate Cabinet, possessing no influence of talent or character by which to reconcile contending factions, and feeling the planks starting under its feet, should seek, even by such a desperate expedient as a war with a powerful enemy, to keep together the remains of the Republic? On such a theory, the occasion of provoking the war would seem well chosen, as England, in protecting the Southern Commissioners, may be made to appear to adopt the cause of the South, which it has been the object of the Federal Cabinet to accuse her of favouring throughout the struggle; and the new war may thus be rendered popular both with Abolitionists and Republicans. But we do not attribute to the presumptuous and incapable Phaetons of the North any such deep designs. We rather suppose them to be ready, in their extremity, to cling to any measure that comes to hand, no matter how preposterous or fatal, as the pedant in Hierocles, when the ship was sinking, laid hold of the anchor.

Whether war comes or not, we think that the opportunity should be taken of our state of preparation to adopt a policy more suitable to our own position and to the interests of the world, than that of by-

standers in this cutthroat quarrel. The questions of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy and the raising of the ineffectual blockade, in conjunction with France, are entitled to be immediately considered. As it is, our neutrality tells against the South. We do not impute this to anybody as a fault—we merely mention it as a fact. For every weapon, rifle or cannon, that our foundries have supplied to the South, the North have been enabled, by their possession of safe means of water-carriage, to get twenty. Every intention, opinion, and desire of the South comes to us through a distorting Northern medium.* And, while we continue our commercial relations with the North, we permit the trade of the South to be extinguished by paying undue respect to a notoriously sham blockade. Does neutrality mean an over-scrupulous regard for the interests of one party? Have the Northern Government or people deserved from us a strained interpretation of law in their favour? Have they been moderate and courteous in prosperity? Have they been reasonable and dignified in adversity? Have they been modest in profession and great in action? Have their councillors been respectable for wisdom, their troops for bravery, or their financiers for prudence? Have they defined, or even shadowed for themselves, any line of policy in the present crisis that can be accepted as right or practicable by any reasonable Englishman? And if, by any concurrence of circumstances (our own interpretation of the duties of neutrals among the rest), they should reduce the South to submission, is it likely that, as victors, the contrivers of the Stone Fleet will be more generous than they are as foes? If these

* In our last Number (articles, "A Month with 'The Rebels,'" and "Some Account of Both Sides of the American War") we gave the first authentic accounts of the position of affairs in the South which had reached this country since the commencement of the struggle, and the statements made in these papers have since been fully confirmed in the interesting letter of Captain Maury published in the *Athenæum* of December 21st.—Ed. B. M.

questions can receive but one answer, what reason is there that we should longer sacrifice our own interests, and the interests of justice, to an extreme consideration for the morbid irritability of an arrogant people? If we are, at any rate, certain of the captiousness and hostility of the North, let us at least do something to secure the friendship of the South.

And the South, so far as can be seen, deserve recognition, independence, and sympathy. Their only crime has been a desire to take no further part in a system to which not even the letter, far less the spirit, of the law can prove that they were bound by any principle stronger than convenience, and the operation of which they declare to have been intolerably oppressive. It is natural that they should object to accept an Abraham Lincoln as their chief man, and to have their destinies influenced by such a Cabinet and mob as that of the North, when, as they have shown, they can do so much better for themselves. They have chosen as President a man of judgment and conduct, who can give to their impulses unity of action, and can both excite and control their enthusiasm. If the Messages of the rival Presidents may be considered as indicative of the policy of those who chose the chiefs, or of the merits of the causes which

they respectively advocate, the South are amply justified for regarding with "the contemptuous astonishment" which Jefferson Davis's language attributes to them, the proceedings of the North. Resolution and devotion have been shown not merely by the Southern troops, but by the entire population. They appear to bear their privations with uncommon cheerfulness and courage. They make no querulous appeals for sympathy nor complaints of neglect. They speak of their successes with modesty, prepare for new distresses with fortitude, and express none of the vindictiveness so prominent in the measures of their enemies. A war between England and the North will, at least, have the good effects of shortening the sufferings and hastening the independence of a people who are proving themselves very capable of self-government, who will at once assume a creditable position among nations, and who will act as a permanent check on Northern turbulence. And it is to be hoped that, if war is to be, we may put our whole strength and will into it, and conduct it so as to leave the orators and writers of the North, with all their skill and practice in the falsification of history, no possibility of turning its incidents to our disadvantage and to their own glorification.

THE PRINCE CONSORT.

“ With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth ;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth.
And sadly fell our Christmas-Eve.”

TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.*

HAD any foreigner, unacquainted with our national habits of thought and feeling, and whose own education and sympathies were wholly democratic, sought an explanation of the old English term Loyalty—had he desired an illustration of its meaning, not as expressed by the shouts of an excited crowd at a Royal progress or a coronation, but in its gentler and more affecting forms, the spectacle exhibited throughout the length and breadth of England on the third Sunday in December, would not only have explained, but have riveted it for ever on his memory.

From London to the Land's End, in the crowds that gathered round town churches as their congregations slowly filed out—in the little groups that met and talked together in such far-off country villages as the news had somehow reached—there was but one thing spoken of, or thought of, for hours. It was the news that the Prince Consort was dead—“the Queen's husband,” as many a rough but kind-spoken voice explained it to his neighbour. There were many who had never beheld the persons of the Queen or the Prince—who knew them only as their rulers “by the grace of God”—upon whom, nevertheless, those tidings fell as of a private personal loss. The “perceptible movement,” noticed in many congregations when the omission of the familiar name from the prayer gave, as it were, official confirmation to the event, was only the recurrence of the shudder with which they at first had heard it. If any man thinks there is much leaven of republicanism really working in the mass of the English people, he might have undeceived himself at every step on that Sunday afternoon.

For it was not only that there had been taken from us one who had long filled the foremost place in the public eye, and filled it worthily ; it was not merely that there had been struck down—suddenly, as it seemed to most of us—one of the Heads of the people, who had so adorned his high calling as to have won the people's love ;

it was all this, but it was something more. The first burst of national sorrow for the Prince was different, not only in degree, but in its very nature ; it was that, being what he was, he was the Husband of the Queen.

The first words that sprang to the lips of thousands were—not of the public loss, great and irreparable as that was felt to be, but—“The poor Queen!” Common words—not over courtly ; with little in them of the ordinary euphemisms of loyal speech. “Most Gracious Majesty”—“Sovereign Lady”—these were all good, in their time and place ; but it was that homely phrase, that hearty English sympathy, that told the real strength of her subjects’ love : that showed how the Royal affliction had “bowed the heart of all the men of ‘England,’ even as the heart of one man.” Now, when the suddenness of the shock has passed, and we can calmly call to mind all that he was, and all that he might yet have been, we have time to think and say, “What a loss to England !” But the cry of that Sunday was the spark struck out at heat from the heart of the nation —“The poor Queen !”

What a wonderful principle it is, deeper than can be reached by any logical analysis, this union of a personal love with a loyal obedience to the Sovereign ! How good it is for a great nation that its government should rest in a human personality, living and feeling—not in a mere abstract Code, or body corporate ! Nay, have we not the same lesson taught us at this Christmas season ? He who knows men’s hearts, because He made them, when He vouchsafed a last revelation of Himself, clothed it in Flesh and Blood, gave us, not what philosophers would give us, an abstract idea of the Divine nature, but a Person—living, loving, suffering—that so our unruly wills and affections might be subdued by a personal Love. We must not usurp the preacher’s office ; yet not least remarkable among the signs of this time of mourning has been the leading paragraph of a political daily newspaper, closing with words of solemn intercessory prayer.*

* “Almighty and most merciful God, who art the Helper of all that put their trust in Thee, look, we beseech Thee, on the sadness and sorrow of our beloved Queen. Comfort and sustain her with Thy presence ; be a light to her in darkness ; bind up her broken heart ; help her to cast all her care on Thee ; and bring her again into Thy house with a song of thanksgiving ; through Jesus Christ our Lord.”—*Daily News*, December 16.

We heartily commend this prayer as a model to our Ecclesiastical authori-

It is no idle curiosity that gathers up, and dwells upon every particular of that anxious week in the Royal household. The (apparently) sudden access of dangerous symptoms on the Friday; the Queen returning from her drive to find her husband all but hopelessly changed; the watching through that long Friday night; the young Princess, thrown "on her own responsibility," summoning her brother by telegraph; his arrival in the dead of night; the sudden gleam of hope that shone out again even on the Saturday morning; the "one more night"—not to be granted—which if the sufferer could pass (so said the physicians) it might prove the turning-point of recovery; then, the long painful hours, when at last all hope was over, and the husband and the father, in the prime of his manhood, lay "dying fast." The sailor son far off across the Atlantic—the child left fatherless, away in France. And the One form of whose absence for a single moment the sufferer was impatient, which the dim eyes sought for almost in death—"He knew the Queen to the last." These are details which the Queen of England will not have grudged to her subjects' knowledge; for she knows they have been read with beating hearts and tearful eyes. It was not because these things were the gossip of a Court, that men have cared to read them; but because every particular has come to us as tidings of those we love; because we have pictured to ourselves the scenes in that household with a personal interest—have associated them with our own painful memories or anxious fears. It was because we all felt that something more than Royal state was there—in the "King's Room." It was a faithful and loving wife, not only a Queen—a daughter, not a mere Princess—who watched by that deathbed. More than all, because it was his unstained honour and manly virtue that had made that household a pure and happy one—that we so felt it; and for that cause, too, many a stubborn English spirit would have watched there, at the door, or on the threshold, day and night, if he could have brought one ray of comfort to those anxious hearts, or a breath of ease to the sufferer. There were no secrets about that deathbed; no questionable favourites to exclude or be excluded. He died—as a Prince should die.

ties; its simple and earnest language forms a remarkable contrast to those elaborate and unfortunate productions which are imposed upon the public, "by authority," on such occasions.

Royal though he was by birth, that royalty was of limited extent. His ancestral Principality was not larger than the estates of many English nobles; his own private fortune was but that of a younger brother. Though of the highest rank, according to the European standard of courtesy, his accession to the place of Prince Consort of Great Britain was in reality an immense elevation. It was, no doubt, an advantage in the formation of his character, that the brilliant future was not open to the eyes of the young student of Bonn; that his excellent natural abilities were subjected to careful training; and that his youth escaped the risk of being clouded by the shadow of greatness to come. Still, the trial was a severe one. At an age when, in most of us, judgment is weak and passion strong, he found himself raised to a height of power and influence—if not of recognised authority—which would have been perilous indeed to a lower nature. He bore it well. He had his position to make, which was a harder task than to fill a station to which there belonged an established line of conduct, and recognised responsibility. There were no precedents of Royal Consorts which he might be safe in following. How he chose and kept his course, all England knows and confesses. If there was ever a man to whom the consciousness of well-used power was reward sufficient, without the outward praise and glory, that man was Prince Albert. He reaped many of the jealousies which power entails, and little of the fame which makes power sweet. How much this nation owes him for years of domestic tranquillity—for the growing esteem and affection which, year by year, has gathered round the Crown—for the training which has given us in the Royal Family such bright promise for the future, can be known but to few. None of us care to know too exactly; none of us care to separate, even in thought, as to their will and their counsels, those Two whom only Death has divided. It is enough to know that the Queen had always by her side one to give her able and faithful counsel—to whom she could look with an entire and trusting affection—who, even had it been possible for him to have had interests apart from hers, was never governed by any selfish thought or ambition. If he had political opinions (and how could he not have them?) he never obtruded them unfairly, or abused his high influence to any personal or party predilections. If men called him cold, at least he had no court favourites. If he was a foreigner by birth and education, he had as thorough

an English heart as any prince born within the island. And perhaps in his instance the utterance of the general voice is not merely the feeling which, when the grave closes on the dead, forgets all past failings and remembers only the good ; it is rather the self-reproach, common to generous nations as to generous men, that we have lost one whose worth was so familiar, that we were scarcely able to appreciate its full value until he had gone from our sight.

It may seem to us that he has been called to his rest before his work was done. That question lies within the province of a Wisdom higher than ours ; nor will we augur future evil for a nation which knows how to honour a ruler such as him whom we have lost. If we had once a Queen who said she "took the nation for her husband," we shall not now lack a people to stand in that stead to a widowed Queen. God willing, she shall not want for counsel, in any strait that may come. Again the question will be asked, by high-minded men of all parties, "How is the Queen's government to be carried on?" and it will be answered honestly, laying self and party aside.

Let such a man go to his grave "among the kings," with all honours that we can give him. For a King he was, in all but in the name ; and one of England's best. Not one of iron hand and will, the hero of battle-fields and conquered provinces ; but such as our time needed ; wise, firm, temperate, pure, and true. When the nation reckons up her real Sovereigns, he will find his place amongst the Rulers of England.

Even whilst these words are written, heralds have proclaimed his style and titles in the gorgeous pageant that fills St George's Chapel. That is the rite which custom has consecrated for the funerals of Princes, and it is well that it should still be observed. Let none call it an empty ceremony, or say that such pomp of woe mocks the cold clay that neither hears nor heeds. But the simple wreaths which affection laid upon his coffin were more honour than many crowns ; and deep in a nation's heart and memory—graven in deeper lines, more lasting than on the coffin-plate — will live one title that is written there, the last and best—which comes within no herald's cognisance, but which a mourning people whispers through their tears—

VICTORIÆ REGINÆ
CONJUGIS PERCARISSIMI.

Dec. 23, 1861.

THE NATION'S PRAYER.

LORD GOD, on bended knee
Three Kingdoms cry to Thee,
God save the Queen !

God of all tenderness,
Lighten her load, and bless,
Deep in her first distress—
God save the Queen !

Hold Thou our Lady's hand,
Bid her arise and stand—
God save the Queen !

Grant her Thy comfort, Lord ;
Husband ! Thy arm afford ;
Father ! fulfil Thy word—
God save the Queen !

Thou hast given gladness long,
Make her in sorrow strong—
God save the Queen !

Dry our dear Lady's tears,
Succour her lonely years
Safe through all woes and fears—
God keep the Queen !

Sweet from this sudden gloom
Bring Thou life's perfect bloom—
God save the Queen !

Thou who hast sent the blow,
Wisdom and grace bestow
Out of this cloud of woe—
God save the Queen !

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CAXTONIANA :

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON LIFE, LITERATURE, AND MANNERS.

By the Author of "The Caxton Family."

NO. I.—ON THE INCREASED ATTENTION TO OUTWARD NATURE IN THE
DECLINE OF LIFE.

ONE of the most common, yet, when considered, one of the most touching characteristics of receding life, is its finer perception of external nature. You will find men who, in youth and middle age, seemed scarcely to notice the most striking features of some unfamiliar landscape, become minutely observant of the rural scenery around them when the eye has grown dim and the step feeble. They will detect more quickly than the painter the delicate variations made by the lapse of a single day in the tints of autumnal foliage—they will distinguish, amongst the reeds by the river-side, murmurs that escaped the dreamy ear of the poet.

I was acquainted in my school-boy days with an old man, who, after a metropolitan career of noisy and brilliant success, had slipped away from the London world as from a vulgar mob, and found a

Tusculum the reverse of Cicero's, void of books and remote from philosophers, in a dull lone house in a dull flat country. To me no scenery could be less interesting than that amidst which I met him in his quiet rambles : a trite monotony of level downs—neither wood, nor brook, nor undulating hill-top, that enlivens solitude with the infinite play of shadows. I was then at the age when we all fancy ourselves poets, and this man, who had but slight esteem for poets, was yet the first in whom I found that close observation of natural objects from which poetry takes the same starting-point as science. He would pause by what seemed to me a barren heap of stones, to examine the wild flower that had forced its way through the crevices ; he would point with his stick to what seemed to me but the empty space, till, looking long and steadily, I too saw the gossamer, sailing slow over

the niggard stubbles ;—and his countenance literally brightened with genial interest whenever we chanced to encounter some adventurous ant carrying its burden of a millet-seed over the Alpine fissures of a yawning cart-rut. I was bound to respect this man, for I was a boy and ambitious, he was old and renowned. He was kind to me, for he had known one of my family in a former generation, and would suffer me to walk by his side, and encourage me by indulgent, possibly contemptuous silence, to pour forth my crude fancies and my vague aspirations,—He, who could have taught me so much, content to listen ; I, who could have taught him nothing, well pleased to talk. And so, one day when he had more than usually provoked my resentment by devoting to gossamers and ants the admiring interest I was urging him to bestow upon bards and heroes, I exclaimed, with abrupt candour—"If ever I win a tenth part of your fame, sir, I don't think I shall run away from it into the country, especially into a country in which one has nothing to look at except ants and gossamers!"

The old man stopped short, and, leaning on his stick, first stared at me, and then, musingly, into space. Perhaps my rude speech set him thinking. At last he said, very quietly, and as if more to himself than me, "I shall soon leave the world: men and women I may hope again to see elsewhere, but shall I see elsewhere corn-fields and grass, gossamers and ants?" Again he paused a moment or two, and then added, "As we lose hold of our five senses do we wake up a sixth which had before been dormant—the sense of Nature ; or have we certain instincts akin to Nature which are suppressed and overlaid by our reason, and revive only at the age when our reason begins to fail us?"

I think I quote his words with accuracy—certainly their sense ; for

they puzzled me so much at the time that I often thought over them. And many years afterwards they came back to me in full force when reading the very remarkable conjectures upon instinct that are scattered throughout the works of Sir Humphry Davy ; in which that most imaginative of all our men of science suggests, in opposition to the various theories founded upon Locke, that man has instincts, of which revelation is one, and "that many of those powers which have been called instinctive belong to the more refined clothing of the spirit."* Be this as it may, I doubt not that each of my readers will recall some instance analogous to that which I have cited, of the charm which nature gradually acquires as our steps near the grave which is the vanishing point of her landscape. Year by year, I find that same charm gaining sway over myself. There was one period of my life when I considered every hour spent out of capitals as time wasted—when, with exhilarated spirits I would return from truant loiterings under summer trees to the smoke and din of London thoroughfares, I loved to hear the ring of my own tread on the hard pavement. The desire to compete and to combat—the thirst for excitements opening one upon the other in the upward march of an opposed career—the study of man in his thickest haunts—the heart's warm share in the passions which the mind, clear from their inebriety, paused to analyse,—these gave to me, as they give to most active men in the unflagging energies of youth, a delight in the vista of gas-lamps and the hubbub of the great mart for the interchange of ideas. But now—I love the country as I did when a little child, before I had admitted into my heart that ambition which is the first fierce lesson we learn at school. Is it, partly, that those trees never remind us that we are growing old? Older

* Sir H. DAVY'S *Works*, vol. ix. p. 343, *The Proteus, or Immortality*.

than we are, their hollow stems are covered with rejoicing leaves. The birds build amidst their bowering branches rather than in the lighter shade of the sapling. Nature has no voice that wounds the self-love ; her coldest wind nips no credulous affection. She alone has the same face in our age as in our youth. The friend with whom we once took sweet counsel we have left in the crowd, a stranger—perhaps a foe ! The woman in whose eyes, some twenty years ago, a paradise seemed to open in the midst of a fallen world, we passed the other day with a frigid bow. She wore rouge and false hair. But those wild flowers under the hedgerow—those sparkles in the happy waters—no friendship has gone from them !—their beauty has no simulated freshness—their smile has no fraudulent deceit.

But there is a deeper truth than all this, in the influence which nature gains over us in proportion as life withdraws itself from struggle and contention. We are placed on earth for a certain period to fulfil, according to our several conditions and degrees of mind, those duties by which the earth's history is carried on. Desk and warehouse, factory and till, forum and senate, schools of science and arts, arms and letters—by these we beautify and enrich our common habitation ; by these we defend, bind together, exalt, the destinies of our common race. And during this period the mind is wisely fitted less to contemplate than to act—less to repose than to toil. The great stream of worldly life needs attrition along its banks in order to maintain the law that regulates the movement of its waves. But when that period of action ap-

proaches towards its close, the soul, for which is decreed an existence beyond the uses of earth—an existence aloof from desk and warehouse, factory and till, forum and senate, schools of science and art, arms and letters—gradually relaxes its hold of former objects, and, insensibly perhaps to itself, is attracted nearer towards the divine source of all being, in the increasing witchery by which nature, distinct from man, reminds it of its independence of the crowd from which it begins to re-emerge.

And, in connection with this spiritual process, it is noticeable how intuitively in age we turn with strange fondness to all that is fresh in the earliest dawn of youth. If we never cared for little children before, we delight to see them roll in the grass over which we hobble on crutches. The grandsire turns wearily from his middle-aged careworn son to listen with infant-laugh to the prattle of an infant grandchild. It is the old who plant young trees ; it is the old who are most saddened by the autumn and feel most delight in the returning spring.

And, in the exquisite delicacy with which hints of the invisible eternal future are conveyed to us, may not that instinctive sympathy, with which life rounds its completing circle towards the point at which it touches the circle of life winding up to meet it, be a subtle intimation that, from such point of contact, youth will spring forth again?—may there be no meaning more profound than the obvious interpretation, in the sacred words, "Make yourselves as little children, for of such is the kingdom of heaven" ?

NO. II.—ON THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE URBAN AND RURAL TEMPERAMENT.

I have noticed, in the previous essay, that increased fondness for rural nature, which is among the ordinary characteristics of advancing age, as increase of stillness is among the ordinary attributes of

deepening eve. But there are persons who, from first to last, are such special lovers of the country life that they never feel thoroughly at home in the stony labyrinth of capitals ; and there are others who,

from first to last, would rather look out on a back-yard in St James's than on the vales under Fiesolè in the hues of a Tuscan autumn, or the waters of Windermere in the hush of an English June.

We, who are lovers of the country, are not unnaturally disposed to consider that our preference argues some finer poetry of sentiment—some steadier devotion to those ennobling studies which sages commend as the fitting occupations of retirement. But the facts do not justify that self-conceit upon our part. It was said by a philosopher who was charged with all the cares of a world's empire, that "there is no such great matter in retirement. A man may be wise and sedate in a crowd as well as in a desert, and keep the noise of the world from getting within him. In this case, as Plato observes, the walls of a town and the enclosure of a sheepfold may be made the same thing."*

Certainly poets, and true poets, have lived by choice in the dingy streets of great towns. Men of science, engaged in reasonings the most abstruse, on subjects the most elevating, have usually fixed their dwelling-place in bustling capitals, as if the din of the streets without deepened, by the force of contrast, the quiet of those solitary closets, wherein they sat analysing the secret heart of that Nature, whose everyday outward charms they abandoned to commonplace adorers.

On the other hand, men perforce engaged in urban occupations, nei-

ther bards nor sages but city clerks and traders, feel 'a yearning of the heart towards a home in the country; loving rural nature with so pure a fervour that, if closer intercourse be forbidden, they are contented to go miles every evening to kiss the skirt of her robe. Their first object is to live out of London, if but in a suburb; to refresh their eyes with the green of a field; to greet the first harbinger of spring in the primrose venturing forth in their own tiny realm of garden. It is for them, as a class, that cities extend beyond their ancient bounds; while our nobles yet clung to their gloomy halls in the Flete, traders sought homesteads remote from their stalls and wares in the pleasing village of Charing; gradually nobles were allured by the gentle example, and proud villas, with gardens sloping down to the river-side, chased the woodlark, or rather the bittern, away from the Strand.†

Nothing more stamps the true Cockney than his hate for the sound of Bow bells. It is in vain that we squirearchs affect to sneer at the rural tastes of the cit in his rood of ground by the highroad to Hampstead: the aquarium stored with minnows and tittlebats; the rock-work of vitrified clinkers, rich with ferns borne from Wales and the Highlands. His taste is not without knowledge. He may tell us secrets in horticulture that would startle our Scotch gardener; and if ever he be rich and bold enough to have a farm, the chances are that

* *Marcus Antoninus*: Jeremy Collier's translation.

† "The trade," says a writer in 1661 (Graunt—*Observations on Bills of Mortality*) "and very city of London removes westward." I think it is perfectly clear, from the various documents extant, that the movement beyond the city into the suburbs commenced with the smaller shopkeepers and not with the nobles: first, because the reports recommending improvements always mention the ground as preoccupied by small tenements; and, secondly, because the royal proclamations, and indeed the enactments of Parliament, in the sixteenth century against the erection of new buildings within London and Westminster, were evidently directed against the middle or lower classes, and not against the nobles. In the reign of Elizabeth the Queen's wish would have sufficed for her nobles; and proclamations can restrain the few when they are impotent against the many. But the enactments show, still more positively, that the interdict was intended for the people. No dwelling-houses were to be subdivided into small tenements; all sheds and shops erected within seven years were to be pulled down.

he will teach more than he learns from the knowing ones who bet five to one on his ruin. And when these fameless students of nature ramble forth from the suburb, and get for a while to the real heart of the country—when, on rare summer holidays, they recline, *in remoto gramine*, they need no choice Falernian, no unguents and brief-lived roses for that interval of full beatitude which the poet invites his friend to snatch from reprieving fates. Their delight proves the truth of my favourite aphorism—"that our happiest moments are those of which the memories are the most innocent."

It is not only the middle class of citizen in which the love of rural life is strong. Mechanics and artisans, crowded and pent in towns, have the same luxuriant joy in the sights and sounds of the country.

Turn your horse's head some summer holiday towards the bosky dells of Epping Forest. Suddenly you will come upon a spot in which the genius of our old English poets seems to linger—a fragment of the old "good greenwood," in which "birds are about and singing."

Scattered amidst those venerable trees, stunted as trees are on old forest ground, but with gnarled fantastic trunks, and opening here and there into glades that might ravish a painter's eye, are seen no longer indeed dainty dame and highborn cavalier, but weavers from Spital-fields—the carts and wains that brought them drawn up by the roadside. Here a family group gathered round the cups "that cheer but not inebriate;" there, children, whom it gladdens the heart to see at play, for the children of weavers have but a short interval of play between the cradle and the loom; yonder, heeding you not as you ride slowly by, two young sweethearts, talking, perhaps, of some distant time when they may see green fields, even on work-days, from the casements, not of a London attic, but of some thatched cottage, with eaves in which the swallow builds secure;

farther on, some studious lad, lonely as Jacques,

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs."

He has brought a book with him, doubtless a poem or work of fiction, that suits with the landscape round, and opens a door in the grassy knolls, like that which, in Scottish legend, admitted the child of earth into the halls of fairyland; yet ever and anon the reader lifts his eyes from the page, and drinks in with a lengthened gaze the balm of the blue sky, the freshness of the sylvan leaves.

The mechanics of Manchester are, or were some years ago, notable entomologists. They might be seen on summer evenings issuing forth with their butterfly-nets from smoky lanes, allured by gossamer wings over level swards dominated by tall factory-chimneys, as near to their homes and as far from their thoughts as the battle-field of Thermopylæ was from the dwellers in Tempe.

Doubtless, in the pursuit which gives zest and object to these rambles, they obey that instinct of the chase which is one of the primitive ties between man and nature. The passion for field sports, which is so common amongst the higher classes in England, lies, I think, deep amidst finer and gentler propensities than those which find pleasure in destroying. I put aside the more factitious adjuncts to the charm of the hunting-field: the gossip of the meet, the emulation of the run, the stimulants to the love of applause in the hot competition of rival courage and address. Apart from these exhilarants—which have nothing to do with the love of nature; by which men might be equally stirred in a tennis-court, or, with higher mental exertion, on the floor of the House of Commons—there is a delight in this frank and hearty commune with rural nature herself, which unconsciously warms the hunter's heart, and constitutes the most genial portion of his wild enjoy-

ment. His pursuit carried on through the season in which nature has the least beauty for those who, like Horace, regard winter as deformed; he welcomes with quickening pulse the aspects that sadden the lovers of flowers and sunshine. That slushing thaw, that melancholy drizzle, through which I, no follower of Nimrod, gaze listless and dejected from misty windows on skeleton trees and desolated parterres, raise the spirits and gladden the sense of the hunter. He has the privilege of finding beauties in the most sullen expression which the countenance of nature can assume; and he is right, and he is rewarded. How cheerily the tongue of the hounds rings through those dripping covers! With what a burst of life that copse of evergreens comes out from the nude hedgerows at the wind of the hazy lane! How playfully that noisy brook, through which the rider will splash his jocund way, re-escapes in its glee from the ice whose bonds it has broken! And when all is over, and the hunter rides homeward, perhaps alone, the westering sun breaks out from the clouds, just to bid him good-night and disappear; or over his own roof-tops gleams the moon or the wintry star, on which he gazes with a dim, half-conscious

“Devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.”

He has been that day with Nature, and the exhilaration of his exercise has lifted up his spirits to enjoy her companionship; inwardly, perhaps mechanically, as we enjoy that of any familiar friend, without pausing to expatiate on the charms of friendship.

But here let the hunter speak for himself, and in words that eloquently approve my attempt to analyse his sensations. “It is by the real sportsman—by the true admirer of nature and nature’s God—by the man fraught with a lively

sense of the boon of existence, of thankfulness for the health and happiness he is permitted to enjoy—by the man at peace with himself, and in charity with all men, that the exhilarating sensations of a hunting morning will be felt and appreciated.”* The piety which pervades this extract is in harmony with the spirit in which the ancients appear to have regarded the pleasures of the chase. Arrian opens his *Cynegiticus*, or “Treatise on Coursing,” by reminding us how carefully “Xenophon has commemorated the advantages that accrue to mankind from hunting, and the regard of the gods for those instructed in it by Chiron.” And indeed Xenophon was scrupulously rigid in preserving that mythical alliance between religion and hunting—forbidding the sportsman even to slip a hound until he has vowed a due share of the game to Apollo and Diana. So that even in the heathen times the chase brought man too closely face to face with nature not to suggest to him a recognition of that Celestial Soul which lights the smile upon her lips. Certainly in the chase itself all my sympathies are on the side of the fox; perhaps from a foolish inclination, which has done me little good in the world, towards the weaker party, leading me imprudently to favour those whom there is a strong determination to run down. But if all individuals are to give way to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, we must set off against the painful fate of the fox the pleasurable sensation in the breasts of numbers, which his fate has the honourable privilege to excite, and be contented to sacrifice his personal welfare, as we sacrifice some “vested interest” to that pitiless Moloch “the Public Advantage.”

For myself, though no participator in the joys of more vehement sport, I have a pleasure that I cannot reconcile to my abstract notions

* *The Noble Science*, by FREDERIC DELME RADCLIFFE, Esq.

of the tenderness due to dumb creatures, in the tranquil cruelty of angling. I can only palliate the wanton destructiveness of my amusement by trying to assure myself that my pleasure does not spring from the success of the treachery I practise towards a poor little fish, but rather from that innocent revelry in the luxuriance of summer life which only anglers enjoy to the utmost. When I have cast my perfidious line over the waves of a lake, or into the dips and hollows of a bubbling trout-stream, with all its romantic curvatures into creek and cove, a thousand images, born from poetic sentiment, and giving birth in turn to moralising thought, present themselves to my noonday reverie; images which would never have taken shape had I been pacing to and fro the gravel-walks of my garden. Above all, Nature herself, in that spiritual beauty which keeps opening out from the green deeps as our eye rests on the surface, just as out from some grand author meaning on meaning, secret on secret, will open as we continue to read and re-read the page—Nature herself fascinates and appeals to me when I stand on the grassy banks, and see earth and sky blending light and shadow in the glass of mysterious waters.

This miserable pastime of angling—this base seduction of a credulous fellow-creature with a fraudulent bait—certainly it is not this which charms me hour after hour to solitary moss-grown banks. The pastime is but my excuse for listening so patiently

“From morn till noon, from noon till
dewy eve,”

to the vague whisperings of the Universal Mother. Why do I need that idle rod to draw me forth to the water-side—why, if no snare of mine near yon water-lily menaced the scaly flocks of Proteus—why could I not recline as long and as contentedly under this bowery elm-tree, watching the reeds quiver where the pike stirs, or noting the

wistful eyes of the grasshopper as he halts on my lap, wondering whether I be friend or foe? I know not why. Ask the gunner whether he would walk thirty miles a-day over stubble and turnips, if he had a staff in his hand instead of his Manton.

Man is so formed for design by the Great Designer, that in his veriest amusement he still involuntarily seeks an object. He needs a something definite—a something that pretends to be practical—in order to rivet his attention long to external nature, however sensitive he may be to her charms. We must have our chase or our angling, our butterfly-net or our geological hammer, or we must be botanists or florists, naturalists, husbandmen, or artists. If we can make to ourselves no occupation out of the many that rural nature affords us, we must be contented, like the Spitalfields weaver, to visit her on rare holidays. Our week-day world is not in her calm retreats.

He who fondly prefers the country to the town, who feels that the best part of him can never develop into bloom and fruit in the atmosphere of capitals, is not, as I commenced by owning, wiser or better, more imaginative or more thoughtful, than he who by choice fixes his home in the busiest haunts of men. But he is probably better and possibly wiser than the *average* number of those who cannot live out of towns. He must possess, if Kant's theory of the *Æsthetic* be as true as it is lovely, the inborn moral sentiment which allies itself to the immediate, unreasoning, unambitious sympathy with Nature. “He,” says the grand philosopher, “who contemplates solitarily (without purpose or object of communicating to others what it pleases himself to observe) the beauty of a wild flower, a bird, an insect—to admire and to love it—who would regret not to find that thing in Nature, independently of all advantage he may draw from it—nay, even if it occasions to him some

loss or harm;—it is he who attaches to Nature an interest immediate and intellectual. . . . That advantage which Natural beauty has over Artistic beauty in alone thus exciting an immediate interest, accords with the purified and solid intelligence of all who have cultivated their moral sentiment. When a man, having sufficient taste to appreciate the productions of the Fine Arts with exactitude and delicate perception, quits without regret the chamber in which glitter those beauties that satisfy vanity and the craving for social distractions, and seeks the beauty of Nature, to find therein a delight which sustains his mind in that direction to which we can never attain the final goal: in that man we suppose a certain beauteousness of soul which we do not attribute to a connoisseur, because the last finds an interest in the objects of Art."

Leaving without comment these passages, which do but loosely and inadequately paraphrase the original (for it would almost require a Plato to translate, and, alas! at times, an Aristotle to comprehend, a Kant), I may suggest some less refining arguments in favour of the proposition that he who prefers the country is perhaps better than the average of those who prefer the town. It is clear that he must have a large share of that negative goodness which consists in the absence of evil. He cannot well be a profligate sensualist, nor an ambitious schemer, nor dependent for enjoyment on the gratification of petty vanities. His sources of pleasure will at least be generally pure. He will have that independence of spirit which can stand firm without leaning on other men's minds: to use the fine expression of Locke, "he will have raised himself above the alms-basket, and is not content to live lazily on scraps of begged opinion."* His conscience needs no turbulent excitements to chase away a haunting

remembrance. I speak of those who genuinely and truly love the country by natural temperament, not of those who take to it without love, as outlaws who fly into a temple, not to worship at its altar, but to lie hid within its sanctuary. Birds sing in vain to the ear, flowers bloom in vain to the eye, of mortified vanity and galled ambition. He who would know repose in retirement must carry into retirement his destiny, integral and serene, as the Cæsars transported the statue of Fortune into the chamber they chose for their sleep. The picture of the first Lord Holland gnawing out his fierce heart on the downs of Kingsgate, is very different from that of a gentler statesman, Pliny, hailing his reprieve from pomp and power, and exclaiming, in the scholar's true enthusiasm—"O mare, O littus, verum secretumque, Μουσέϊον, quam multa dictatis, quam multa invenitis!"

Whatever the varying predilections of grown-up men for town or country, one fact needs no proving; all children prefer the country. Ask any schoolboy up to the age of fifteen, where he would spend his holidays. Not one in five hundred will say, "In the streets of London," if you give him the option of green fields and running waters. It is, then, a fair presumption that there must be something of the child still in the character of the men or the women whom the country charms in maturer as in dawn-ing life.

Among women especially, I own I think better of those who prefer fields to streets. They have not in capitals the grand occupations of laborious men—they have no bar and no senate. At the best, if more than usually cultured and intelligent, they can but interchange such small coins of thought and learning as are spent in talk. But if there be one thing in which intellect can appear to the intellectual

* Introduction to *Essay on the Human Understanding*.

either flippant or commonplace, it is the talk of wits in the drawing-rooms of capitals. The worst part of an eminent man's conversation is, nine times out of ten, to be found in that part which he means to be clever. Even in the talk of Dr Johnson, as recorded by Boswell, the finest things are those which he said to Boswell when nobody was by, and which he could just as well have said in the Hebrides.

The most delicate beauty in the mind of women is, and ever must be, an independence of artificial stimulants for content. It is not so with men. The links that bind men to capitals belong to the golden chain of civilisation—the chain which fastens all our destinies to the throne of Jove. And hence the larger proportion of men in whom genius is pre-eminent have preferred to live in cities, though some of them have bequeathed to us the loveliest pictures of the rural scenes in which they declined to dwell. Certainly nothing in Milton or in Shakespeare more haunts our memory than the passages in which they seem to luxuriate in rural life, as Arcadians in the Golden Age. What voluptuous revelry amongst green leaves in that half-pastoral comedy which has its scene in the Forest of Ardennes! In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* how Fancy seems to bury herself, as it were, in the lap of Nature, as the fairies bury themselves in the bells of flowers! Think of Milton, the *Lycidas*, the *Comus*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, the garden-land of *Paradise Lost*! Yet Milton seems to have willingly enough spent nearly all his life in "troubled cities pent." Even in his brief holiday abroad it is amongst capitals that he loves to linger. We do not find him, like the poet who has had the widest and loudest fame of our own age, rejoice

"To sit alone, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's fading green,
Where things that own not man's dominion
dwell,

And mortal foot has ne'er or rarely been."

Shakespeare, so far as we know of his life, was from early youth a denizen of London till rich enough to retire; and then he retired, not into the solitudes of the country, but into a social dwelling in the midst of a town, in which, no doubt, he found, and was pleased to find, associates of younger days, with whom he could talk frankly, as great men rarely talk save to those with whom they have played in boyhood.

Most of the more famous modern writers on the Continent have by choice lived in cities, especially the German and the French. And in this they are distinguished from the ancient authors, at least the Latin. Horace had his Sabine farm in the Vale of Ustica; the love of scenery yet more attractive made him take also his cottage amidst the orchards and "mobile rivulets" of Tivoli. He sighed yet for a third country home—a winter retreat in the mild climate of Sorrento. Tibullus, the amorous and the beautiful, passed the larger part of his short life on his estate in the lovely country between Tivoli and Præneste. Ovid, specially the man of gaiety and fashion, lived, it is true, chiefly at Rome (before his mysterious exile), but he had a garden of his own apart from his house, between the Flaminian and Clodian Ways, to which he constantly resorted, as well as his country-seat, the Pelignan farm.

Virgil's house at Rome, like that of Propertius, was ruralised, as it were, by its neighbourhood to the vast gardens of Mæcenas. His favourite residence, however, was at Naples, not actually in the town, if Neapolitan traditions be worthy of credit, but on the outskirts, near his legendary tomb on Posilippo, and facing the bay which sunset colours with such glorious hues.

Even Terence, whose vocation of comic writer might be supposed to fix him amidst the most populous haunts of men, may be fairly presumed, when not in the villas of his patrons, to have spent his time

chiefly on his own small estate by the Appian Road, till he vanished into Greece, whence he never returned; dying, according to one report—for there are many reports as to the mode and place of his death—amidst the mountain seclusions of Arcady. Every scholar, almost every schoolboy, has got by heart the song in which Catullus vents his rapture on regaining his home on the Sirmian Peninsula. And many a man who has never read Catullus has uttered the same cry of joy in greeting his rural threshold after strange wanderings or lengthened absence. For what more blessed than to ungird us of our cares—when the mind lays down its fardel, and we come from the toil afar to our own hearth, and repose on the longed-for bed? Who does not then call on the dear roof to welcome him as if it were a living thing of life, and echo the sense of that wondrous line—

“Laugh, every dimple in the cheek of home!”*

Cicero's love of the country needs no proof. With his busy life we still associate his quiet *Tusculum*. Pliny the younger gives us a description, chiefly known to architectural critics, whom it has sadly puzzled, of a rich public man's retreat from the smoke of Rome, only seventeen miles from the city, “so that (writes Pliny to his friend) after we have finished the business of the day, we can go thither from town at sunset;” a journey which he calls extremely short when performed on horseback (more tedious in a carriage, because the roads were sandy). Certainly a man must have loved the country well to ride seventeen miles to a house in it after the business of the day. Few English statesmen or lawyers, I suspect, would be equally alert in their sacrifice to the rural deities. But how lovingly Pliny

describes the house, with apartments so built as to command the finest prospects: the terrace before the gallery all perfumed with violets; the gallery itself so placed that the shadow of the building is thrown on the terrace in the forenoon; and at the end of the gallery “the little garden apartment,” which he calls his own—his sweetheart—looking on one side to the terrace, on the other to the sea; and then his own bedchamber carefully constructed for the exclusion of noise. No voice of babbling servants, no murmurs from booming seas, reach the room in which, as he tells us elsewhere, he not only sleeps but muses.

“There,” he exclaims, in that charming letter† wherein he compares that petty gossip of the town, which seems, while you are in town, to be so sensible and rational, but of which you say when you get into the country, “How many days have I wasted on trifles!”—“there,” he exclaims, “there, at my *Laurentium*, I hear nothing that I repent to have heard, say nothing that I repent to have said; no hopes delude, and no fears molest me. Welcome, thou life of integrity and virtue! O dulce otium, honestumque, ac pœne omni negotio pulchrius!”

We have no absolute warrant for fixing the voluntary choice of the great poets of Athens either in town or country. But we know, from ample authority, that the possession of a rural home was the passionate craving of an Athenian. Up to the date of the Peloponnesian War most of the Athenian citizens resided habitually with their families in the country. And when compelled, at the outbreak of that war, to come within the blind walls of the city, each man grieved, as if in leaving his rural home he was leaving his own civil polity, yea, his own proper city, behind him.‡

* “*Ridete quidquid est Domi cachinnorum.*”

The translation of the line in the text is by Leigh Hunt. I am not quite satisfied with the version, but I have not met with, and certainly I cannot suggest, a better one.

† Book i. Epist. ix. to Minutius Fundinus.

‡ THUCYD., lib. i. c. xvi. See Bloomfield's note on the passage referred to.

The burly Demos itself is represented by Aristophanes much as our old-fashioned caricatures represented John Bull—a shrewd and grumbling farmer thinking how votes might affect his crops. It may not, therefore, be presumptuous to suppose that Sophocles had a favourite retreat on the chalky soil of his native Colonus, and listened, many a returning spring, to “the nightingales that tenanted the dark ivy, and greeted the narcissus, ancient coronal of mighty goddesses, as it burst into bloom under the dews of heaven.”* Or that the wronged and melancholy Euripides might have gathered his consoling books (Athenæus tells us that he was an ardent book-collector) into some suburban dwelling-place by the banks of that Cephissus, of which, in the headlong rush of his darkest tragedy, he pauses to chant the tempering breeze and the fragrant rose.†

The town temperament is in general anxious, aspiring, combative; the rural temperament quiet, unambitious, peaceful.

But the town temperament has this advantage over the rural—a man may by choice fix his home in cities, yet have the most lively enjoyment of the country when he visits it for recreation; while the

man who, by choice, settles habitually in the country, there deposits his household gods, and there moulds his habits of thought to suit the life he has selected, usually feels an actual distress, an embarrassment, a pain, when, from time to time, he drops, a forlorn stranger, on the London pavement. He cannot readily brace his mind to the quick exertions for small objects that compose the activity of the Londoner. He has no interest in the gossip about persons he does not know; the very weather does not affect him as it does the man who has no crops to care for. When the Londoner says, “What a fine day!” he shakes his head dolefully, and mutters, “Sadly in want of rain.”

The London sparrows, no doubt, if you took them into the forest glens of Hampshire, would enjoy the change very much; but drop the thrush and linnet of Hampshire into St James’s Square, and they would feel very uneasy at the prospect before them. You might fill all the balconies round with prettier plants than thrush and linnet ever saw in the New Forest, but they would not be thrush and linnet if they built their nest in such coverts.

(To be continued.)

* *Ædip. Col.*, from line 668.

† *Medea*, 842.

WASSAIL: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

CONCLUSION.—CHAPTER VIII.

AND where was Lily? ah! where was Lily? The salts of the earth, the great priestesses of propriety, would have blushed to see her—the Martineaus would have pitied, perhaps lectured on her. “Fie, fie! Lily!” There she sat in the summer-house with her head resting on the prodigal Tom’s shoulder, her light locks tangling with his bushy whiskers, and her eyes looking up at him. “Shame on you, Lily!” Strange to say, Lily, in her innocence and simplicity, did not feel her own depravity. Shamed! why should she feel shamed? shamed at laying her head on dear old Tom’s shoulder—old Tom, whom she had loved as a child, loved as a girl, loved as a woman; whom she had loved naturally without going through any spasmodic sensations, or experiencing any sudden sympathetic influences. Instead of being ashamed, she seemed to be well pleased with her position, and was making a little purring noise expressive of extreme satisfaction. “So he’s come back—the dear, dear old Tom, and how we’ve been longing to see his dear face again. We did hope for a letter, and I thought one had come when James beckoned me out; but to think of its being dear old Tom himself! What a shame of you, though, to steal upon us in disguise, just like the knights when they came back to their castles from the wars dressed like palmers or minstrels.”

“My disguise was more of the gaberlunzie stamp, I think, and more fitting a rough old sheep-feeder. However, I didn’t repent my little bit of masquerading, for didn’t it give me an opportunity of sitting quietly looking at the dear group—of looking at my Lily grown lovelier than ever—at the dear old father beaming with heartiness as usual, amid the joints and the

cans—and at the dear mother too, placid and sweet as of old. I thought, though, that she looked a little pensive.”

“Yes, Tom, she has pined a good deal at your absence, and the father too has fretted a good deal; your return will be joy to his heart spite of all that’s past—I know he prays nightly that he may live to see it; but you know he will expect you to appear in the character of a prodigal, very famine-stricken and very penitent.”

“What an impostor I should be in the character of a prodigal!” said Tom, laughing and looking down over his broad frame and lusty limbs. “Do I look like a prodigal?”

Lily thought not. As she looked in his face she saw no sign there of riotous living—of feeding with swine—no sign of the remorse begotten of sin and famine; she saw nothing but manliness and honesty in that broad open brow and the deep blue eyes—nothing save the will of endeavour in the firm lip and strong chin. No; she felt instinctively as she looked, that he had come back heart-sound—the same good, strong, gentle, honest Tom as ever.

“No, Lily, I shall never pass for a prodigal, or a famine-stricken one at any rate. Why, I’m strong as a young lion, and have health enough to stock a whole college of physicians with. There’s an arm, a pretty thing that to put around a girl’s waist.”

Lily did not altogether seem to perceive the incongruity of such a proceeding.

“But there were other reasons, Lily, why I wished to see you and make inquiries before I appeared in character—they related to poor Emily.”

“Why, you don’t mean, Tom, that

you have seen or found out anything about her! Oh! do, do tell me."

"Softly, softly, my little fairy; I have grown a methodical old fellow, and must go on regularly with my story, and let one part lead to another. I must tell somewhat first of my own doings, my Lily."

"Yes, yes, tell me all—all your adventures—all your story from beginning to end."

"Well, there is not much adventure in it; but I must tell just as much as will explain what follows."

Lily nestled herself on his shoulder, half listening, half wrapt in the sense of enjoying his presence.

"You will recollect, from my letters," commenced Tom, fumbling with his pipe, and then, as he looked at his delicate Lily, hastily putting it back into his pocket, "how, soon after my arrival at Sydney, I met with the owner of one of the largest sheep-farms in the country, and how he offered me to become a sort of partner, paying in a small capital and making up the rest by labour. This suited me well, as I wished to reserve my money until I could see my way to a good investment, and I wished, too, to get a large experience in my future work. The farm was a long way off, far away in the bush—far away from all civilisation—a very lonesome place. My partner, or rather master, stuck most rigorously to his bargain; he was a severe task-master, and exacted his pound of flesh to the ounce. I now began to know what work was. I thought that I had worked hard at Tregarrow, but that was nothing. I could take off my coat and put it on as I liked, go in for a spell of work as an excitement, and then there was behind all the plentiful larder and the cheerful hearth. Now I found out what it was to toil—toil incessantly, body and mind, with little respite, little rest, and with very poor and irregular food. However, it seemed to agree with me; it kept me in fine health

and out of all harm—made me think and act for myself. The nature of the work, too, seemed to draw out my powers and give me more self-reliance. The difficulties and hardships, too, which I underwent, made me ashamed of the trifles and mole-hills at which I used to grumble and stumble. 'Twas a good life to make a man, still 'twas a hard life; and I don't know what I should have done without the few books you lent me. They were a great solace in the lone nights sometimes spent in the bush, sometimes in a shepherd's hut, or in the lone room at home—my only solace except the pipe. No! you need not look up,—I had no other. I am almost a water-drinker now, and shall be a most degenerate inheritor of the tankard."

"Then you shall change with the uncle, and have the snuff-box, Tom," said Lily.

"It will be as useful to me as the other. The abstinence from all spirits, however, was a blessing to me. It was a lesson from the old partner, and the best he ever gave. 'Young fellow, whilst you have strength,' he said, 'never yield to stimulants. I did so, and see what I have come to,—used up, worn out before my time. I am a warning for you.' And a terrible one he was. He had taken fearfully to drink of late, and at the end of the twelve months his mind and strength were so impaired that he was not equal to any business, even of the most trifling kind. So, after a good deal of hesitation, he resolved to retire, and offered me the property and stock. The offer was a fair one, and as I now felt myself equal to the position, I accepted it. I was now my own master—a large proprietor. My labours, however, were not decreased—head-work, anxiety, responsibility, were all doubled. I was in a position which taxed me to the utmost. Things, however, went well with me; my walks were soon enlarged—my flocks multiplied, and my shepherds were like a little regiment. I was fast grow-

ing rich. About this time your letters began to tell of the old man's beginning to pine and fret about me, and of his longings for my return. This thought haunted me. Ever I saw before me the dear old man drooping and dispirited. The memory of the old hearth and all around it grew stronger and stronger, until I could think of nought besides. Now, too, a great dread seized upon me. I began to feel that the love of gain was growing within me, and I feared lest the curse of gold should eat into my heart. You know how I always shuddered at such a fate, and how we used to talk over the misery, and how the old father used to say that a cold heart and grasping hand were the greatest curses which could befall a man. So I resolved to tear it up ere it gained too firm a foothold and had become my master. I felt that I had done enough to prove myself—enough to show myself capable of achieving a purpose—capable of independent action. Time enough, too, had elapsed for the little estrangement betwixt me and the dear old father to pass away, and for the old love to return. I had grown wiser, too, and knew that I could make a happier future for him. So, after thinking it over for a night or two, my mind was made up—I would return home. Next day I started for the house of a proprietor at some distance, whose brother I knew was looking out eagerly for an investment. The bargain was soon struck. 'Twas an easy one on my side. On my return I was overtaken by one of the terrific storms so common in that country. The rain blinded me, the gusts of wind drove my horse almost off his legs, and the thunder and lightning made him shake in every limb; so I was obliged to get off and lead him. We soon lost our way, and stumbled about until the bush grew thicker and thicker, and there seemed no path or way out whatever. At last, however, I hit suddenly on a sort of clearing, and there, in the middle of it,

stood a better sort of shepherd's hut, though 'twas a poor place, after all. After I had knocked several times, a wretched creature, ragged, dishevelled, and begrimed with dirt, came to the door. 'Och, what are ye awanting on?' he said, gruffly.—'Wanting?' I answered, pointing to the sky; 'why, shelter for myself and horse.'—'Shelter, is it? then ye'll find it in the shed yonder; and ye'd better stay with yer horse, he'll be better company than them's inside; there's worse nor the thunder and lightning here.' Notwithstanding this warning, I returned, and, after making a half-forcible entry, found myself inside. 'Twas certainly a miserable place, squalid with dirt and meanness. The only furniture was a few rickety chairs and a coarse deal table; some sheepskins lay about in corners, and a few sticks were burning on the hearth, over which a tin pot was simmering. Over the chimney were some fire-arms and powder-horns, but they looked rusty and neglected. 'Well, now ye're in, ye may sit down, if ye plaze; but ye'll be repinting afore long, and wishing yerself outside the dour agin. Och, there, I tould ye so.' At that moment a fearful yell came from the inner room, followed by most horrible curses and blasphemy. 'Good God!' I said, 'what's that?'—'Och, sure,' said the shepherd, unconcernedly, 'it's only the master; it's jist the time for his divils to come.'—'Devils!' I said.—'Oh yis, the divils; he's mighty dilerus the day, and thinks when he wakes that there's a pack of divils come to tormint and car him off.'—'But surely,' I said, 'you should send for a doctor and clergyman.'—'Docther, is it? and where wald ye find one to come? and maybe have a bottle thrown at his head; and as fur a praisht, begad he'd sooner have the divils.'—'Can I go and see if I can be of help?'—'Och, ye may come; but ye're better whare yer are; I'm jist going to car him the

dhrink.' So I followed into a room if possible more wretched than the other; and there, in the corner, on a rude pallet, with a dirty rug as his only covering, lay a man howling now, and gesticulating with all his might. He was a fearful, a piteous sight. His long bare arms, lying outside the rug, were worn down to bone and muscle; his long hair was matted and tangled, and hung down over his face. He was evidently young, but riot and disease had told fearfully on him. His eyes were sunken and bloodshot, his cheeks hollow, and his features altogether most ghastly. As the shepherd entered, he turned and yelled at him. 'Well, devil's stoker, have you been heating the pincers, eh? I'm sure the devil employs you to torment me.'—'Och, be asy, master, dear,' said the shepherd, soothingly; 'here's a jontleman come to see ye.'—'A gentleman!—oh, that's another of them'—and here he turned and glared fiercely at me for a few minutes, then yelled out louder than ever—'Oh, it's Tom Penrice, is it?—so you are turned devil's bailiff, are you, Tom?'—'Good God!' I said, as a sudden recognition burst on me; 'it can't be Harry Rankin!'

'Yes, it is Harry Rankin,' he yelled again, with an oath; 'and why shouldn't it be? how did you expect to find him?—not well and happy, I suppose?—the devils wouldn't stand that: but you shan't take me yet, Tom: stand off—my time isn't come yet; I've something to say and do before I go. They send all kinds of messengers for me, though. Who do you think they sent last? Why, the baby—Emily's baby, you know—the one that died; but it had a ring of gold light round its head—I don't think it could have come from the devil—do you? Then there's the vicar—he comes oftenest. Curse him—curse him, I say; but for his cursed pride and prudery I shouldn't have come to this: he spurned me—he scorned me, didn't he?—he

spurned me from his door—made me feel a coward!—but I've had my revenge. I laid a slow burning fire in his heart; but 'tis hotter here, Tom'—striking his breast—'hotter here!'—and then he went off into incoherent curses and howlings until he fell exhausted on the pallet.

"'Now thin,' said the Irish shepherd, 'ye'll get no sinse from him for one while; so if ye're his frind, ye'd better be fetching the doother or spaking to the praist.'

"Having ascertained really where I was, I recollected that some miles distant lived a young fellow who had come out to the country as a medical practitioner, and, finding that unprofitable, had taken to farming; and as the storm had abated, I determined to set out for him.

"He readily consented to return with me, but 'twas night ere we arrived, and the stars were shining down brightly on the hut and all its wretchedness. When we entered, Harry was lying quite quiet—the eyes were even more sunken now; there was a deadly pallor on his face, and drops of cold sweat stood on his brow. The doctor said he was in a state of collapse, and that though he might rally from this, and be rational for a while, that there was no ultimate hope for him, and that his days—nay, his hours—were numbered. He then proceeded to bathe his brow and administer some brandy from a bottle which stood on the table. After a time he revived a little, opened his eyes and looked round on me with a wild and bewildered gaze. When I spoke to him, however, and placed my hand on him, he seemed to gather up his senses. 'Ah, is it really you, Tom?' he said, in a hollow feeble voice; 'I thought 'twas a dream. Surely a Providence sent you, Tom. Oh, Tom, I wished so much to do justice to poor Emily before I died, and you have come in time to hear all. This takes a terrible load from my heart, for you will right her, I

know you will. Poor, poor Emily, how I have wronged her!—what a ruffian—what a liar have I been to her, Tom! And yet one time it might have been so different. I often think though, that if the vicar had not scorned me so, all would have been well. I should have grown a different man under Emily's influence, and we might have been happy after all. From the time he spurned me, I thought of nothing except revenge: my hatred towards him was stronger than my love to Emily. 'Twas long, however, before I could get her consent to elope, and 'twas only when I promised faithfully that the instant we were married we would come back and ask pardon. So she went and we were married—really married. Then I persuaded her to write before we went back—but I intercepted the letter. She wrote again, and again, and these letters were also stopped; so, of course, no answer came. Mortified by the coldness and silence of her father, and sick with despair, she consented at last to go to Australia and begin a new life, under new auspices. Well, after we came here, things went better, and I stuck to my work and my home. Soon, however, I fell in with the old set, and into the old ways. Emily tried hard to wean me, but 'twas no use; I grew worse and worse. Then our first child died, and that startled me back from my courses. 'Twas only for a while, however. So things went on until two years had passed, and another child was born to us; but nothing had effect on me; drink, drink—gamble, gamble—was all I thought of. Emily now began to lose patience, and would taunt me and speak in her proud way, and this would madden me so, that I have struck her—yes, Tom—often struck her. Still she stayed by me, though God knows my house was then no place for her. One night, however, madd with days of drinking, and aggravated by something she said, I told her—God forgive me!—that our marriage was a sham one, that she was not my

wife, and that her child was a bastard. With that she rose up, looked at me as her father had done, took up her child, and left the room. Next morning I went away early, not daring to face her; but when I returned she was gone—gone with her child, and I could get no trace of her. Some months after this I received a letter from her, giving the address of a milliner, beseeching me to tell whether my terrible words were true or not. I never answered it. After she had gone I did nothing but drink: I was always drunk or drinking: I felt that I was killing myself, yet kept ever feeding the fire. But the fire of the blood and the brain was nothing to the fire of the heart, Tom. At last I could bear it no longer, my conscience stung me so; and I set out in search of Emily, to tell her the truth, and see her once more. I had got thus far on my way, when I was taken with one of my attacks; and that devil's stoker, that Irish fellow, gave me brandy instead of keeping it from me, and that finished me. It is a terrible end, Tom, isn't it? But my strength is going, and I must come to the end. Put your hand under my pillow, Tom, and take out the box that's there. The certificate of marriage is there, and Emily's letters which she wrote to her father; and there is also my will, giving her all that's left—not much, but enough to take her home and keep her for some time in comfort. Now you must deliver these to her, if she is still alive—promise me that for the sake of old times.'—'Yes, yes,' I said, 'I will; but how shall I find her? What clue have I to seek her by?'—'There is that address she gave, in the box, and Dingo. Dingo there,' pointing to one of the country dogs which lay by the bed, 'will be a great help, a good guide; he was very fond of her, and would know her at once anywhere. But you will find her, Tom; God will guide you; He has sent you here. Poor Emily! I should have wished to ask her forgiveness—but there are so

many I ought to ask forgiveness of!' His voice now was getting feebler, and his utterance more irregular. After a pause, he said—'Tom, do you think you could say a prayer?' So I knelt and began the Lord's Prayer; when I came to 'forgive us,' I thought that he was trying to repeat the words, but utterance failed him. And my prayer was scarcely ended, when a strong cold shudder shook his frame; there was a gurgle in the throat, and all was over. This was the last of poor Harry Rankin."

Lily was trembling and sobbing in his arms now—"Oh, 'twas terrible, Tom—too terrible!"

"Yes, Lily, 'twas a fearful scene—very fearful to think of."

"When the doctor left me to fetch a nurse or watcher, I was alone, except Dingo, for the Irish shepherd had disappeared, carrying off, I suppose, what little plunder there was. I tried hard to think of Harry as he had been in his youth and prime, but that poor, haggard, worn, remorseful face haunted me, and a sort of fascination drew my eyes always to the bed. 'Twas a sad, weary watch, and I was relieved when it was over. I stayed in the neighbourhood long enough to see him buried, and to take such steps that the property left might be made available for Emily, and then started for Sydney to commence my search for her, and to arrange about my own departure.

"Well, for a long time my search was all vain. The milliner had seen nothing of Emily for months, but had heard that she and her child had been ill, and that she had been seen at the pawnbroker's. I watched these places, and all the resorts of the poor, equally without success. One night, however, as I was returning from one of the suburbs to the town, I had turned round to look at the moonlight, when a woman, slightly and shabbily dressed, passed by me. There was something in the figure which made my heart beat. An instant after Dingo rushed towards her, gave a

joyous bark, and began jumping and leaping upon her. I was certain now, so I went up and said, 'Oh, Emily, I am so glad that I have found you. I have been looking for you so long.' Her impulse at first seemed to be to run away, and then she stopped and turned upon me with one of her cold, fixed looks. 'I know,' she said, 'why you seek me; the presence of that dog tells the story; so come with me and let me hear all.' So we went on together, she trying to walk firm, but shaking and staggering at every step. 'Twas a poor house she led me into, and her garret must have been the worst room in it. It had a very poverty-stricken look. 'Twas very cold and bare. On a little bed lay a poor, sick, wailing child, suffering apparently as much from want of nurture as from illness. 'Now, then,' she said, with the same tone and look, 'I see by your face he is dead—it is all over; now tell me all.' And I did, softening the scene as much as possible. At first she tried to seem firm and strong, but nature was too much for her, and at last she burst out into violent weeping; she was thinking more then of the lover of her youth than of the brutal husband. When she'd come to a little, I told her of the marriage certificate. Good gracious, Lily, I never expected the effect this had on her. She sprang up—gave a great shout—then seized me by the arm and said, quite fiercely, 'Tom, Tom, is this true? you are not deceiving me!' 'Deceiving you,' I said; 'look, here is the certificate.' She took it eagerly and read it over then, as if a great curse had fallen from her; she lifted up her hands and cried aloud, 'God, I thank thee for this—I thank thee for this hour;' next she rushed to the bed, took up the child, kissed it, and cried over it, saying, 'Then you are true born, my darling—you are no bastard.' It seemed dearer to her for that thought. 'Now, Tom,' she said, 'I can go home. I can carry penitence and error to his hearth, not

shame. I can say to him now, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and against thee." Now I can place that child in his arms. He will have forgotten his sternness now.' 'He never was stern—never cold,' I said, and then I showed her the intercepted letters. At first her eyes flashed at the treason, and then the knowledge that her father had not turned from his daughter comforted her, and I left her in a happy calm, praying. Next morning it was arranged that I should go back to settle her affairs and my own, and that she should go home in a ship about to sail in a few days, with a good, matronly old lady who was also homeward bound. I did not sail for more than a week after. We had agreed at parting that whoever arrived first should come here before breaking the matter to the

vicar. That was the meaning of my masquerade. I wanted to know if she was come before I showed myself. To-morrow I will go to her old nurse's in the village to see if she has been there—and then, when I have spent the Christmas with the old father by the old hearth, I will start for Liverpool to know what has become of the ship."

"Oh, Tom—how strange, if you should both come home the same day, and bring joy to two hearths."

'Twas at this turn in the conference that the question had arisen in the hall, "Where's Lily?" and now, too, fell on their ears the same shrill cry of fire.

"Run in, Lily," said Tom; "Jim, go and warn the father that the thatch is in a blaze, and I'll ring the alarm-bell."

CHAPTER IX.

Fire! it is always a fearful sound—most fearful when it scares sleepers in their beds, or falls on the ears of those who have gone down to the sea in ships; yet it was fearful enough now—to still the mirth of the revellers, to blanch the faces of women, and make men's hearts beat thick. At first there was a great hush, a dead silence, and then arose a babel of noises, of shrieks and voices, and then there was a great rush for all the doors.

On coming outside, it was seen that the thatch on the eastern end of the roof, the farthest from the dove-cot, had caught, or been set on fire. The flames had not much mastery as yet, on account of the snow on the thatch, but whenever they caught one of the old dry rafters beneath, there would be a loud crackle and a burst, and a shower of sparks would flash like stars in the sky, and burning brands shoot up like sky-rockets into the air; great clouds of smoke, thick and murky, rolled away in heavy masses—threatening signs of the latent power of the fire. All was

confusion at first; men moved about in a sort of bewilderment; every one gave orders or advice, or asked questions; none seemed to think of action. It is at such a time that a man with presence of mind and will may step forth at once to take command and leadership. Sailor Dick was now the man of the occasion. "Come along, lads," said he, "let's to work, gaping and hollaling won't put out the fire. I am an old fireman, so just heed me: now all you thatchers bring ladders and hatchets, and make a great gap in the roof before the flames, so as to kill the fire; you labourers, get tarpaulins and wet blankets to spread over the stacks and ricks, and you had better take out the cattle to the field sheds if there be any; you wassailers, get every bucket and pail you can, break the ice in the pond, and hand up water as fast as you can—water will be more precious than wine or brandy to-night."

Every one recognised at once the reasonableness of these orders, and set about to carry them out.

"There should be a captain to every gang," continued he: "I'll lead the firemen on the roof."

"I'll be captain of the bucket brigade," said old Kit.

"And in coose," added old Robin Lob the hind, who felt himself equal to acting, now that he was under directions, "I'll look arter the stacks and the beasts; there's a little ingin too, which was in bravish order some months back." "Well, I'll take charge of he," said Jim. The dame, hearing the directions given, moved quietly to issue all the things required—buckets and pails were haled forth in numbers; and what a store of blankets she had, without touching a bed! such a store, enough to wrap and warm many forthcoming generations of Penrices. The work thus organised soon showed progress. The preliminary precautions were speedily carried out; wet cloths were thrown on the ricks, and men stood at the nearest points with buckets ready to quench the first spark at once. Luckily there was little wind, and that little blew from the mowey. Every one was doing something. The curate, like a good muscular Christian, had taken off his coat and become an energetic drawer of water—the wassailers were passing the buckets as though they had been cans of beer. James and his engine were rather a failure. It never got beyond a threat of water, or a little virulent spirt over the men on the roof. Still the fire burnt fiercely on the thatch; it had hold of the dry wood of the rafters now, and fierce-forked flames shot up vengefully amid the thick smoke. The firemen were, however, making strong head against it, and had already made a little chasm between it and them. Aid, too, was coming in now in all directions. The villagers had heard the alarm, and were appearing in force. Sailor Dick said he wished there were fewer hands and more buckets, or that he could turn some of the new comers into pails or water-butts.

One man alone was unhelping and helpless; this was Guy Penrice. He seemed quite stupefied and overwhelmed by the event, and stood gazing vacantly, muttering at times, "burnt out like an ould badger; my roof-tree gone over my head. 'Twas all along of my bragging 'bout the thatch—all along of my fatness of heart, as the curate said."

The dame having done her part had come back, and was trying to rouse and comfort him. "Look, Guy," she said, "the men are driving the flames backward now, and there won't be much hurt."

This drew his attention to the point where the fire was most powerful, and which happened to be just over the turret. An idea at once seemed to seize him—"Not much hurt? why, my chamber is all a-blaze, and the papers will be burnt; the deeds and the titles, and there's the girl's cup—worth all Tregarrow, and I'm trustee for her—if he goes I'm a ruined man." This last thought seemed to rouse him with a sudden impulse, and, jamming his hat down over his head, he rushed forward to enter the house. The dame tried to stop him, but he broke easily from her and was soon lost in the gloom and the smoke, leaving her wringing her hands and imploring help. Lily, meanwhile, had gone to the foot of the ladder and called down Tom. "Good God," said he, when Lily told what had occurred, "the dear old man will go stumbling about in all this smother, and fall, and with his weight be suffocated. He is gone up the big staircase too—I must after him and let the roof take its chance. Who'll come with me?"

"I," said Jim, who had relinquished the engine as an unprofitable command—"I'll follow wherever you go, Maister Tom."

Lily's heart failed her almost as she saw these two dash also into the midst of the fire.

Meanwhile the vicar had arrived. He had gone to his observatory before going to bed as usual, had seen something extraordinary about Tregarrow, had saddled his pony and

come on at once, giving the alarm as he came. He was comforting the dame now.

"Oh! he will be stifled, suffocated, he is so stout, and he has gone the long way by the great staircase."

"But the men went in close after him, and must find him before harm can come. But what made him so rash as to rush into such danger?" said the vicar.

The group was standing now by the turret, and hiding in the shadow of it was the dark female figure we have seen so often to-night. At first her object seemed only to look and gaze on the different faces and figures; but as the conversation went on, she strained forward to catch every word.

"Oh, you know the curate was saying something about the cup—the cup that came with Lily, and 'twas brought down, and the curate apropos it, and said 'twas of as great value as all Tregarrow; and now to-night, when poor Guy saw the fire burning so fiercely over the chamber where 'twas kept, he cried out that it and the title-deeds would be burned, and that he should be ruined and dishonoured for breach of trust, and he rushed away like mad."

"'Twas an unlucky occurrence, but 'twas just like him. However, we shall soon hear what has happened; meantime, let us hope and trust."

There was a lull now; the workmen had heard that the yeoman was in the house, and nothing could be done whilst his safety was doubtful. How long the moments seemed! How suspicious was every sound! Every crack in the rafters was supposed to be shriek or groan—every gust of smoke a hillock. At last young Pretty Tommy, who had established himself as a vidette at the foot of the staircase, rushed out shouting, "They'm coming, they've got un!" "Thank God—thank God," was the universal exclamation. Presently the two men emerged from the house, bearing the yeoman

between them, apparently senseless and lifeless. There was a rush made at once towards him, but the vicar motioned every one back, saying that the throng would oppress and keep the air from him. The dame already had her arms round him, and was murmuring, "Guy, Guy—my dear Guy—my dear old husband, can't you speak—oh, you are not hurt—he is not dead?" "No, marm," says James, "he've only swooned. Hadn't we better," he added, turning to the vicar, "take un more into the open and out of the way; up by the harbour perhaps would be best place."

"Yes, James is right," said the vicar, who had meanwhile been feeling his heart and pulse; "he is only in a swoon. Get a chair and take him up to the harbour. I know something of the doctor's art, and hope we'll soon bring him to."

Sailor Dick had relinquished his charge now, and returned to see how affairs were progressing on the roof. The men seemed at last to have baffled and to be conquering the fire. There was now a yawning gap between it and the flames, where there was nought to feed it; and on the edge of this it was burning feebly and fitfully, merely throwing out spiteful tongues at the charred rafters. At the end near the chimney, however, it was still in force, and there now all the manpower and water-power was being concentrated.

Sailor Dick, or rather, Tom, seeing that things were going on well, skirted along the privet hedge and gained the chestnut shade, whence he could look out on the group centred round the yeoman.

Young Pretty Tommy was standing in the court as the yeoman was borne off, open-mouthed in astonishment at all the events of the night, when the same dark figure glided from behind the turret, and the woman touched him on the shoulder, saying, "Now, Tommy, if you wish to do the farmer a good turn, come with me." Tommy followed mechanically as she led him

round the back of the buildings, and in through a back court. "Take up this crowbar," said she, "and I will take a lanthorn in case we should want it, though there seems light enough up there."

"Please, young woman," said Tommy, at this point, "here's this 'Stralian dowg a-follaring us; is he to go?"

"Yes," said she, "Dingo comes with us."

On they went now through the back kitchen, and up a little back stair, making their way with difficulty, for the rafters were cracking over their heads, and the smoke burst upon them in fierce gusts. At length they reached a door, which she seemed surprised to find open: through it they entered a small chamber. In truth there was light enough here, for ever and anon the flames shot and leapt fiercely through it. "Here it is," said the woman, going up to a desk in the corner. "Come here, Tommy, and break this open: here are the things the farmer wants." As she spoke she touched the lid, which lifted at once with her hand. A glance within was enough to show that it was empty.

"O God!" she cried, "some one has been here before us—some thief for plunder." At this moment Dingo gave an angry growl, and made a fierce leap forward. A man at the same time rushed past them. "Hey, Dingo!" said the woman; "come Tommy." But they had to grope now in the smoke and fire, for the thief had shut the door on them, though Dingo had passed through after him. Half-scorched, half-suffocated, they found the door just in time; for the floor was beginning to glow beneath their feet, and Tommy would have fainted, but for the woman's support. All the time they had heard Dingo's growls; and, on reaching the foot of the stairs, found him standing over a prostrate man, and holding him by the throat. The man had stumbled from haste, or fright, and there lay

at the dog's mercy. A large tin box had dropped from his hand as he fell, and now lay on the floor. The woman eagerly seized upon it, saying, "this is partly what we want, but there is something more."

"Lor!" said pretty Tommy, looking down on the thief, "if it ben't Rich Jope."

"For God's sake take off this cursed dowg," gasped Jope, half-throttled, half-dead with terror.

"Back, Dingo!" said the woman, and the dog quitted his hold of the throat, but still stood close, grinding his teeth, and glaring at his enemy. "Now, give up the box with the cup, or I'll set the dog on again."

"Cup! what cup?—what box? I ha'n't got no cup nor box," growled Jope, doggedly.

"Then seize him, Dingo," she cried. At this the wretch sprang to his feet with an agonised shriek, and brought out the box from beneath his coat, and presented it to the woman, begging and praying that she would take away the dog and let him off.

"Here, Tommy," she said, "carry these to the farmer; give them to none but himself, and you are made for life." Then turning round to the dog, she pointed to the man, and said, "Keep, Dingo."

"What! you surely ben't going to leave me alone with the dowg!" shrieked Jope. "For massy's sake take 'un away, take 'un away," and he sobbed aloud in his terror. But the woman turned away inexorable, and glided off in the same direction as Tom had gone. So the dog and Jope stood alone. In vain did Jope summon courage to make a rush by him, or to hazard an attack; the remembrance of the teeth at his throat, of the hot breath on his face, and the glaring eyes, had quite unmanned him, so he moved helplessly to and fro, the dog following and keeping his eye fixed on him. At last he saw a small door, leading out of the backlet. Thinking this might be a means of escape, he made a frantic rush for it, and

"found himself in a small court, enclosed by four walls, a perfect *cul de sac*, and there in the door stood his keeper. He sank now into perfect despair, then he affected to sleep, but the instant he moved he saw the eyes glowing upon him as watchfully as ever. Then he would creep cautiously round the walls, hoping to find some place where they could be scaled, till a loud growl would warn him back; then he tried coaxing, but this was not a Cerberus to take a sop; and then he would fall back on the wall in a deadly sweat. Thus they stood—the man and dog—the watcher and the watched—and Joep felt himself as much in custody as if there had been handcuffs on his wrists and shackles on his legs.

Return we now to look after the yeoman. Gentle hearts and kind hands were tending him. He had been placed in a large chair at the foot of the knowl; his shirt and neckcloth had been loosed; the dame was bathing his forehead—Lily chafing his neck and hands—the vicar administering a restorative. Every now and then he showed signs of returning animation; gave a loud sigh, would open his eyes for a moment without recognising the loved faces, and then sink back into stupor. After a time, roused by the stimulant given by the vicar, he started, and sat upright in his chair, looking rather wildly round, seemingly for some one he missed. "Where's Tom?" he said at length, turning towards the dame; "where's Tom?"

"Oh, Guy, dear," she answered, soothingly, "Tom will come, you know, by-and-by."

"Only wandering a little," whispered the vicar, as he felt his pulse, and attempted to give him more stimulant.

"No, vicar, I ben't wandering, and I don't want no more of that trade," said old Guy, stoutly. "Han't I seed 'un, and tho'f I was in a swoond; didn't I hear his voice? didn't I hear 'un say, 'take care of

his dear old head, Jim, and you lift his legs'? and didn't I feel his arms around me, hoisting me up like a young giant as he wos. 'Twan't James, or fifty Jameses could car me out like that. Again, I say, where's Tom? why isn't he here?"

"Here I am, father," said Tom, as he emerged from the chestnut; and, rushing forward, to the astonishment of the group, stooped over the old man. "Here I am, father, dear old father, come back to ask your forgiveness."

Old Guy stared for a moment, as though scared by the apparition he had conjured up; then realising it all, and overcome altogether by emotion, he fell on his son's neck, and kissed him. "Forgiveness!" sobbed he, "yes; we'll both forgive and forget." The dame now put forward her claim to the neck and the kisses; and even Lily, the rogue, made hers also, as though she had not her share already. When once it was whispered that Tom was returned, welcomes came in from all quarters. After the enthusiasm of all these welcomes and greetings, the caresses and the wonder, had somewhat subsided, the old man called his son to him.

"Tom," said he, softly, "how is the fire?"

"Oh, it's nearly got under; there is a little blaze still, but 'tis good as out, so we ain't burnt out this time, father."

"No, Tom, and we'll slat the house now." The old man said this with the air of one who had made a great sacrifice of principle. "But 'twern't that I was thinking of, 'twos of the deeds and the girl's cup—they'm burnt, depend on it; they was in the chamber where the fire first caught, and that cup they say was equal in vally to the farm, and I was trustee. There's lands gone and name gone, Tom."

"Oh, Guardy, Guardy," said Lily, who overheard this, "why will you fret about that miserable cup? I believe the curate was only joking, and if he wasn't, why, what was mine is yours; haven't you cared

for me, and loved me all these long years, and made me as your daughter, and why will you look upon me as an alien now, Gardy, with separate property and separate interests?"

"'Tisn't that, Lily, 'tisn't that, 'tis the trust. I must be good to my trust."

"Well, well, father," said Tom, "don't fret; perhaps we shall find this box yet among the ashes: and if the worst come to the worst, Australian fleeces didn't sell for nothing, and we can pay off Miss Lily in full without being quite driven to the poor-house."

"I'd rather pay it in kind, give un back as I got un," muttered the yeoman, still clinging to the old thought.

At this moment there was a hubbub in front, and the body of the wassailers were seen half-hustling, half-carrying forward, the neophyte, young Tommy, who was rebutting all aid or patronage, and was insisting on going straight to the maister. If the ludicrous could have prevailed at that time, his appearance would have excited a strong sense of it. His hair was singed at the ends, his eyebrows burnt off, his face grimed with smoke, one coat tail had been torn off, and the comforter twisted round under his ear. There was, too, a general sense of fire and smoke about him. The poor fellow was a lamentable figure; he had suffered bodily too, for his hands were blistered; and he tottered, almost fell, as he thrust the two boxes into the yeoman's hands, saying, "There they be, maister, all right, as the young 'oman gied 'm to me."

The old man stared at them for a while, as though he could scarcely believe his senses; then eagerly opening and looking at them, took Tom's hand, and said, "Thank God, they are all safe, and there's no fear now of poor-house or breach of trust."

"But how did you com by 'em, Tommy?"

"Why, maister, you know, the young 'oman wot follared the was-

sailers, she says to me, 'Tommy,' says she (here Tom and Lily exchanged looks), 'if you wishes to do the faarmer a good turn, come wi' me;' so I goes wi her, and we goes up a dark steer and comes to the room where the fire was, and the young 'oman goes to 'a desk, and the desk was broke, then a man busts out from behind, and the 'Stralian dowg chivied un, and we was a'most sifflicated there; and when we gets out the dowg had pinned the man in the backlet, and 'twas Rich Jope. The young 'oman she makes un gie up the boxes, and then she gies 'um to me, and tells me to take 'em to the maister, which I does."

"And where is Rich Jope, Tommy?"

"Oh, the dowg, he's a keping ov un, and purty close too."

Tommy, who had given out this narrative in gasps and spasms, now fainted away, overcome by the exhaustion and strangeness of the night's work. He was, however, soon restored. The yeoman, now happy beyond happiness, joyous beyond joy, eager to show his gratitude, took young Tommy by the shoulder, saying, "Thou art free of Tregarrow now: take un to one of the men's rooms, and put un to bed. I'll care for un for life."

"I'm afeard, maister," suggested Tommy the elder, "that he ben't much good for work."

"Never mind, work or no work, he hath earned a right to bed and board, drink and raiment, from me and mine for ever, for what he hath done this night."

So the wassailers led off the neophyte in triumph to his new quarters, not only exulting in the distinguished part played by one of their tribe, but rejoicing in the thought that their own public services had given them a right of toll and levin on the beeves and beer-barrels of Tregarrow.

"Tom," whispered old Guy, gently, "that ere Jope set fire to the thatch to do the robbery, for he seed me put away the cup: 'tis

arson and burglary—transportation, if not wus. Can't ye call off the dowg? he's sure to run the country now."

"Well, 'tis not right, father, and he don't deserve it."

"No, no more he don't, but on a night like this we should show mercy."

Tom's response was the putting his fingers into his mouth, and giving a sharp whistle. At first this produced no effect. It was repeated more shrilly and sharply, and soon Dingo was seen coming slowly round the house, stopping now and then as if to show that he had retreated in despite of his better judgment.

"So you will not take shelter with me for the night," said the vicar, approaching the group.

"No, I must sleep under my own roof tree, damaged as it is, in such a time as this."

"Well, then, my dear old friend, I must leave you to think over and enjoy all the blessings and mercies which God has poured upon you to-day."

"Yes, indeed, blessings and mercies indeed. I wish, passon, that I could see you in my case. Would you too say forgiveness?"

"Forgiveness! my old friend. 'Twould be easy indeed for the tongue to repeat what the heart has said so often."

As he spoke, the dark female figure once more appeared, crept towards the vicar, and falling at his

feet, clung to his knees, sobbing out, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and against thee. Father, forgive me!"

For an instant Arthur Versturme thought himself again under an illusion; in another instant he had raised his daughter in his arms, and pressed her to his breast, kissing her fervently on lip and forehead. Not a word was said—men speak not at such times—but the poor penitent amid her own sobs felt the father's tears falling on her cheek. The dame and Lily moved forward to greet the poor wanderer, but the vicar silently waved them back with his hand, and half leading, half bearing his daughter, moved slowly homewards, the groups, as he passed, uncovering their heads in silent respect for the sacredness of the scene.

"Tom," said the yeoman, after a long pause, "sure this hath been a wonderful night—a night, or rather morn, as the passon says, of blessings and mercies."

As he spoke, the volces of the waits in the village sounding clearly through the air struck up their Christmas carol. The joyous strain met with a ready response from the group at the chestnut, and with one impulse, one accord, all joined in the beautiful words—

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!'"

CHAPTER X.

Conclusions are out of fashion nowadays—have become quite obsolete and unworthy of fast or sensation fiction. The *dramatis personæ* of a story are dismissed generally very abruptly, and with a sort of shadowy fate, a speculative future hanging over them; mysteries which have been growing deeper and darker are left unrevealed, or cleared up hurriedly; broken threads, which it would seem to require a whole volume to

reunite, are hastily brought together in one chapter. There is either this conclusion, or none at all; the actors, after a long series of events, being left much as they were. We must confess to a great liking for the more old-fashioned style, when conclusions were conclusions indeed—when all difficulties were cleared up, all doubts explained, all the personages accounted for, and all the events wound up like the end of a history. Even

though our characters are so few, and have been so short a time on the stage, and though all the consequences of that wassail night might be readily left to the imagination of the reader, we are loth to drop the curtain without exhibiting them grouped in tableaux which shall illustrate the denouement of our little drama.

We have two groups—two households—that at the vicarage, and at the farm. We will view the former first, though many hold it better to go to the house of feasting than the house of mourning. Yet we cannot call the vicarage now a house of mourning: throughout the realm of England there is not perhaps on that Christmas day, a home blessed with a holier joy, a deeper hush of peace. And what joy is there higher or brighter than that which comes as the reaction of suffering—the joy which cometh in the morning—the light after darkness? Such a joy abided now on the home and household of St Maddoc.

How changed was that little room! it seemed as if sunshine had been let in on it, and had swept away the gloom and the dinginess! It was cheerful and bright now. How changed, too, was Arthur Versturme! We are often told of the effect wrought by sudden fright, or deep grief, in one night—the hair becoming blanched, and the cheek colourless. Do we not often also see the effect of joy? Do we not see how the soul in a few hours may make face and feature beautiful and radiant with its joy? We may see it now in Arthur Versturme. The shade of sorrow had passed from his brow; a sunny calm rested on it, filling in all the wrinkles and furrows of the old griefs and trials. His eyes, too, were lit with the fine open look of the old time. Tom had been there that morning with all the explanations and revelations. Harrowing many of them were; but how full of heartfelt blessing and consolation. Lily, too, had been there, with her woman's heart, to welcome and comfort the poor re-

turned wanderer. Arthur Versturme felt, as he pondered on these things, how great a burden had been taken from him, how great a joy had been given. Not only could he say, This my daughter was lost and is found, was dead and is alive again; but he felt that the great shame which had lain upon his heart, and bowed down his spirit, had passed away. He saw his child now erring, but innocent; wilful, but strong even in suffering. Emily sat now at her father's feet, with her head on his knees, her eyes half shut, in that quiet state of happiness when every breath is a prayer, every thought a thanksgiving. How often did her mind start from home, and go over the history of those few last years—the wilfulness and the disobedience, the suffering and the wrong, the poverty and sickness, and all the terrible hours of outraged love and trust, and then come back to rest in peace on that hearth! Her child, her boy was playing on it, frolicing and prattling in his own little way. She had left him at her nurse's the night before, and then, when all was cleared up, all explained, had brought him back, and placed him proudly in her own home. The boy, under the influence of the sea voyage and better treatment, had sprung up in health and strength, and had now all the brightness of childhood. The vicar saw, with a joy which he could scarcely utter, that there was no trace of likeness to the father, much to the mother, and more still to the picture of that sainted face, which seemed now to look down sweetly on them all. Dingo had resumed his allegiance to his old mistress, and was lying on the rug, watching the child, or patrolling round the room, or making a more extended reconnaissance into the passages, to be assured, perhaps, that no Jopes were lurking about.

Thus passed those Christmas hours, the father and daughter talking with the tongue, or with the heart; the child gambolling in his simple mirth; and as wassail cup

and wassail song were passing merrily round at other firesides, there were hearts by that hearth at St

Maddock which beat just as joyously with the silent utterances of peace and love.

CHAPTER XI.

Tregarrow without wore rather a battered aspect on that Christmas morn, somewhat like a ship after an action; tarpaulins were thrown over the great gap in the roof, yet could not hide the blackened rafters, and all the marks and stains of fire on walls and windows. It had certainly lost somewhat of its substantial bravery, and the solidity in which it prided itself. It looked as if it had had a blow which had humbled it, without hurting it much.

Within, all was warm, cheery, and cozy as ever. There were no signs of the event of the night. The yeoman and the dame were sitting in their old places. Tom and Lily were walking up and down arm-in-arm, stopping now and then to talk with the old people. "A purty pordigal he is," old Guy would say, with a chuckle, as he looked admiringly on his son's strong, lithe figure and healthy sunburnt face, "a purty pordigal; look what shoulders he hath, and what a step." "He is rather thin, I think," suggested the dame, who had not half approved of Tom's muscular training, and was thinking how improved he would be when the good living of Tregarrow had put more flesh on his great strong frame. "That's wi' feeding on the husks, you know," chuckled out the yeoman; "a purty pordigal! what an arm he hath; I wonder he ain't afeard to put un round Lily's little waist."

Tom would stop and laugh at this, and show how his arm was larger than the waist, and yet it lay there, strong as it was, lightly as a shadow on a brooklet; and then would contrast his great rough sunburnt hands with hers, and do a hundred other little, silly, pleasant things.

Tom's story had been told more than once that morning, and all

poor Emily's adventures discussed and wondered over, and the yeoman had expressed all his surprise—all his indignation and all his wrath—and had then subsided quietly into the conviction that "the passon would be more like hisself again, poor dear." Lily's cup, which had caused so much stir, had been also produced, and now lay on a chair. The dame, too, had brought out as a sort of corollary the clothes which Lily wore when she arrived at Tregarrow.

"So you really think," said old Guy, "that 'twas Rich Joep who sot fire to the thatch?"

"No doubt of it; but he's clear off now, and we sha'n't see him in this country for some time."

"'Twas best so, Tom; better than 'sizes, and transportation or hanging; but I'll tell you one thing, I shall realise that 'ere bauble of a cup, and put the cash into the bank, for I ben't agoing to have my house burnt over my head for the sake of a young garl's jewelry."

"I s'pose, Guy, they'll be leaving us soon," said the dame, as the pair moved away.

"In coos, dame, 'tis quite nat'ral they should, though I don't see why they shouldn't stop where they be."

"No, Guy, every woman should be missus of her house."

"Well, well, it must have come, and they won't be far. Tom tells me he hath made money enough out there in 'Stralia to buy Penleaze, that 'ull make Tregarrow in a ring fence; and I s'pose that ere fal dal when sowld will build 'em a house upon the estate, and they can call it Legacy Lodge or Legacy Villa," and the old man chuckled lustily at his own conceit.

Preparations were being made for a banquet on a large scale. The dame under the circumstances had

repudiated the idea of feasting; but the yeoman had, it seems, often pictured the return of the prodigal, and the principal part of the programme for the celebration of the event was the fatted calf. He would not be denied, so the fatted calf was killed. With his lavish heart he had the night before asked the Dibbles, with their families, to the feast, and old Kit the patriarch had requested, as a great favour, that they might be allowed to sit at a table by themselves, as they would like for once to see all the tribes of the royal family assembled together. This was granted. The guests of the other table were only the relations, the curate, and the domestics. Tom laughed a good deal at the idea of this "feast of the ugly mugs." Young Pretty Tommy had already been placed on the establishment. As an initiation he had been washed after a very severe struggle; and as a further aggravation had been put into a clean shirt and a suit of clothes belonging to Tom when a boy, which gave him an air of respectability very repugnant to his vagabond nature. He had now been installed as squire of the dripping-pan, a very congenial office, and one hitherto unknown in the category of Dibble labour. To dally with a ladle, and contemplate meanwhile the joints and the fowls as they turned on the spit, browning, dripping, sputtering, and crackling, must have seemed to them the very perfection of work made easy. Tommy pursued his avocation evidently with great gusto and apparent impartiality; but we have all our weak sides and leanings, and a close observer might see that there was one goose—a very fat one—which had more than its due share of attention.

Jim had assumed the office of lord-chamberlain, or high-steward, and was busy superintending the arrangements. An altered man was Jim. There was a cock of his beaver, and an elation of manner, which were not justified by the

return of Maister Tom alone. The fact was, that he had resumed his position in society, and had once more a vocation. The yeoman had hinted, and Tom had confirmed the hint, that there were to be hounds at Tregarrow, and he was to be huntsman; and this, though they were only to be harriers, had raised him a foot in the scale of humanity.

"Here are father's company," cried out Tom, who was looking out of the window; "and what a tag-rag party!"

There they came by tribes, trooping over the court, a regular migration, looking, too, as though they had mustered in the highways and byways.

"Here we be all, maister, a nice fancy lot," said old Kit, ushering in the different groups. "I'm afeard we shall eat you out of house and hold." The yeoman did at first feel some doubts on this subject, but a look at the dame's face showed her assurance in the resources of Tregarrow to resist even such a flight of locusts as this.

We have seen the Dibble men before; we are now introduced to the Dibble matrons, and all the generations of Dibbles. There were budding Dibbles, Dibbles in the hand, Dibbles in the arm, and Dibbles at the breast, all illustrating the family characteristics. There was one other characteristic which their appearance established, and that was fecundity—it was very evident that no Dibble need be ashamed to meet his enemy in the gate. Could a Gorgon's head have been suddenly presented amid that group and turned them all to stone, what treasures of Gothic art would they have become! Youth is generally supposed to possess a certain beauty in itself. Young pigs are said to be interesting, young donkeys picturesque. The Dibble babyhood despised such pretensions. The Dibbles at the breast might have been translated at once as cherubs to the outer walls of cathedrals, with infinite credit to themselves and the architectural

style. The matrons would have made very meritorious medieval stonework saints or female demons, according to the exigency of the case; and as for the men, they would have formed a collection of gurgoyles, finials, satyrs, and heads for fountains, which would have driven a fervent medievalist to distraction. As it was, seen all alive, they were "precious bits" of ugliness, which would have delighted the heart of a humorist, and perhaps would have been more telling from the pencil of a Leech than the chisel of a Pugin.

The young generation had shown their predatory habits by spreading themselves over the house, and returning generally with a hunch of cake or bread-and-cheese. One of them in his explorations had discovered young Tommy, and immediately rushed back announcing, "Mother, Tommy hath been washed." At this all the younger scions of the houses started away to witness the phenomenon, evidently regarding him in the same light as eels might do a brother who had been skinned.

The banquet was now spread: it was a repetition of the supper, except for the introduction of geese and turkeys, and that all the viands were steaming hot.

"Now, then, Kit, you settle your company and I'll settle mine, and then we'll fall to." And the manner in which the tribes of Dibble were settled and placed at the table, under the leadership of their heads, did great credit to their organisation. Old Kit acted as master of the ceremonies with great tact; and old Beelzebub, in virtue of his having attended tithe dinners, and Pretty Tommy, from having served for a year as mace-bearer to the mayoralty, had been elected as chief carvers. It was a great occasion for the Dibbles. All the great family qualities were in the ascendant. The fish-chowder Joyce's tongue dropped oil; old Beelzebub's seemed hung to no other phrase than one of blessing and endearment. Kit

threw abroad his jokes as he dispensed the slices of turkey, and there was not a jar anywhere except when some youthful Dibble cried to have more, and another at having had too much. Kit had shown himself a political tactician in producing this gathering—feuds and misunderstandings of long date were made up now—matrons who had never met except to show their contempt, and had even pulled caps, now smiled graciously on each other. It was a good opportunity, too, for the display of offspring and of dresses, though it must be confessed that the Dibble wardrobes were more brilliant than costly, consisting generally of bright yellow and green cottons.

So the feast went on right merrily.

At the other table the mirth was more subdued, though there were glad hearts there too. The old yeoman kept looking at the son, chuckling out "a purty pordigal;" the dame, too, feasted on him, and Lily might also be excused for considering Tom the best part of the banquet. The nieces kept up the running in fun and cheerfulness, though the eldest, a very finely developed woman, evidently thought that the doctrine of fitness had scarcely been carried out in the pairing of Tom and Lily, and the curate did not seem to consider the return of the prodigal on such terms at all an improvement to the society. The mildest of the nieces, however, did her best to console him. The minor guests showed all the effects of good Christmas cheer. When the dinner was ended, Kit seemed to be looking to the yeoman for a toast. "Not yet, Kit," said he, "we will first ask the passon to return thanks for Tom's return and all other mercies received." And the curate did this well and affectingly.

Here there was a pause, and then the yeoman, after sitting for a while as if in silent thanksgiving, flourishing his tankard, rose and shouted out lustily, "Now, friends and neighbours, one and all, a jolly wassail!"

PHYSICIANS AND QUACKS.

HUC, the traveller, relates that when a Lama physician happens to be without a particular drug, he is by no means disconcerted; he writes the names of the remedies on pieces of paper, which he moistens with saliva, and then rolls them up into pills. The patient tosses them down, in perfect reliance on their medicinal virtue. To swallow the name of a remedy, and to swallow the remedy itself, say the Tartars, is one and the same thing. Satirists in Europe would unanimously assent to this proposition. And yet these very satirists, after contemptuously ridiculing the ignorance and humbug of medical men, no sooner fall ill, than they resign themselves with abject submission to the prescriptions of their butts. Nay, it has been observed that those whose scorn of the Faculty is loudest, are frequently the most credulous of the pretensions of a Quack. Nor is the reason of the general reliance upon Quacks difficult to discover. The Physician is supposed to be guided by Theory; the Quack is supposed to be guided by Experience. And such is the defective training of all but exceptional minds, that there is a very general and ineradicable distrust of Theory, as if it were something aloof from experience; and a reliance upon Experience as if it were free from theory.

Yet a very slight examination will discover that the Quack is not only guided by some theory, but is far more the slave of Theory than the Physician is. When he pretends to rely only on Experience, in vaunting the cures he can effect, and the cures he has effected, the fact is that he has not one single real experience to justify his boast. In saying this we are not simply alluding to the excessive difficulty of securing a genuine experience, owing to the great complexity of the organism and of the influences

which act upon it; we allude to the undeniable fact that the Quack does not even *attempt* to secure an experience. His stock in trade is a Panacea. He has a Pill, or a Lotion, or a Manipulation, which cures most, if not all diseases. He proclaims with emphasis some absurd proposition, some theory, which is meant to justify his practice. Thus, for example, he affirms that "all diseases are owing to impurity of the blood," and his panacea purifies the blood; or that "all diseases are due to a deficiency of the nervo-electric force," and his treatment will "restore" that force. These bold theoretic assertions are supported by an ostentatious list of cures. Jones was suffering from lumbago; he took the pills, and is now in health. Brown was dyspeptic; he swallowed the mixture freely, and is now recovered. Robinson was a martyr to the gout; he followed the treatment, and is "better than ever he was in his life." Such cases are multiplied and paraded. They may be authentic, or they may be fictions; but let us assume them to be genuine, and a moment's consideration will show that they are *no* evidence of any causal connection between the action of the drug and the recovery of health. Nay, more, except in the mere coincidence, no attempt is made to show such a causal connection.

When the public is authoritatively told that all diseases originate in the blood, it accepts the statement as if it were a first truth. Few suspect it to be a theory, and a preposterous one. Few think of inquiring of physiologists and pathologists—*i. e.* men who have specially studied the organism in health and disease, and who, whatever their ignorance, must at least know more of such subjects than men who have never studied them at all. Yet surely the first step should be

to ascertain, if possible, whether known facts justify the theory of impure blood being the origin of disease. Having come to an understanding on this point, a second step is necessary. When the impurity of the blood has been proved to be the origin of disease, there will come the necessity of proving that the drug, or treatment in question, *does* purify the blood as asserted. *After* this proof has been given, the cures which have followed the employment of the panacea will form rational evidence of the causal connection. But to accept an hypothesis as to the cause of disease, and then to accept an imaginary remedy, without attempting to verify either the truth of the hypothesis, or the action of the remedy, is a curious, and, unhappily, a too frequent illustration of the fallacy of "relying on experience" without ascertaining whether what we rely on is the experience it pretends to be.

It is but too evident that the causes of disease are numerous and complex. A man may "destroy his digestion" by excessive brain-work, by overfeeding, by underfeeding, by abuse of alcohol, by licentious habits, &c. The treatment which ignored these several causes and their organic consequences, and which pretended by a panacea to "restore the digestive vigour," might seem to the Quack, and to his dupe, a hopeful effort, but it must make all rational minds seriously indignant. "Digestive pills" sound full of promise; and the hope of "restoring tone to the stomach" will be very alluring to people who have not the slightest knowledge of the stomach, who can form no definite idea of what its "tone" may be, nor on what its "vigour" depends, and who have never attempted to explain how this tone is to be restored by the pill. *If* the stomach has lost its tone, and *if* the disease depends on that loss, and *if* the pill will restore that tone, then indeed we may accept the Quack as a benefactor; but

until he has at least *attempted* to settle these questions, we must pronounce him an impostor. He is cheating us with words, as the Lama physician cheats his patients.

All who have even a glimmering of positive knowledge respecting the organism, and who know upon what a multiplicity of concurrent causes digestion depends, will pardon the physician, if, with all his skill and stored-up experience, he fails in re-establishing the disturbed equilibrium, and fails in bringing back the "lost vigour." But this pardon should not be extended to the impudent charlatan, who, disregarding all these difficulties, pretends that the case is as simple as A, B, C. In these days it is unpardonable in him to be so wholly ignorant of his ignorance. He must know that he has never studied the organism; he must know that he has never put one of his hypotheses to the test; he must know that he is trading on the ignorant credulity of the public. There was a time when such charlatanism was excusable. All men were ignorant, and the Quack was perhaps less dangerously so than the Physician, because he did not mistake his ignorance for knowledge. It is otherwise now; and although on many grounds it is not desirable that the Legislature should interfere, it is certainly desirable that Public Opinion should energetically brand, and the Press unceasingly expose, every attempt to trade on credulity. Why have we so many journals which are vigilant of moral and intellectual health, and none to bestow a thought on bodily health? Why are bad poets and shallow philosophers mercilessly criticised by a hundred pens, and trash, ten times more injurious in the shape of medical doctrines and quack pretensions, left to the contemptuous silence of the well-informed, and an occasional sneer in one or two medical journals?

Experience is difficult in medicine, and has almost always to be interpreted by Theory. The only cases

in which it is simply relied on are those in which *specifics* are employed whose action is obscure. Quinine, for example, is known as a specific for ague. Its mode of action is by no means clear; but experience tells us that its effects are constant, immediate, and greatly superior to those of any other medicament. Naturally it will be employed in all cases which *resemble* ague in their chief characteristics; but this is done cautiously, vigilantly, and continued only in as far as experience of its effects seems to point out a constancy of action. Let a man employ quinine as a panacea, instead of a specific—that is to say, let him give it as a cure for all, or many diseases, besides ague—and he becomes a Quack. He does not “rely on experience,” but on theory; he generalises from one disease to all diseases; he quits the ground of *experience* for that of *supposition*, or of impudent assertion. Whereas the Physician, far less the slave of theory, trusts more to experience by employing quinine only in such cases as are warranted by observation and experiment. He, too, must often grope in the dark; must often employ the remedy in ignorance of what its effects *will be*; but he is vigilant to note what its effects *are*, and on perceiving ill success, can resort to other remedies. Not so the Quack. He has but one arrow in his quiver, and with it he cures or kills.

It is obvious that in drawing these sharp distinctions, we are considering types, not individuals; we take the Physician and the Quack, each according to his own professed standard. In practice it is but too evident that the Physician not unfrequently acts with a recklessness and confident ignorance which bring him within the range of the batteries opened against the Quack. He, too, cheats himself and us, with words. He relies on baseless hypotheses; and prescribes remedies which are to act on metaphysical entities. He is glib about “vital forces,” “tone,” “electricity,” and

many other words which veil ignorance. He assumes an acid condition of the blood, and prescribes for it, without once attempting to ascertain whether there ever *is*, in health or disease, any free acid in the blood. But in saying this, we are only saying that Medicine is still in a very imperfect condition; and that its professors must reflect that condition.

It would be easy to collect a small volume of telling citations to prove the preposterous opinions which have at various times determined the practice of medicine, and which rival the absurdities of the boldest quacks. But as this would perhaps be considered unfair by the Faculty, we will select one specimen only, and it shall be from the writings of their pride and glory, Sydenham; a wiser physician, considering the state of science in his day, could not be named. Yet he says, speaking of acute and chronic rheumatism—“Both sorts of rheumatism arise from inflammation. No one doubts the inflammatory nature of pleurisy, and the blood of rheumatism is as like the blood of pleurisy as one egg is like another. Hence the cure is to be blood-letting.” Had Sydenham, or any one else, ever attempted by accurate tests to ascertain whether this supposed resemblance of the two bloods was *peculiar* to these two diseases? No. The blood of a gouty, of a consumptive, of a rheumatic, of a bilious, of a dyspeptic, of a neuralgic patient is one and the same blood; one egg is not more like another than the blood of each of these is like the blood of another; are they, *therefore*, to be treated in the same way? But this is a trifle compared with the logic which concludes that “*hence* the cure is to be sought in blood-letting.” Why, he shall tell us in his own candid style. “Respecting the cure of rheumatism,” he writes to Dr Brady, “*I, like yourself, have lamented that it cannot be cured without great and repeated losses of blood. This weakens the patient at the time; and if he has been previously*

weak, makes him *more liable to other diseases* for some years. Then the *matter that created the rheumatism* falls upon the lungs, in case the patient take cold, or from any other slight cause. By this the latent disposition exhibits itself in act and deed." What proof does he offer that without blood-letting the disease *cannot* be cured? It is mere reliance on medical dogmas. However, he ventured to *try* the effect of doing without it; he succeeded; but he had to bear the brunt of medical sarcasm for his innovation. Before leaving this case, let us call attention to the hypothesis which is implied respecting the "matter of rheumatism" which is to "fall upon the lungs." It might take its place in a quack advertisement of our day.

We need not pause to prove our assertion, that for many centuries there was as much impudent assertion, humbug, and ignorance, to be found in the Faculty, as may now be found in the Quack advertisements. In point of absurdity, of confident reliance upon wild conjecture and coincidences, it would be difficult to surpass many celebrated medical dogmas; nor have the Dulcamaras of provincial fairs treated the organism with more terrible recklessness than have the physicians of courts and cities. But there has been progress, and the art of medicine has kept pace with the progress of science. Many and bitter as have been the sarcasms and denunciations against medical ignorance and treatment, perhaps the most virulent attacks have issued from the body of the profession itself. It is a jealous body, and an honest body; both the jealousy and the honesty have prevented the perpetuity of error. Current dogmas have been eagerly criticised; fashionable treatments have been proved discrepant with existing knowledge. New lights from science have illuminated what was before obscure. And by dint of the perpetual insurgency of the sceptical spirit, the art and practice of Medi-

cine have slowly advanced. Nay, in this general advance, even Quacks have been useful. They have kept alive the spirit of scepticism; by the vehemence of their coarse attacks on the science of their day, they have shaken the too absolute dominion of the schools. Still more beneficial have been the various one-sided Systems, too often unjustly denounced as Quackeries by the Faculty,—such as Homœopathy, Hydropathy, Kinesopathy—which have impressed a twofold modification on the practice of Medicine: first a lessening of the recklessness of "Heroic medicine" (as it was styled), and secondly, a greater advance towards a true *physiological* medicine, by the increased attention to regimen.

So far has this last named modification gone, that many men, and those men of repute, have been brought to doubt whether, after all, Regimen is not the only true Physician. Do we *need* medical aid, from Quack or Faculty? Might not Nature be intrusted with the whole cure? Such questions have at all times pressed themselves on the minds of men, in moments of despair at witnessing the discordances in medical doctrine, and the incompetences of medical practice. The idea of relying implicitly on Nature has two supporting pillars—a pillar of philosophy, and a pillar of fact. It will not be impossible to show that both these pillars rest on shifting foundations. The philosophical one is a personification of Nature as a potent Intelligence, who only acts for our good, and knowing best what is best to be done, will do it, if not thwarted. The answer to this is, that such a personification is inadmissible; and that if Nature is to be invoked at all, she must be invoked as the cause of the very Evil which we now propose to leave to her cure. If Nature, by one of her pestiferous vapours, gives man a fever, she may, and often does, destroy instead of curing him. A reliance on such metaphysical abstractions, therefore, will not be

prudent. But there is another pillar we have to examine, and it is one of *fact*—namely, that many accidents and diseases are got rid of without medical aid, by the gradual *reparative processes of growth*: the wound heals, the disturbance subsides, the normal activity of the organs is regained. There is no doubt of this fact. It is as certain as that a “bad debt,” and the danger it for a time may have threatened to the credit of a firm, will be “wiped off” and the balance restored by the slow accumulation of profits. On this fact mainly reposes the idea of a *vis medicatrix naturæ*. But its foundation is a shifting one. Just as there are “bad debts” which involve bankruptcies, unless some immediate external aid be secured, so are there accidents and diseases which cause a disturbance too great for Nature’s normal rate of cure. There is no *vis medicatrix commercii* to save from bankruptcy. And there are diseases which must be arrested at once, or they will destroy the organism before the *medicatrix naturæ* has time to act.* Who would leave a ruptured artery to Nature? Unless the artery be tied, the very action of Nature will be destructive. Nature will not set a dislocated limb, nor eject a cancer. An inflamed lung, a congested brain, an arrested secretion, cannot always with safety be left to Nature. But in surgical cases it is much easier to know what precisely is the evil and what the remedy than in medical cases, and consequently there is less disputation in surgery than in medicine. A dislocated limb must be set; but a congested brain, how shall that be treated? It may arise from weakness of the vessels, and how to strengthen them is a difficult question to be answered in twenty different ways by twenty doctors. One bleeds, another feeds high, a third feeds low, a fourth employs a tonic, a fifth an altera-

tive. Who is right? and who shall decide?

For ourselves, who, not being medical, have no right to take any side, and must merely view the whole subject from a distant philosophical and physiological station, we are quite clear that whatever part Regimen and “Nature” be allowed to play, there must always be an immense part for medical skill. In what will this mainly consist? Why, chiefly in accurately determining “what is the matter with the patient.” This may seem an easy thing. It is the main difficulty of the Art. It is the guide of practice. The facility with which your ordinary acquaintance will make up their minds as to “what is the matter with you,” on hearing one or two particulars related, is only equalled by their facility in prescribing for you a course of treatment which cured them, or their relative, of “precisely the same thing.” The wise physician knows that the whole mystery of Medicine lies just here—in correctly discerning what are the indications of a particular malady, and in correctly discriminating what are the direct effects of certain remedies.

Experience must necessarily be the guide; but the difficulty is to light upon real experience. Suppose the physician has rightly discerned the nature of a malady, he has then to choose a remedy which has on former *similar* occasions been found beneficial. It is the *only* guide he has, and yet he cannot trust implicitly to it, for he knows that the remedy which in one case was found eminently beneficial, in another, *apparently* similar, case was a hopeless failure. Much depends on the peculiarities of the individual organism; much on its condition. Some drugs are potent in one organism, and impotent in another. Over and above this source of error, there is the principal difficulty of deciding whether the bene-

* There is a good passage on this subject in VAN HELMONT, *Catarrhi Deliramenta*, but too long for quotation. See *Opera Omnia*, fol., p. 266.

ficial effect attributed to any particular drug really had any reference to the action of that drug, or to some concurrent action; and when we read the lists of cures effected by directly *opposite* methods, by medicaments having a directly opposite effect on the organism, we cannot withhold the suspicion that this is a constant source of fallacy. The main guide must be a reliance on empirical observation until certainty is secured on a scientific basis. If a treatment is found beneficial in a large number of cases, there is a *presumption* in its favour. It may be *tried* in each new similar case. And here it is that the Physician and the Quack, seemingly on common ground, are most decisively separated. Both rely on empirical observation; both are guided by the results of previous cases; both are ignorant of the real order and succession of the phenomena arising out of the administration of the drug. But the confidence of the Physician is relative and tentative; the confidence of the Quack is absolute and final. The Physician watches the result of his trial, and in case of ill success, tries a different course; he relies on past experience only as on a presumption, and gives it up on proof of error. The Quack never doubts, never watches.

Until a perfect Science of Life has been elaborated by physiologists, there can be nothing more than an enlightened empiricism in Medicine. The Physician is an enlightened empiric; and it is only thus that he is distinguished from the Quack. Accordingly, as we glance back at the early periods in the history of Medicine, we see this mark of distinction becoming fainter and fainter; and as we look at the various quarrels of the Faculty with heterodox systems, such as Homœopathy or Hydropathy, we learn that they are really disputes as to matters of *doctrine*, and should be conducted as such. The tone adopted by the Faculty towards such systems is unworthy and unwarrantable. To designate these systems as quack-

eries is preposterous. They may be one-sided; they may be absurd; but is orthodox medicine in any condition to warrant unhesitating allegiance to its doctrines? The Homœopath and the Hydropath have their theories of the laws of healthy and diseased action, and of the effect of their remedial methods; these theories may be absurd; let it be granted that they are so; they have the same legitimacy as the theories of the Faculty, which may also be absurd, and which many serious inquirers believe to be so. Let all serious doctrines receive earnest discussion, and let the practice of flinging "atheist" and "quack" at every man who ventures to think differently from the "gowned doctors" be left to those who have bad temper and worse logic. If it is unjust to stigmatise the Physician because he is ignorant and incompetent, the existing state of knowledge leaving him no other alternative—if we respect him and reward him because he does his best, and acts according to the lights given him—not less unjust is it to stigmatise the Homœopath or Hydropath because he also is ignorant and incompetent. The real question in each case is, Has he any conviction guiding him? is his practice founded upon real study? or does he *know* that he is an impostor?

We have been led into these remarks by the recent publication of two Histories of Medicine—one by a Physician, the other by a Homœopath—both of which afford ample proof of the very slow growth which even the present small amount of medical certainty has had. Indeed, in one aspect, the history of Medicine is a chapter out of the long history of superstition; in another aspect it is a chapter in the history of science. By it all conceivable follies are illustrated; in it the premature attempts and slow conquests of inductive science are reflected. Is this chapter ended? Far from it. Certainty is almost as distant now as it was in the days of Hippocrates. Medicine is an Art

founded on a Science, yet unable to await the tardy conclusions of science. The sick man must be cured at once; he cannot wait till Physiology has acquired certainty, and Pathology has given a positive direction to the remedial art; he must therefore be treated according to the best lights at hand. These may be mere will-o'-wisp, the flickering flames of superstition, yet even these he prefers to darkness.

The History of Medicine is still to be written. Sprengel's learned work, from which every one pillages, has had no adequate successor. Isensee's *Geschichte der Medicin* is of great value as a bibliography; but it is no more. Wunderlich's *Geschichte der Medicin* is brief and dry. Renouard's *Histoire de la Médecine* is a work of no erudition, but is agreeably written, and has a polemical purpose running through it which gives it animation. The same may be said of Dr Russell's work,* to which reference was made just now. It is as entertaining a survey as could be desired, and although written by a Homœopath, who, of course, makes all the heroes of medicine lead up to Hahnemann, yet the theoretical bias has not materially affected the exposition; and every author must have some bias. Dr Russell does not exhibit much first-hand knowledge of the several writers whose biographies he narrates, and whose doctrines he expounds; nor does he seem extensively acquainted with the literature of his subject. But although a compilation, his book is a succinct and popular compilation, and the material has been rearranged by him. Careful readers will note that there is not only a deficiency of research, but a deficiency of criticism even of the materials employed. We will specify but two examples. He repeats, on the authority of others, a statement which the least cautious of critics might have sus-

pected—namely, when speaking of Haller's prodigious activity, he says, "In Göttingen he pursued his career of almost superhuman activity, writing light reviews incessantly, to the total amount, it is said, of 12,000; publishing occasionally such works as the *Life of Alfred*, showing great study of a remote and difficult period; so that any one living in the literary world alone would naturally have supposed that this Haller was nothing but a *littérateur*, and one unusually busy and productive; whereas the fact was, that these efforts, which would have exhausted ordinary men, were to him only relaxation from his real work, which consisted in profound and original researches in anatomy and physiology." That Haller's activity was immense, both in literature and science, his published works amply prove; but if Dr Russell will calculate how long it would take to write 12,000 reviews, and compare it with the time Haller remained at Göttingen, he will find that in those sixteen years Haller must, every day, have written two reviews, besides all his other work of writing, dissecting, experimenting, and lecturing,—a calculation which at once points to some gross exaggeration.

Little less uncritical is his reproduction of the traditional statements about the treatment received by Harvey and Jenner. As we have already had occasion to state the real evidence on these points, it is unnecessary to reopen it.† We will merely add, that according to the evidence brought forward by Dr Russell, Jenner had only three months to endure neglect. These three months were doubtless very trying to his patience; but a historian might have taken a more impartial view of the trial. Dr Russell asks how it happened that, "among all the physicians and surgeons in London, none was found of

* *The History and Heroes of Medicine.* By J. RUTHERFORD RUSSELL, M.D. John Murray. 1861.

† *Maga*, November: "How the World treats Discoverers."

zeal and enterprise sufficient to put Jenner's method to the test?" How it *might* have happened is easy of explanation; but Dr Russell himself, in the very next paragraph, informs us that it *did not* so happen, for "the celebrated surgeon, Mr Cline," showed this zeal and enterprise, and not only put the method to the test, but wrote to Jenner to come at once to London and make ten thousand a-year.

Apropos of Harvey, we must enter a protest against Dr Russell's supposition, that he was one of the intellectual children of Bacon. So far from "the influence of the greatest English philosopher being traceable upon the greatest English physiologist," we think it would be difficult to point out any trace whatever. The mind of Harvey seems to us too distinctively opposed to that of Bacon for such an influence to have operated; and the history of Harvey's studies entirely refutes the idea. It should also be remembered that Harvey's discovery was made four years before the *Novum Organum* appeared. It is true that Dr Russell seems to think Harvey's greatness consists less in the discovery of the circulation than in the lesson of noble independence he gave the world—an independence which, while following truth at all hazards, was accompanied by profound respect for the authority of his teachers. We cannot recognise this feeling of respect in Bacon; nor can we agree with Dr Russell that the discovery of the circulation was knocking at the door of human intelligence, and must very soon have gained admittance, if Harvey had never been born. To hear that knocking, *another* Harvey would have been needed. Laplace has shown how completely Newton's great discovery was prepared by previous discoveries, but how it

required the mind of a Newton to unite them into a consistent whole.*

As it is not our purpose to criticise Dr Russell's book, we shall not pursue our remarks on his agreeable and accessible survey of the chief episodes in the history of Medicine, merely remarking that so handsome a volume is *maculated*, not illustrated, by the woodcuts which represent the effigies of the heroes.

We turn to the rival volume of Dr Meryon.† It is a contrast, in many respects. It is more elaborate in aim, and more elaborated in matter: the first volume, which is all that has appeared, brings the history down to the sixteenth century. But the Physician has no chance beside the Homœopath. If Dr Meryon is more erudite and laborious than Dr Russell, he is far less acute, far less gifted as a writer. The mere title, which we have transcribed at full, will indicate to every critical eye that Dr Meryon has no very keen sense of the value of language; and to every philosophical eye that he has no very accurate acquaintance with philosophy, since he can class medicine as a *science*. But as one must never judge finally from mere appearances, and still less condemn a book on account of its title, let us take a specimen of Dr Meryon's historical judgment, there where, not being tied by tradition, he might be supposed to be more circumspect, and where, materials being abundant and accessible, he might be supposed to be well informed: speaking of Gregory the Great, he says—

"A most remarkable passage occurs in the writings of Gregory, which is probably the earliest, and certainly the most unequivocal, enunciation of one great dogma of the system of homœo-

* LAPLACE: *Exposition du Système du Monde*. Sixth Edition. Vol. ii. p. 456, 470.

† *The History of Medicine: comprising a narrative of its progress from the earliest ages to the present time, and of the delusions incidental to its advance from empiricism to the dignity of a science*. By EDWARD MERYON, M.D. Vol. I. Longman & Co. 1861.

pathy, and strikingly accords with another propounded by a Saracenic writer, which we shall have to refer to, as tending to confirm the notion that that system was practised at this early period (!) It runs thus, 'Mos medicine est ut aliquando similia similibus, aliquando contraria contrariis curet. Nam sæpe calida calidis, frigida frigidis, sæpe autem frigida calidis, calida frigidis sanare consuevit.' The identity of words renders it impossible to read the above paragraph without a suspicion than an old and obsolete tenet may have been reproduced to the world under the garb of a new discovery; but if it be not *absolutely* true that human nature is destined to renew its acquaintance from time to time with exploded doctrines, just as we renew our acquaintance with bygone diseases, it is an apt illustration of the proverb advanced by an authority far more unerring than we can pretend to, that 'there is nothing new under the sun.'"

It would be a pity to spoil the delicious effect of this passage by adding others to it, and we may leave the reader to form his estimate of Dr Meryon's capacity as a philosophic writer from this one sample.

We said that the History of Medicine is still to be written; and we fear there is but little probability of any one having the requisite erudition united to the requisite power. A more interesting subject it would be difficult to select. Up to the period of the fall of Troy the art was practised by princes, warriors, maidens, and, of course, old women. Those were early days, and human employments had not become "differentiated;" later on the "medicine man" became absorbed by the Priest, who, when he undertook to explain all phenomena as the will of the gods, of course took in the phenomena of disease. What chance had the simple prescription of ordinary men, who could only boast a small experience, compared with the power of the gods? Much has been written about the hereditary caste of Asclepiads, but as very little is known, we need not dwell on them. This, however, is known, that they neglected Anatomy and Dietetics, and were copious in invocations and

supernatural explanations. When philosophy, gradually emancipated from the trammels of superstition, began to explain all phenomena as well as it could by the aid of reason and observation, the phenomena of disease could not escape it, and the philosophers became physicians; very bad physicians, it must be confessed they became; but it was a great step for Medicine when a spirit of actual inquiry was roused, and when, instead of thwarting all research, by attributing every disease to the will of the gods, an attempt was made to detect the proximate causes.

Thus with Pythagoras began a new era—the era of Inquiry. If the want of a true conception of scientific Method, and, above all, the want of those Directive Maxims which make science progressive, prevented the philosophers from accomplishing much more than the substitution of metaphysical for theological explanations, there was at least a new path opened, and it soon became crowded with seekers. The structure and functions of the organism were studied; and the laws of health and disease were deduced. Absurd as these deductions were for the most part, they were such as may be met with in all the early efforts at scientific explanation. Slow and cautious induction could only come into favour after facile and misleading deduction had been tried and found wanting. There was too little actually known respecting organs and functions, to keep the impatient mind of man restricted to their study. Alluring speculations on the first and final causes called away the attention. The philosophers held it impossible "that any one should know how to cure a disease if he be ignorant of the causes whence they proceed." This, as Dr Russell remarks, was a very plausible proposition. "But what are we to understand by the causes of disease? If all that is meant be the external circumstances which induce unhealthy conditions of the human body, then the state-

ment is incontrovertible: it is true the ague would never have been got rid of by draining the pestiferous marsh, unless it had been known that swamps produce disease. But the dogmatist went a step further; not only could he say that ague is caused by swamp, but it is caused by the swamp increasing, to a mischievous extent, the radical moisture of the body; and it must be cured by opposing to it some remedy which shall increase the radical dryness or heat." Here, like the modern quack, he proceeds to prescribe on the faith of an unverified hypothesis. No attempt is made to prove the increase of moisture, no attempt is made to show that an increase of dryness will cure the ague. How wildly and absurdly philosophers could confidently speculate in the absence of all attempt at proof, may be seen by opening Aristotle's important, but little-studied, work, *De Partibus Animalium*, which contains an exposition of the anatomy and physiology of his day. For example, it is stated as a fact about which there can be no doubt, that the blood in the upper part of the body is better than that in the lower, the reason assigned being that the upper is the nobler part. "Thick and warm blood," he says, "is better adapted for plastic purposes; thin and cold blood better for sensation and thought. Hence, the bees and other such animals are more intelligent (*φρονιμώτερα*) than many red-blooded animals; and of the red-blooded, those are the most intelligent which have the thinnest and coldest blood. But the best of all are those which have warm, thin, and pure blood: they are distinguished by fortitude (*ἀνδρείαν*) and intelligence. Hence, the upper and lower parts—the right and left sides—male and female—manifest their relative differences."* Elsewhere he says, man, of all animals, has the most hair on his head: "this is necessary because of the humidity

of the brain and the sutures of the skull: for growth must be greatest where there is greatest warmth and moisture."† We have heard of a provincial hairdresser in our own time who held the same view, declaring that "the brain percolates through the skull, and nourishes the roots of the 'air, sir!'" One more example, and we have done. The heart, says Aristotle, is placed in the centre *because* "Nature is wont to seat the noblest in the noblest place, *unless any stronger reason prevails* (*οὐ μὴ τι κωλύει μείζον*)."‡ And he refutes the opinion of those who assert that the origin of the veins is in the head on this ground: "They thus make the origin manifold and separate, and *moreover in a cold place*, whereas, the region of the heart is warm."

These are specimens of the way the master-mind of antiquity could explain anatomical and physiological phenomena; how lesser minds would succeed may be easily imagined. "Ils substituèrent des hypothèses transcendantes," says Renouard, "aux résultats simples de l'observation, et crurent avoir élevé l'édifice de la médecine sur un fondement inébranlable, parcequ'ils l'avaient établi sur des bases inaccessibles à l'appréciation des sens, et partant, disaient-ils, à l'abri de leurs illusions, de leur instabilité."§ The reign of the metaphysicians is not quite over yet. There still remain many of the old metaphysical entities, and many of the metaphysical explanations; but since the middle of the seventeenth century, when Science began to justify by the splendour of its discoveries the illimitable potency of its method, there has been an ever accelerating increase of observation and induction replacing the precipitancy of deduction. It was indeed time for a change. The old method had had its trial; and the consequences were increase of darkness instead of increase of light.

* ARISTOTLE, *De Part.*, ii. 2.

† Ibid., ii. 14.

‡ Ibid., iii. 4.

§ RENOUARD, *Hist. de la Médecine*, ii. p. 86.

The History of Medicine under the dominion of the philosophers is a marvel of human folly. Nothing seemed too preposterous for the acutest intellects to believe. Let us glance at one of the most distinguished of what may be called the new school, as opposed to the Aristotelians and Galenists; we mean Van Helmont (of whom Dr Russell, by the way, knows nothing but at second-hand, and whom consequently he very imperfectly presents). Here was a man of genius, who had passionately studied Greek and Arabian authors, and whose learning and acuteness made him the wonder of his age; yet he could gravely affirm that in cases of dropsy, gout, or jaundice, "by including the warm blood of the patient in the shell and white of an egg, exposed to a gentle heat, and given to a hungry dog or swine with a bait of meat, the disease will instantly leave the patient and pass to the dog or swine." * Again, he amusingly says, "Doe you desire to be informed why the blood of a Bull is poisonous, but that of an Oxe, though brother to the Bull, is safe and harmlesse? The reason thus: the Bull at the time of slaughter is full of secret reluctancy and vindictive murmurs, and firmly impresses upon his owne blood a character and potent signature of revenge. But if it chance that an Oxe brought to the slaughter fall not at one stroke of the axe, but grow enraged and furious and continue long in that violent madness: then he leaves a depraved and unwholesome tincture on his flesh unless he be first recalmed and pacified by darknesse and famine. A Bull therefore dies with a higher flame of revenge above him than any other animal whatever." †

The influence of philosophers was pernicious in another direction. By the despotic sway which they exercised over the respect of men, as the possessors of the highest wis-

dom, they created the superstition of learning. A "learned physician," even in our own day, does not mean a man who has profoundly studied disease at the bedside, but a man whose memory is stored with the august trash of bygone years, who can quote the classics and the Arabians, who is versed in the elegancies of Greek and Latin, who knows intimately the opinions which advancing science have made every one else forget or neglect. To know what Galen or Avicenna thought upon any given point has long ceased to be a primal necessity; but for centuries it constituted the stock-in-trade of the physician; even to this day it is supposed to give an increase of value to the physician's opinion; and but a few years ago, the Faculty of Paris insisted on a certain number of the aphorisms of Hippocrates being included in the theses of those who aspired to a diploma. Molière has embalmed the learned physician in imperishable humour; but the very public which cried with laughter at medical absurdities on the stage, listened with awe when they were gravely uttered in the sick-room.

Of the three types, the Physician as Priest, as Philosopher, and as Pedant, one knows not which can be selected as the most injurious; but not one of them is justified in flinging *many* stones at the Quack. In ignorance of the true knowledge required, they were all pretty nearly on a par. Still they must not on that ground alone be classed with the Quack; because they worked earnestly according to their lights. Once suppose that the wandering charlatan, who dosed the rustics at a fair as he would dose a horse, seriously *believed* that he knew the symptoms of a malady, and that his dose would cure it, and you have no more right to denounce him than to denounce the most learned physician. In our own day, however, one can hardly make such a suppo-

* VAN HELMONT, *Opera Omnia*, p. 458.

† *Ternary of Paradoxes*. Translated by Walter Charleton, 1650, p. 67.

sition. Those quacks who placard our walls, and obtrude themselves in advertising columns, may not, and perhaps do not know how supremely ignorant they are; but they do know that they have not taken any of the accessible open paths which might have led them to better knowledge; they do know that they have never studied the structure and functions of the human body in health and disease, and that their theories are mere guesses in the dark, their remedies mere impostures. "Man," says Channing, "is not accountable for the *rightness*, but he is accountable for the *uprightness* of his views." The physician cannot be blamed for not having *found* the truth; but the quack must be stigmatised for not having *sought* it. The one says to the sick man: I *think* this will cure you; at any rate you shall have the best advice I can give. The other says: This will infallibly cure you, nothing else will.

The Physician, as we have said, is an enlightened empiric. From whence comes his enlightenment? From two very different sources: first, from the science of his day; secondly, from his own experience at the bedside. He is necessarily determined by theory in his interpretation of disease, since even the commonest words he uses, such as inflammation, dyspepsia, biliousness, &c., all imply theories as to the processes of organic action; and every remedy implies a theory as to its effect on the organism. Hence it is that the medical doctrines of the day always reflect the biological science of the day; and they are at one time biassed by chemical, another time by mechanical, and another by metaphysical views. While the practice is thus generally determined by the scientific theories which the physician has adopted from the schools, or originated for himself in deviation from the schools, it is also and more immediately determined by his own personal experience, and his skill in interpreting symptoms and devising

remedies. This is the physician's *art*. It cannot be taught, but it may be improved by teaching. The penetrating sagacity which at once, amid a crowd of details, detects those that are significant—the bold yet cautious invention which hits upon the mode of treatment suitable in the particular case—these are not qualities to be acquired in the schools: they make the great physician, as they make the great statesman and great general. Hence it is that you may often talk with a physician of high repute, of deserved repute, and find him very backward in the science of his day; but place him at the bedside in a perilous case, and there, where another man equipped with all the newest views in science—a master of the microscope, a great organic chemist, a brilliant experimenter—will be paralysed by hesitation, the skilful physician will be prompt, vigilant, and assured.

The art of Medicine, while it rests on the science of Biology, ought, as a study, to be strictly demarcated from it. Until such a separation takes place, progress in both will necessarily be slow. In our day a man may become an eminent astronomer without being able to recognise a single star in the heavens, much less to navigate the safest seas; and the perfection of both astronomy and navigation is due to this very division of labour. In like manner, when Biology comes to be studied without reference to medicine, and by a class of biologists whose time and energies will not be chiefly given to practice, there will be a decided acceleration of progress, and the medical practitioner will have his energies mainly given to the mastery of his art. No one even superficially acquainted with the demands made on a physician's energies, will think it reasonable that, over and above these, he should be called upon to master the gigantic and encyclopædic science of Biology: it is enough if he can keep pace with the advance of the day, and receive from others what new lights they have struck

out; but unless medical men do also devote themselves to Biology in the intervals of practice, who is to further the science, since no separate class of biologists has yet been established? In Germany and France, thanks to numerous professorships, there is a small class which devotes itself exclusively to science; but in England every discouragement exists to keep men from such "unprofitable" labour. When young, and awaiting a practice, men may give their days and nights to science, which would far better have been given to the laborious accumulation of clinical experience; but no sooner are patients knocking at the door, than science is either kicked aside, or, if the passion of discovery be strong, pursued, at a terrible cost of health and energy, in the rare intervals of rest.

Can we then wonder if our enlightened empiric is but imperfectly enlightened? Can we wonder if the wise physician, in the very sincerity of his wisdom, recognises the imperfection of his knowledge, and the purely tentative character of his art; and thus seems at a disadvantage when compared with the Quack, who has no such doubts, but who vociferously declares his art is perfect? Unhappily it is the tendency of the timorous to rely on confident assertion; and the sick man is more willing to trust one who emphatically declares that he will cure him, although this very declaration ought to act as a warning, than he is to trust a man who in all sincerity says, I will do my best to cure you.

And now, reader, for the moral; all these rambling remarks have had an aim; and that aim a practical one. You are mortal, and liable to all the ills that flesh is heir to. You are mortal, and, when ill, are timorous. You are mortal, and in your ignorance an easy dupe. Your ignorance respecting the mysteries of life and disease cannot be enlightened by a magazine article; but your ignorance of the danger

you run in distrusting physicians and relying on quacks may be enlightened. First, then, we hope to have made it clear that the Art of Medicine, over and above its own special difficulties, is rendered excessively uncertain because it *necessarily* rests upon the Science of Biology; and that Science is still in a chaotic condition. Next, we hope to have made it clear, that however imperfect the knowledge of the physician may be, it is *necessarily* of incalculably greater value than the knowledge of the quack, who, having never studied the organism in health and disease, is simply as ignorant as you are yourself. Thirdly, we hope to have made it clear that the physician relies *more* on experience and less on theory, the experience being much wider and more critical, the theory being less absolute and final, than is the case with the quack, who pretends to rely solely on experience, but does not rely on it at all. Finally, we hope to have made it clear that in the present state of human knowledge any man who announces that he has a panacea, or a system applicable to all, or most diseases—any man who announces that his drug, or his treatment, will in itself cure a disease, without regard to the variety of causes which may have produced the disease, or the organic changes which *the disease may have produced*—is either an ignoramus or an impostor, and his boast should act like a warning. His confidence is either crass ignorance, or artful reliance on your credulity. If you are ill, and distrust the medical aid of your town, or country, act courageously in that distrust, and leave the cure to Nature. But in no case withdraw your confidence from the *imperfect skill* of the physician, to place it on the *perfect ignorance* of the quack. The Medical Art of the day may be incompetent to restore the "digestive vigour" to your stomach which has "lost its tone;" but, oh! be not so misguided as to search for that "lost tone" in the advertisements. Are you so inex-

perienced as put your faith in "testimonials?" You will not even send to the library to borrow (much less buy) the book, which a page of advertised "opinions of the press" assures you is the most splendid work of the day, thrilling in incident, profound in thought, brilliant in style, *replete* with humour and pathos, and with every other quality which a book could have. You are deaf to these trumpets. You order a book of which none of these things are said—about which there is no flourish whatever. And you are wise. But why does this wisdom desert you when a Pill or a Lotion is placarded on the walls, or arrests

your attention in the advertising columns? Is it of more consequence that you should yawn over a trashy book, which you have seen praised as a *chef d'œuvre*, than that you should ruin your health because a charlatan praises his medications?

We conclude with an anecdote: A friend of ours, long a victim to dyspepsia, was earnestly recommended to try a "digestive powder" which promised to restore any amount of lost "vigour." The recommendation came from one who had great confidence in the powder, because he knew that *the advertiser made a very good living out of it.*

CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK'S CHAMPAGNE.

A WEST INDIAN REMINISCENCE.

CONCLUSION.—CHAPTER XV.

It is necessary now that we take note of Mr Chitty's movements. After descending from the mess-room, and after doing all that was in his heart as regarded the consumption and purloining of viands, Menelaus bethought him of that expression used by Tom Gervaise during dinner, which had unpleasantly affected his nerves, and which still, whenever he thought of it, caused an unaccountable misgiving. The fact was, that Nick's mind had been for some days much unsettled—indeed, since Brune's appearance at Crystal Mount. That appearance Nick conceived to bode no good to Christy's family arrangements; it was, moreover, associated with the pang arising out of a suspected understanding between Leander and Rosabella; so that, altogether, it excited a disagreeable foreboding, which various small incidents appreciable to Chitty's keen perception had augmented. Wine and feasting, as is generally the case in rancorous minds, far from dissipat-

ing, only intensified his apprehensions. He could extract no definite suspicion from the meagre evidence, and felt the need of counsel and confidence. How to get these was the question. To call Christy from the festive board to listen to a cock-and-bull story (as this would be, even when lavishly embellished with lies), would have no effect save to bring down anathemas on his head as an old idiot: to call on Melhado would bring blows in addition to abuse. In this dilemma he betook himself to a keener wit than either of theirs, and as soon as he could eat and drink no more, and had bestowed his movable plunder, he started off through the bush to Kingston, and stopped not till he arrived at the door of Melhado's house, where he craved an audience with that gentleman's mother.

The old lady was at that time seated on a rocking-chair in her saloon, which was lit by a number of wax-lights under brilliant

glass shades.* Her spectacles were on, and the Rev. Laurence Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* lay open before her; for she was a wilful old dame, and not to be deprived of the enjoyment of real wit and sentiment by nonsensical squeamishness. Show her any of your correct moderns who could write like him, and she would think your prejudice entitled to attention; but you knew very well you couldn't.

A young negress with a red handkerchief on her head, and wearing one solitary garment, the name of which we are not at liberty to communicate, but whose material was *osnaburgh*, brandished a flapper, with which she chased the mosquitoes from her "Missy," and controlled the frolics of moths, bats, crickets, fiddlers, cockroaches, and a host of winged insects which made a disagreeable humming and buzzing, and were continually dashing themselves against the glass shades in attempts to get at the lights: occasionally they took headers against the old lady's eyes and cheeks. As is the case with many strong-minded persons, Mrs Melhado was not gifted with extreme patience; and whenever a crawley-bob succeeded in charging her, she sharply chid her attendant. Sometimes she aimed a vicious blow, which the small obscurity generally evaded. The subtle plotter, who never ceased to keep a watch upon Brune, knew of his visits to Crystal Mount, and of the rescue at the Ferry. She felt sure that these things had a great significance, and was much disturbed in consequence, so that the child was experiencing a crosser time than usual.

"Bunchy, you little aggravating toad," said Mrs Melhado, "what did I tell you?"

"Missy say she mash for me wortless head de nex one dat touch she!"

"I did; and now come here: one

nearly blinded me this minute, and there's another up my nose while I speak: come here."

"No, no, no, no! I beg you, my sweet Missy, I beg you!"

"Come when I tell you. It will be worse for you if I have to rise."

"Hi-yi-yi-yi!" howled Bunchy; "me goin' for get *fum-fum*: me will dead. Oh, my king! Oh, fader!"

"Very well, I must fetch you, then," said the old gentlewoman, preparing to rise; whereupon Bunchy raised the most dreadful squealing, and set her back and the palms of her hands against the wall, while she rapidly struck the floor with her alternate naked feet. On a sudden the squealing and dancing ceased, the head was raised attentively, and the small voice said—

"Hei, Missy! somebody comin' dis side; make I go see who dere." And Bunchy glided like a dark arrow from the presence of her mistress, to reappear in an instant, and announce that Mr Chitty was without, desiring to speak with her on "important bisnis."

"Now then, Nick, what brings you here at this time of night? I thought you were at camp with your master," said Mrs Melhado, sharply, as Mr Chitty entered and made his obeisance.

He explained that he had been at camp through the dinner, which *en passant* he characterised as a "'plendit ting of de kind, an' werry elegant in de legs of beef and custards;" that he had heard several dark hints which he understood to bode no good to either Miss Wiley or to nyounng massa; that he had considered the propriety of calling the attention of Mr Arabin or Mr Melhado to his suspicions, but in his discretion, under the circumstances of meat and drink, he had refrained from consulting those gentlemen, and thought it his duty to consult Mrs Melhado.

* The reader who has not visited the tropics will reflect that, where windows and doors are open, and every breath of air is invited to enter, candles must speedily be blown out if not protected.

"Right, Nick," said the old lady; "you've got some gumption. I don't think either of them would have listened to your story if you had gone to them. Tell me, now, what was said, and I shall know if it signifies."

"You see, Missy," said Nick, "dem drink in de wine faba 'ponges. Where dem put it all, me can't rightly say: tink dem mus be holler inside, de same as de rum puncheon. De more dem swaller, de more room dem seem to got. Dat ole Cap'n Gerbaise an' Massa Shane find at las' dat dem not able for drink fas' enough out of de long glass, and dey ax for tumbler. Den it go down more faster dan a water-'pout. Couldn't sarve dem fas' enough."

"But get on, Nick," interrupted the old lady. "I want to know what was said."

Mr Chitty, being well corned, was unusually loquacious, and not very clear. His perspicuity was further impaired by the conduct of small Bunchy, who, clambering noiselessly on to a writing-table behind her Missy's back, executed a series of dumb-shows of an insubordinate and contemptuous character. The gleeful spirit of healthy childhood—Heaven's gift to white and black, to bond and free—broke forth, regardless of the risk of detection and of sharp vengeance. There stood the little imp mowing and grimacing, and mimicking the old lady, at every turn of whose head she flitted to the floor in silence, like the shadow of a bird, and then mounted and began again. Had Mr Chitty been alone with the child, he most assuredly would have inflicted condign chastisement for such liberties taken in his august presence; but the freemasonry of race deterred him from betraying her to the white lady.

Spite of his difficulties, Menelaus began again: "Missy mus' hab de goodness to wait lilly bit: me is talking as fas' as me can—me can't talk no faster. Well, you see, dem

mus' hab someting running in for dem troats, and when the wine no run down, de talkee run out. De noise dem make, my! and de wine it make dem more wiciouser dan mules, and dem swear an' holler; mus a mad. Den Massa Shane begin to cuss * nyounng Massa Manuel, and say he wish him head mash, an' Miss Wiley too good for him. Him say so, Missy, but him don't 'peak de trut'. Me allis say dat Massa Manuel de biggest buckrah gentleman in de place. Me allis 'tand up for massa when dem cuss him. Me say all time——"

"Do get on, Nick; what did they say?"

"Ax for you pardon, Missy. Me is not de soart of pusson to weaste time in talk. Ebberybody know dat Nick Chitty one berry silent man—berry circumspec: him see good many ting dat him not tell nobody, 'ceptin' to dose dat it consarn. Now, if Missy will please to listen, me will tell de 'tory in berry few words."

Nick then went back to the beginning. Mrs Melhado perceived that her only plan was to let him have his way; so she set herself resolutely, though not very patiently, to listen. The moment her attention became fixed, Bunchy's eccentricities assumed a more daring character. The small body, without creating a sound, writhed and gesticulated not altogether ungracefully. Standing on alternate feet, she kicked, or made believe to spring, at the old lady; or she threw herself into attitudes of mock defiance and scorn: then, flourishing her little weapon like a sword, she made sweeps and passes with it through the air, and finally delivered cut No. 7 towards Mrs Melhado's crown, as if the little hand and arm had belonged to Shaw, and the flapper had been the sabre of that redoubt-
ed life-guardsmen. Mr Chitty contained himself admirably, and in due time picked up the thread of his discourse. Then he proceeded—

* To curse often signifies no more than to abuse.

“Massa Pat Shane, him cuss nyounng massa, and say him no good enough for Miss Wiley; and ole Cap'n Gerbaise him say, ‘Look out, boy, to-night; him will be sarve a trick dat he little tink of before de morning.’ Den dem cock deir yeye, and nod deir head, an’ tink all right.”

“It may be only some nonsense, after all,” said Mrs Melhado; “was there nothing more?”

“No nonsense, Missy, no nonsense,” said Nick, eagerly. “You tink ole Nick no sabey when dem goin’ to do de real wickedness? Me know dem not makin’ fun.”

The old lady mused: “Perhaps you are right,” said she. “I think that this matter, though it may mean nothing at all, should be looked to. Take a mule from the stable, and go up, now, with all speed, to Crystal Mount. Don’t go to bed, but observe all that is going on in the premises. If you see the least cause for alarm, send down for your master at once—your *master*, mind: it won’t be sufficient to acquaint Mrs Arabin. I have never felt easy since you told me of Mr Brune being up there lately. Here, take this: I always requite useful service. And now, be off!”

Having dismissed Nick Chitty, the old lady was much disquieted, and paced the room hurriedly, quite forgetting little Bunchy, who, squatting in a gloomy corner, did not even roll her eyes, lest the motion should attract attention, and the adjourned ceremony of *fum-fum* be consummated. Her mistress was, however, occupied with far other thoughts. Though she had been interrupted, and had inserted her spectacles at that pathetic page in the *Sentimental Journey* where the fair and gushing Rambouliet temporarily retires from the scene, she did not resume her reading. She reflected with extreme anxiety that the success or failure of her plan might depend on the discretion and fidelity of Mr Nicholas Chitty. Mrs

Melhado was too shrewd not to know the spite with which fate regards such compacts as her treaty with Christy Arabin. Smooth as everything looked, a false move, or an accident, or a counter-stroke, might upset the scheme. Ready and strong-willed herself, she recognised instinctively the same qualities in Brune, and felt an undefinable dread of him, such as she was accustomed to inspire in others. Scarcely knowing the young man by sight, she had learned his character and acknowledged its force. She did not dare to reckon on success till all should be accomplished; and she was haunted by a presentiment of mischance, which her self-command barely enabled her to conceal.

She slept not that night.

Mr Chitty emerged from Melhado’s house with spirits much lightened by the largesse which his tidings had obtained, and by the prospect of occasioning a little disappointment and misery ere long.

In the stable he found a spur, which he girded to one of his heels, and soon placed in close communication with the flank of his mule; the spurring of whom, mingled with administrations of supplejack,* quite stayed his appetite for mischief, and caused him to gallop along pleasantly, and to think calmly over what he had to do. He soon decided that, in case of summoning old Christy home, he must employ a messenger in whom he could place some confidence. Now Leander Mr Chitty at once rejected in his mind. “Him no good, him wortless,” thought he, and passed on to the consideration of other servants, among whom he found it difficult to make a satisfactory selection. For Nick was aware that, on the knowledge of Big Massa being out for a jovial night, and of many neighbouring Massas being similarly engaged, a great Obeah ceremonial had been arranged on the estate, and that the adorers of

* A tough *withe*, used as a whip.

Mumbo Jumbo were expected to attend in large numbers from the whole neighbourhood. If, therefore, he could succeed in finding a messenger, he could by no means depend on the message being carried quickly, or at all. After revolving then all available emissaries, as we see the Cardinal Duke de Richelieu do in Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's play, he, with the prompt decision of that minister, fixed on our friend Domingo, whom he had used on former occasions, and whose loyalty and zeal he thought he might be sure of for the nonce. Accordingly he pulled up the panting mule at Domingo's hut, and desired him on no account to go abroad that night, as there might be work for him which would bring a rich reward. He likewise promised a particular intercession with the Obeah sage on Domingo's behalf; and this promise seemed warranted by the intimacy and consideration which he enjoyed with that distinguished person. Large numbers of the people, both male and female, were already about the fields and paths, but it was too early for any of the Obeah rites.

Mr Chitty's own mind on the subject of Obeah could not be described as one and indivisible, for he wandered sometimes into extremes of superstition and of scepticism, and traversed all degrees between those states. By night, and in times of difficulty or affliction, his faith was more or less lively; but prosperity and daylight shook his affiance—yea, even to scoffing and reviling. He had on more than one occasion so far forgotten himself as to use very strong, contemptuous, and bad language touching the solemn meeting which was now assembling; and that notwithstanding his interest with the Obeah man, and his expectation of assistance from that source in his suit to Rosabella. The recollection of this profaneness crossed his mind as he saw his single-hearted brethren collecting; and

the magnitude of the power which he had provoked, and the dire results which might follow, smote his craven conscience with staggering force. What if the Obeah man, while seemingly bland and respectful, had secret notice of his calumnies and impiety! What if the caution given him to beware of another professor was simply a mode of communicating a coming doom which he felt that he so justly deserved! As these thoughts gained strength Nick was getting on to a dark and legendary part of the road, where his heart stood still with terror. It is not recorded that his hair stood on end on this or any other occasion, but there were symptoms sufficient to confirm the fact of his pot-valiant bluster being thoroughly subdued, and of his mind being in such a nervous and superstitious condition as to account for the scene which soon followed. He tried to feel plucky on emerging into a more open road, faltered an oath or so, and essayed to whistle, but produced only a tremulous asthmatic hissing which must rather have amused the spirits whom he was braving. A little more light was unquestionably a relief though, and a pull at his rum flask was not without a reactionary effect. Helped by these stimuli, Nick contrived to get off the mule's saddle and bridle, and to turn him into a piece of guinea-grass as soon as he got home. Then he took his measures for observation and concealment. Two or three times he thought he heard footsteps behind, but persuaded himself that it was fancy. The moon was not up, but it was far from dark; and after reconnoitring the house and premises, he selected for his post a small building consisting of two rooms, one over the other; the upper being a gay little pavilion, commanding a fine view, and the lower a homely garden-house, to whose height the building was screened by shrubs, except that the doorway was clear, and had a good view of two sides of the dwelling-house, and of

the private road which connected the property with the public way. Down here he would be admirably placed. While exercising a sharp look-out, he would himself be in deep shadow, and the absence of openings in the wall behind him would insure both eyes and ears from distraction. Against all these recommendations Nick saw one disagreeable objection to the place. There were near it one or two tombs containing the ashes of former denizens of the place, such objects being by no means uncommon on estates. In his present frame of mind he would as lief have declined their neighbourhood; but the garden-house was so eligible that he gulped down some more rum and his fear together, and made with tolerable steadiness for his station. Was it his fancy? Yes, of course it was his fancy; he was always fanciful when he felt as he did now; but he could have sworn that he saw a duppy* glide from one of the tombs, and vanish in the very building he was approaching. This nonsense was of a piece with the footsteps which he had thought he heard dogging him at intervals for the last half-hour. With great resolution he walked to and entered the building, and then he laughed at his own fears as he seated himself on a box which he felt near the door, and collected his senses for keen observation. The rum and the excitement together raised a persuasion that his watch would not be in vain; and, as he reflected, the charming idea gained strength that he might frustrate somebody's cherished hope that night; and he not only forgot his fears, but began to have a sense of enjoyment.

"Ha, boy!" chuckled old Nick to himself, "you tink you dam clebber. Berry well, perhapsin you is. You hab plenty brains: berry good. You savey ebberyting; you not like poor black negar; him don't savey nuttin', poor debil! You make capital plan; you nebber

tink dat 'tupid ole Nick Chitty able for cheat you. Ole Nick, hah! No, I ax for you pardon, *Mennylaiss*—yes, *Mennylaiss*, I believe, is de name you is please to call dat ole feller!" And Mr Chitty ground his teeth together in a charitable manner, while his countenance in the dim light of the doorway exhibited that sort of benign expression which the wolf puts on when waiting impatiently for a lamb. There was a luxury in that silent half-hour which it would have been hard to part with at all, but which it was thrice and four times distressing to have disturbed, as was at last the case; for in the very height of his reverie Mr Chitty was startled by a hideous groan: then a sepulchral voice said—

"Hei, you ole raskil, debil come fetch you at las'. Here, duppies, one, two, tree of you, take up dis ole rogue. Carry him 'traight to h—: hear 'ee?

"Oh fader, oh murder, oh my king!" groaned Nick, in excruciating terror, and conscience-stricken. "Me nebber meaned it; me was only joking; me alliss lub de Obeah; ax de daddy."

"Silence, sar; no 'peak a word: hoo-o-ooo!" roared the voice, and a clap of thunder shook the room, while Chitty was violently thrust from his seat and belaboured with blows from invisible hands and sticks.

"Oh, wurrah, wurrah, wurrah! Oh fader!" groaned he.

"You 'peak anoder word, s' 'elp me Gad, me kill you 'pon de 'pot," returned the voice.

"What mus' me do, sar?" sighed Nick, submissively; "me is 'greeable to do anyting."

"Hah, dat sound more properer," the dread one replied; "dat more righter. Now den, if you don't want to be choke outright, put for you face upon de ground and listen."

Nick prostrated himself.

"Rub for you mout' and nose well in de dirt. Now den, sar, you

is not to tell no libing soul anyting you see dis night. Dere is duppies an' debils flying about plenty, perhapsin you might see some of dem. If you does, no say a word, or you is a dead negar. Now, mind anoder ting; if you eber tink of courting Miss Rosabella, de Obeah come kill you sure as a gun. Me know ebberyting you does; don't tink for cheat me, you dam black negar. Hei! what dat? Me mus' go. Mind what me tell you."

The celestial visitant ceased abruptly. Again the thunder resounded through the apartment. A foot was placed heavily on Mr Chitty's body, and a weighty person was felt to jump over him. The jar upon his spine caused him involuntarily to disobey the injunction he had just heard, and to raise his head. A form which seemed gigantic had just cleared the doorway, and bounded along the path to where it joined the other path from the house. At the junction were two figures in light floating garments, evidently some of the duppies against whom Chitty had been cautioned. The three figures joined, and took the road leading from the property. Nick stood astonished, gazing after them till they disappeared, his heart going pit-a-pat, and his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth with terror. "Oh, lad-a-gad!" groaned Mr Chitty, chafing his bruised members, and wiping the cold perspiration from his face, "Duppy da come!" After a few moments of horror, he felt that the actual sight of duppies was more tolerable than the fear of their appearance. He had looked upon them, and still lived; nay, save in the matter of a bruise or two, he was none the worse. Nick had a tolerably quick brain, and he no sooner began to use it, than it set about clearing his bewilderment. Though he had been incapable of observing accurately at the time when he beheld the apparitions, there had been in the figure and gait of one of them something which called up the image of his beloved Miss Rosabella. The idea,

after once presenting itself, grew rapidly stronger and stronger, until he perceived that, after all, it was more likely to have been his "'pring-flower" in the flesh than a disembodied spirit. Then came the thought of his rival Leander, and jealousy solved the whole riddle. The very design which he was there to frustrate had been effected before his eyes, and he knew it not. Fool, dolt, idiot that he was! he had been completely cozened. Of this he felt sure; and yet there lingered a shade of difficulty, which still seemed to link the affair with the supernatural. The deceit might have been easy enough if everything had been prepared for it, but his selection of the garden-house was unpremeditated, and his very presence on the estate was not designed by himself when last he left the premises. Therefore, supposing the whole thing a trick, the juggler must have divined his motives and intentions, which indicated something more than human ability. We could have relieved Mr Chitty's mind, as we will now do that of the reader, by observing, that negroes are accustomed to think aloud, and that Nick, rendered incautious by his potations and the wish to subdue his fear, had been, while disposing of the mule and reconnoitring the ground, most communicative to himself, as well as to another person who had watched him. Having thus destroyed the beauty of the mystery, we may as well complete our confidence, and say honestly, what we had rather not say—that two of the figures seen by Nick Chitty were Leander and Rosabella; while the third—how shall we name the third! The third was the sweetest being in the island—Violet Arabin! Thus the murder is out. Violet, in tiny thin shoes, and wrapped in a light shawl, had stolen from her father's roof in the night-watches. Whether her flight was confided or not to any other person in the house save her companion, we are unable to report. All we know is, that Leander, in after years, was accustomed to urge

Rosy to confession on this point, while declaring that he saw a light in Mrs Arabin's room; and that between the window and the lamp he distinctly perceived a figure moving nervously about, and apparently watching the fugitives. But it is notorious that negroes talk a great deal of nonsense.

With a trembling and hurried step did Violet wend her way to the entrance-gate, escorted by her companions. Having passed through into the public road, she cast about her an anxious glance, while Rosy ejaculated, "Hei, buckra no come!" The person they expected to meet there was of course Arthur Brune, a man not given to break tryste on any occasion, far less on one such as this! The difficulty of Violet's situation requires no description. A hasty consultation was held, in which both her companions counselled return. Rosy promised to remain on sentry at the gate, and to give notice of Brune's arrival. But Violet did not choose, after the step she had taken, to cross again that night the threshold of Crystal Mount. Her decision had cost her too much to be thus dallied with, and her faith in Arthur assured her that he could not be far away. Nick Chitty's presence in the garden, too, was a sufficient reason for not going back, nor halting in uncertainty at the gate. For some way down the mountain there was but one principal road, and she determined to take it. It was easy, at most places, to elude observation by retiring among the rocks or bushes, and Arthur was sure to be met before they had travelled far along it. It proved, however, that there were a great many black and coloured people about, as we have already seen. Some of these evinced a disposition to join company, and identify the party. Wherefore Leander soon persuaded Violet and her attendant to keep to a negro path that ran at a little distance, almost parallel with the road, while he himself, on the

public way, kept a look-out for the tardy lover. In this way they had proceeded for some time, still without meeting the object of their search, when the question of return began to be agitated again by the brown lady. Violet, though determined to resist her solicitation, knew not, nevertheless, how to reply to Rosy's arguments. Her shoes were torn, her feet were sore, her voice was nearly lost through shame and disappointment. Overcome at length with emotion, the poor girl seated herself, with a sigh of despair, on a fallen tree; and, unable longer to control her agony, she bitterly wept. Rosabella, greatly affected, and getting frightened, leaned over her mistress, giving what consolation and encouragement she could, but urging her to retrace her steps. Suddenly was heard the sharp yelp of a dog, which made Rosy start according to the instinct of her race. The bark was repeated after a short interval; then again it followed, getting quicker.

"Hei!" shrieked Rosy, "de dogs come tear we—make we run."*

Violet controlled her feelings, and, in her turn, soothed the alarm of her attendant.

"Nonsense, Rosabella," she said, "they are watch-dogs on some of the surrounding estates, perhaps miles off. You can hear them at a great distance on a night such as this."

"Dere, dere again! dem come nearer," sobbed Rosy. "Oh lad, what we is to do!"

It seemed certainly as if the dogs were coming nearer. Presently Leander joined them from the high-road. He, too, had been scared by the approaching animals. There was no further talk now of returning home; that would have been to meet the dreaded dogs. Violet, seeing them disposed to push forward, exerted herself to advance again, and despatched Leander back to the main road, promising that all would walk briskly abreast, or

* Let us run.

nearly so. Quickly as the party now moved, the dogs' voices gained on them. Leander was not long in once more rejoining his convoy, his fright being excessive. Both he and Rosy were past hearing reason, and, half leading, half carrying Violet, they struck off on a cross-path which led to a house at no great distance, where they might be within reach of shelter. Horrified, indeed, they were; but not so much so as will be the reader, when we state that

the yelps and howls proceeded from our friends Echo and Crocodile, and that the gentle Violet Arabin, to whom all connected with her were so loving,

"That they might not beteen the winds
of heaven

Visit her cheek too roughly"—

the delicate girl, for whom hundreds of one sex were at the time sighing, and whom hundreds of the other sex were envying—was literally being hunted by bloodhounds.

CHAPTER XVI.

The book-keeper to whom, as we have seen, Echo and Crocodile had been consigned by Melhado, being a young man of enterprise, had, ever since their arrival, been burning with the desire to test their qualities. However, no opportunity of doing so presented itself until the great Obeah assemblage of which he had notice, as was stated some way back. Then he determined to astonish some of their deluded minds, and to create a summary dispersion; at least he did not plead guilty to any worse design, and it did not appear that Melhado's instructions pointed to anything more sanguinary. Accordingly he took the field in most approved style, mounted on his fleetest nag, with topboots and spurs on, and a wonderful hunting-whip in his hand. He had amused himself till past midnight with consuming cold rum-and-water, which, together with his sporting turn-out, so raised his spirits, that, when he had ordered the muzzles to be taken off, and he heard the brutes try their voices in low single yelps, he began to search his memory for hunting-terms of which he had read, and to crack his whip and cry "Yoicks!" in a very creditable and intelligent manner. His "Tally-ho!" gave evidence of considerable talent. He likewise incited the animals to "Hark forward;" but that exhortation was unnecessary, seeing that they were already proceeding at a vigorous pace, and puzzled him to keep up

with them, as he had to make several detours. At length, soon after crossing the main road, they began to raise their noses more frequently, and to give longer and louder notes; and finally, heedless of a caution to "hold hard," they ran completely out of sight in full cry. It is dreadful to contemplate the peril in which our sweet girl was placed, of being attacked and probably torn and mangled by these ferocious brutes! The shelter for which she and her escort were making was not very distant, but yet so far off that no human foot could reach it before being overtaken by the fleet pursuers. The dogs were in the same enclosure as our party, and might in daylight have seen it; and a catastrophe was imminent, which it sickens us to think of, and which would have given a page to the annals of the island interesting and harrowing in all time, when, by a providential intervention, the animals diverged suddenly from the track of our fugitives, and made off with increased zeal and redoubled howlings in an oblique direction. To explain the escape it is necessary to return to Mr Chitty.

We left that gentleman in all the pleasure of a dawning consciousness that he had been *done*. To do him justice, he did not, after this discovery, waste time in lamentations or oaths, but set himself energetically to work out what mischief might yet be in his power.

He determined to bring Christy upon the scene in all haste, and to do what he could himself to arrest the fugitives. In fulfilment of both intentions he took the way to Domingo's hut, and, having roused that individual from the side of his beloved Calisto, bade him hie with all speed to Up Park Camp, and tell Massa Arabin that he was wanted at home directly—something terrible had happened. He was to request Mr Arabin to look at his watch when the message was delivered; and, if it was within two hours from that time, Domingo would receive three dollars (a Jamaica pound). Having despatched his messenger, Nick went out among the people, who were collected in the fields, to get news of the runaways, and stop them.

"You is not clear off yet!" thought Menelaus. "Ole Nick no fool."

Domingo put his best leg foremost to win the pound, and started away at a great speed, which brought him at a fortunate moment across the track on which the bloodhounds had wellnigh run into our party. Either for old acquaintance' sake, or for his very superior bouquet, the dogs, after a short hesitation, ran decidedly on his trail. He soon discovered his horrid predicament with an agony that cannot be described; yet he exerted both skill and muscles to escape. The whole mountain-side was well known to him, and by some dexterous drops, jumps, and climbings, he gained every now and then a start on his pursuers. The danger was so imminent that he did not dare to lose time in seeking for a tree into which he could mount, otherwise he might have been secure, though his errand would have been left undone. Once, after running for some yards along the bed of a mountain stream, he knew by the cessation of the baying that his pursuers were at fault, and he halted to draw breath and dash the perspiration from his countenance. Alas, no! they are once

more on his trail, and the race for life has yet to be run. Away again, and away: it were endless to narrate the shifts and doubles of the hunted man, or the fell instinct of the hounds. As long as his strength and wind were in fair condition, he ran with hope and sometimes with success; but when these were fast failing, and his feet were galled and cut, and full of thorns, and his clothes, and almost his whole person, torn and bloody from the passage through the thickets, the blackness of despair came over him. 'Twas for dear life though, and worth contesting to the last: wherefore he pushes on, blown and footsore, but as yet untaken. Lusty confident life is an awful power! It maintains the struggle with greedy death, and baffles sometimes the grisly king. Give the mind her due glory here, and forget not that she will survive when her present dwelling-place has returned to be the dust of the earth: but for all that, a sound deep chest and trusty sinews are a great possession—such as a man may lawfully rejoice in!

Some way down the mountain he knows of a ravine bestridden by a foot-bridge formed of the trunk of a not very thick tree, and made practicable by a light handrail which has been secured to it. The dogs might venture to follow across, but they must do so singly. He may be able, with a stone or a stake torn from the bridge, to stun them as they come over in succession, or possibly to strike them into the chasm below. He loses a few minutes in seeking right and left for the path which leads to the bridge; but it is time well expended. He is already on the tree-trunk while his pursuers are struggling and yelling down the steep in rear. The frail causeway bends and totters beneath him; but, courage! he is safe across. And now a thought strikes him. Cannot his arm, nerved by the fear of death, suffice to dislodge the structure? He will try. He does try; he makes a mighty

effort. It creaks and vibrates. Another pull—hurrah! Listen to the echoes as the dismounted bridge crashes down the rocks below, and leaps and bounds as if in triumph too. But he has only a short regard for the tumbling log. On the opposite bank of the ravine four eyes shine now in the light of the risen moon. He can look at them as he recovers breath, and as the terrible throbbings of his heart subside a little. Between his deep-drawn sighs he can shake his fist and gasp a curse at the fiends. Softly, poor Domingo! you have done a bold and a clever thing, but you have not escaped Echo and Crocodile. They have learned their dreadful work in Cuba, trained by an indefatigable chasseur. They have been taught to meet such a difficulty; and, after a few cautious investigations to be sure of the case, they turn their noses up the ravine to double round its head. 'Tis nigh half a furlong up; can they, without scent, recover his trail? Perhaps not—there is one chance. If they do, they are thrown back by a disheartening interval—there is another chance. He has at any rate advantage of time enough to climb a tree. But there is no tree—nothing but rock and under-wood and grass. The voices are still. He knows not where the dogs may be. Perhaps they are running in a false direction; but they *may* discover the true one. 'Tis best to get forward, yet he can afford to go more gently. He swings along: all seems still and safe. Heavens! has he escaped? Dares he think that he has? Almost he hopes. Hope not, miserable man! there is the yelp again. They have recovered your trail. But cleverly avail yourself of the start which you have so gallantly won. The dogs' voices once more send the electric terror through his veins. He runs amain; and the dogs run. Do they gain on him? He can hardly tell; but he fears they do. Hah! there—there is a hut, and he can gain it. He is on the plain

now, and scours along toward the refuge—a negro's house. How's this? The owner has gone to the Obeah meeting, and has fastened his door. Confusion! but Domingo can break in. He throws himself against the door, but it resists. Again. Why is it stronger than negro doors in general—why? But it is so: he cannot force it, and to lose time is to lose life—away! away!

In the small hours of the morning a native of the county Tipperary was fulfilling his appointed duty as a sentinel in Up Park Camp at the postern which faces the mountains, when the Enemy of Mankind, in bodily shape, was seen to scramble over the railings as no human being could have done it, and then to stagger forwards, with a diabolical wildness, across the sentry's beat. Hell-hounds at the same time filled the air with their cries, and struggled frantically to force themselves between the iron rails. Private Michael Muldoony was afterwards picked up insensible from the ground at his post—a thing that had happened before. On inspection, he was found to have been picked up sober—a thing that had never happened before. This last wonder eclipsed, in the opinion of his comrades and of the sergeant of the guard, the wonderful tale by which he accounted for his comatose condition. This is an incredulous and perverse world. It was bad enough to be frightened out of one's senses by the Prince of Darkness, but to have the vision discredited was intolerable to Irish feelings. Michael could not bear to be doubted, consequently the said Muldoony found himself, a few hours afterwards, withdrawn from the tumults and vanities of this outer world into a solitary cell, vulgarly called the *Black Hole*, to expiate the offence of having knocked down and otherwise maltreated one Barnabas Ryan. Now, Barney Ryan's behaviour had been aggravating. He had not scrupled

to assert that the vision which Michael supposed himself to have seen was nothing but the last supreme effort of Domingo in escaping from the bloodhounds. Barney

was right though; yet so rudely did he demolish Mike's most effective canteen narrative that they were not drunk under the same table again for upwards of three weeks.

CHAPTER XVII.

To bring up our narrative to this point of the somewhat disorderly entry of Domingo into camp, we must investigate the course of events in Knox's room, to which port we some time ago consigned a very merry party. If you heeded only your ears in that pleasant retirement, you would have thought they were all talking at once: if you gave heed to your eyes and nose in preference to your ears, you must have fancied that each mouth was creating smoke to the exclusion of every other function; so great was the din of tongues, and so palpable was the vapour notwithstanding the open windows. Gonsalvo de Cordova, with an air of extreme despondency, brought in some coffee, and so reduced the general Babel to a more equable conversation.

"Now then, boys," cried Knox, "take some coffee. I'll answer for it, it's good. I've a patent machine for brewing it. Hollo! how's this, Gonsalvo? This isn't the unapproachable quintessence of Mocha—Edward Knox, sole patentee—to imitate which is felony. How's this, eh?"

"De peccolator break, sar," sighed the great captain, "and me 'bliged to boil him in de pipkin."

"The devil fly away with you, you whining rascal," shouted Knox. "You've destroyed the best percolator in Jamaica, and degraded me from my supremacy in the preparation of coffee. Henceforth Edward Knox is as other men are. Oh, you long-faced villain!"

"Don't fret yourself, Knox," said Mr Acting Judge, "ye'll get a better one for a dollar."

"Impossible," sighed Knox.

"Why impossible?" asked some one.

"Perhaps he can't raise the dollar," suggested Melhado.

"He may draw on me at three months for that amount," said Judge Blake, benevolently.

"Fait," said Pat, "he might draw on ye for six months before he'd draw a dollar out of ye."

"I'll drink some of this rather than be ungracious, though it's certainly nearer a solid than a liquid," said the Judge.

"Not quite so delicate as some of your legal arguments, Mr Judge," responded Knox.

"It's as strong as the arm of the law or the hangman's knot, though," observed old Christy.

"Rather," said Judge Blake, "it's like the quality of mercy, in respect of not being strained."

"It's like Gervaise's hat," ventured Melhado, "it's so greasy."

"And like your d——d head, it's so infernally thick," said Tom, judging his distance, and seeing that the stick could not reach.

"Ye're too funny intirely," said Pat Shane; "but be cautious, boys, how y' emit such brilliant flashes. There's fifty barr'ls of powder in the magazine opposite, and ye'll maybe blow us up. I can see the jokes twistin' and twirlin' about the conductor like a nest of snakes before Saint Patrick. What shall it be now, cards or bones?"

The pasteboard had it; and, three or four barrack-tables having been put together for the occasion, the party sat down to a round game, which at that time was much in vogue, and which caused a very brisk circulation of cash. We have no pleasure in giving the details of the gambling scene which ensued; the general features of it are easily communicated. Each player sat

with a little heap of notes, doubloons, pistoles, and dollars before him, and each had a glass of brandy and -water, the frequent use of which during the excitement of the game caused the cloth to be largely printed with damp rings. Smoking, of course, proceeded; and while some, with moderate fortune or strong facial nerves, preserved a look of indifference, most of the countenances alternated from "grave to gay, from lively to severe." Old Christy enjoyed the thing amazingly, played with spirit, and lost his money with a good grace. Melhado was a loser almost from the beginning, and he got very angry at last. Mr Acting Judge lost and won with a joke for both chances. The youngsters soon got excited and intent upon the game. The elders were not so easily interested, and Pat Shane was so inattentive, and he so disturbed the company by talking loud, that he had to be pulled up several times. Tom Gervaise held his cards and played mechanically, but seemed only half-conscious of what he was doing. Knox, without being rash, played very boldly, and by his courage forced the fickle dame to relent. And so for hours they played and played, until some were sleepy, and some were weary, and some were tired of losing, and others wanted to stop and to carry off their gains. There was a pretty plain intimation that nearly all had had enough of it; but Melhado claimed to have his deal, as the only chance of retrieving in some degree the ill-luck of the evening. He dealt, and forced the stakes up to the highest that the game allowed; but the result was only that fortune declared more openly against him. Nothing prospered with him that night, and he had to disburse the value of many a tin kettle, bumboat, mirror, lead coffin, and bale of cotton. Mr Judge, in putting on a somewhat heavy stake, expressed a doubt whether the value of the store would cover what he was about to win, and proposed a

dividend if the effects should be insufficient. Melhado lost his deal at last, and dashed down the pack. "Curse the cards!" he exclaimed.

"That's not poloite," said Pat Shane.

"Damn politeness!" answered Melhado, not with the highest courtesy.

"Being a poloite man meself," said Pat, "I consider meself affronted by that remark."

"You do?" said Melhado. "Why, who the devil ever mentioned your name, or passed the slightest reflection on you?"

"By implication ye did," answered Pat, "when ye spoke in that rude way concerning poloite-ness."

"Well, I'll be hanged," said Melhado, exasperated beyond control, "if I ever heard of more bullying, ungentlemanly conduct!"

"That's it, is it?" said Pat. "By the powers, then, me boy, I'll try and tache ye the use of more lady-like words, so I will!"

"No doubt you're quite a professor in that line," said Melhado, with a sneer: "I hope your charges are moderate."

"Maybe ye'll not think them so," answered Pat; "and, now ye mintion accounts, there's a little favour of yours that I haven't jewly acknowledged yet. D'ye mind the sloit obligation ye put me under at Fort Augusta concerning *Irish blackguards*, bad luck to ye? I've the resate ready and convenient in a mahogany case, and shall have the greatest pleasure in remitting it."

"Well, I think you'd better go to bed now," said Melhado; "you'll view this differently in the morning, I fancy. I'm very sleepy myself, and want to be off; so let's have no more nonsense."

Pat Shane placed himself between Manuel and the door, and said very quietly, "Mister Melhado, as ye don't seem to understand a hint, allow me to mintion in plain terms that ye've insulted me by calling my behaviour *bullying* and

ungentlemanly. I demand satisfaction."

"Yes, very well," said Manuel, pretending to regard this as a tipsy fancy of Pat's; "let me away now, and anything you wish in the morning."

"Moi wish," replied Pat, "is that we may meet as early as possible, and that ye'd be good enough at once to name——"

"Oh, bother!" interrupted Melhado, "he'll prate here all night," and he pushed Pat aside and was going out. But Pat sprang to the door in an instant, and, slamming it to, turned the lock with a tremendous clang, and put the key in his pocket.

"Now, sir," said Pat, "I give ye one chance more of behaving like a man of honour; if ye miss that, there's other ways of which I say nothing at prisint: but ye must choose, d'ye see?"

Christy Arabin now came to Melhado's aid, and said,—

"Mr Shane, I feel confident that my friend, Mr Melhado, has been hitherto quite mistaken as to your feeling. He did not, I am certain, believe you to be serious. I am ready to act for him in this unlucky affair, and will have the honour of consulting with some friend of yours."

"Thank ye, sir," said Pat; "I'm daling now with a man of sinse and discretion. Here's Captain M'Corrigan ready to arrange matters with ye, and I request that ye'll be good enough to make use of my quarters for your confer'nce."

So the two retired.

Mr Arabin now quite admitted to M'Corrigan that Melhado had been to blame, but said that some allowance ought to be made on account of the excitement of the evening: to which M'Corrigan objected that such a representation would have been irresistible if the disagreement had not gone beyond the first offence offered by Melhado; but Mr Arabin must be aware that, Manuel having since treated the matter with unwarrantable levity,

having offered personal violence to Shane, and, moreover, having shown a strong desire to get away without bringing the dispute to issue, it was not advisable for either side to talk of compromise. Christy winced a little under this allusion to Melhado's desire to be off, and said that, as that remark had been made, the sooner his principal met Mr Shane the better. Whereupon M'Corrigan drew attention to the brightness of the night, and said there was not the least need of protracting the affair till dawn, and that the earlier they proceeded, the less they were in danger of interruption.

Christy coincided, and the seconds separated to announce this decision to their respective friends. When Arabin reappeared, however, he was informed that, during his absence, gentlemen had remarked on the impropriety of a person of his age and position taking a prominent part in the affair, and it was proposed to him that, having acted for his friend in the most important negotiation, he might trust a younger man to see the quarrel to an end. After a few objections, Christy gave way to the urgent desire of the whole party, and consented to yield the conduct of Melhado's further case to a young officer named Ramsay, who was willing to undertake it.

Christy determined, nevertheless, to witness the duel, as did nearly everybody else, the Acting Judge included. It needs to be distinctly stated that we are not romancing in exhibiting an elderly councillor, and a high legal functionary, as so easily permitting, and even countenancing, this unseemly quarrel. Those who recollect the period in which our story is laid, will bear witness that no wrong is done to the class to which those gentlemen belonged. Both the intending combatants retired with their seconds to prepare for the encounter, which was to take place so soon as preliminaries could possibly be arranged. The others dispersed to

get cool, and put off their evening clothes. Tom Gervaise lay down on Knox's sofa to rest himself till he should know where the fight was to be; he thought it would just fit in delightfully, and fill up the interval till it should be time to set off and meet Arthur Brune and some other people, whom he was to drive from the foot of the mountains to an interesting rendezvous at daybreak. He, however, fell asleep, and to his great regret missed the fight; he was, moreover, in a fair way to mar a matter of more interest, to which the fight was only an auxiliary. Well aware of Tom's infirmities, Knox contrived not to be Pat Shane's second, expressly that he might see Tom off at the right time, and be free to adjust any screw which might happen to go wrong. He was never in better heart for assisting an adventure. His spirits were at the highest, for he had won enough to dispel his embarrassments, and a great weight (which, by the by, he thought that he had borne very well) was lifted from his heart.

An open space to the eastward of Up Park Camp was fixed upon as the place of meeting, and thither some score of misguided individuals proceeded by moonlight to see two men aim at each other's lives, as gaily and unconcernedly as if they had been going to a merry-making. Captain M'Corrigan had provided pistols, and a couple of saddle-horses were taken to the ground to facilitate escapes in case of *accident*; a young surgeon was also among the spectators.

Melhado leant on Christy Arabin's arm. The time which he had had for reflection had by no means caused him to view the affair more pleasantly than he had done at first. Here he was, a man the most envied perhaps in the island, on the very eve of attaining a much-improved position, a handsome dower, and a lovely and accomplished wife, about to expose himself in a paltry quarrel to be shot by an Irishman, a term convertible in

Melhado's vocabulary with "professed duellist." Besides the unlucky circumstances which made the case so hard just now, he had, as has been hinted, no peculiar liking for hostilities. Even now he insinuated as broadly as he dared to old Christy, that there might be a chance yet of composing the matter without fighting; but Christy's answer was so short that it put an end to all discussion of compromise. After that, he walked on, alternately shaken by fear and flushed by anger at the unlucky quarrel into which he had been drawn. The more he thought, the more his meaner and worse passions gained possession of him. The chance of quelling his antagonist in fair fight was altogether insufficient for his base revengeful soul: he racked his brain if haply by some subtle but foul device he might make sure of his enemy's blood. The man was a murderer in his heart.

Pat Shane, on the other hand, went to the meeting like a bridegroom. He was aware that he was in some way serving a friend, though he didn't exactly know how; and he was sure that he was doing a most chivalrous and praiseworthy act in endeavouring to rescue an enchanting girl from a spiritless fellow that didn't deserve her, and in devising chastisement for a presumptuous and disagreeable coxcomb. Pat's feelings, therefore, were of the most self-approving and complacent kind.

The skill and experience of Captain M'Corrigan and Mr Ramsay prevented the loss of much time in preliminaries after they reached the ground. They tossed for pistols, measured their distance, and placed their men with great ability; or, as Pat Shane expressed it, "mighty nate." Melhado's face was seen in the moonlight to be of an ashen hue. The spectators withdrew to a short distance, and the seconds placed the pistols in the combatants' hands. "I shall count three, gentlemen," said Mr Ramsay. "You

will fire together at the word *three*, and you will not look at each other till you fire. Are you both ready?"

"Ready!"

"*One : two : three ! !*"

The wretch Melhado was seen to make a half face towards Pat, and look fixedly at him for a moment; at the word *two* he raised his pistol and fired. When *three* sounded, Pat Shane fired, and the contents of his weapon struck Melhado's face, who fell. So disfigured were his features by a crimson stream which flowed over them, that it was impossible for the surgeon to ascertain the exact nature of the wound, and as he breathed and had a pulse, it was determined to carry him back to camp on an hospital litter, which M'Corrigan's forethought had provided.

"Be off now, Shane," said M'Corrigan.

"Will I be going before I hear what's happened?" asked Pat.

"Yes, away with you at once. I know where you're to be found; and you shan't be long in hearing from me. Good-luck to you." And Pat, who was by this time in the saddle, received and returned a strong grip from M'Corrigan's fist, and betook himself to the hills. He could have trotted along very pleasantly but for the recollection of the villanous attempt Melhado had made to shoot him by firing prematurely. "The murderin' robber!" thought he; "but maybe I didn't pay him off!" Haunted by this thought, Pat had got some way into the hills, before the day broke, without meeting a soul.

The solitude and the time had a good effect on him. Even wild Pat Shane felt calmed and sobered. He couldn't resist the influence of that dawn among the mountains. Who could? There is life and freshness in that hour. He is not wise who sleeps such gift away. It is short, yet very precious; for all of energy that the clime affords is drawn in from its influence. No rising mist is there, no murky cloud. The arch

of heaven, where the hills allow it to be seen, is clear from the zenith to the horizon—clear and faintly blue. Slowly the moonlight pales before the coming day. There is a cool revealing of dim objects, such as overspread the world's young forms on the first day ere yet the Great Light was—grey hills, grey plains, grey heavens, and grey sea. The dying night-wind with trembling fingers gently moves the leaves. But the many sounds of night are ended, and all is calm repose, for the life of day is hardly roused; no wing disturbs the air, no voice the hush. There is the soothing of a gentle peace upon the heart; and pure, and merciful, and holy thoughts descend with the early dew.

Now came a timid sound. A chirrup quavered for a moment, and, frightened by its own voice, fled back into the mighty stillness. Then whispered a soft cooing from the woods; then rustlings and low murmurs, few and single. These were Nature's preludes ere she brake forth in her song of the morning.

As the light increased, Pat saw before him, coming down the path, two young negroes who were going to their work, and who, as they had not been up gambling and drinking and fighting all night, were in a fresh and sportive mood as they came forth to meet the young day. One of them carried a matchet, or short cutlass used in that country for clearing the bush, and was bounding round his fellow, aiming make-believe cuts and thrusts at him as he did so. This shocked the prudence of Pat Shane, who reined up his horse and said—

"Look here, Julius Sasar, me man: ye shouldn't be cutting them capers: ye might kill or injure a fellow-creature, and then ye'd never forgive yourself!"

"Yes, massa," said the young nigger; and Pat rode forward. He had not got many yards, however, before he turned round and called upon the darkie to stop.

"Except 'twas in fair foight, ye

know, Julius," added Pat to his former admonition, "and then it's all honourable and lagal." After which addendum Pat faced about once more, and gat him up into the mountains.

The scene had already changed. As the dull sober chrysalis flutters forth the gayest and the gaudiest of winged things, so had the one-tinted placid daybreak changed to a splendid day. The magic touch of *colour* was on earth and sky and sea—crimson and azure, emerald and gold; and dazzling spots, the earliest kisses of the sun, gleamed on prominent points and ridges. The minstrelsy of birds and insect voices now send up the full chorus of the woods. A burst of beauty and of life which animates and warms, and says, *Lift up your hearts*; for it is a time of radiance, of reviving, and of gladness. Such a change has gladdened greater than mortal hearts. It repeats the original splendour which followed the creation of the sun and all heaven's lights,

which purest beings hailed with adoring rapture, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy!

"Bedad it's iligant, so it is," said Pat Shane; "a man that niver seen Killarney 'ud say 'twas sublime. And to think of that miser'nt firin' before he got the word! Th' immorality of this world is past comprehendin': and yet to see it on a mornin' like this, you'd think butther wouldn't milt in its mouth." Whereupon he felt musical, he didn't know why, and began whistling "Savourneen Deelish," making a pause-rest at every double bar to keep his light in.

He lay hidden for some days, after which a mysterious communication from M'Corrigan informed him that he might reappear, but that it would be prudent not to ask questions or to make any observation concerning Mr Melhado, who was supposed to have gone on a long voyage to pull up after a serious illness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Knox's share in aiding and abetting the doings of Arthur Brune had been, however, limited by a cause which he did not expect, and owing to which many hearts beat anxiously before sunrise. It has been said or sung that Knox held himself free from the duel purposefully, that he might be Arthur's ready confederate in case of need, and especially that he might stimulate the energies of Tom Gervaise, who had a part to play in the business of the night, and who was very little likely of himself to think of any business whatsoever. Knox, after getting his room clear of the company, was resting for a few minutes in an arm-chair, thinking of the escape he had made from ruin, resolving never to play again, and listening to the snoring of old Tom, who lay on the sofa. He was disturbed by the appearance at his door of a small bandy-legged negro,

and the thin weak voice of Sampson besought him to come to the other end of the verandah and speak to Mr Lorton, who was very ill, and wished to see him. As Tom's time was not yet up, and the duel appeared to be working smoothly, Knox thought he could afford ten minutes, and so he walked down the gallery to see what Lorton wanted. On arriving at the room, his spirits, just then so buoyant, encountered a shock. At the very first glance he was smitten by that awe which proceeds from the presence of death, either when he is wrestling for his prey, or when he has set to his seal. There were several persons in the chamber, all but one earnestly employed; and yet there was a hush—and a gloom, and an oppression, and disorder. The air was faint with a smell of vinegar, those who moved went softly, and looks and signs did the

work of speech. On the narrow officer's bedstead, from which the mosquito-net had been thrown back, lay poor Lorton, his eyes glassy and staring, his head, which had been shaved and blistered, wrapped in a kerchief: near him sat Malvina, the stout brown nurse, attending to his wants, brushing away the insects, or obeying the signs of the doctors, of whom two were present. Mr Grant also was there observing the sufferer, and Sampson was keeping hot bottles to his feet. A chair near the bed was littered with a mustard-plaster recently taken from the sick man's chest, and, besides medicine and ointments, the table held a brandy and a champagne bottle, these stimulants having been used to raise the patient's pulse. Very dim the apartment seemed after the glaring scene which Knox had just quitted; but his eyes soon were tempered to the dull light, and he felt a thrill as he saw Lorton staring at him with a fixed gaze. There was no speculation, though, in that fast look: the soul was yet awake within, but her communication with the outer world by the senses had become a labour. Lorton clearly heeded but little of what was passing; his spirit was gathering itself together for its supreme flight, and the limbs moved feebly and listlessly without a guide, as they had done in infancy. Doubtless there had once been joy unspeakable communicated by the first languid motion of those limbs, when a fair and well-favoured baby was shown to many longing eyes in a country-house in England not so many years ago. The mercy of Providence allowed no one then to associate the little stranger's appearance with aught but gladness. None could have entertained the idea that after a few, a very few years—alas, how unprofitably spent!—the helplessness of his first hour would return, among strangers and hirelings, in a far-distant island, with no mother's hand to smooth the pillow, and no kindred ear to listen to the parting words. It

must be hard to die thus. Many, many things must have risen to the tongue, which, if said to those near and dear, would have been a solace to the ebbing soul; but no fond familiar breast was nigh, and there was no utterance for his thoughts, save probably in those communings which he held so constantly with Heaven. Now and then, however, some local matter would still interest him for a short time. Knox caught the eye of one of the surgeons, with whom he would have retired to be informed of the patient's actual condition, when, making a sudden rally, Lorton inquired if Knox had been sent for. Knox approached the bed and spoke.

"You are Brune's friend," said Lorton; "I have done Brune wrong, for which I trust I shall be forgiven. *He* has already forgiven me, but he could not remain here till I could put him in possession of the source of the injury, and of the means of annulling it. Mr Grant has found every necessary document" (Mr Grant here handed Knox a packet). "To you I consign these papers in trust for Brune. Brune is named in my will. I wish you to understand that his name stands there by my deliberate and well-considered wish. Let him know this. I trust—I trust"—here the voice became a murmur, and the eyes lost again the intelligence which had temporarily lighted them. Lorton put out his emaciated hand and plucked nervously at the bedclothes. The nails were dark red, and drops of blood were literally oozing from under some of them. The doctor intimated that he was not to be further disturbed, and gave him a little brandy, feeling the pulse at the same time, and observing that the stimulant scarcely affected it. Lorton seemed in a doze, and the voices of the bystanders became a little more free than they had been. Then he was heard to say, "I'm perfectly sensible—perfectly sensible." At this moment there was a loud disturbance in the room below, which greatly discomposed the

dying man. Knox stole softly out, and ran down to put a stop to the clamour. On entering the negro room, whence it proceeded, he found Domingo exhausted, torn, and groaning on the ground, while the occupier of the room and another negro were exclaiming after their wont, and pestering him with questions.

"Silence, and be hanged to you!" burst in Knox, in a low whisper; "Mr Lorton is dying over your heads. What's the matter with this fellow? Get up, will you, and behave yourself properly!"

But Domingo could not rise. He tried to gasp forth an apology, and to beg that he might see Massa Arabin. That name reminded Knox of the business he had well-nigh forgotten. He informed Domingo that Mr Arabin had left camp for a time with Mr Melhado (alluding darkly to the duel, of the result of which he was as yet ignorant), and that it was of no use to seek him; and then he went to rouse and hurry off Tom Gervaise: for instead of ten minutes, he had been half an hour in Lorton's rooms. Tom's slumbers had been very little disturbed. Once a cockroach who had come down from a beam, seeing his mouth open, looked in, causing him to splutter and give

voice to that kind of prayer which Shakespeare ascribes to military men: after that he slept again, and when Knox came up and roused him, he seemed to be exceedingly comfortable, and resisted with all his might the process of waking. On finding what a laggard he had been, Tom, who had a certain respect for Arthur Brune, exhibited symptoms of compunction, and actually shook himself with some alacrity, postponing even the glass of brandy-and-water, for which he was longing, till he should be about to start. Knox, expecting every minute the return of the shooting-party, kept spurring him, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing him depart. Then Knox returned to see how it fared with Lorton. Only Lorton's mortal remains were there. The spirit had passed but a few minutes before, and Mr Grant was now closing the eyes. Pray, reader, that a stranger, however kind and feeling, may not perform that office for you. Poor Lorton!—there remained the tearless funeral and the muffled drum, and this world would know him no more!

Mr Grant accepted Knox's invitation to rest in his room, and take some coffee. Soon after daybreak they both left for the church at Halfway Tree.

CHAPTER XIX.

But where, all this time, was dear Violet Arabin? Escaped, as we left Violet, from one peril, the miseries of that night were not yet over for her. Overwhelmed with terror and fatigue, she had sunk on a bank in the field after being relieved from the pursuit of the dogs. There Leander and Rosabella, believing now that their ill-luck was too strong to contend with, would consult on no basis but that of an immediate return home. Violet herself saw no other course, and wanted only the strength to set forth. While she delayed, mustering her courage, the enclosure was

suddenly entered by eight or ten negroes, male and female, headed by old Menelaus, who grinned horribly as he approached the party.

"Beg for you pardon, Miss Wily," said Nick, "I think dere is some mistake here. Tink Missy lose her way."

"You are right, Chitty," said Violet, with firmness, after collecting all her courage. "I have lost my way, and am about to return to it. Do not alarm any one if my weariness makes me long in reaching home, and take away all these people. Leander and Rosabella will protect me. Now go!"

Mr Chitty cast a withering grin at Leander and Rosy as he replied, "Missy not know her faithful sartin. I afraid dese two is worthless. Massa will expec' Nick Chitty for see young Missy safe home."

"I am much obliged, Chitty," answered Violet, "but I had rather walk alone. You may follow at a distance, if you please; but these people cannot be required, now that you have found me, and I desire that you dismiss them at once."

Seeing that Nick did not obey immediately, Violet said, "Good people, I thank you all for the trouble you have taken in seeking me. I am quite safe, and beg that you will leave me."

"Top, 'top," exclaimed Chitty, seeing the negroes about to obey (for so general is the habit of obedience to a command of the kind, that none contemplated an objection)—"top, men, big massa desire we is not to leave Missy till she safe home. Hear'ee?"

Then, turning to Leander, he hissed, "Ha, boy, ole Nick too many for you; he 'poil for you 'port yet. My, de whipping you will get!"

Violet could scarcely believe in Chitty's assurance, and commanded him again to take his party off.

"Me is acting in de name of big massa," replied Nick, forging a commission for an object which he considered to justify the fraud. "De ny young lady berry petickly wanted at home jist now. If him is tired and not able for walk, perhapsin we can carry him lilly bit."

"Come near me at your peril, Chitty," said Violet. "Leander, protect me from this fellow, and explain to the other people that he is deceiving them. I will insure you forgiveness and reward for doing so."

"Supposin' I let him go, you will marry me to-morrow, my 'pring flower?" asked Mr Chitty of Rosabella, who was nearly wild.

Now de time for say *yes*."

"Go to de debil, ole hangman,"

screamed Rosy. "I wish you could a dead."

"Hah! berry well," grinned Nick, showing both his gums; "berry well. Now den, my friends, me mus' beg you for gently lift dis ny young lady, and carry him safe to Crystal Mount. Beg pardon, Miss Wily. You will tank old Nick for dis some day."

Saying which, Mr Chitty stretched forth his arms as offering to lift poor Violet off the ground, who, terrified beyond measure, uttered a scream, and turned to flee with what little strength remained to her. At that instant, however, Mr Chitty, instead of laying hands on her, fell backwards, and rolled fairly heels over head, struck mightily by a new actor who had come unperceived upon the scene.

The attendant negroes exclaimed, "Hei, de buckrah," while Leander, jumping about like a maniac, shouted, "Massa Brune! Massa Brune!" and Rosy, with a remarkable volubility, commenced a detail of their misadventure and of Nick Chitty's insolent conduct.

Violet was weeping and speechless upon Arthur's shoulder. He saw pretty plainly how matters stood, and knew that this was no time for questions and explanations. The negro gentlemen, after witnessing Mr Chitty's discomfiture, shrank away unperceived with astonishing rapidity, and returned to their incantations. Nick himself, after a minute or two, arose with a frightfully disfigured countenance, and, approaching Arthur softly, asked, "Why you 'trike so hard, massa? Me only wantin' to see de ny young lady safe home."

"Disappear, you old rascal," said Arthur, "or I'll stop your lying tongue for the next six weeks."

Whereupon Mr Chitty entered into a spirited colloquy with himself touching the whole transaction, and retired while the argument was in its most animated stage. We have had a hint of where Arthur had been delaying. Lorton had summoned him when

he should have been hurrying to the hills, and had, with the eloquence of a dying man, entreated him again and again to remain yet another minute, and listen to the confession which contained Brune's own vindication. The situation and the subject had imposed upon his better judgment, and caused him wellnigh to lose all that made life or reputation valuable. Here he was at last, however ; and Violet's strength seemed all to return when she leant upon his arm, and heard his voice, and partook of the confidence with which he chose his way, and supported her along. After a long, but not a tedious, walk, they found themselves close to a little negro hut at the mountain's foot, before which should have been standing a carriage ready to convey them to Halfway Tree Church ; but, alas ! all was still and lonely. Old Tom had failed to keep his appointment, and all that had been achieved with so much toil and danger was like to have been achieved in vain. Once more alarmed and shocked, Violet rested in the hut. She had now the calm decided voice of Brune to reassure her, though ; and her fears but half possessed her. Leander was despatched to Kingston to travel at the top of his speed on Arthur's pony, which was tied behind the hut, with orders to bring out a carriage without a moment's delay, and with the promise of a rich reward if he did so in time. Violet's eyes could be seen by the bright moonlight suffused with tears ; but she made no lamentation, nor otherwise added to the perplexity of a

situation already sufficiently embarrassing. Even then Brune remarked that she would be in her right place as a soldier's wife. Miserable she certainly was, and, after so many misfortunes, unable to believe in a happy result ; yet she nerved herself, and did what appeared to be her duty. Far otherwise it was with Miss Rosabella. That young lady, being no longer called upon to use bodily exertion, was not disposed to place any restraint upon the exhibition of sentiment. Her tears, her voice, her gestures, indicated the profoundest despair. She threw herself on the floor of the hut, tore her hair (she really had hair, not wool), and screamed and raved after a fashion indulged in in this country by none but lunatics.

Arthur sat supporting Violet, and whispering hope and the certainty of a good result. He looked often at his watch, and counted the minutes in which Leander could possibly accomplish his ride to Kingston. Long before the least period that he allowed, however, his ears were greeted by the sound of wheels and hoofs. We know that Gervaise, though long behind time, was under way at last ; and accordingly Leander had not ridden far before he met Tom tooling along at a great pace ; whereupon he returned and essayed to gallop forward and announce Tom's coming beforehand, which he could hardly accomplish, so cleverly did the old fellow put them over the ground. It was not many seconds before the equipage, with all its passengers safely bestowed, was on the road back to Kingston.

CHAPTER XX.

Melhado—dying or dead, it was uncertain which—was borne gently along towards camp. The doctor of course took the direction, and he declared that, if life remained, the only hope of preserving it lay in preventing a shock of any kind. Thus the return was necessarily very

slow, and allowed ample time for the escorting party to collect their thoughts. None of them could have had very pleasant reflections, for they were all now liable to be confronted with the stern face of the law, and it was not impossible that they might stand together in

the dock as criminals. To be sure, colonial juries were very lenient in matters of this kind—more especially after a little time had elapsed; but then to gain time it was necessary to flee immediately into hiding, and that was not very convenient. To Judge Blake especially the consequences promised to be ugly; for, supposing him to have come safely through the ordeal of a trial, he yet ran a great risk of losing his appointment after being mixed up in such a transaction. This could not have been an agreeable thought; howbeit, the Judge, like many of his countrymen, had the talent of banishing care, and looking at the bright side of things, so he didn't fret. But the man most to be pitied of the whole group was undoubtedly Christy Arabin. Here, stretched on this wretched canvass, lay all that remained of the young man in whom centred so many of his schemes. He must now face a prospect very different from that which he had imagined a few nights ago as he lay and smoked, and thought that he should never be cast down. Besides, he would have to be the bearer of these sudden tidings home—to announce to his daughter that she was, as it were, a widow ere she was a bride. Then a pang of another complexion shot through him as he thought that his wife would not consider this a very heavy visitation—that the fates were fighting her battle against him, and putting him to shame in his own house in a very unhand-some way! A hundred other vexatious considerations rose up, but in his present agitation he could only glance at them in the gross and see how formidable they were: a dark array indeed!

Altogether there was a terrible revulsion of feeling since they formed a merry party an hour or so ago. And they marched along in moody silence, each absorbed in his own reflections, when on a sudden from the bier came forth a plaintive voice—

"I don't feel in very great pain!"

"Silence, as you value your life," said the doctor; "do nothing but breathe, and do that as softly as you can."

"Melhado's alive; we mayn't have to run for it," thought the bulk of the party.

"Manuel's alive, and his wound may not be mortal," thought old Christy; and he presently began to calculate whether, if he only lost his nose, that must necessarily upset the long-revolved schemes. Mrs Arabin would be strong against a noseless son-in-law, but, d——her, was she *always* to have her way?

With these cogitations they arrived at the barracks, into the first room of which they turned—a servant's room on the ground-floor. The bier was laid upon a table, and the doctor proceeded to clear the room of all but two or three of the curious beholders. Christy Arabin, of course, claimed the right to stay; Judge Blake pleaded that his observation of the case might suggest a legal wrinkle or two in the event of difficulties ensuing; and M'Corrigan and Ramsay could hardly with decency be denied. These, therefore, remained in the room. The rest, after some strong remonstrances, dispersed on a promise that an early bulletin should be promulgated.

"Now, then," said the doctor, as he unlocked his instrument-case, "somebody get a basin of tepid water and a sponge. I should like a saucer too and a table-knife, or something of that kind, to clear the clotted blood away."

"Do you think it's mor—?" groaned Melhado.

"Let me entreat you," interrupted the doctor, "not to attempt to speak. You shall know everything I can tell concerning your case as soon as I understand it. Remarkable, isn't it? though not uncommon," he added, turning to the bystanders, "that a bullet through the brain is sometimes so

little felt at first! Here is a case where for a time even the intellect is unimpaired!"

"I beg your pardon, doctor," said Christy Arabin; "might I entreat you to attend to the sufferer now, and we can hear these interesting observations another time?"

"Yes, attend to me, that's a good man. Tell me if I shall die."

The doctor was ruffled—first, at the interruption of his lecture; secondly, at the disobedience of his patient.

"By —," he said, "if you don't keep still, the undertaker, not I, will have to attend to you!"

His irritation subsided immediately, and he set carefully and tenderly about his work. Melhado's countenance was so discoloured and coated that it was not possible to determine the precise position of the wound. The doctor, therefore, proceeded to work round the outer edge of the stains, removing large coagulated masses, and gradually circumscribing the area. "Strange," said he, "I don't see yet where the bullet entered." He patiently went on again till he had cleared all but a space no bigger than a florin. "In the very centre of the marks," he mused, "the last spot that I expose," and so saying, he removed the remaining particle, and scraped his knife against the saucer's edge. The wound was not manifest though. Then he plunged the sponge in the basin and washed the whole of Melhado's pale countenance. After that he opened the patient's mouth and nostrils, and examined them attentively. "Where the deuce can all the blood have come from?" exclaimed he, completely puzzled. "I can find no wound."

"Are you sure," asked M'Corrigan—"are you quite sure that it is blood?"

"Blood! of course it's blood," the doctor answered; "what the devil else?"

"Don't know," M'Corrigan said.

"I've been looking at it, and I have my suspicions."

"Let me see," said the doctor. I never thought—why, I declare, what's this? Well, it is curious!"

"If I weren't in the presence of a professional man," put in Blake, "I'd say 'twas guava jelly."

"It looks wonderfully like it," said Christy Arabin.

"It is guava jelly," said Mr Ramsay.

"Then I'm not shot after all," said Melhado, briskly, as he sat up on end.

The relief of their apprehensions was so sudden that the ridicule of the affair had not yet struck them. M'Corrigan, turning his back upon Melhado, said, "Gentlemen all, be pleased to understand that Mr Shane is entirely ignorant of what his pistol contained. Cartridges—very harmless ones as you perceive—were manufactured for the occasion, with the view of preventing bloodshed. I need scarcely remind you that, had they not been resorted to, we should have had not only bloodshed, but death. It will be for you to decide whether or not you will enlighten Shane as to the transaction. If you do, I shall of course be ready to answer for the deceit practised upon him. But I imagine that if *we* are content to keep the secret, nobody will wish to divulge it on the part of this—this—person." And M'Corrigan, with a look of supreme contempt, pointed over his shoulder at Melhado, who still sat astonished on the table. "The best advice I can give this person and those who are interested in him," continued he, "is, that he disappear for some time, and pretend to be dead in fact, as he really is in reputation. By the time all of us are off the island, his rascally conduct may be forgotten, and he may show himself to strangers."

"The charge of the pistols shall remain a profound secret with me," said Blake.

"And with me," said the doctor; "but few of those who witnessed

the affair will be disposed to ask many questions, or to talk about it, for their own sakes ; and a nod or a wink from me will make them fancy they understand the end of it."

Having heard which, and having bowed to Christy Arabin, M'Corrigan went out, followed by Ramsay. Judge Blake, who held that the code of honour and any other code whatever must give way to a joke, went up to Melhado, and, looking him solemnly in the face, said,

"Upon my soul, sir, this is a most unlooked-for resurrection. Receive my congratulations on your having been so wonderfully *preserved*." Then bidding good-night to Arabin and the doctor, the learned gentleman went home to rest, confirmed in his belief that it is better to keep off care and apprehension till they force themselves in.

The doctor was the next to depart, leaving Christy and his high-minded young friend to a *tête-à-tête*. As long as Manuel appeared to be dead, Christy felt that he would give anything to have him alive again : now that he was surely alive and unhurt, the old gentleman began to think it had been better if he had died. Always shrewd and practical, though, he immediately decided that reproaches were utterly useless, that he would want a little time to consider what should be done, and that what he had first to effect was the withdrawal of Manuel from Camp, and the concealment of him at Crystal Mount or somewhere in the hills. He therefore said, quietly—

"I think we had better have our carriage out and get away as quickly and quietly as possible. The day is breaking : let us go to the coach-house, where no doubt the servants are asleep, and set off at once."

The tone Christy used brought a great relief to Manuel, who had been feeling like a detected cur. He couldn't understand the old fellow, but began to fancy that there was little harm done after all ; and he answered, jauntily,

"Yes, come along. I'm dreadfully sleepy."

So the two stole out.

A little way from Up Park Camp, as you go to Halfway Tree, four roads meet—that is to say, the road from the mountains to Kingston crosses at right angles that which leads from Camp to Halfway Tree. At daybreak, after Clutterbuck's champagne, two carriages were approaching, and near to meeting, at the cross roads ; one was travelling from Camp, the other from the hills. They did not exactly meet, however, as the latter, which was perceived to be driven by Tom Gervaise, quickened its speed suddenly, and turned to its right into the Halfway Tree road, before the former reached the cross. The other contained old Christy Arabin and Mr Melhado, and it also turned to its right, but towards the mountains, taking the opposite direction to that which Tom had just left. They were soon far asunder. Neither Christy nor Melhado was in a peculiarly amiable humour, yet the old man had not completely lost interest in passing matters. He nudged the morose Melhado, and, pointing to the carriage that passed them, said—

"Isn't that Gervaise ? What can the fellow be about at this time of the morning ? He's got women aboard, too, sly dog ! Shouldn't wonder if we heard more of this affair, and had some scandal out of it !"

"I hope to heaven that he's run away with somebody's daughter," growled Melhado, "and that the parents 'll go distracted, and that the runaways 'll hate each other and be miserable !"

Christy soon ceased to think of Tom Gervaise ; he had to determine what should be done with Melhado. The wise plan obviously was to conceal him for a time. Those who knew of his being unhurt had declared their intention of keeping the matter secret. His rascally behaviour in the duel it was nobody's wish, of course, to conceal. But a

man believed to be dangerously wounded might be much more leniently dealt with than one known to have escaped unscathed. Perhaps, when Manuel should appear again as one recovered from an almost mortal wound, his iniquity might be forgotten. Clearly, therefore, the best course, under any circumstances, was, that he should seek retirement, and Christy thought he had better quietly leave the island for a while. This reasoning seemed sound enough when he reviewed it; and yet he saw an objection, which one can scarcely comprehend his admitting under such circumstances. Manuel's retirement *must* cause the postponement of the marriage; and the postponement of the marriage was Mrs Arabin's suggestion. He almost determined to face all the opprobrium and ridicule that would greet Melhado's immediate reappearance, and to push the marriage through according to the original programme, trusting to the wealth and influence of the two houses to silence all reproach ere long. Between the whispers of discretion and the wish to thwart his wife, he remained in two minds till he got home, and when he arrived there he had something else to think of; so this momentous question was never decided.

In half an hour from the time when the carriages passed the cross roads Violet Arabin was saluted as Mrs Brune, and she and her husband were off to a house in the recesses of the island, where they lay hidden and very happy for a week or two. Lorton's bequest turned out to be a legacy of £5000, which came most opportunely to the young couple, and set them going, while old Christy was digesting the liberty that had been taken with his domestic arrangements. He did completely get over it at last, and learned to love his son-in-law, and to congratulate himself on the way in which events were ordered.

Mrs Melhado, though dreadfully disappointed and angry, was at the same time moved with admiration

at the spirited course taken by the lovers, which, she said, resembled the matches that were made when she was young, and was worth any quantity of your staid formal courtships. To her chopfallen son the old lady afterwards recited the proverb that *there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it*, and recommended him to run away with the next promising girl that came in his way, and not to wait till another did it for him. Upon the whole, she admirably maintained her reputation as a strong-minded woman, and, whatever she felt on the subject, let no annoyance appear, and was ready with a grin for everybody, and maybe with a smart retort if any observation appeared pointed at her disaster.

Her son thought proper to make a voyage to the United States of America, which, though it may have dispersed his chagrin, did not improve his manners and sentiments. On his return he never showed again in good society; and when his mother died (which she did soon after his reappearance in Jamaica), and he was left to his own guidance, his feet turned speedily into the broad path that leads to ruin. He still retained his love of finery; he was fond of pleasure and idleness; and he had but little capacity for business. So he became the leader of a low gambling set, called to that bad eminence through his good looks, affectation of fashion, and reputed wealth. Once on a downward path like this, the end is certain. Descending from one depth to another, his father's infirmity got possession of him, as the shrewd old lady had feared it might; and he was known as a drunken, gambling ruffian, about low haunts in Kingston and Port Royal. It ended in his paying a quarter dollar in the pound, and becoming a book-keeper to an estate of which he had been attorney.

Arthur and his incomparable wife, with Leander and Rosy married and in their service, remained but a short time longer in Jamaica.

The whole party left when the regiment was ordered home, and commenced a series of adventures, such as must have been known to many an officer who married about the same period. Scarcely ever parted, Arthur and Violet visited many climes; they knew the vicissitudes of heat and cold, of pestilence and scarcity, and of danger and death, interspersed with bounding life and happy hours. Brune, as soon as he got work to do, made his way in the profession, as people had prophesied that he would. He is at this moment holding a high staff appointment, and known and respected for his achievements and character. There is plenty left in him, too, to do still greater things, and win a still higher name, if the clouds which now darken the horizon should end in war, and oblige Great Britain to draw the sword. His wife (she isn't *Mrs* Brune any longer) is, to our mind, who are not so young as we were, even a more fascinating person than was the Violet Arabin of old days; and the comparison is not made with a vague shadow of the past, for there sits beside her another Violet, whose every look or gesture brings up a crowd of recollections, and transports one back to youth, raising the shades of Crystal Mount and old adventures, and half-forgotten faces, and merry days. The youngsters appear to think Miss Brune a more charming person than her mother: they will get wiser some day. Arthur has a son a captain in his father's regiment, and another is preparing for his competitive examination with a view to entering the service.

Pat Shane was purposely kept out of the way for some time after the duel, by being left in doubt as to Melhado's fate. As long as any of those connected with the affair remained in the regiment, all who were cognisant of the catastrophe behaved most honourably, and never let Pat know that Melhado was unhurt; though, of course, it was known that he didn't die. After a

time, however, some indiscreet comrade let out the story, and Pat's indignation was, we understand, of a very appalling kind. He only wished that M'Corrigan and he might meet before he died, and then—Neptune's *quos ego* was nothing to it. They did meet many years after, when Pat had taken to himself a wife (we believe it was the little devil with the purtiest feet in the world) who, in a dangerous illness that followed the birth of their first child, had bound Pat by a solemn obligation to abstain from private encounters. 'Twas in India that he met his *quondam* second, who was on the march through the station where Pat's regiment lay. As soon as they recognised each other, Major Shane broached the matter, which had lain heavy on his heart for many a day; and the other, who had wellnigh forgotten it, said he believed something of the sort did happen—he had a slight recollection of it.

"If ye'd met me two years ago," said Pat, whose brogue had acquired additional richness by time and matrimony, "ye'd surely have had to confront me in the field; but at present there are *raisons*, don't ye see, and I'll lave ye to th' upbraiding of your own conscience: we'll not foight, ye know; but as the priests and philosophers tell ye, that when ye're debarred from one amusement, ye shouldn't sigh over it, but take the next best that offers, come and dine wid us at six; we'll talk over ould toimes. Mind six," said Major Shane, at parting; and then he added, in a confidential tone, "I'll show ye the foinest little boy seven months ould ye iver seen, and give ye a glass of clarr't that hasn't its aiquall out of the same bin!"

Though Pat had forsworn duels, he was under no restriction as to the enemies of his country, as Sikhs, Ameers, Affghans, Russians, and Pandies knew to their cost. The *London Gazette* made frequent mention of the services which Major, and afterwards Colonel, Cornelius

Shane (his name wasn't *Pat* at all) had performed. He is at this present writing unemployed, and surrounded by Shanes male and female of all sizes in Ireland, where he likes to talk of the many scenes that he has gone through—Indian and Crimean experiences not a few; but it would seem that the old Jamaica life is, upon the whole, the favourite reminiscence; for when he gets back that far, he generally exclaims, "Ah, them was the days, after all."

Tom Gervaise returned to England, but he never broke himself of the bad habits he had contracted in the West Indies, and they killed him before long.

Though he died at an early age, he survived by many years his cherished hat, which, in the plenitude of its rich absorptions, was removed by cruel and violent hands, while yet warm from the head of its owner. It had been felt in the regiment that neither gods nor men could longer tolerate its appearance; and one day, while Tom was eating or dozing, or otherwise profoundly occupied, the hat was surreptitiously abstracted and arraigned before a kind of Venetian Council or Holy Vehme, summarily assembled in one of Knox's lower rooms. We, the writer, assisted at this solemnity. The court being assembled and sworn, the doors were locked, and the lower sashes of the windows secured to prevent profane intrusion or attempts at rescue. Then the unhappy hat was brought in on the point of a stick (tongs being scarce in that land) and deposited with much ceremony, and in imposing silence, upon the table. Judgment did not pass by acclamation, because such a proceeding would have been incompatible with the gravity of the members and the greatness of the occasion; but a unanimous verdict was recorded, and instant execution prescribed. None of the judges could of course act as finisher of the law, and there were reasons why none of them wished for that office; therefore a

young lady of colour, who happened to be about the barracks, was called in and charged with the demolition. It was to be a cutting in pieces as complete as that which overtook King Agag in Gilgal. The first squeeze of the scissors showed why the handling of the victim was not pleasant work—the original material had attracted innumerable foreign impurities not worth mentioning. As Pat Shane remarked, "it may have been *felt*, but cannot be described." Contemplation of the convict was, however, interrupted by a heartrending spectacle, which appeared at the window; the outraged Tom himself, standing on tiptoe to get a full view of the proceedings, his head bare to the sun, his eyes upturned, his hands lifted on high, and an expression of the strongest emotion on his face, while, with imprecations of the foulest character, he demanded the surrender of his tile. Even this harrowing appeal was insufficient to shake the firmness of those righteous judges. Miss Graves, immovable as Atropos, plied her relentless shears, and the disintegration of the hat was accomplished. It is nothing to say that the hatter who made it would not have known it; that recognition was long ago impossible. Its destruction was like that of ancient Babylon—it had become heaps. And the court summoned Gonsalvo de Cordova to gather together the pieces with his besom, and commanded him that they should be burned with fire, and their ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven!

It was many months before Tom became resigned to his loss; and, as long as he refused to kiss the rod, the members of the Vehme kept beyond the reach of his stick. He was comforted at last; and, as regarded earthly retribution, the conclave escaped vengeance. But there is one of the judges who is, we know, still expiating, and to expiate, the stern fulfilment of his duty. Oft when we ourself retire to rest, refreshed with oysters and

porter, with a Welsh rabbit, or with well-spiced kidneys and brandy-punch, ere we have composed our thoughts, comes the shade of old Tom Gervaise, with his stick in his hand, and, in terrible accents, he demands his hat. In conscious impotence and terror, speechless and immovable, we shrink within our narrowest limits, and desire that the earth may open and cover us from the dreadful presence. But there is no escape for us in earth or heaven, or in the waters under the earth. Tom seizes on our quailing body, and, laughing fearfully, springs with us to the realms of space. And we are in a tandem fashioned from a thunder-cloud, whirled along by dark and dreadful steeds. Old Tom is on the box, his stick exchanged for a mighty whip, his hatless head shining like a celestial globe, and studded with pimples of all magnitudes for stars. His weed blazes with the fire of *Ætna*, and ever on us he turns a look of undying revenge. Lashing his weird coursers with indefatigable wrath, he causes them to hurry us ten thousand and again ten thousand stages through space—onward and onward, reaching nowhere—though the whip, between the lashes, is pointed as towards some awful goal. We are consumed with thirst, and yet, just beyond our fingers' reach, runs a cool and limpid stream which we may not touch. And on we go, and on, through horror and despair, till, struggling, shrieking, we awake, and, behold, it was a dream!

Old Clutterbuck, considering the liberty we have taken with his name and liquor, certainly deserves a word at parting. He left the service without further accession of rank, and took to civil employment. There is, in one of the midland counties, a natty, thin, erect, gentlemanly, bald-headed chief of constabulary, who might be thought to resemble him.

Mr Nicholas Chitty quitted the service of Mr Arabin a year or two after Violet's marriage, that

he might fulfil two important designs. One was to "jine relijan," *i. e.* to become attached to one of the denominations of Christians; the other was to open a mart for the sale of wine and spirits and malt liquors. This emporium was contained in a wooden hut, upon wheels, about eight feet square, which was usually anchored somewhere near Up Park Camp, in order that the troops, as well as Mr Chitty's religious connection (which was a thirsty one), might reap the benefit of the establishment. One corner of it, about five feet by three, formed his private apartment, where, surrounded by a numerous family, he and his fourteenth wife live in great comfort and respectability. The last Mrs C., aged eighteen, was an interesting catechumen, who overlooked Nick's age in contemplating the rigid principles which he enounced, and his high estimation in the religious world. He is an elder of his communion, and devotes whatever time he can spare from his secular occupation to denunciations of "de world, de flesh, and de debil." He professes to "lub ebervbody, 'pecially de saints," spite of the old-hyænaish grin which still appears frequently upon his venerable countenance. He it was who once announced to his meeting that "on Toosday nex' dere will be a collection for de ministry of dis church—God willing and weather permitting; and on Wednesday whether or no." Nick's crown is silvered now with the rime of age. He must be approaching ninety years, and will probably live to be a hundred, or even more. Like all eminent people, he has more than once been assailed by the venom of detraction. Graceless sinners and envious saints have hinted ungenerously at some thorns in the elder's flesh, and once or twice arose an imputation of serious backsliding. But these Mr Chitty regarded with his wonted superiority, and we have the pleasure of reporting that he has lived them down, and is now in the enjoyment

of all that which should accompany old age, including the ability to take a pint of rum at a sitting with perfect steadiness.

Gonsalvo de Cordova, at his particular request, came to England when Knox, his master, returned home. It was the poor fellow's fortune to reach the mother country at a time when the negro question was exciting considerable interest; and as his sad air and whining voice were well calculated to arouse compassion, he became at once an object of great interest in the neighbourhood of Knox's residence. The enthusiasm of one fair creature, a maid-servant, was so intense as to force her pity into love; and she finally, after taking very active measures to that end, bestowed on the great Captain her person and worldly goods, amid the plaudits of a liberal and sympathising community. They retired with great *eclat* to a little shop set up by joining the bride's savings to a donation contributed by Knox—and everything seemed to promise a happy career. Unfortunately, however, other questions began to occupy the public mind; and Mrs De Cordova, finding her spouse no longer an object of great attention, began to flag in her devotion to him. She even got, at last, to open expressions of regret for her folly in marrying him, and to upbraidings on his colour and nation. She would set forth the great matches she might have made, and how she had been fool enough to throw herself away on a stinking blackamoor who didn't know the value of her. This caprice nearly broke the Captain's heart; and, if he was melancholy before, he became now a monument of woe. After he had suffered some time in this way, on a sudden there appeared an American work which raised up for black people a sympathy which they had never excited before. Once more did Gonsalvo become an object of interest to the whole vicinity; whereupon, we are happy to say, his wife's affection returned, and

she appeared most devoted. He was repeatedly solicited to recount the wrongs and atrocities of which he had been the victim, and large sums were offered for his simple appearance at indignation meetings, where other people undertook to speak for him, and to recount his unparalleled sufferings, and set forth his divine perfections. Poor Gonsalvo, however, who was both truthful and meek, gave great offence to his intending sympathisers, and omitted the tide in his affairs which promised to lead on to fortune. Had his invention been more acute, or had he possessed a little more impudence, he might have been the centre of attraction to thousands, and received contributions without end. Mrs De C., who perceived the opening, used all her influence to induce him to make use of it; but in vain. Whereupon she attempted to do a little business on her own account as the loving wife of a negro, too heart-broken to speak for himself, or even to meet the public gaze. This vicarial appearance, however, by no means satisfied the prevailing appetite, which was stimulated to a frightful degree. The lady, therefore, could only bewail the loss of this splendid chance, and, in the second place, abuse and torment poor Gonsalvo more than ever she had done. When much irritated, as she not unfrequently was, she would buffet the poor fellow unmercifully. More than once he ran to his neighbours for protection, and thus gave them opportunities of exhibiting their sensibility, which he had denied to the public. All took the husband's part, and so did not soothe the temper of the wife. One day, having read an account of a less scrupulous black man, who at a monster meeting had realised a heavy sum, she went home perfectly furious, and, commencing with abuse, she lashed herself from injury to injury till she ended in laying her poor spouse senseless with a poker. So great was the general excitement at this outrage that the perpetrator

was given into custody by those who now took the matter out of the injured husband's hands. As the officers bore her off, she turned, with all the *naïveté* of a Cincinnatus, to poor Gonsalvo, saying, "I'm afraid your vile throat must remain uncut for a short time!" Somewhat to her astonishment, she was committed to prison for the assault, and never came to trial, for her ungovernable temper brought on a violent fever, which destroyed her. Gonsalvo, when he heard of her illness, obtained permission to see her, in the hope that he might be able in some sort to assuage her sufferings. He was admitted to her cell during a lucid interval, but so great was her rage at the sight of him, that it brought on a paroxysm from which she never rallied. Before her death she raved fearfully, and was accustomed to shriek out, "Wherever I go, they can't be blacker than that rascal." After

her death Gonsalvo disposed of the little business, and gladly resumed the service of his old "Massa," with whom he still continues, melancholy and pensive, but happier than in his married life.

Knox kept very fairly to his resolution concerning gambling, and now allows himself only an occasional quiet rubber. He, too, is on the shelf; for, imagining that the service promised nothing in the way of promotion, he left it just before things began to mend, and took to lounging about a club and perpetrating small literature. He can rejoice in the fortune and honours of his old comrades, particularly those of his true and tried friend Arthur Brune, of whom and his delightful wife he is frequently a guest. His writing, though of an unpretending character, sometimes enjoys immense honour. He now and then—hem! he now and then gets a paper into *Blackwood*.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD : SALEM CHAPEL.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

TOWARDS the west end of Grove Street, in Carlingford, on the shabby side of the street, stood a red brick building, presenting a pinched gable terminated by a curious little belfry, not intended for any bell, and looking not unlike a handle to lift up the edifice by to the public observation. This was Salem Chapel, the only Dissenting place of worship in Carlingford. It stood in a narrow strip of ground, just as the little houses which flanked it on either side stood in their gardens, except that the enclosure of the chapel was flowerless and sombre, and showed at the farther end a few sparsely-scattered tombstones—unmeaning slabs, such as the English mourner loves to inscribe his sorrow on. On either side of this little tabernacle were the humble houses—little de-

tached boxes, each two storeys high, each fronted by a little flower-plot—clean, respectable, meagre, little habitations, which contributed most largely to the ranks of the congregation in the Chapel. The big houses opposite, which turned their backs and staircase windows to the street, took little notice of the humble Dissenting community. Twice in the winter, perhaps, the Misses Hemmings, mild evangelical women, on whom the late rector—the Low-Church rector, who reigned before the brief and exceptional incumbency of the Rev. Mr Proctor—had bestowed much of his confidence, would cross the street, when other profitable occupations failed them, to hear a special sermon on a Sunday evening. But the Misses Hemmings were the only representatives of anything which could, by the

utmost stretch, be called Society, who ever patronised the Dissenting interest in the town of Carlingford. Nobody from Grange Lane had ever been seen so much as in Grove Street on a Sunday, far less in the chapel. Greengrocers, dealers in cheese and bacon, milkmen, with some dressmakers of inferior pretensions, and teachers of day-schools of similar humble character, formed the *élite* of the congregation. It is not to be supposed, however, on this account, that a prevailing aspect of shabbiness was upon this little community; on the contrary, the grim pews of Salem Chapel blushed with bright colours, and contained both dresses and faces on the summer Sundays which the Church itself could scarcely have surpassed. Nor did those unadorned walls form a centre of asceticism and gloomy religiousness in the cheerful little town. Tea-parties were not uncommon occurrences—tea-parties which made the little tabernacle festive, in which cakes and oranges were diffused among the pews, and funny speeches made from the little platform underneath the pulpit, which woke the unconsecrated echoes with hearty outbreaks of laughter. Then the young people had their singing-class, at which they practised hymns, and did not despise a little flirtation; and charitable societies and missionary auxiliaries diversified the congregational routine, and kept up a brisk succession of “Chapel business,” mightily like the Church business which occupied Mr Wentworth and his Sisters of Mercy at St Roque’s. To name the two communities, however, in the same breath, would have been accounted little short of sacrilege in Carlingford. The names which figured highest in the benevolent lists of Salem Chapel, were known to society only as appearing, in gold letters, upon the backs of those mystic tradesmen’s books, which were deposited every Monday in little heaps at every house in Grange Lane. The Dissenters, on

their part, aspired to no conquests in the unattainable territory of high life, as it existed in Carlingford. They were content to keep their privileges among themselves, and to enjoy their superior preaching and purity with a compassionate complacence. While Mr Proctor was rector, indeed, Mr Tozer, the butterman, who was senior deacon, found it difficult to refrain from an audible expression of pity for the “Church folks” who knew no better; but, as a general rule, the congregation of Salem kept by itself, gleaning new adherents by times at an “anniversary” or the coming of a new minister, but knowing and keeping “its own place” in a manner edifying to behold.

Such was the state of affairs when old Mr Tufton declined in popularity, and impressed upon the minds of his hearers those now-established principles about the unfitness of old men for any important post, and the urgent necessity and duty incumbent upon old clergymen, old generals, old admirals, &c.—every aged functionary, indeed, except old statesmen—to resign in favour of younger men, which have been, within recent years, so much enforced upon the world. To communicate this opinion to the old minister was perhaps less difficult to Mr Tozer and his brethren than it might have been to men more refined and less practical; but it was an undeniable relief to the managers of the chapel when grim Paralysis came mildly in and gave the intimation in the manner least calculated to wound the sufferer’s feelings. Mild but distinct was that undeniable warning. The poor old minister retired, accordingly, with a purse and a presentation, and young Arthur Vincent, fresh from Homer-ton, in the bloom of hope and intellectualism, a young man of the newest school, was recognised as pastor in his stead.

A greater change could not possibly have happened. When the interesting figure of the young

minister went up the homely pulpit-stairs, and appeared, white-browed, white-handed, in snowy linen and glossy clerical apparel, where old Mr Tufton, spiritual but homely, had been wont to impend over the desk and exhort his beloved brethren, it was natural that a slight rustle of expectation should run audibly through the audience. Mr Tozer looked round him proudly to note the sensation, and see if the Misses Hemmings, sole representatives of a cold and unfeeling aristocracy, were there. The fact was, that few of the auditors were more impressed than the Misses Hemmings, who *were* there, and who talked all the evening after about the young minister. What a sermon it was! not much in it about the beloved brethren; nothing very stimulating, indeed, to the sentiments and affections, except in the youth and good looks of the preacher, which naturally made a more distinct impression upon the female portion of his hearers than on the stronger sex. But then, what eloquence! what an amount of thought! what an honest entrance into all the difficulties of the subject! Mr Tozer remarked afterwards that such preaching was food for *men*. It was too closely reasoned out, said the excellent buttermilkman, to please women or weak-minded persons; but he did not doubt, for his part, that soon the young men of Carlingford, the hope of the country, would find their way to Salem. Under such prognostications, it was fortunate that the young minister possessed something else besides close reasoning and Homerton eloquence to propitiate the women too.

Mr Vincent arrived at Carlingford in the beginning of winter, when society in that town was re-assembling, or at least reappearing, after the temporary summer seclusion. The young man knew very little of the community which he had assumed the spiritual charge of. He was almost as particular as the Rev. Mr Wentworth of St Roque's about the cut of his coat and the

precision of his costume, and decidedly preferred the word clergyman to the word minister, which latter was universally used by his flock; but notwithstanding these trifling predilections, Mr Vincent, who had been brought up upon the *Nonconformist* and the *Eclectic Review*, was strongly impressed with the idea that the Church Establishment, though outwardly prosperous, was in reality a profoundly rotten institution; that the Nonconforming portion of the English public was the party of progress; that the eyes of the world were turned upon the Dissenting interest; and that his own youthful eloquence and the Voluntary principle were quite enough to counterbalance all the ecclesiastical advantages on the other side, and make for himself a position of the highest influence in his new sphere. As he walked about Carlingford making acquaintance with the place, it occurred to the young man, with a thrill of not ungenerous ambition, that the time might shortly come when Salem Chapel would be all too insignificant for the Nonconformists of this hitherto torpid place. He pictured to himself how, by-and-by, those jealous doors in Grange Lane would fly open at his touch, and how the dormant minds within would awake under his influence. It was a blissful dream to the young pastor. Even the fact that Mr Tozer was a buttermilkman, and the other managers of the chapel equally humble in their pretensions, did not disconcert him in that flush of early confidence. All he wanted—all any man worthy of his post wanted—was a spot of standing-ground, and an opportunity of making the Truth—and himself—known. Such, at least, was the teaching of Homerton and the Dissenting organs. Young Vincent, well educated and enlightened according to his fashion, was yet so entirely unacquainted with any world but that contracted one in which he had been brought up, that he believed all this as devoutly as Mr Wentworth believed in

Anglicanism, and would have smiled with calm scorn at any sceptic who ventured to doubt. Thus it will be seen he came to Carlingford with elevated expectations—by no means prepared to circulate among his flock, and say grace at Mrs Tozer's "teas," and get up *soirees* to amuse the congregation, as Mr Tufton had been accustomed to do. These secondary circumstances of his charge had little share in the new minister's thoughts. Somehow the tone of public writing has changed of late days. Scarcely a newspaper writer condescends now to address men who are not free of "society," and learned in all its ways. The *Times* and the Magazines take it for granted that all their readers dine out at splendid tables, and are used to a solemn attendant behind their chair. Young Vincent was one of those who accept the flattering implication. It is true, he saw few enough of such celestial scenes in his college-days. But now that life was opening upon him, he doubted nothing of the society that must follow ; and with a swell of gratification listened when the advantages of Carlingford were discussed by some chance fellow-travellers on the railway ; its pleasant parties—its nice people—Mr Wodehouse's capital dinners, and the charming breakfasts—such a delightful novelty!—so easy and agreeable!—of the pretty Lady Western, the young dowager. In imagination Mr Vincent saw himself admitted to all these social pleasures ; not that he cared for capital dinners more than became a young man, or had any special tendencies towards tuft-hunting, but because fancy and hope, and ignorance of the real world, made him naturally project himself into the highest sphere within his reach, in the simple conviction that such was his natural place.

With these thoughts, to be asked to Mrs Tozer's to tea at six o'clock, was the most wonderful cold plunge for the young man. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled to himself over the note of invitation, which,

however, was very prettily written by Phoebe, Mrs Tozer's blooming daughter, on paper as pink as Lady Western's, and consented, as he could not help himself. He went out from his nice lodgings a little after six, still smiling, and persuading himself that this would be quite a pleasant study of manners, and that of course he could not do less than patronise the good homely people in their own way, whatever that might be. Mr Vincent's rooms were in George Street, at what the Grange Lane people called *the other end*, in an imposing house with a large door, and iron extinguishers fixed in the railing, which had in their day quenched the links of the last century. To cross the street in his evening coat, and walk into the butter-shop, where the two white-aproned lads behind the counter stared, and a humble member of the congregation turned sharply round, and held out the hand, which had just clutched a piece of bacon, for her minister to shake, was a sufficiently trying introduction to the evening's pleasure ; but when the young pastor had been ushered up-stairs, the first aspect of the company there rather took away his breath, as he emerged from the dark staircase. Tozer himself, who awaited the minister at the door, was fully habited in the overwhelming black suit and white tie, which produced so solemnising an effect every Sunday at chapel ; and the other men of the party were, with a few varieties, similarly attired. But the brilliancy of the female portion of the company overpowered Mr Vincent. Mrs Tozer herself sat at the end of her hospitable table, with all her best china tea-service set out before her, in a gown and cap which Grange Lane could not have furnished any rivals to. The brilliant hue of the one, and the flowers and feathers of the other, would require a more elaborate description than this chronicle has space for. Nor indeed in the particular of dress did Mrs Tozer do more than hold her own among the

guests who surrounded her. It was scarcely dark, and the twilight softened down the splendours of the company, and saved the dazzled eyes of the young pastor. He felt the grandeur vaguely as he came in with a sense of reproof, seeing that he had evidently been waited for. He said grace devoutly when the tea arrived and the gas was lighted, and with dumb amaze gazed round him. Could these be the veritable womankind of Salem Chapel? Mr Vincent saw bare shoulders and flower-wreathed heads bending over the laden tea-table. He saw pretty faces and figures not inelegant, remarkable among which was Miss Phœbe's, who had written him that pink note, and who herself was pink all over—dress, shoulders, elbows, cheeks, and all. Pink—not red—a softened youthful flush, which was by no means unbecoming to the plump full figure which had not an angle anywhere. As for the men, the lawful owners of all this feminine display, they huddled altogether, indisputable cheesemongers as they were, quite transcended and extinguished by their wives and daughters. The pastor was young and totally inexperienced. In his heart he asserted his own claim to an entirely different sphere; but, suddenly cast into this little crowd, Mr Vincent's inclination was to join the dark group of husbands and fathers whom he knew, and who made no false pretences. He was shy of venturing upon those fine women, who surely never could be Mrs Brown of the Devonshire Dairy, and Mrs Pigeon, the poulterer's wife; whereas Pigeon and Brown themselves were exactly like what they always were on Sundays, if not perhaps a trifle graver and more depressed in their minds.

"Here's a nice place for you, Mr Vincent—quite the place for you, where you can hear all the music, and see all the young ladies. For I do suppose ministers, bein' young, are like other young men," said Mrs Tozer, drawing aside her brilliant skirts to make room for him

on the sofa. "I have a son myself as is at college, and feel motherlike to those as go in the same line. Sit you down comfortable, Mr Vincent. There ain't one here, sir, I'm proud to say, as grudges you the best seat."

"Oh, mamma, how could you think of saying such a thing!" said Phœbe, under her breath; "to be sure, Mr Vincent never could think there was anybody anywhere that would be so wicked—and he the minister."

"Indeed, my dear," said Mrs Pigeon, who was close by, "not to affront Mr Vincent, as is deserving of our best respects, I've seen many and many's the minister I wouldn't have given up my seat to; and I don't misdoubt, sir, you've heard of such as well as we. There was Mr Bailey at Parson's Green, now. He went and married a poor bit of a governess, as common a looking creature as you could see, that set herself up above the people, Mr Vincent, and was too grand, sir, if you'll believe me, to visit the deacons' wives. Nobody cares less than me about them vain shows. What's visiting, if you know the vally of your time? Nothing but a laying-up of judgment. But I wouldn't be put upon neither by a chit that got her bread out of me and my husband's hard earnings; and so I told my sister, Mrs Tozer, as lives at Parson's Green."

"Poor thing!" said the gentler Mrs Tozer, "it's hard lines on a minister's wife to please the congregation. Mr Vincent here, he'll have to take a lesson. That Mrs Bailey was pretty-looking, I must allow—"

"Sweetly pretty!" whispered Phœbe, clasping her plump pink hands.

"Pretty-looking! I don't say anything against it," continued her mother; "but it's hard upon a minister when his wife won't take no pains to please his flock. To have people turn up their noses at you ain't pleasant—"

"And them getting their livin' off

you all the time," cried Mrs Pigeon, clinching the milder speech.

"But it seems to me," said poor Vincent, "that a minister can no more be said to get his living off you than any other man. He works hard enough generally for what little he has. And really, Mrs Tozer, I'd rather not hear all these unfortunate particulars about one of my brethren——"

"He ain't one of the brethren now," broke in the poulterer's wife. "He's been gone out o' Parson's Green this twelvemonths. Them stuck-up ways may do with the Church folks as can't help themselves, but they'll never do with us Dissenters. Not that we ain't as glad as can be to see you, Mr Vincent, and I hope you'll favour my poor house another night like you're favouring Mrs Tozer's. Mr Tufton always said that was the beauty of Carlingford in our connection. Cheerful folks and no display. No display, you know—nothing but a hearty meetin', sorry to part, and happy to meet again. Them's our ways. And the better you know us, the better you'll like us, I'll be bound to say. We don't put it all on the surface, Mr Vincent," continued Mrs Pigeon, shaking out her skirts and expanding herself on her chair, "but it's all real and solid; what we say we mean—and we don't say no more than we mean—and them's the kind of folks to trust to wherever you go."

Poor Vincent made answer by an inarticulate murmur, whether of assent or dissent it was impossible to say; and, inwardly appalled, turned his eyes towards his deacons, who, more fortunate than himself, were standing all in a group together discussing chapel matters, and wisely leaving general conversation to the fairer portion of the company. The unlucky minister's secret looks of distress awoke the interest and sympathy of Phoebe, who sat in an interesting manner on a stool at her mother's side. "Oh, mamma," said that young lady, too bashful to address

himself directly, "I wonder if Mr Vincent plays or sings? There are some such nice singers here. Perhaps we might have some music, if Mr Vincent——"

"I don't perform at all," said that victim,—“not in any way; but I am an exemplary listener. Let me take you to the piano.”

The plump Phoebe rose after many hesitations, and, with a simpler and a blush and pretty air of fright, took the minister's arm. After all, even when the whole company is beneath a man's level, it is easier to play the victim under the *supplice* inflicted by a pretty girl than by two mature matrons. Phoebe understood pretty well about her *h's*, and did not use the double negative; and when she rose up rustling from her low seat, the round, pink creature, with dimples all about her, was not an unpleasant object of contemplation. Mr Vincent listened to her song with decorous interest. Perhaps it was just as well sung as Lucy Wodehouse, in Grange Lane, would have sung it. When Phoebe had concluded, the minister was called to the side of Mrs Brown of the Devonshire Dairy, who had been fidgeting to secure him from the moment he approached the piano. She was fat and roundabout, good woman, and had the aspect of sitting upon the very edge of her chair. She held out to the distressed pastor a hand covered with a rumpled white glove, which did not fit, and had never been intended to fit, and beckoned to him anxiously. With the calmness of despair Mr Vincent obeyed the call.

"I have been looking so anxious to catch your eye, Mr Vincent," said Mrs Brown; "do sit you down, now there's a chance, and let me talk to you a minnit. Bless the girl! there's Miss Polly Pigeon going to play, and everybody can use their freedom in talking. For my part," said Mrs Brown, securing the vacant chair of the performer for her captive, "that's why I like instrumental music best. When

a girl sings, why, to be sure, it's only civil to listen—ain't it now, Mr Vincent? but nobody expects it of you, don't you see, when she only plays. Now do you sit down. What I wanted to speak to you was about that poor creetur in Back Grove Street—that's the lane right behind the chapel. She do maunder on so to see the minister. Mr Tozer he's been to see her, and I sent Brown, but it wasn't a bit of use. It's you, Mr Vincent, she's awanting of. If you'll call in to-morrow, I'll show you the place myself, as you're a stranger; for if you'll excuse me saying it, I am as curious as can be to hear what she's got to say."

"If she has got anything to say, she might prefer that it was not heard," said Vincent, with an attempt at a smile. "Is she ill—and who is she? I have never heard of her before."

"Well, you see, sir, she doesn't belong rightly to Salem. She's a stranger here, and not a joined member; and she ain't ill either, as I can see—only something on her mind. You ministers," said Mrs Brown, with a look of awe, "must have a deal of secrets confided to you. Folks may stand out against religion as long as things go on straight with them, but they're sure to want the minister as soon as they've got something on their mind; and a deal better to have it out, and get a little comfort, than to bottle it all up till their latter end, like old Mrs Thompson, and let it out in their will, to drive them as was expecting different distracted. It's a year or two since that happened. I don't suppose you've heerd tell of it yet. But that's what makes old Mrs Christian—I dare to say you've seen her at chapel—so uncomfortable in her feelins. She's never got over it, sir, and never will to her dying day."

"Some disappointment about money?" said Mr Vincent.

"Poor old folks! their daughter did very well for herself—and very well for them too," said Mrs Brown;

"but it don't make no difference in Mrs Christian's feelins: they're living, like, on Mr Brown the solicitor's charity, you see, sir, instead of their own fortin, which makes a deal o' difference. It would have been a fine thing for Salem too," added Mrs Brown, reflectively, "if they had had the old lady's money; for Mrs Christian was always one that liked to be first, and stanch to her chapel, and would never have been wanting when the collecting-books went round. But it wasn't to be, Mr Vincent—that's the short and the long of it; and we never have had nobody in our connection worth speaking of in Carlingford but's been in trade. And a very good thing too, as I tell Brown. For if there's one thing I can't abear in a chapel, it's one set setting up above the rest. But bein' all in the way of business, except just the poor folks, as is all very well in their place, and never interferes with nothing, and don't count, there's nothing but brotherly love here, which is a deal more than most ministers can say for their flocks. I've asked a few friends to tea, Mr Vincent, on next Thursday, at six. As I haven't got no daughters just out of a boarding-school to write notes for me, will you take us in a friendly way, and just come without another invitation? All our own folks, sir, and a comfortable evening; and prayers, if you'll be so good, at the end. I don't like the new fashions," said Mrs Brown, with a significant glance towards Mrs Tozer, "of separatin' like heathens, when all's of one connection. We might never meet again, Mr Vincent. In the midst of life, you know, sir. You'll not forget Thursday, at six."

"But, my dear Mrs Brown, I am very sorry: Thursday is one of the days I have specially devoted to study," stammered forth the unhappy pastor. "What with the Wednesday meeting and the Friday committee——"

Mrs Brown drew herself up as well as the peculiarities of her form

permitted, and her roseate countenance assumed a deeper glow. "We've been in the chapel longer than Tozer," said the offended deaconess. "We've never been backward in takin' trouble, nor spendin' our substance, nor puttin' our hands to every good work; and as for makin' a difference between one member and another, it's what we ain't been accustomed to, Mr Vincent. I'm a plain woman, and speak my mind. Old Mr Tufton was very particular to show no preference. He always said, it never answered in a flock to show more friendship to one nor another; and if it had been put to me, I wouldn't have said, I assure you, sir, that it was us as was to be made the first example of. If I haven't a daughter fresh out of a boarding-school, I've been a member at Salem five-and-twenty year, and had ministers in my house many's the day, and as friendly as if I were a duchess; and for charities and such things, we've never been known to fail, though I say it; and as for trouble——"

"But I spoke of my study," said the poor minister, as she paused, her indignation growing too eloquent for words: "you want me to preach on Sunday, don't you? and I must have some time, you know, to do my work."

"Sir," said Mrs Brown, severely, "I know it for a fact that Mr Wentworth of St Roque's dines out five days in the week, and it don't do *his* sermons no injury; and when you go out to dinner, it stands to reason it's a different thing from a friendly tea."

"Ah, yes, most likely!" said Mr Vincent, with a heavy sigh. "I'll come, since you wish it so much; but," added the unlucky young man, with a melancholy attempt at a smile, "you must not be too kind to me. Too much of this kind of thing, you know, might have an effect——" Here he paused, inclined to laugh at his own powers of sarcasm. As chance would have it, as he pointed generally to the scene before them, the little wave of his

hand seemed to Mrs Brown to indicate the group round the piano, foremost in which was Phoebe, plump and pink, and full of dimples. The good mistress of the Devonshire Dairy gave her head a little toss.

"Ah!" said Mrs Brown, with a sigh, "you don't know, you young men, the half of the tricks of them girls that look so innocent. But I don't deny it's a pleasant party," added the deaconess, looking round on the company in general with some complacency. "But just you come along our way on Thursday, at six, and judge for yourself if mine ain't quite as good; though I have not got no daughters, Mr Vincent," she concluded, with severe irony, elevating her double chin and nodding her flowery head.

The subdued minister made no reply; only deeper and deeper humiliation seemed in store for him. Was it he, the first prize-man of Homerton, who was supposed to be already smitten by the pink charms of Phoebe Tozer? The unfortunate young man groaned in spirit, and, seizing a sudden opportunity, plunged into the black group of deacons, and tried to immerse himself in chapel business. But vain was the attempt. He was recaptured and led back in triumph to Mrs Tozer's sofa. He had to listen to more singing, and accept another invitation to tea. When he got off at last, it was with a sensation of dreadful dwindlement that poor Vincent crossed the street again to his lonely abode. He knocked quite humbly at the big door, and, with a sensation of unclerical rage, wondered to himself whether the policeman who met him knew he had been out to tea. Ah, blessed Mr Wentworth of St Roque's! The young Nonconformist sighed as he put on his slippers, and kicked his boots into a corner of his sitting-room. Somehow he had come down in the world all at once, and without expecting it. Such was Salem Chapel and its requirements: and such was Mr Vincent's first experience of social life in Carlingford.

CHAPTER II.

It was with a somewhat clouded aspect that the young pastor rose from his solitary breakfast-table next morning to devote himself to the needful work of visiting his flock. The minister's breakfast, though lonely, had not been without alleviations. He had the *Carlingford Gazette* at his elbow, if that was any comfort, and he had two letters which were more interesting; one was from his mother, a minister's widow, humbly enough off, but who had brought up her son in painful gentility, and had done much to give him that taste for good society which was to come to so little fruition in Carlingford. Mr Vincent smiled sardonically as he read his good mother's questions about his "dear people," and her anxious inquiry whether he had found a "pleasant circle" in Salem. Remembering the dainty little household which it took her so much pains and pinching to maintain, the contrast made present affairs still more and more distasteful to her son. He could fancy her tidy little figure in that traditional black silk gown which never wore out, and the whitest of caps, gazing aghast at Mrs Brown and Mrs Tozer. But, nevertheless, Mrs Vincent understood all about Mrs Brown and Mrs Tozer, and had been very civil to such, and found them very serviceable in her day, though her son, who knew her only in that widowed cottage where she had her own way, could not have realised it. The other letter was from a Homerton chum, a young intellectual and ambitious Nonconformist like himself, whose epistle was full of confidence and hope, triumph in the cause, and its perpetual advance. "We are the priests of the poor," said the Homerton enthusiast, encouraging his friend to the sacrifices and struggles which he presumed to be already surrounding him. Mr Vincent

bundled up this letter with a sigh. Alas! there were no grand struggles or sacrifices in Carlingford. "The poor" were mostly churchgoers, as he had already discovered. It was a tolerably comfortable class of the community, that dreadful "connection" of Browns, Pigeons, and Tozers. Amid their rude luxuries and commonplace plenty, life could have no heroic circumstances. The young man sighed, and did not feel so sure as he once did of the grand generalities in which his friend was still confident. If Dissenters led the van of progress generally, there was certainly an exception to be made in respect to Carlingford. And the previous evening's entertainment had depressed the young minister's expectations even of what he himself could do—a sad blow to a young man. He was less convinced that opportunity of utterance was all that was necessary to give him influence in the general community. He was not half so sure of success in opening the closed doors and sealed hearts of Grange Lane. On the whole, matters looked somewhat discouraging that particular morning, which was a morning in October, not otherwise depressing or disagreeable. He took his hat and went down-stairs with a kind of despairing determination to do his duty. There an encounter occurred which did not raise his spirits. The door was open, and his landlady, who was a member of Salem Chapel, stood there in full relief against the daylight outside, taking from the hands of Miss Phoebe Tozer a little basket, the destination of which she was volubly indicating. Mr Vincent appearing before Phoebe had half concluded her speech, that young lady grew blushing and embarrassed, and made haste to relinquish her hold of the basket. Her conscious looks filled the unwitting minister with ignorant amaze.

"Oh, to think Mr Vincent should catch me here! What ever will he think? and what ever will ma say?" cried Miss Phoebe. "Oh, Mr Vincent, Ma thought, please, you might perhaps like some jelly, and I said I would run over with it myself, as it's so near, and the servant might have made a mistake, and Ma hopes you'll enjoy it, and that you liked the party last night!"

"Mrs Tozer is very kind," said the minister, with cloudy looks. "Some what, did you say, Miss Phoebe?"

"La! only some jelly—nothing worth mentioning—only a shape that was over supper last night, and Ma thought you wouldn't mind," cried the messenger, half alarmed by the unusual reception of her offering. Mr Vincent turned very red, and looked at the basket as if he would like nothing better than to pitch it into the street; but prudence for once restrained the young man. He bit his lips, and bowed, and went upon his way, without waiting, as she intended he should, to escort Miss Phoebe back again to her paternal shop. Carrying his head higher than usual, and thrilling with offence and indignation, the young pastor made his way along George Street. It was a very trifling circumstance, certainly; but just when an enthusiastic companion writes to you about the advance of the glorious cause, and your own high vocation as a soldier of the Cross, and the undoubted fact that the hope of England is in you, to have a shape of jelly, left over from last night's tea-party, sent across the street with complacent kindness, for your refreshment——! It was trying. To old Mrs Tufton, indeed, who had an invalid daughter, it might have seemed a Christian bounty; but to Arthur Vincent, five-and-twenty, a scholar and a gentleman—ah me! If he had been a Christchurch man, or even a Fellow of Trinity, the chances are he would have taken it much more graciously; for then he would have had the internal consciousness of

his own dignity to support him; whereas the sting of it all was, that poor young Vincent had no special right to his own pretensions, but had come to them he could not tell how; and, in reality, had his mind been on a level with his fortunes, ought to have found the Tozers and Pigeons sufficiently congenial company. He went along George Street with troubled haste, pondering his sorrows—those sorrows which he could confide to nobody. Was he actually to live among these people for years—to have no other society—to circulate among their tea-parties, and grow accustomed to their finery, and perhaps "pay attention" to Phoebe Tozer; or, at least, suffer that young lady's attentions to him? And what would become of him at the end? To drop into a shuffling old gossip, like good old Mr Tufton, seemed the best thing he could hope for; and who could wonder at the mild stupor of paralysis—disease not tragical, only drivelling—which was the last chapter of all?

The poor young man accordingly marched along George Street deeply disconsolate. When he met the perpetual curate of St Roque's at the door of Masters's bookshop—where, to be sure, at that hour in the morning, it was natural to encounter Mr Wentworth—the young Nonconformist gazed at him with a certain wistfulness. They looked at each other, in fact, being much of an age, and not unsimilar in worldly means just at the present moment. There were various points of resemblance between them. Mr Vincent, too, wore an Anglican coat, and assumed a high clerical aspect—sumptuary laws forbidding such presumption being clearly impracticable in England; and the Dissenter was as fully endowed with natural good looks as the young priest. How was it, then, that so vast a world of difference and separation lay between them? For one compensating moment Mr Vincent decided that it was because of his more enlightened faith, and felt

himself persecuted. But even that pretence did not serve the purpose. He began to divine faintly, and with a certain soreness, that external circumstances do stand for something, if not in the great realities of a man's career, at least in the comforts of his life. A poor widow's son, educated at Homerton, and an English squire's son, public school and university bred, cannot begin on the same level. To compensate that disadvantage requires something more than a talent for preaching. Perhaps genius would scarcely do it without the aid of time and labour. The conviction fell sadly upon poor Arthur Vincent as he went down the principal street of Carlingford in the October sunshine. He was rapidly becoming disenchanted, and neither the *Non-conformist* nor the *Patriot*, nor Exeter Hall itself, could set him up again.

With these feelings the young pastor pursued his way to see the poor woman who, according to Mrs Brown's account, was so anxious to see the minister. He found this person, whose desire was at present shared by most of the female members of Salem without the intervention of the Devonshire Dairy, in a mean little house in the close lane dignified by the name of Back Grove Street. She was a thin, dark, vivacious-looking woman, with a face from which some forty years of energetic living had withdrawn all the colour and fulness which might once have rendered it agreeable, but which was, nevertheless, a remarkable face, not to be lightly passed over. Extreme thinness of outline and sharpness of line made the contrast between this educated countenance and the faces which had lately surrounded the young minister still more remarkable. It was not a profound or elevated kind of education, perhaps, but it was very different from the thin superficial lacker with which Miss Phoebe was coated. Eager dark eyes, with dark lines under them—thin eloquent lips, the upper jaw

projecting slightly, the mouth closing fast and firm—a well-shaped small head, with a light black lace handkerchief fastened under the chin—no complexion or softening of tint—a dark, sallow, colourless face, thrilling with expression, energy, and thought, was that on which the young man suddenly lighted as he went in somewhat indifferent, it must be confessed, and expecting to find nothing that could interest him. She was seated in a shabby room, only half-carpeted, up two pair of stairs, which looked out upon no more lively view than the back of Salem Chapel itself, with its few dismal scattered graves—and was working busily at men's clothing of the coarsest kind, blue stuff which had transferred its colour to her thin fingers. Meagre as were her surroundings, however, Mr Vincent, stumbling listlessly up the narrow bare stair of the poor lodging-house, suddenly came to himself as he stood within this humble apartment. If this was to be his penitent, the story she had to tell might be not unworthy of serious listening. He stammered forth a half apology and explanation of his errand, as he gazed surprised at so unexpected a figure, wondering within himself what intense strain and wear of life could have worn to so thin a tissue the outer garment of this keen and sharp-edged soul.

"Come in," said the stranger, "I am glad to see you. I know you, Mr Vincent, though I can't suppose you've observed me. Take a seat. I have heard you preach ever since you came—so, knowing in a manner how your thoughts run, I've a kind of acquaintance with you: which, to be sure, isn't the same on your side. I daresay the woman at the Dairy sent you to me?"

"I understood—from Mrs Brown certainly—that you wanted to see me," said the puzzled pastor.

"Yes, it was quite true. I have resources in myself, to be sure, as much as most people," said his new acquaintance, whom he had been

directed to ask for as Mrs Hilyard, "but still human relations are necessary; and as I don't know anybody here, I thought I'd join the Chapel. Queer set of people, rather, don't you think?" she continued, glancing up from her rapid stitching to catch Vincent's conscious eye; "they thought I was in spiritual distress, I suppose, and sent me the buttermilk. Lord bless us! if I had been, what could he have done for me, does anybody imagine? and when he didn't succeed, there came the Dairy person, who, I daresay, would have understood what I wanted had I been a cow. Now I can make out what I'm doing when I have you, Mr Vincent. I know your line a little from your sermons. That was wonderfully clever on Sunday morning about confirmation. I belong to the Church myself by rights, and was confirmed, of course, at the proper time, like other people, but I am a person of impartial mind. That was a famous downright blow. I liked you there."

"I am glad to have your approbation," said the young minister, rather stiffly; "but excuse me—I was quite in earnest in my argument."

"Yes, yes; that was the beauty of it," said his eager interlocutor, who went on without ever raising her eyes, intent upon the rough work which he could not help observing sometimes made her scarred fingers bleed as it passed rapidly through them. "No argument is ever worth listening to if it isn't used in earnest. I've led a wandering life, and heard an infinity of sermons of late years. When there are any brains in them at all, you know, they are about the only kind of mental stimulant a poor woman in my position can come by, for I've no time for reading lately. Down here, in these regions, where the buttermilk comes to inquire after your spiritual interests, and is a superior being," added this singular new adherent of Salem, looking full for a single moment in her visitor's eyes, with a slight movement of the muscles of her

thin face, and making a significant pause, "the air's a trifle heavy. It isn't pure oxygen we breathe in Back Grove Street, by any means."

"I assure you it surprises me more than I can explain to find," said Vincent, hesitating for a proper expression, "to find——"

"Such a person as I am in Back Grove Street," interrupted his companion, quickly—"yes—and thereby hangs a tale. But I did not send for you to tell it. I sent for you for no particular reason, but a kind of yearning to talk to somebody. I beg your pardon sincerely—but you know," she said, once more with a direct sudden glance and that half-visible movement in her face which meant mischief, "you are a minister, and are bound to have no inclinations of your own, but to give yourself up to the comfort of the poor."

"Without any irony, that is the aim I propose to myself," said Vincent, "but I fear you are disposed to take rather a satirical view of such matters. It is fashionable to talk lightly on those subjects; but I find life and its affairs sufficiently serious, I assure you——"

Here she stopped her work suddenly, and looked up at him, her dark sharp eyes lighting up her thin sallow face with an expression which it was beyond his power to fathom. The black eyelashes widened, the dark eyebrows rose, with a full gaze of the profoundest tragic sadness, on the surface of which a certain gleam of amusement seemed to hover. The worn woman looked over the dark world of her own experience, of which she was conscious in every nerve, but of which he knew nothing, and smiled at his youth out of the abysses of her own life, where volcanoes had been, and earthquakes. He perceived it dimly, without understanding how, and faltered and blushed, yet grew angry with all the self-assertion of youth.

"I don't doubt you know that as well as I do—perhaps better; but notwithstanding, I find my life

leaves little room for laughter," said the young pastor, not without a slight touch of heroics.

"Mr Vincent," said Mrs Hilyard, with a gleam of mirth in her eye, "in inferring that I perhaps know better, you infer also that I am older than you, which is uncivil to a lady. But for my part, I don't object to laughter. Generally it's better than crying, which in a great many cases I find the only alternative. I doubt, however, much whether life, from the buttermilk's point of view, wears the same aspect. I should be inclined to say not; and I daresay your views will brighten with your company," added the aggravating woman, again resuming, with eyes fixed upon it, her laborious work.

"I perceive you see already what is likely to be my great trial in Carlingford," said young Vincent. "I confess that the society of my office-bearers, which I suppose I must always consider myself bound to——"

"That was a very sad sigh," said the rapid observer beside him; "but don't confide in me, lest I should be tempted to tell somebody. I can speak my mind without prejudice to anybody; and if you agree with me, it may be a partial relief to your feelings. I shall be glad to see you when you can spare me half an hour. I can't look at you while I talk, for that would lose me so much time, but at my age it doesn't matter. Come and see me. It's your business to do me good—and it's possible I might even do some good to you."

"Thank you. I shall certainly come," said the minister, rising with the feeling that he had received his dismissal for to-day. She rose too, quickly, and but for a moment, and held out her hand to him.

"Be sure you don't betray to the dairywoman what I had on my mind, and wanted to tell you, though she is dying to know," said his singular new acquaintance, without a smile, but with again a momentary movement in her thin

cheeks. When she had shaken hands with him, she seated herself again immediately, and without a moment's pause proceeded with her work, apparently concentrating all her faculties upon it, and neither hearing nor seeing more of her visitor, though he still stood within two steps of her, overshadowing the table. The young man turned and left the room with involuntary quietness, as if he had been dismissed from the presence of a princess. He went straight down-stairs without ever pausing, and hastened through the narrow back-street with still the impulse communicated by that dismissal upon him. When he drew breath, it was with a curious mixture of feelings. Who she was or what she was—how she came there, working at those "slops" till the colour came off upon her hands, and her poor thin fingers bled—she so strangely superior to her surroundings, yet not despising or quarrelling with them, or even complaining of them, so far as he could make out—infinity perplexed the inexperienced minister. He came away excited and bewildered from the interview, which had turned out so different from his expectations. Whether she had done him good, was extremely doubtful; but she had changed the current of his thoughts, which was in its way an immediate benefit. Marvelling over such a mysterious apparition, and not so sure as in the morning that nothing out of the most vulgar routine ever could occur in Carlingford, Mr Vincent turned with meditative steps towards the little house at the extreme end of Grove Street, where his predecessor still lingered. A visit to old Mr Tufton was a periodical once a-week duty, to be performed with the utmost regularity. Tozer and Pigeon had agreed that it would be the making of the young minister to draw thus from the experience of the old one. Whether Mr Vincent agreed with them, may be apprehended from the scene which follows.

CHAPTER III.

Mr Tufton's house was at the extremity of Grove Street—at the extremity, consequently, in that direction, of Carlingford, lying parallel with the end of Grange Lane, and within distant view of St Roque's. It was a little old-fashioned house, with a small garden in front and a large garden behind, in which the family cabages, much less prosperous since the old minister became unable to tend them, flourished. The room into which Mr Vincent, as an intimate of the house, was shown, was a low parlour with two small windows, overshadowed outside by ivy, and inside by two large geraniums, expanded upon a Jacob's ladder of props, which were the pride of Mrs Tufton's heart, and made it almost impossible to see anything clearly within, even at the height of day. Some prints, of which one represented Mr Tufton himself, and the rest other ministers of "the connection," in mahogany frames, hung upon the green walls. The furniture, though it was not unduly abundant, filled up the tiny apartment, so that quite a dislocation and rearrangement of everything was necessary before a chair could be got for the visitor, and he got into it. Though it was rather warm for October out of doors, a fire, large for the size of the room, was burning in the fireplace, on either side of which was an easy-chair and an invalid. The one fronting the light, and consequently fronting the visitor, was Adelaide Tufton, the old minister's daughter, who had been confined to that chair longer than Phoebe Tozer could remember; and who, during that long seclusion, had knitted, as all Salem Chapel believed, without intermission, nobody having ever yet succeeded in discovering where the mysterious results of her labour went to. She was knitting now, reclining back in the cushioned

chair which had been made for her, and was her shell and habitation. A very pale, emaciated, eager-looking woman, not much above thirty, but looking, after half a lifetime spent in that chair, any age that imagination might suggest; a creature altogether separated from the world—separated from life, it would be more proper to say—for nobody more interested in the world and other people's share of it than Adelaide Tufton existed in Carlingford. She had light-blue eyes, rather prominent, which lightened without giving much expression to her perfectly colourless face. Her very hair was pale, and lay in braids of a clayey yellow, too listless and dull to be called brown, upon the thin temples, over which the thin white skin seemed to be strained like an over-tight bandage. Somehow, however, people who were used to seeing her, were not so sorry as they might have been for Adelaide Tufton. No one could exactly say why; but she somehow appeared, in the opinion of Salem Chapel, to indemnify herself for her privations, and was treated, if without much sympathy, at least without that ostentatious pity which is so galling to the helpless. Few people could afford to be sorry for so quick-sighted and all-remembering an observer; and the consequence was, that Adelaide, almost without knowing it, had managed to neutralise her own disabilities, and to be acknowledged as an equal in the general conflict, which she could enter only with her sharp tongue and her quick eye.

It was Mr Tufton himself who sat opposite—his large expanse of face, with the white hair which had been apostrophised as venerable at so many Salem tea-parties, and which Vincent himself had offered homage to, looming dimly through the green shade of the geraniums, as he sat with his back

to the window. He had a green shade over his eyes besides, and his head moved with a slight palsied tremor, which was now the only remnant of that "visitation" which had saved his feelings, and dismissed more benignly than Tozer and his brother deacons the old pastor from his old pulpit. He sat very contentedly doing nothing, with his large feet in large loose slippers, and his elbows supported on the arms of his chair. By the evidence of Mrs Tufton's spectacles, and the newspaper lying on the table, it was apparent that she had been reading the *Carlingford Gazette* to her helpless companions; and that humble journal, which young Vincent had kicked to the other end of his room before coming out, had made the morning pass very pleasantly to the three secluded inmates of Siloam Cottage, which was the name of the old minister's humble home. Mr Tufton said "umble 'ome," and so did his wife. They came from storied Islington, both of them, and were of highly-respectable connections, not to say that Mrs Tufton had a little property as well; and, acting in laudable opposition to the general practice of poor ministers' wives, had brought many dividends and few children to the limited but comfortable fireside. Mr Vincent could not deny that it was comfortable in its way, and quite satisfied its owners, as he sat down in the shade of the geraniums in front of the fire, between Adelaide Tufton and her father; but, oh heavens! to think of such a home as all that, after Homerton and high Nonconformist hopes, could come to himself! The idea, however, was one which did not occur to the young minister. He sat down compassionately, seeing no analogy whatever between his own position and theirs; scarcely even seeing the superficial contrast, which might have struck anybody, between his active youth and their helplessness and suffering. He was neither hard-hearted nor unsympathetic,

but somehow the easy moral of that contrast never occurred to him. Adelaide Tufton's bloodless countenance conveyed an idea of age to Arthur Vincent; her father was really old. The young man saw no grounds on which to form any comparison. It was natural enough for the old man and ailing woman to be as they were, just as it was natural for him, in the height of his early manhood, to rejoice in his strength and youth.

"So there was a party at Mr Tozer's last night—and you were there, Mr Vincent," said old Mrs Tufton, a cheerful active old lady with pink ribbons in her cap, which asserted their superiority over the doubtful light and the green shade of the geraniums. "Who did you have? The Browns and the Pigeons, and—everybody else, of course. Now tell me, did Mrs Tozer make tea herself, or did she leave it to Phoebe?"

"As well as I can remember, she did it herself," said the young pastor.

"Exactly what I told you, mamma," said Adelaide, from her chair. "Mrs Tozer doesn't mean Phoebe to make tea this many a year. I daresay she wants her to marry somebody, the little flirting thing. I suppose she wore her pink, Mr Vincent—and Mrs Brown that dreadful red-and-green silk of hers; and didn't they send you over a shape of jelly this morning? Ha, ha! I told you so, mamma; that was why it never came to me."

"Pray let me send it to you," cried Vincent, eagerly.

The offer was not rejected, though coquetted with for a few minutes. Then Mr Tufton broke in, in solemn bass.

"Adelaide, we shouldn't talk, my dear, of pinks and green silks. Providence has laid you aside, my love, from temptations; and you remember how often I used to say in early days, No doubt it was a blessing, Jemima, coming when it did, to wean our girl from the world; she might have been as

fond of dress as other girls, and brought us to ruin, but for her misfortune. Everything is for the best."

"Oh, bother!" said Adelaide, sharply—"I don't complain, and never did; but everybody else finds my misfortune, as they call it, very easy to be borne, Mr Vincent—even papa, you see. There is a reason for everything, to be sure, but how things that are hard and disagreeable are always to be called for the best, I can't conceive. However, let us return to Phoebe Tozer's pink dress. Weren't you rather stunned with all their grandeur? You did not think we could do as much in Salem, did you? Now tell me, who has Mrs Brown taken in hand to do good to now? I am sure she sent you to somebody; and you've been to see somebody this morning," added the quickwitted invalid, "who has turned out different from your expectations. Tell me all about it, please."

"Dear Adelaide does love to hear what's going on. It is almost the only pleasure she has—and we oughtn't to grudge it, ought we?" said Adelaide's mother.

"Stuff!" muttered Adelaide, in a perfectly audible aside. "Now I think of it, I'll tell you who you've been to see. That woman in Back Grove Street—there! What do you think of that for a production of Salem, Mr Vincent? But she does not really belong to Carlingford. She married somebody who turned out badly, and now she's in hiding that he mayn't find her; though most likely, if all be true, he does not want to find her. That's her history. I never pretend to tell more than I know. Who she was to begin with, or who he is, or whether Hilyard may be her real name, or why she lives there and comes to Salem Chapel, I can't tell; but that's the bones of her story, you know. If I were a clever romancer like some people, I could have made it all perfect for you, but I prefer the truth. Clever and queer, isn't she? So I have guessed by what people say."

"Indeed, you seem to know a great deal more about her than I do," said the astonished pastor.

"I daresay," assented Adelaide, calmly. "I have never seen her, however, though I can form an idea of what she must be like, all the same. I put things together, you see; and it is astonishing the number of scraps of news I get. I shake them well down, and then the broken pieces come together; and I never forget anything, Mr Vincent," she continued, pausing for a moment to give him a distinct look out of the pale-blue eyes, which for the moment seemed to take a vindictive feline gleam. "She's rather above the Browns and the Tozers, you understand. Somehow or other, she's mixed up with Lady Western, whom they call the Young Dowager, you know. I have not made that out yet, though I partly guess. My lady goes to see her up two pairs of stairs in Back Grove Street. I hope it does her ladyship good to see how the rest of the world manage to live and get on."

"I am afraid, Adelaide, my dear," said Mr Tufton, in his bass tones, "that my young brother will not think this very improving conversation. Dear Tozer was speaking to me yesterday about the sermon to the children. I always preached them a sermon to themselves about this time of the year. My plan has been to take the congregation in classes; the young men—ah, and they're specially important, are the young men! Dear Tozer suggested that some popular lectures now would not come amiss. After a long pastorate like mine," said the good man, blandly, unconscious that dear Tozer had already begun to suggest a severance of that tie before gentle sickness did it for him, "a congregation may be supposed to be a little unsettled,—without any offence to you, my dear brother. If I could appear myself and show my respect to your ministry, it would have a good effect, no doubt; but I am laid aside, laid aside, brother

Vincent ! I can only help you with my prayers."

"But dear, dear, Mr Tufton !" cried his wife, "bless you, the chapel is twice as full as it was six months ago—and natural too, with a nice young man."

"My dear !" said the old minister in reproof. "Yes, quite natural—curiosity about a stranger ; but my young brother must not be elated ; nor discouraged when they drop off. A young pastor's start in life is attended by many trials. There is always a little excitement at first, and an appearance of seats letting and the ladies very polite to you. Take it easily, my dear brother ! Don't expect too much. In a year or two—by-and-by, when things settle down—then you can see how it's going to be."

"But don't you think it possible that things may never settle down, but continue rising up instead?" said Mr Vincent, making a little venture in the inspiration of the moment.

Mr Tufton shook his head and raised his large hands slowly, with a deprecating regretful motion, to hold them over the fire. "Alas ! he's got the fever already," said the old minister. "My dear young brother, you shall have my experience to refer to always. You're always welcome to my advice. Dear Tozer said to me just yesterday, 'You point out the pitfalls to him, Mr Tufton, and give him your advice, and I'll take care that he shan't go wrong outside,' says dear Tozer. Ah, an invaluable man !"

"But a little disposed to interfere, I think," said Vincent, with an irrestrainable inclination to show his profound disrelish of all the advice which was about to be given him.

Mr Tufton raised his heavy forefinger and shook it slowly. "No—no. Be careful, my dear brother. You must keep well with your deacons. You must not take up prejudices against them. Dear Tozer is a man of a thousand—a man of a thousand ! Dear Tozer,

if you listen to him, will keep you out of trouble. The trouble he takes and the money he spends for Salem Chapel is, mark my words, unknown—and," added the old pastor, awfully syllabbling the long word in his solemn bass, "inconceivable."

"He is a bore and an ass for all that," said the daring invalid opposite, with perfect equanimity, as if uttering the most patent and apparent of truths. "Don't you give in to him, Mr Vincent. A pretty business you will have with them all," she continued, dropping her knitting-needles and lifting her pale-blue eyes, with their sudden green gleam, to the face of the newcomer with a rapid perception of his character, which, having no sympathy in it, but rather a certain mischievous and pleased satisfaction in his probable discomfiture, gave anything but comfort to the object of her observation. "You are something new for them to pet and badger. I wonder how long they'll be of killing Mr Vincent. Papa's tough ; but you remember, mamma, they finished off the other man before us in two years."

"Oh, hush, Adelaide, hush ! you'll frighten Mr Vincent," cried the kind little mother, with uneasy looks: "when he comes to see us and cheer us up—as I am sure is very kind of him—it is a shame to put all sorts of things in his head, as papa and you do. Never mind Adelaide, Mr Vincent, dear. Do your duty, and never fear anybody ; that's always been my maxim, and I've always found it answer. Not going away, are you ? Dear, dear ! and we've had no wise talk at all, and never once asked for your poor dear mother—quite well, I hope ?—and Miss Susan ? You should have them come and see you, and cheer you up. Well, good morning, if you must go ; don't be long before you come again."

"And, my dear young brother, don't take up any prejudices," interposed Mr Tufton, in tremulous bass, as he pressed Vincent's half-

reluctant fingers in that large soft flabby ministerial hand. Adelaide added nothing to these valedictions; but when she too had received his leavetaking, and he had emerged from the shadow of the geraniums, the observer paused once more in her knitting. "This one will *not* hold out two years," said Adelaide, calmly to herself, no one else paying any attention; and she returned to her work with the zest of a spectator at the commencement of an exciting drama. She did double work all the afternoon under the influence of this refreshing stimulant. It was quite a new interest in her life.

Meanwhile young Vincent left the green gates of Siloam Cottage with no very comfortable feelings—with feelings, indeed, the reverse of comfortable, yet conscious of a certain swell and elevation in his mind at the same moment. It was for him to show the entire community of Carlingford the difference between his reign and the old *regime*. It was for him to change the face of affairs—to reduce Tozer into his due place of subordination, and to bring in an influx of new life, intelligence, and enlightenment over the prostrate buttermilk. The very sordidness and contraction of the little world into which he had just received so distinct a view, promoted the revulsion of feeling which now cheered him. The aspiring young man could as soon have consented to lose his individuality altogether as to acknowledge the most distant possibility of accepting Tozer as his guide, philosopher, and friend. He went back again through Grove Street, heated and hastened on his way by those impatient thoughts. When he came as far as Salem, he could not but pause to look at it with its pinched gable and mean little belfry, innocent of a bell. The day was overclouded, and no clearness of atmosphere relieved the aspect of the shabby chapel, with its black railing, and locked gates, and dank flowerless grass inside. To see anything venerable or sacred in

the aspect of such a place, required an amount of illusion and glamour which the young minister could not summon into his eyes. It was not the centre of light in a dark place, the simple tribune from which the people's preacher should proclaim, to the awe and conviction of the multitude, that Gospel once preached to the poor, of which he flattered himself he should be the truest messenger in Carlingford. Such had been the young man's dreams in Homerton—dreams mingled, it is true, with personal ambition, but full notwithstanding of generous enthusiasm. No—nothing of the kind. Only Salem Chapel, with so many pews let, and so many still to be disposed of, and Tozer a guardian angel at the door. Mr Vincent was so far left to himself as to give vent to an impatient exclamation as he turned away. But still matters were not hopeless. He himself was a very different man from Mr Tufton. Kindred spirits there must surely be in Carlingford to answer to the call of his. Another day might dawn for the Nonconformists, who were not aware of their own dignity. With this thought he retraced his steps a little, and, with an impulse which he did not explain to himself, threaded his way up a narrow lane and emerged into Back Grove Street, about the spot where he had lately paid his pastoral visit, and made so unexpected an acquaintance. This woman—or should he not say lady?—was a kind of first-fruits of his mission. The young man looked up with a certain wistful interest at the house in which she lived. She was neither young nor fair, it is true, but she interested the youthful Nonconformist, who was not too old for impulses of chivalry, and who could not forget her poor fingers scarred with her rough work. He had no other motive for passing the house but that of sympathy and compassion for the forlorn brave creature who was so unlike her surroundings; and no throbbing pulse or

trembling nerve forewarned Arthur Vincent of the approach of fate.

At that moment, however, fate was approaching in the shape of a handsome carriage, which made quite an exaggeration of echo in this narrow back-street, which rang back every jingle of the harness and dint of the hoofs from every court and opening. It drew up before Mrs Hilyard's door—at the door of the house, at least, in which Mrs Hilyard was a humble lodger; and while Vincent slowly approached, a brilliant vision suddenly appeared before him, rustling forth upon the crowded pavement, where the dirty children stood still to gape at her. A woman—a lady—a beautiful dazzling creature, resplendent in the sweetest English roses, the most delicate bewildering bloom. Though it was but for a moment, the bewildered young minister had time to note the dainty foot, the daintier hand, the smiling sunshiny eyes, the air of conscious supremacy, which was half command and half entreaty—an ineffable combination. That vision descended out of the heavenly chariot upon the mean pavement just as Mr Vincent came up; and at the same moment a ragged boy, struck speechless, like the young minister, by the apparition, planted himself full in her way with open mouth and staring eyes, too much overpowered by sudden admiration to perceive that he stopped the path. Scarcely aware what he was doing, as much beauty-struck as his victim, Vincent, with a certain unconscious fury, seized the boy by the collar, and swung him impatiently off the pavement, with a feeling of positive resentment against the imp, whose rags were actually touching those sacred splendid draperies. The lady made a momentary pause, turned half round, smiled with a gracious inclination of her head, and entered at the open door, leaving the young pastor in an incomprehensible ecstasy, with his hat off, and all his pulses beating loud in his ears, riveted, as the romancers

say, to the pavement. When the door shut he came to himself, stared wildly into the face of the next passenger who came along the narrow street, and then, becoming aware that he still stood uncovered, grew violently red, put on his hat, and went off at a great pace. But what was the use of going off? The deed was done. The world on the other side of these prancing horses was a different world from that on this side. Those other matters, of which he had been thinking so hotly, had suddenly faded into a background and accessories to the one triumphant figure which occupied all the scene. He scarcely asked himself who was that beautiful vision? The fact of her existence was at the moment too overpowering for any secondary inquiries. He had seen her—and lo! the universe was changed. The air tingled softly with the sound of prancing horses and rolling wheels, the air breathed an irresistible soft perfume, which could nevermore die out of it, the air rustled with the silken thrill of those womanly robes. There she had enthroned herself—not in his startled heart, but in the palpitating world, which formed in a moment's time into one great background and framework for that beatific form.

What the poor young man had done to be suddenly assailed and carried off his feet by this wonderful and unexpected apparition, we are unable to say. He seemed to have done nothing to provoke it: approaching quietly as any man might do, pondering grave thoughts of Salem Chapel, and how he was to make his post tenable, to be transfixed all at once and unawares by that fairy lance, was a spite of fortune which nobody could have predicted. But the thing was done. He went home to hide his stricken head, as was natural; tried to read, tried to think of a popular series of lectures, tried to lay plans for his campaign and heroic desperate attempts to resuscitate the shopkeeping Dissenterism of Carlingford

into a lofty Nonconformist ideal. But vain were the efforts. Wherever he lifted his eyes, was not She there, all-conquering and glorious? when he did not lift his eyes, was not she everywhere Lady Paramount of the conscious world? Womankind in general, which had never, so to speak, entered his thoughts before,

had produced much trouble to poor Arthur Vincent since his arrival in Carlingford. But Phoebe Tozer, pink and blooming; Mrs Hilyard, sharp and strange; Adelaide Tufton, pale spectator of a life with which she had nothing to do, died off like shadows, and left no sign of their presence. Who was She?

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

AIR—*Let Schoolmasters puzzle their brains.*

'Tis not very easy to tell
 How language had first a beginning,
 When Adam had just left the shell,
 And Eve hadn't taken to spinning;
 Or if, in some other queer way,
 Men rose to be lords of creation,
 What power brought their tongues into play,
 Or prompted their speechification?
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some think they were ready inspired
 With lexicon, syntax, and grammar,
 And never like children required
 At lessons to lisp and to stammer.
 As Pallas by Jove was begot
 In armour all brilliantly burnished,
 So Man with his Liddell and Scott
 And Buttman or Blomfield was furnished.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some say that the primitive tongue
 Expressed but the simplest affections;
 And swear that the words said or sung
 Were nothing but mere Interjections.
O ! O ! was the signal of pain :
Ha ! Ha ! was the symptom of laughter :
Pooh ! Pooh ! was the sign of disdain,
 And others came following after.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some, taking a different view,
 Maintain the old language was fitted
 To mark out the objects we knew,
 By mimicking sounds they emitted.
Bow, wow was the name for a dog :
Quack, quack was the word for a duckling :
Hunc, hunc would designate a hog,
 And *wee wee* a pig and a suckling.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

If asked these hard things to explain,
 I own I am wholly unable ;
 And hold the attempt the more vain,
 When I think of the building of Babel.
 The primitive world to lay bare,
 Philologists try, but I doubt it :
 As none of them chanced to be there,
 It's clear they know nothing about it.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

What Adam in Eden might speak,
 Could not be the tongue of his mother ;
 It may have been Gaelic or Greek ;
 It must have been something or other.
 It may have been Sanscrit or Zend,
 Chaldaic, Assyrian, Arabic :
 It may have had joints without end,
 Or it may have been monosyllabic.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

But why should we puzzle our brains
 With Etymological folly ?
 The prize wouldn't prove worth the pains,
 Or help us a bit to be jolly.
 For if we in twenty strange tongues
 Could call for a beef-steak and bottle,
 By dint of mere learning and lungs,
 They wouldn't be nearer our throttle.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

I've ranged, without drinking a drop,
 The realms of the dry Mithridates :
 I've studied Grimm, Burnouf, and Bopp,
 Till patience cried "*Ohe jam satis.*"
 Max Müller completed my plan,
 And, leave of the subject now taking,
 As wise as when first I began,
 I end with a head that is aching.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

The speech of Old England for me,
 Which serves us on every occasion !
 Henceforth, like our soil, let it be
 Exempted from foreign invasion.
 It answers for friendship and love,
 And all sorts of feeling and thinking ;
 And, lastly, all doubt to remove—
 It answers for singing and drinking !
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

THE DEFENCE OF CANADA.

THE storm which lately threatened us from the far West, has blown over. We are not going to have war with America about the question of the Trent. But the question of the Trent never would have arisen, had not the feelings of the American people and Government been very hostile to England, and there is nothing to show that the American Government and people are at all reconciled to us by the manner of its solution. The evidence, on the contrary, is all the other way. The Americans have been coerced into an act of justice, which they performed with the worst possible grace; and we are frankly assured that a time is coming, when they mean to take ample vengeance for present humiliations. It appears, then, that a war with the Federal States of America is only deferred. If not imminent, it is pretty sure to come sooner or later. The point, therefore, for us to determine, in the meanwhile, is—How shall we prepare for such a contingency, and conduct the war when it comes?

There are two modes of carrying on war with America—one aggressive, the other defensive. We shall probably adopt both. We shall assail their harbours, burn their fleets, destroy their commerce, and keep their whole seaboard in a state of constant alarm; and we shall give employment by these means to no inconsiderable portion of the half million of men whom they boast to have under arms. But we shall have a defensive war likewise to provide for, on the side of Canada. How shall we best effect that purpose? This is a question which cannot be rightly answered, unless we possess some knowledge of what has occurred in that part of the world already; for it is not less true of wars in America than of wars elsewhere, that, making due allowance for change of time and

circumstances, they almost always repeat themselves. We propose, therefore, in the present paper, to preface our suggestions, in regard to the future, with a brief sketch of the various contests which have already taken place, in and for the mastery of Canada.

Before the breaking out of the seven years' war, which occurred in 1754-5, the American provinces which now acknowledge the sway of Queen Victoria were, with one or two exceptions, dependent upon France. Cape Breton, with the whole of what is now called New Brunswick, formed their extreme limits on the east; and they stretched away westward by Lake Champlain, through Lake Ontario to Niagara, whence they held out their hands by the Ohio river towards New Orleans. In contradistinction to this arrangement, Nova Scotia, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, were English settlements; of which both the dignity, and, as it was assumed, the material interests, were endangered, by this bold attempt on the part of their rivals to hem them in, by connecting Lake Erie with the Mississippi.

There had been little amity between the English and French settlers at any time, and now the encroachments of the latter upon their hunting-grounds, stirred the indignation of the former to a high degree. Frequent skirmishes went on between them, till at last the Cabinet of St James's determined to bring matters to an issue, and to strike in that quarter with all the force of the Empire. Accordingly, General Braddock, carrying with him 2000 regular troops, sailed from England, and in February 1755 arrived in America.

General Braddock called together the provincial governors at Alexandria in Virginia, and arranged with them a plan of campaign. It

was settled that the enemy should be assailed on four distinct lines at the same time. First, that Braddock himself, with 2000 of the best of the troops, provincial as well as regular, should march against Fort Du Quesne on the Ohio; second, that two regiments should be detached by the Hudson and Mohawk rivers, and by Lake Oneida to Oswego, a British post on Lake Ontario, whence they were to fall on the newly-erected French fort at Niagara; third, that a corps of provincials should blockade Crown Point on Lake Champlain; and, lastly, that the disposable troops from Nova Scotia and Massachusetts, about 2000 in number, should attack the French settlements in the Bay of Fundy, particularly Fort Beau Sejour, on the isthmus connecting the peninsula of Nova Scotia with the continent, where Fort Cumberland now stands.

It is not our intention to describe the operations which followed. General Braddock, as is well known, failed. He had 226 miles to traverse through the primeval forest, in which a full month, all but two days, was expended; and being attacked at disadvantage, just as Fort Du Quesne became visible, he was defeated and killed. The operation against Fort Niagara came to nothing, and the blockade of Crown Point, though vigorously attempted, broke down. On the side of the Bay of Fundy alone success attended the British arms. There Fort Beau Sejour fell after a brief bombardment, and the French were removed from every point whence they could seriously annoy, or even threaten, the inhabitants of Nova Scotia. We shall be glad, however, if our readers can bear in mind how this campaign was conducted, in order that, when the proper time comes, they may be able to follow such reasoning as the circumstances of the case seem to suggest.

The year 1756 was not remarkable on the side of the English for plans more wisely arranged or more vigorously carried into effect. Re-

inforcements of troops were indeed sent from Europe, and in the month of July Lord Lowdon arrived to command them. But his arrangements for the campaign seemed to be pretty much what those of his predecessors had been, only on a more limited scale. He determined to act upon two instead of upon four lines; to resume with one corps the abandoned attack on Fort Niagara, and to establish the supremacy of the English on Lake Ontario; while with the other he possessed himself of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, both of them on Lake Champlain. The total strength of the army assembled for these purposes at Albany was 16,000 men, of which 6000 were allotted to the attack on Fort Niagara, the remainder to the operations on Ticonderoga and Crown Point.

Early made aware of the danger which threatened, the French general took vigorous steps to avert it. He strengthened his works at Niagara and Crown Point, and formed an intrenched camp at Ticonderoga. Not content with this, he equipped a flotilla on Lake Ontario, and determined to anticipate the English by assuming the initiative. Lord Lowdon had made choice of Oswego as the point where the depot for the left column of his army should be established. It could be reached with comparative facility from Albany by the Mohawk river and Lake Oneida, and by the river Onandoga, which flows out of Lake Oneida into Lake Ontario. Indeed, there was safe water-carriage almost all the way, a distance of 160 miles, both for troops and stores. From Oswego, however, Niagara could be approached only by navigating the broad waters of Lake Ontario, for which purpose vessels of a larger size than mere bateaux would be required. Hence, before putting his columns in motion, Lord Lowdon sent forward a body of artificers under the escort of 1400 troops, with directions to strengthen the works at Oswego, to afford protection to the stores

as they came in, and to build, with as little delay as possible, such a flotilla as might be trusted on the lake at all seasons.

It is never safe in war to select a base which shall lie between your own headquarters and the army of the enemy. The Marquis de Montcalm, Governor-General of Canada, saw that Lord Lowdon had committed this mistake, and took advantage of it. At Frontignac, now called Toronto, he embarked 3000 excellent troops, and on the 10th of August appeared off Oswego, his lighter vessels being protected by two sloops, one of sixteen, the other of twelve guns. To land and invest the place was the work of a few hours, and on the 14th it surrendered. There was an immediate end to the campaign. The vessels of war and of transport, which the English were building, fell into the enemy's hands; so did all the provisions and stores which during the summer had been accumulated. Lord Lowdon, therefore, despaired of success against either Niagara or Crown Point, and, leaving garrisons in his own advanced posts at Fort William Henry and Fort Edward, he withdrew into winter quarters in and about Albany.

It will be seen that in both of these campaigns Canada was threatened after precisely the same fashion. The object of the invaders was to gain the command of Lake Ontario, while at the same time they moved upon Montreal by the route of Lakes George and Champlain. In 1757 a new scheme was devised. Lord Lowdon received instructions from home to act everywhere else on the defensive, while, with all the force which he could collect, he endeavoured to reduce Cape Breton. Sixteen line-of-battle ships and eight frigates accordingly assembled at Halifax, for the purpose of transporting to Cape Breton an army of 10,000 men. But, before the expedition could sail, intelligence was received of the arrival at Louisburg of a superior French fleet; and at the

same time such an account was given of the strength and preparations of the garrison, that Lord Lowdon despaired, with the force at his disposal, of being able to reduce it. The projected invasion of Cape Breton was therefore abandoned, and the army again broke up. But the campaign was not abortive merely. The enemy, taking advantage of the exposed condition of the frontier, moved upon Fort William Henry. It was gallantly defended for a while, but surrendered on the 9th of August by capitulation; after which Montcalm, made aware of Lord Lowdon's return to Albany, blew up the works, and fell back again to Crown Point and Ticonderoga.

Dissatisfied, as they had every reason to be, with the mismanagement exhibited in these proceedings, the British Government superseded Lord Lowdon, and gave the command of the army, already on the spot, to Major-General Abercrombie. He was directed, with 15,000 men, of whom 6500 were regular troops, to resume the attack on Crown Point and Ticonderoga; while a second corps, 7000 strong, and entirely composed of provincials, should move, as General Braddock had done, on Fort Du Quesne. At the same time, a third division from England, having General Amherst at its head, was to reduce Cape Breton, assisted in that operation by a fleet of twenty-two ships of the line and fifteen frigates. All these instructions seem to have been issued early in 1758. But there was no locomotion in those days either on land or water by steam, and fleets took months to accomplish voyages which are now calculated by weeks. As, therefore, on this as on former occasions, the march of the several corps was to be simultaneous—as, indeed, success in one operation was expected to be coincident with, or at all events necessary to, success in all—neither General Abercrombie nor General Forbes, the latter commanding the force which was di-

rected against Fort Du Quesne, began to move till General Amherst reached the scene of action. This he appears to have done about the middle of May. He brought with him 11,000 good troops, and, sailing from Halifax on the 28th, he anchored on the 2d of June in Gabarus Bay, Cape Breton.

General Amherst carried all before him. Wolfe, who commanded the brigade which first made good its landing, soon effected the investment of Louisburg. More than one hundred boats were indeed lost while conveying troops and stores to the shore, and a garrison of 3000 men, supported by 2500 seamen, offered a stout resistance; but on the 26th of July the place capitulated. The capitulation included, not the whole of Cape Breton only, but Prince Edward Island into the bargain, and both have continued ever since dependent upon the British Crown. Neither were General Abercrombie's efforts, though foiled in their main object, altogether fruitless. He passed his corps on the 5th of July down Lake George in 1035 boats, which he had assembled at the point where Fort William Henry formerly stood, and, driving in the enemy's pickets, made preparations to carry Ticonderoga by assault. It was a strong position on the neck of land lying between the waters of Lake George and the river, which in its course opens out to form Lake Champlain, and was covered by intrenchments, having a line of abattis laid down in front of them. Just where the waters meet, stood a small square fort with bastions, serving the purposes of a keep to the other works. Without, as it would appear, having paused to reconnoitre these intrenchments, General Abercrombie sent his troops against them in six columns of attack, of which the consequence was, that his people got into confusion, and were repulsed with the loss of nearly 2000 men. He immediately withdrew to the head of Lake George, where, amid the ruins of what had once been

Fort William Henry, he began to intrench himself. But he did not remain entirely on the defensive. Intrusting 3000 men to Colonel Bradstreet, an enterprising and able officer, he sent them to execute a plan which the Colonel had devised. They passed by the Mohawk river and Lake Oneida to Oswego, whence, having provided themselves with a sufficiency of boats and canoes, they crossed the lake unobserved, and landed on the 25th of August close to Fort Frontignac. This they immediately invested, and on the 27th made themselves masters of the place. It was, however, too much in advance of the English lines to be permanently retained; and so Bradstreet, after loading with stores all the vessels which he could find, of which not fewer than nine carried from eighteen to eight guns respectively, partially ruined the fortifications, and recrossed the lake to Oswego.

Alarmed and disappointed by the failure before Ticonderoga, General Amherst left sufficient garrisons at Louisburg and Halifax, and set off with five of his most effective battalions to join General Abercrombie. Had he proceeded by sea to New York, there might yet have been time, before winter set in, to retrieve the disaster; but, distrusting the winds which had kept him a fortnight between Cape Breton and Boston, he made up his mind to disembark at the latter place. The distance from Boston to Albany is only 165 miles; but not only were there in those days no roads through the forest, but it does not appear that the country had ever been surveyed. General Amherst accordingly found that he had undertaken a very difficult task. He made his way slowly, with much labour and fatigue to his men, and reached Fort William Henry only on the 5th of October, too late in the season to commence operations with any hope of bringing them to a successful issue.

He left his battalions with General Abercrombie, and returned to

Albany, where in due time information came in of the complete success of General Forbes. That officer had marched from Philadelphia, threaded the forest in the track which Braddock's army had cleared, and, after a sharp action in which his advanced-guard suffered severely, debouched in front of Fort Du Quesne. The French governor, not considering himself strong enough to sustain a siege, evacuated the place, which was immediately taken possession of by the English. These repaired and enlarged the works, and leaving a garrison, called it Fort Pitt, the name which it still retains.

The capture of Fort Du Quesne was important only so far as it redeemed to some extent the tarnished lustre of the British arms, and relieved the colonists of Maryland and Virginia from the vicinity of neighbours who had long kept them uneasy. Had Abercrombie carried Ticonderoga, establishing at the same time his ascendancy on Lake Ontario, the front of Canada would have been a good deal exposed; but neither achievement, however complete in itself, could have vied in importance with the conquest of Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island. The loss of these settlements cut off, during six months in the year, all communication between France and her American settlements. No French fleet could longer find shelter in the Bay of Fundy, and the St Lawrence was as completely closed against navigation then as it is now, except in seasons unnaturally mild, from the middle of December up to the middle of May. Nor was this all. There was no reason why the tide of conquest should stop at Fort Beau Sejour. The whole of New Brunswick lay open to invasion, and through it, when overrun, a road might be constructed, which should lead an invading force to the Lower St Lawrence. It does not appear, indeed, that the value of the conquest presented itself in this point of view to the authorities either at home or abroad; but they equally

saw that a good base was established for a combined operation of the fleet and army in Lower Canada; and the Government made its preparations during winter to turn it to account.

The plan of campaign for 1759 was formed upon a grand scale. It was settled that upon four separate lines the enemy should be assailed. Away upon the extreme left, a force was to assemble at Fort Du Quesne for the reduction of all the posts which the French had established in order to keep open the communications between Lake Erie and the Ohio. The expedition which had been arranged in 1755 against Niagara was to be renewed. Once more Ticonderoga and Crown Point were to be assailed from Albany, and an attempt made to penetrate by Lake Champlain to the St Lawrence, while a powerful armament, despatched from England, should make its way up that river, and endeavour to take possession of Quebec itself. Once more we must ask our readers to stop and consider the scope and tendency of these arrangements. The operations from Fort Du Quesne were rather local than imperial; they sought no higher object than to clear away certain hornets' nests which troubled the English trappers, and kept the advanced colonists of Maryland and Virginia uneasy. The rest were manifestly aimed at the conquest of French America; and though, in the circumstances which then existed, the most remote of the three, that directed against Niagara may be regarded as superfluous, even in this case there was something like a definite end to serve. The capture of Fort Niagara, it was assumed, would isolate the whole of the enemy's settlements on Lake Erie, besides contributing to establish for the English the command of the navigation of Lake Ontario. No doubt the command of Lake Ontario, and of all the lakes, must have fallen as a matter of course to the power which, being already mistress of the provinces to

the south of the St Lawrence, should have reduced to subjection those lying to the north of the same line. But we are writing about times when strategy was not so well understood as it is now; and to threaten an enemy on many points at once was considered more artistic than to strike boldly and in force at his capital. Hence the expedition against Niagara, though in point of fact a mistake, had some show of reason in its favour; which reason, curiously enough, has operated ever since, and may perhaps operate again, whenever the Federal States shall make up their minds to go in for the conquest of Canada.

It is not necessary to narrate in detail the progress of these several enterprises. That on the extreme left succeeded with scarcely any loss. The French evacuated all their posts up to Detroit, and concentrated thereby a respectable field force, with which they endeavoured to interrupt the siege of Niagara. But Niagara, which had been approached as before by the Mahawk river, Lake Oneida, and across Lake Ontario from Oswego, was already invested as early as the 4th of July, and on the 24th the army which advanced to its relief sustained a defeat. Next day the place, with its garrison of 600 men, surrendered, and the immediate object of the enterprise was achieved. Yet no results conducive to the final success of the campaign appear to have followed. The enemy, masters of Frontignac, now Toronto, were still masters of the navigation of Lake Ontario. They even attempted from that post to surprise Oswego, and the troops which had been left there to guard the dépôts of the Niagara column. Though repulsed, they made good their retreat, and continued to be formidable. Thus two corps of the invading army wasted their strength on isolated enterprises, leaving the third to break itself against natural obstacles, which it never ought to have encountered, and which it proved quite incapable of overcoming.

General Amherst conducted in person the corps of which we have last spoken. At the head of 11,000 men, he followed the same route which all who served before him in that part of the country had taken, and landed on the 22d of July, where Abercrombie had formerly done, within a mile or two of the position of Ticonderoga. The French, whose total force did not exceed 3500 men, withdrew from their lines in the night, leaving a garrison of 400 good troops in the keep. But these were too valuable to be thrown away, so on the 26th the keep was likewise abandoned. Even Crown Point the Marquis de Montcalm did not consider defensible, and on the 4th of August it likewise fell. There, however, General Amherst's triumphs ended. He was inferior on the lake in armed vessels to the enemy. He applied himself to building such vessels, and strengthening the works at Crown Point, which gave him full occupation till the middle of October; when the weather broke, and a succession of adverse winds hindered him from following up his successes. The consequence was, that, after being baffled in two attempts to reach Isle au Noix, he brought the campaign to a close by quartering his troops at Crown Point, Fort William Henry, Fort Edward, and Albany; and returned himself to New York, where he arrived on the 11th of December.

Meanwhile the expedition from England, of which General Wolfe was at the head, was playing its part in the great game. It quitted England as early as the middle of February, and arrived off Louisburg on the 2d of April; but finding the harbour still frozen, the fleet bore away, and took shelter in Halifax. There it waited till the navigation was everywhere clear, when twenty-two sail of line-of-battle ships, thirty-five frigates, and a multitude of transports, having on board 8000 troops, went round to the mouth of the St Lawrence to strike at Quebec.

Look now for a moment at the dispositions which the Marquis de Montcalm had made, and the force at his disposal wherewith to meet the threatened danger. His whole army, including militia, did not exceed 20,000 men. With about 2000 he held what we should now call Toronto; with 3500 he observed Lake Champlain; 1500 occupied Montreal; and 2000 posted themselves on the north of the St Lawrence, about twenty miles above Quebec, between the Jacques Cartier river and the Pointe aux Trembles. As to Niagara, he left it with its ordinary small garrison, scarcely perhaps expecting that it would be attacked, and little concerned as to the issues. Ten thousand he kept with himself for the protection of Quebec, which could not, as he calculated, after such a distribution of his force, be approached with safety to the invaders except from below. We need not go over the particulars of the operations which followed. Wolfe, thwarted in his endeavour to pass the Montmorenci river, appears to have been at his wits' end, till a fortunate accident brought to his knowledge the unguarded state of a pass above the town, by which the heights of Abraham could be reached. How he landed his troops and marched them up the south bank of the river, while a portion of the fleet sailed past the enemy's batteries—how he re-embarked, and fell down the stream again in boats, landing in Wolfe's Cove, and scaling the steep bank—history has recorded. It was an enterprise which ought to have resulted in his total destruction. Had Montcalm kept within his lines till the corps from Jacques Cartier river showed itself in rear of the English, nothing could have saved them. But Montcalm's impetuosity overcame his prudence. He engaged his adversary in a battle of musketry, and was defeated, his own life and that of Wolfe being sacrificed at the call of duty. In consequence of this defeat, the French army broke up into two bodies: the stronger of the two,

chiefly provincials, joined the corps in the neighbourhood of the Jacques Cartier river, which thus became formidable; while 1000 men, all of them regulars, withdrew into Quebec. The battle was fought on the 13th of September, and on the 18th the city, with its garrison, surrendered on capitulation.

Thus ended the campaign of 1759, the fifth since the commencement of the war; in every one of which, except the last, the same plans of attack had been followed, without any results proportionate to the losses sustained. No doubt the fate of Ticonderoga and Crown Point deprived the French of two valuable outposts, and the capture of Niagara left the head of Lake Ontario free, besides supplying the captors with a building-yard, in which a flotilla might be fitted out. But both the lake and the river were as yet untouched, and as long as these remained in the hands of the French Canadians, Canada itself might be considered tolerably safe. The fall of Quebec, however, proved a heavy blow; it entirely changed the aspect of affairs. The enemy's position was turned on its left flank, and a new and readier means of penetrating into the country was opened to the assailants. Indeed, the fate of Canada may be said to have been decided by the fight on the heights of Abraham, assuming always that the French should prove unable to retrieve the disaster from Europe. This, as we need scarcely stop to observe, they failed to do; and so, in 1760, Montreal surrendered, and the entire province submitted to the British Crown.

If we had space at our disposal, and it were worth while to dwell at any length upon affairs of such old date, nothing could be more easy than to point out the exceeding unskilfulness with which, on both sides, the campaign of 1760 was conducted. To bring up from Quebec to Montreal every disposable man, was indeed a proceeding dictated by all the rules of war; but General Amherst's eccentric move-

ment with the main body of his army, first from Albany to Oswego, then from Oswego across Lake Ontario, then down the rapids of the St Lawrence, by Long Sault and Lake St Louis, ought to have ended in his destruction. It was not only as uncalled for as it was perilous, but it necessarily retarded, even when successful, the attainment of the object which it was meant to subserve. In the then state of the war, a direct movement by Lake Champlain was all that could be necessary in connection with the ascent from Quebec. The route from thence to Montreal was far shorter and more direct; the natural obstacles to be overcome were much less formidable, and to 14,000 men whom he had at his disposal the enemy could have opposed scarcely 4000; whereas, by carrying 10,000 men round by Lake Ontario, he not only exposed them to the danger of 230 miles of difficult navigation, but laid them open to be attacked in flank while struggling in the rapids, and their communications to be cut off both from above and from below. Fortune favoured him, however, and his only loss was occasioned by the upsetting of sixty boats between Lake Francis and Lake St Louis; while his subsidiary column, under Colonel Haviland, though barely 3200 strong, made its way from Lake Champlain by the Isle au Noix to Fort St John. The enemy evacuated both works as Colonel Haviland approached. They had vainly endeavoured to arrest the progress of the flotilla from Quebec: they now came in both from the Three Rivers and from Sorel, two points of which they had been especially jealous—the former, because it crossed the line of march from Quebec; the latter, because it guarded the Richelieu river and Lake Champlain—and, shutting themselves up in the island of Montreal, awaited their doom. It could not be averted, and they laid down their arms.

Once more we must ask our readers to observe by what process, and along what lines, Canada was

in those old days invaded. It was next to impossible to move troops and stores to any distance inland, except by water, the country being destitute of roads, and overspread by primeval forests. Indians, and men as little encumbered as Indians, could alone pass through them till, by prodigious labour, paths had been cleared and depôts established, which it was found always difficult, and often impossible, to defend. Hence the object of both belligerents was to keep and retain the command of the lakes, and especially of Lake Champlain, which formed at once the advanced covering and the weakness of Montreal. No doubt the English, had they earlier succeeded in establishing a superiority there and on Lake Ontario, would have still found the St Lawrence, with its strong current and many rapids, a serious obstacle; but from the day in which they made themselves masters of Quebec, rapids and current, looking to the fact that the sea was open to them, ceased to be of importance. It was not, therefore, by the vigour and skill of their front-attacks that they made themselves masters of Canada; and a glance at the contests which have since taken place in that part of the world, will show that front-attacks upon Canada from the south have never led to any but imperfect and temporary successes.

Fifteen years elapsed, after Canada became a British province, before the possibility of defending it against an enemy who should approach from what are now called the United States, was put to the proof. In 1775, soon after the first American Congress met, the insurgent government determined to take advantage of the favourable position of its affairs, and to carry the war into Canada. The province was then destitute of troops. Only one weak battalion held it, and the militia no one as yet thought of calling out. While, therefore, General Gage suffered a state of blockade in Boston, two expeditions were secretly fitted out, one of which was to fall upon Montreal by the

old route of Lake Champlain, while the other, passing by sea to the mouth of the Kenebec river, was to cross the ridge between New England and Canada, and to descend the Schaudiere river, which runs into the St Lawrence nearly opposite to Quebec.

The American corps to be employed against Montreal amounted to about 3000 men. It was led by General Montgomery, and did its work well. Sir Guy Carleton, who commanded on the other side, had small means at his disposal, and he appears not to have managed them very judiciously. Instead of keeping his regular troops, in number about 500, as a nucleus round which the militia might gather, he pushed them to the front, and lost them almost entirely in the unimportant posts of Fort St John and Chambly, which he was unwise enough to defend. Thwarted in an attempt to relieve the former, he threw a garrison of militiamen into Fort Sorel, but the garrison dispersed as the enemy drew on, and the fort was occupied. There speedily followed upon this the surrender of Montreal itself, and of eleven British vessels which had taken shelter there, General Carleton escaping with difficulty in a boat by night, and passing the American batteries with muffled oars. Meanwhile, General Arnold, at the head of 1200 men, passed, as was proposed, to the mouth of the Kenebec, and there embarked upon an enterprise such as no other armed body ever undertook before, or has ever undertaken since. For six weeks he and his men were in the swampy forest; for four they never saw a hut nor encountered a human being. The Kenebec, which they ascended, is rapid and full of shoals; the Schaudiere, which they had to descend, was even more rapid and rocky. Two-thirds of Arnold's people refused to go on, and with less than 400 he arrived at last on the 3d of November in sight of the St Lawrence. He touched the stream at Point Lévi, found or collected there boats enough to con-

vey his troops, and crossed immediately. The regular garrison of Quebec consisted at that moment of only one company of infantry, but the marines and seamen of a sloop of war lying in the river strengthened it, and the inhabitants likewise taking up arms, Sir Guy Carleton found himself at the head of 1500 or 1600 men. Though the arrival of Arnold, therefore, greatly surprised him, he never lost heart, but made preparations to defend the town to the last extremity.

While this was going on, General Montgomery established garrisons in Montreal and Fort St John; after which he descended the St Lawrence with the remainder of his corps, in order to unite himself with Arnold. The junction took place on the 5th of December; and with such means as they could command, amounting to six field-guns and five small mortars, the American generals pressed the siege. It made no progress; and the season of the year rendering a continuous operation next to impossible, they determined to try the effect of an escalade. Two false attacks on the fronts facing the heights of Abraham were intended to draw off the attention of the garrison from the lower town, which was to be entered, by Arnold and the column under his orders, between the St Charles and the heights—by Montgomery and his division, between the St Lawrence and the precipices of Cape Diamond. We cannot account for this selection of the points of real attack, inasmuch as the occupation of the lower town does not necessarily imply the fall of the upper, whereas he who is master of the upper town has the lower at his mercy. But whatever the hopes of the assailants might be, and on whatever data founded, they came to nothing. Both assaults were repulsed; General Montgomery being killed while cheering on the one, General Arnold being disabled by a severe wound while conducting the other.

The Americans were not prepared for a regular campaign. They

had made a rush at Canada, hoping to surprise it. They were destitute of means for a prolonged contest, even if no reinforcements should be sent from England. General Arnold, indeed, continued the blockade of Quebec throughout the winter, and early in the spring had his numbers raised to 3000 men. Montreal, St John, and Chambly were at the same time occupied by 4000, and strenuous efforts were made to enlist the inhabitants, French as well as English, on the side of the Revolution. But in this the Americans failed; and the arrival on the 6th of May of a squadron of English men-of-war in the St Lawrence, and of three brigades of infantry, with artillery, at once decided their line of action. Arnold withdrew from before Quebec. Montreal, Chambly, and Fort St John were evacuated, and Canada became again, what it has ever since continued to be, a loyal British province.*

It is a fact curious in itself, and strongly illustrative of the peculiar temperament of the American people, that they have never been able to divest themselves of the persuasion that they have only to raise the banner of the stars and stripes in Canada, in order to insure the co-operation in their favour of at least a large majority of its inhabitants. Strong in this conviction, they sent Montgomery and Arnold to add the provinces north of the St Lawrence to those which, in the south, had declared themselves independent. And the same fatuity led them, in 1812, to count upon the subjection of Canada as the necessary result of its invasion. It would appear, too, as if they had carefully studied the operations of the English generals half a century earlier, and done their best to repeat them, even to their blunders. But before we proceed to sketch with a rapid pen the progress of a war of which the true history is yet to be written, it may be well if we endeavour to convey to the mind of the reader something like a distinct idea of the locale upon which it was waged.

The boundary-line between the

United States and British North America, though clearly settled by the treaty of severance, seems in 1812 to have become a good deal obscured. On the east and south-east, Nature has sufficiently sketched her own map; but the waving line which now passes from St Andrew's Bay to the Grand Falls of the St John, and from the Grand Falls southward, and thence westward at a right angle to Lake St Francis in the St Lawrence, had then no existence. Men knew that the State of Massachusetts belonged to the Union, but where Lower Canada began, and Massachusetts or Maine ended, was by no means so certain. Lake Champlain, however, was undeniably a States lake, except on its northern shore, and there England had a post a few miles distant from the American St Albans, while the St Lawrence was in all its course English, from its exit out of Lake Ontario to its mouth. Above this outfall the limits of the two commonwealths were plain enough. The great lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Superior, they shared between them; and the rivers which connect these, the Niagara between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, the St Clair between Lake Huron and Lake Erie, were, as well as the St Mary, which flows out of Lake Superior into Lake Huron, their well-defined frontiers, far up into the west. Any good map will show where, upon these lakes and rivers, such places as Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Plattsburg, Sacketts Harbour, Sandy Point, Oswego, Fort Niagara, and Buffalo stand, on one side; and Joseph's Point, Michilimackinac, Amherstburg, Sandwich, Long Point, York (now called Toronto), Kingston, and many more, on the other. Having mastered these, as well as the names of other places and positions on either bank of the St Lawrence, from the Lake of a Thousand Isles downward to Montreal, the intelligent observer will not, we think, find it very difficult to follow the thread of our story.

Though little concerned in the present paper with the causes in which

the rupture between Great Britain and America originated in 1812, we may perhaps be allowed to state that, throughout the long struggle of this country with revolutionary France, America gave all her sympathies to the latter power. She carried on, at the same time, a brisk trade between France and her colonies—as long as France retained any colonies; and was not always careful to confine her imports to harmless colonial produce. This necessarily subjected American vessels to search, and from time to time, when contraband of war was found in them, to seizure. The consequences thence arising became aggravated a hundred-fold, when Napoleon, by his Berlin and Milan Decrees, tempted England to make reprisals, and to prohibit all intercourse between neutral vessels and French ports. There accompanied this a rather free-and-easy custom of taking out of American ships men whom the visiting officers believed to be deserters from the English navy. Remonstrances and complaints ensued, to which no attention was paid, and America in the end declared war. It is past dispute that she anticipated at that time the speedy dissolution of the British Empire, which she resolved to help forward by taking possession of Canada.

The plan of campaign, arranged at Washington long before the declaration of war was issued, embraced three objects—the subjugation of Amherstburg at the head of Lake Erie, the occupation of the Niagara district, and the capture of Montreal. Under the pretext of watching some hostile Indians, 2500 men had been thrown forward to the neighbourhood of Amherstburg early in the summer; about 6300 were put in motion towards the Niagara frontier as soon as circumstances would allow; while 7000 received orders to assemble at Plattsburg on Lake Champlain, which they did later in the season.

Of British regular troops there were at this time in the provinces not more than 4500, of whom 3000 garrisoned Quebec and Montreal,

while 1500 were spread over Upper Canada. These latter, divided among Kingston, Toronto or York, the Niagara frontier, and Amherstburg, could show but a feeble front anywhere; and they were further weakened by having a detachment stationed in Joseph's Island, at the head of Lake Huron.

The naval preparations on both sides were inconsiderable enough. On Lake Ontario the Americans had one brig, the English one ship of 300 tons, with three smaller vessels. On Lake Erie the Americans had one armed brig and three schooners; the English had nothing.

Notwithstanding the advantages in preparation enjoyed by the Americans, the English were the first in this war to strike a blow. The officer in command at Isle Joseph no sooner heard of the declaration of hostilities, than he embarked his detachment in open boats, passed over to the island of Michilimackinac, a distance of forty miles, and, assisted by some Canadian voyageurs and Indians, compelled the American garrison, numbering sixty men, to lay down its arms. The conquest was not unimportant, because Michilimackinac stood directly in the way of a brisk trade which the Americans carried on through Lake Huron from Detroit; and the English arms acquired, over and above, the prestige of an opening triumph.

Meanwhile the American corps destined for the invasion of Amherstburg took the field. It had assembled at Detroit, on the river of the same name, as early as the 5th of July; and on the 12th it crossed to Sandwich, and moved upon Amherstburg town. The garrison of that place consisted of 450 men, of whom 300 were militia. It was further strengthened by the presence of 150 Indians, and had its advanced posts at the river Aux-canards, a small stream which interposes between Sandwich and Amherstburg, and falls into the Detroit. This stream the Americans never succeeded in passing. They skirmished with the English from

their own bank, and once or twice approached the bridge, without venturing upon it; while the English, detaching their Indians, some militia, and a few regular troops, fell upon the enemy's communications, and cut them off. Alarmed as well as inconvenienced by the stoppage of their provisions, the Americans retreated on the 7th of August, and, contenting themselves with sending 500 men to act against the English detachment, returned with their main body to Detroit.

Meanwhile General Brock, who commanded in Upper Canada, embarked 300 men, of whom 260 were militia, at Long Point on Lake Erie. He had previously forwarded two weak parties, numbering between them 160 men, and he arrived at Amherstburg with the others while these operations were yet in progress. He immediately assumed the offensive, and establishing a battery at Sandwich, which fired across the river at Detroit, he passed the stream with 300 regular infantry, 400 militia, 600 Indians, and 30 artillerymen, and invested the place on the opposite front. He had completed his preparations for assaulting the fort, when the American general hung out a white flag. The place surrendered, and 2500 troops and 30 pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the victors.

Leaving a garrison in Detroit, he hastened back to the Niagara frontier, where he arrived on the 24th of August. His purpose was to attack, from Fort George, Fort Niagara on the American side of the river; but he was prevented from carrying the project into effect; for, just as his plans were completed, intelligence arrived of the establishment of an armistice. Sir George Prevost, it appeared, had been made aware of the repeal of their Orders in Council by the British Government; and as the injustice of these Orders stood foremost in the list of grievances of which the Americans complained, he naturally concluded that the Washington Cabinet, when informed that the grievance had ceased, would willingly suspend hos-

tilities, which both sides affected to deplore. He accordingly arranged an armistice along the entire frontier, till reference should be made to Washington; and General Brock, greatly to his own disgust, found himself included in it. At the same time, it is fair to add that Brock's projected enterprise against Fort Niagara was bold even to rashness. He had under his orders barely 1200 men, of whom less than one-half were regular troops. The Americans faced him with 6500; and success itself, had he even succeeded against such odds, must have crippled him. He could not have retained Fort Niagara after it fell, except by shutting up within its walls 300 or 400 men, and with the handful which remained he could have done nothing. Though he chafed, therefore, and though his friends complained, the conduct of Sir George Prevost was not in this instance open to censure. Delay is everything in a war purely defensive, especially in this instance, where there were levies to be called out and drilled; nor was the force at Brock's disposal such as to warrant his converting defensive into offensive operations.

While the armistice lasted, and for a week or two after its close, the English and Americans looked at one another from opposite sides of the Niagara river. Of the Americans, 1100 were at Fort Niagara, 3200 at Louistown, and 2000 between Black Rock and Buffalo. The British troops occupied Forts Erie and George, at opposite extremities of their line, keeping four companies (two of the 49th regiment, two of the militia) at Queenstown, in observation of Louistown.

The Cabinet of Washington having rejected Sir George Prevost's advances, hostilities recommenced; and in the night of the 11th of October the Americans made a move. They pushed 250 men from Louistown across the river, which was there about a quarter of a mile in width, and immediately sent back the boats to bring up a second division. The officer in command at

Queenstown had two companies, with two pieces of cannon, on the brow of a hill which overlooks the town, and commands the river. The other two companies he had placed in the town itself, and these became immediately engaged with the Americans on the beach. The sound of firing was heard at Fort George, and General Brock galloped off to the point of danger. Just as he arrived, a second American division touched the shore, and fearing lest the two companies in the town should be overpowered, he caused those on the hill to descend to their assistance. It was an unfortunate movement, for the enemy had already landed 500 men higher up the stream, who, observing that the hill was bare, ran forward and seized it. General Brock instantly put himself at the head of a portion of his people, and endeavoured to retake the hill, but was killed in the attempt. The British troops fell back to the edge of the ridge, where one detachment after another from Fort Erie arrived to support them; and General Sheaffe, on whom the command had devolved, led them forward to the charge. The Americans broke and fled; 71 officers and 858 non-commissioned officers and men laid down their arms; the remainder escaped in the boats.

The superiority of British over American troops was marked throughout this affair. The assailants were defeated, and many of their boats sunk, chiefly, as the American general reported, because he could not, by threats or entreaties, prevail upon the 2000 men who looked on from the further bank to cross the Niagara, and come to the assistance of their comrades.

One more attempt was made by the Americans to penetrate into the Niagara district above the Falls. Four thousand men from Louisville, Black Rock, and Buffalo, were employed on this service, but they accomplished nothing. Their advanced-guard, which, on the night of the 28th of November, embarked in ten boats, was attacked and overpowered at a landing-place called

Red House. The fugitives escaped, leaving thirty prisoners behind them, and the army forthwith broke up, and retired into winter-quarters.

Nothing could be more feeble or out of place than these two attempts. They were ill-arranged, and worse executed. Indeed, it is hard to say what objects they could be intended to serve, unless it were, that, by drawing away the bulk of the troops from Lower Canada, they might render more easy the proposed occupation of Montreal. But on that enterprise the enemy never ventured. Their corps of 7000 men lay idle at Plattsburg till the 15th of November, and made no attempt, when it did move, to penetrate beyond the village of Champlain. Threatened there by a British brigade of 900 men, and having a patrol, which had felt its way as far as the bridge over the Lacolle, driven in by a picket of Canadian voyageurs and militia, the Americans precipitately retired, and soon afterwards went into winter-quarters.

It is worthy of remark, that all this while the regular troops and provincials in Canada, waged, so to speak, a war with America on their own account. In London a serious rupture with the United States seems scarcely to have been contemplated, till tidings arrived of the rejection of the proposed armistice at Washington; nor was any formal declaration of war issued by England till the beginning of 1813. No preparations had, therefore, been made to meet the invasion when it came. The inland waters were left unguarded, the ordinary peace garrisons occupied the principal posts on shore; yet these peace garrisons, supported by gallant and loyal militia, repelled the invaders at every point. The Americans, on the other hand, long bent upon a particular purpose, got such a start of England upon the lakes, as England was never afterwards able to overtake. Hostilities were scarcely begun, when Commodore Chauncey arrived at Sacketts Harbour, where, in the course of the summer, he either built, or fitted for war purposes, six

schooners. These, added to the brig, raised the American naval force to more than an equality with that of their rivals, who could still count on only one ship and three smaller vessels. At the same time, a navy yard was established at Presqu'île, on Lake Erie, whence two brigs were in due time turned out, to reinforce the squadron which already dominated there. Immense advantages these, had the enemy known how to turn them to account! But, happily for England, the absence of military knowledge, on the part of the Americans, more than compensated for their superior activity and skill in naval affairs. Hence the campaign of 1813 proved as little decisive against Canada as that of 1812, though it opened with a greater show of energy, and brought increased numbers into the field on both sides.

The Americans proposed to act this year upon three, or, to speak more correctly, upon four lines. Assembling one corps at Sandusky, at the western end of Lake Erie, they were to employ it in the retaking of Detroit and the reduction of Amherstburg. A second, collected at Sacketts Harbour, was in the first instance to occupy Kingston and Toronto, after which it was to proceed against Forts George and Erie in the Niagara district, in co-operation with a subsidiary force which should assemble at Buffalo. The third operation was to be directed from Lake Champlain against Montreal, being aided by the descent of the victorious troops from Lake Ontario by the St Lawrence. The total number of men to be employed in these various enterprises was reckoned at 30,000, though it scarcely appears that anything approaching to that number ever came under fire. Operations began very early in the direction of the Amherstburg district. The English headquarters were then in Detroit, and they had a post at Frenchtown, forty-five miles in advance of it. On the 18th of January the Americans advanced against that picket, which retired to a place called

Brownstown. Here Colonel Proctor, who commanded in this quarter, joined at the head of 500 men, chiefly militia, and 450 Indians. He attacked the Americans on the 22d, who gave way and fled, leaving 500 prisoners in his hands. The total loss to the English was 152 killed and wounded.

Though successful in this affair, Colonel Proctor did not consider himself strong enough to hold his ground. He fell back, therefore, to Detroit, and ultimately to Sandwich. He was not very vigorously pursued; indeed, the enemy contented themselves with removing their headquarters from Sandusky to the river Miamis, on the banks of which they erected a fort for the protection of their stores. Colonel Proctor was tempted to strike a blow at that fort, by embarking 1000 men at Amherstburg, and directing 1200 Indians to join him by land. He succeeded in ascending the Miamis unopposed; he was joined by the Indians within a mile and a half of the fort, but he missed his object entirely through lack of skill in the management of details. He unwisely divided his little army, throwing himself astride upon the Miamis, and had thus two distinct operations to carry on at the same time. He was attacked simultaneously on both sides, and, though victorious in the battle, found himself at its close under the necessity of abandoning his enterprise. He returned to Sandwich, where he remained till the 1st of August, when he made a fresh attempt on an American post at the mouth of the Sandusky river. This time he met with a decided check. Repulsed in an attempt to escalate the works, he retreated again to Sandwich, having lost in killed and wounded ninety-six men.

It was an unfortunate enterprise altogether. It cost some valuable lives, and wasted precious time; for it interfered with a plan which had already been matured for an attack from Long Point on Presqu'île, and upon the two brigs which were in process of construction there, in

which a detachment from Amherstburg was to have joined. The brig got to sea before the Amherstburg division recovered itself, and the difficulties of communicating with Amherstburg from below were increased fourfold. The consequence was, that when, by the junction of the corps from Long Point, the force at Amherstburg was raised to 1000 British and 3500 irregular troops, the very strength of the garrison, straitened both for provisions and ammunition, became its weakness. For at the period of which we are writing, the Amherstburg district, thinly peopled and destitute of roads, carried on its intercourse with the lower settlements, and brought in all its supplies, by water. The appearance of the enemy's squadron, therefore, off the harbour, struck Proctor and his people with dismay. They pressed forward the completion of a ship of war which had long been on the stocks, and sent her out, manned by a few seamen and 150 soldiers, to raise the blockade. She engaged the Americans, who were in every respect superior, and, together with one or two smaller vessels, fell into their hands.

The complete command of the lake being thus acquired, the Americans were in a condition to bring up their troops by the Sandusky and Miamis rivers to the neighbourhood of the town of Amherstburg. They greatly exceeded Proctor's corps in numbers, and could boast, among other things, of a mounted regiment 1200 strong. There remained, therefore, for Proctor no other resource than to evacuate both Detroit and Amherstburg, and to retire up the valley of the Thames in the direction of the Moravian settlement, and of Ancaster. The valley of the Thames is now comparatively a flourishing district; it was then little better than a wilderness, without houses, without cultivation, without roads. The few stores which the English possessed—their provisions, baggage, and spare ammunition—they conveyed by boat up the stream,

and their column, which marched along the woody banks, became weaker and weaker every day. On the 4th of October the Americans overtook the boats, and captured them. On the 5th, Colonel Proctor, with not quite 500 troops, and as many Indians, determined to make a stand. He was attacked by 5000 Americans, overpowered and driven off. He retreated to Ancaster, which he reached on the 17th, with only 204 rank and file, all that remained to him of his original force.

Thus far success attended the invaders. They were masters of the forts at Detroit and Amherstburg, and of the Amherstburg territory as far as the head of the valley of the Thames. But they were not brought thereby nearer to the subjugation of Canada; that must be effected by operations farther to the east; and in the month of April, when the navigation of Lake Ontario becomes free, these operations began. Six thousand men were collected at Sacketts Harbour, with a squadron, consisting of a ship, a brig, and eleven schooners. The object of this armament was to seize Toronto and Kingston, while yet the frozen state of the St Lawrence prevented their being reinforced from below; and it was partially effected. On the 25th, 2000 men landed close to Toronto, which the English garrison, 300 regular troops, as many militiamen, and forty Indians, did not consider themselves in sufficient force to defend. They retired, therefore, towards Kingston, after a short contest, in which they lost 130 killed and wounded; though not till they had burnt a ship upon the stocks, with which it was intended to reinforce the English squadron on the lake. The Americans likewise had suffered severely, and did not venture to pursue: on the contrary, they changed their plan, took ship on the 8th of May, and arrived the same evening off the Four-mile Creek, close to the mouth of the Niagara river. The troops being landed, the flotilla re-

turned to Sacketts Harbour, between which place and Niagara it continued to ply till the 26th, when the whole corps was brought up. Two schooners only remained below to cruise off Kingston, and to observe the movements of the English.

The Niagara frontier was held at this time by 1800 regular British troops, 500 militia, and forty Indians. Of these, 1000 regular troops, 300 of the militia, and all the Indians, were in and about Fort George; so that there remained for the defence of the rest of the line, including the garrison of Fort Erie, only 800 regulars and 200 militia. The enemy's force consisted of 7000 men, divided into three brigades; and on the 27th of May the whole were ferried across the river, under cover of the fire from Fort Niagara, and from their own flotilla mounting fifty-six guns. General Vincent, who commanded in this quarter, offered a stout resistance to their disembarkation, but was forced to retreat with the loss of 450 men. He fell back by Queenstown and Beaver Dam to Burlington Heights, at the head of Lake Ontario, calling in at the same time his detachments from Fort Erie and the Chippeway. The junction of these raised his available strength to 1600 bayonets; but his condition was extremely critical. In his front lay a superior force, well supplied and flushed with success. He had no reserves on which to retire, nor any hope of support from Toronto, of the fate of which he was aware. There needed but common hardihood and a little judgment on the part of the invaders to secure his destruction; but these were wanting. The American general, instead of falling upon Vincent with his entire corps, was content to detach two brigades of infantry, his light guns, and a regiment of cavalry in pursuit, while, with the remaining brigade, he halted to take possession of the various defensible posts which the English had abandoned. There was in General Vincent's little army a gallant soldier,

Colonel Sir John Harvey, who proposed that, instead of waiting to receive an attack on Burlington Heights, the English should make a night attack upon the enemy. This was done on the night of the 5th June at Stony Creek, to which the Americans had advanced; and so complete was the success of the enterprise, that both of the American brigadiers, with 123 officers and men, and four pieces of cannon, fell into the hands of the assailants. The remainder fled in confusion, making no halt till they reached Forty-mile Creek, eleven miles from the scene of action.

The enormous extent of the American lakes never comes before us more strikingly than when we read of the military operations that were carried on along their shores, and over the surface of their waters. Though the superiority of the enemy on Lake Ontario was at this time decided, we find an English squadron sailing from Kingston with 280 troops on board, and arriving unmolested at Forty-mile Creek, three days after the American fugitives had established themselves there. The gunboats and armed schooners which escorted the bateaux opened fire upon the enemy, and drove them from their encampment. Immediately the troops landed. They joined General Vincent's column, and the whole set out in pursuit of the Americans, who fell back upon Fort George. There they made a stand with a view to call in the detachments which they had established at Fort Erie and along the Chippeway. But all courage seemed to have deserted them. They made no aggressive movement. They permitted the English, whom the arrival of a fresh regiment from Lower Canada had greatly encouraged, to close in upon them, and to straiten their supplies; and at last, on the 1st of October, they took ship and sailed away. About 1500 militia from the State of New York were left to garrison Fort George and Fort Niagara; the rest, amounting to 6000 of all arms, proceeded first

to Oswego, and by - and - by to Sacketts Harbour.

Meanwhile the corps which had assembled on Lake Champlain took the field. It consisted of 7000 infantry, 250 cavalry, and 10 guns; and it advanced across the lake by Plattsburg to Chateaugay-Four-corners, where it arrived on the 8th of October. It was evident from this arrangement that the American general intended to move by the mouth of the Chateaugay river, and to attempt the passage of the St Lawrence above the Chine rapids at Lake St Louis. This was a judicious plan—too much dependent, however, on the success of the column from Lake Ontario, which, be it remembered, was to descend the St Lawrence from the lake, and to co-operate in the projected attack on Montreal. But it was feebly carried into effect. A small force, consisting entirely of Provincials (it did not exceed 1000 muskets, including 170 Indians), took post about twenty-four miles from the Four-corners, on the road by which the enemy must advance; and the enemy, although they attacked it with all their strength on the 26th, made no impression. Immediately the American general lost heart. He retired to the Four-corners, where he halted only to take breath, and on the 11th of November withdrew to Plattsburg. He there broke up his army, and put it into winter quarters.

While this was going on, the English from the Niagara frontier, and the Americans from Sacketts Harbour, both put themselves in motion. The former, apprehensive for the safety of Kingston, sent down two weak regiments to reinforce the garrison; the latter took ship and steered for the British waters. They appear to have hesitated in their course of action, whether to delay the descent of the St Lawrence till they should have possessed themselves of Kingston, or to leave Kingston behind and descend the St Lawrence at once. They finally decided upon the latter course; and, on the 5th of Novem-

ber, 8000 men approached the source of the river. They established their dépôt of stores and provisions on the American side, where also the troops landed, leaving the boats to pass Fort Wellington empty. Fort Wellington stands upon the English bank, and commands the navigation; but by muffling their oars the boatmen managed, under cover of night, to elude observation, and on the 8th the troops re-embarked at Ogdensburg. It was a wild project, taken up, as it appears to us, in imitation of General Amherst's lucky hazard in 1780, and it ended in complete failure. The rapids proved too dangerous to be faced with loaded boats: the troops landed and re-embarked repeatedly. About 800 men of the garrison of Kingston hung upon their rear, and on the 11th overtook and engaged two brigades of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and six guns. The battle was fought at the head of the Long Sault, at a place called Chrysalis Farm, and ended in the discomfiture of the Americans. The English lost 180 officers and men—the Americans 339, besides 100 taken prisoners. They retired to their boats during the night, and, descending the river four miles, were landed on the American side. From that moment all hope of success abandoned them. They continued the descent of the St Lawrence till they reached the mouth of the Salmon river, which falls into the St Lawrence on the right bank. Up that stream, for about seven miles, they pushed their flotilla, when they finally disembarked, and, after remaining idle till February 1814, burnt their boats and retreated to Plattsburg and Burlington.

We must now cast our eyes back for a moment to the Amherstburg district, and take account of the effect produced along the Niagara frontier by the tidings which came in of the disasters there sustained. Apprehensive of an attack in the rear, and anxious to save the wreck of Proctor's corps, the Niagara division fell back from Fort George

after the departure of the American regular army, and resumed its position on Burlington Heights. Here Proctor joined it; and early in December the English again approached Fort George. The American pickets being driven in, the garrison, consisting entirely of militia, did not consider itself competent to hold the fort. It retreated across the Niagara, though not till the little town of Newark, with all the farm-houses and buildings near, had been wantonly burnt down. This was a cruel act in the dead of a Canadian winter, and it was terribly avenged. Lieutenant-General Sir Gordon Drummond, who had assumed the command in Upper Canada, passed the Niagara in two columns, and, falling at night on the fort of the same name, entered it by a gate which had been left open for the relief of the sentries. He made himself master of the place with the loss of only 11 men killed and wounded; his prisoners amounted to 400, and he took 27 pieces of cannon. At the same time a body of Indians broke into Louistown and set it on fire; while a few days subsequently—viz., on the 30th and 31st of December—Black Rock and Buffalo were likewise burnt down. These were sharp reprisals, but they had their effect; after which the army went into cantonments at Fort Niagara, St David's, Burlington Heights, and Toronto.

Thus ended the campaign of 1813, as little to the permanent advantage of the invaders as that which preceded it. With the exception of the passage of the Niagara in May, and the defeat in October of Proctor's feeble corps in the Amherstburg territory, the Americans executed no single movement with vigour; and the little which they gained by the former of these operations, their subsequent blundering threw away. The night-action at Stony Creek saved the Niagara district, and the retreat of the enemy from Fort George enabled the English to establish a footing for themselves across the river. Lower down, disaster and

defeat attended the enemy throughout. Their march from Champlain by Four-corners, to the mouth of the Chateaugay river, was judicious. They avoided thereby the obstructions of Fort St John and the Isle aux Noix, while at the mouth of Chateaugay they secured a harbour for the boats which were to convey them across the St Lawrence. But their inability to overcome the opposition of a mere handful of Provincials between Four-corners and the Chateaugay, besides proving how deficient they still were in discipline, entirely deranged a plan which depended for its execution on the timely arrival of the column from Lake Ontario. As to that movement, it was from first to last a false movement. It was undertaken without proper understanding with the Lake Champlain corps; it began too late, and lay exposed—a fatal error—to be impeded by attacks in the rear. On the whole, the generalship of the Americans was as contemptible as the want of steadiness, not to say of courage, was conspicuous in their men. On the other hand, the mistakes committed by the English were numerous enough. They permitted the enemy to establish a superiority over them, both on Lake Erie and on Lake Ontario. They fought actions on these waters with ships ill-manned and ill-equipped, and were defeated; and they mismanaged an attack upon Sacketts Harbour from Kingston, which, had it been vigorously pushed, could have hardly failed of success. The best excuse to be made for them is this, that they had an enormous frontier to defend with very inadequate means, and that the mother country was too busy with its great war in Europe to pay the necessary attention to its little war in America. But a change in this respect was at hand.

We come now to the campaign of 1814, which was entered upon by the American Government with views less pretentious than had heretofore been entertained. Experience seems to have taught them

that, among the population of the Canadas, they had no allies, and that, without some assistance from within, the subjugation of the country was beyond their means. They determined, therefore, to limit their exertions to three objects—to retain their hold upon Amherstburg; to retake the island of Michilimackinac, so important to their trade on Lakes Erie and Michigan; and to capture and destroy Kingston. With a view to facilitate the accomplishment of these purposes, they considered it necessary to make a feint on the Niagara territory, and to threaten Montreal; which they did after a fashion, and with such results, as it shall be our business presently to describe.

In the Amherstburg district no hostilities occurred. The Americans remained in quiet possession, without any attempt on the part of the English to disturb them. It was not so on Isle Michilimackinac. In spite of the enemy's superiority on both lakes, 65 soldiers and 25 seamen, with a supply of provisions and ammunition, were conveyed from Toronto to Lake Simcoe, and from Lake Simcoe to Nollawassaga Creek, on Lake Huron. Thence they crossed in open boats. After a voyage of twenty-five days, they reached the island on the 18th of May; and on the 4th of August 900 American troops from Detroit arrived, to accept, as was imagined, the surrender of the garrison. But the garrison, instead of laying down its arms, attacked and defeated the invading force, and followed the fugitives so sharply, that they boarded a couple of schooners before the anchors could be raised, and took them.

Meanwhile, on the Niagara frontier, two brigades of American troops crossed from Buffalo and Black Rock, and landed, the one about a mile above, the other about the same distance below, Fort Erie. To the extreme astonishment of all concerned, the fort made no defence, though it had been sufficiently provided to hold out till the force allotted for the defence of the

district should have time to assemble. The force in question consisted of three battalions of regular infantry, a troop of dragoons, a detachment of artillery, 300 militia, and as many Indians. A fourth battalion, with 300 militia, were at the other extremity of the line, divided between Forts George and Niagara.

Major-General Riall, who commanded here, drew together all except the garrisons of Fort George and Fort Niagara, and advanced to the Chippeway river, on the northern bank of which he took up a position. It was an extremely good one, interposing between Fort Erie and Fort George; for the Chippeway joins the Niagara at right angles a little way above the Falls; and there was a rivulet, called Street Creek, about a mile and a half in advance of it, where he established his outposts. These the enemy drove in on the 4th, after which they crossed, and encamped opposite to the English, on the southern bank of the Chippeway. General Riall, who had under his orders about 2000 men, with three pieces of cannon, considered himself strong enough to fight a battle. He therefore passed the Chippeway on the 5th, attacked the enemy, and was repulsed with a loss of 500 men. He retreated immediately to the Twenty-mile Creek, on Lake Ontario, reinforcing, as he passed, the garrisons of Fort George and Fort Niagara. His intention was to make a stand on Burlington Heights, where he expected to be joined by a battalion from Toronto. The enemy, however, did not follow him up further than Queenstown. They moved cautiously likewise, and on the 24th returned to the Chippeway, in order to protect the approach of a convoy of provisions which they expected to be landed at the mouth of that river. Meanwhile Riall, being joined by the promised reinforcements, resumed the offensive, and advanced to a place called Fifteen-mile Creek, wondering that he was not opposed. Here intelligence reached

him of the retrogressive movement of the enemy, and he immediately detached 900 men in observation, directing them to occupy certain high grounds about a mile and a half from the Chippeway, and close to the Falls of Niagara. These marched all night, and, in the morning of the 25th, took up a position at Lundy's Lane, on the highest ground of the Queenstown hill, and at right angles with the road which passes from Fort Erie to Fort George. Nothing occurred throughout the day; but about five in the evening the English were attacked, first by a single brigade, and next by the whole American army, which, since its passage of the Niagara, had been reinforced by two additional brigades. The action was fierce; but the English were losing ground, when General Riall came up. He saw that he was opposed by very superior numbers, and he directed the officer in command of the corps of observation to retire into Queenstown, towards which place also, instead of towards the heights, the steps of the main body were turned. By great good fortune, Lieutenant-General Sir Gordon Drummond, who had arrived at Fort Niagara the same morning from Toronto, with the 89th regiment and some detachments, landed at this moment in Queenstown. He pushed forward to Lundy's Lane, halted the troops who had begun their retreat, and formed them on the crest of the hill. It was now six o'clock in the evening, and 1800 British bayonets, supported by five guns, were opposed to the whole American army. Mounted officers galloped off in hot haste to bring up Riall's division, which arrived at last about ten o'clock, weary and spent with a nine-hours' march. Wearied as they were, however, these gallant men, 1250 in number, did excellent service. It was bright moonlight, and the battle raged till half-past eleven, when the enemy gave way, and retreated, leaving the English masters of the field and of two pieces of cannon.

This was by far the sharpest

action which occurred during the war. The English brought into line 3200 men, with seven guns; the Americans showed between 7000 and 8000, and were greatly superior in artillery. The loss was pretty equal on both sides, though heaviest on that of the victors, who had 878 officers and men placed *hors de combat*, as against 854 on the part of the vanquished. It was evident, moreover, from the boldness of their advance, and by the resolute manner in which they met the charge of the English, that the Americans were beginning to assume the character of good troops. And this was again evinced on two subsequent occasions: first, when Sir Gordon Drummond, attempting to carry Fort Erie by escalade, was repulsed; and again at a sortie in force made by the garrison, in which 609 British, and 510 American officers and men, were killed and wounded. The general result of the campaign in this quarter was, however, a failure. On the 5th of November the Americans evacuated Fort Erie, and retired across the Niagara. On the 10th of December the British troops along that frontier went into winter quarters.

While these things were going on, an American division, 5000 strong, moved from Plattsburg, with no other view than to distract the attention of the English, and to alarm them for Montreal. It advanced as far as Champlain town on the Chaize close to the frontier, and was opposed on the left by the British garrison of Isle aux Noix, by a fortified mill on the Lacolle river in the centre, and by a strong picket on the Burtonville road on the right. On the 12th of March the enemy endeavoured to take the mill, but without success, sacrificing 154 officers and men, while the loss of the English did not exceed 64.

Satisfied with this demonstration, the Americans moved off from the Montreal frontier towards Sacketts harbour. They left garrisons at Plattsburg, Burlington, and Verdes—three posts in which a flotilla was constructed for the defence

of Lake Champlain. But partly because what was intended for a feint on Niagara had taken a serious turn, partly because England, relieved from her war with France, was pouring her Peninsular regiments into Canada, the projected attack on Kingston never took place. On the contrary, the garrison at Kingston began to act on the offensive. On the 4th of May, 1000 soldiers, supported by 200 seamen, took ship, and landed on the 6th, under the guns of Oswego. The place was stormed and taken, and such stores as had been collected there were destroyed. But the American loss in this respect was not heavy, for they had very prudently formed their principal magazine on Lake Oneida. The expedition cannot be said, however, to have been entirely abortive, because it contributed to divert the attention of the enemy from measures of offence to those of defence merely. But, in truth, the tide was by this time turning strong in favour of Canada, which, with a little more of prudence on the part of her naval, and of hardihood and judgment in her military, commander-in-chief, might, and ought to, have come out of the struggle everywhere triumphant.

Great exertions had of late been made by both parties to increase their squadrons on Lake Ontario and Lake Champlain. On all the other lakes, Erie, Michigan, and Huron, the Americans had a decided superiority; but on Ontario, the belligerent forces were by this time equalised, and the enemy naturally conceived that the English would be induced, by their superior military efficiency, to strike at the source of the naval strength of America by destroying Sacketts Harbour. With a view to protect that point, troops were called in from all quarters, and Lake Champlain was left, as has just been explained, to be defended by weak garrisons at Plattsburg and other posts. The American squadron on Lake Champlain consisted of one ship, one brig, one sloop, one schooner, and

ten gunboats, carrying among them eighty-six heavy guns, and manned by 983 first-rate seamen. The launching of a new vessel on the 26th of August at Isle aux Noix raised the British squadron to one ship, one brig, two sloops, and twelve gunboats. The whole were superior in numbers of cannon to the enemy, for they carried among them 91; but their crews were the offscourings both of the Royal Navy and of the transport service, supplemented by French Canadians and soldiers. The new ship, moreover, the *Confiance*, was absolutely in the builder's hands, and her powder carried in lighters alongside when she quitted the stocks to go into action; and her commander, the commodore of the little fleet, seems to have been entirely wanting in that calm thought which is even more necessary than courage to direct a great battle either by land or sea.

Having despatched one of the brigades, which reached him from the Garonne, to secure Kingston and the Niagara frontier, Sir George Prevost, the commander-in-chief in British North America, moved from the camp which he had formed near Montreal. He began his march with 11,000 men on the 1st of September, and on the 3d, after driving in the enemy's outposts, took possession of the town of Champlain on the *Chaizie*. The American general, Macomb, had but a single brigade of regular troops under his orders. With these he fell back to Plattsburg, the heights above which were already surmounted with a few field-works, all of them incapable of a protracted defence. Unfortunately Sir George Prevost had arrived at the opinion that a victory by land would serve no purpose, unless the American flotilla should in the first instance be destroyed. He was so far correct, that, though victorious over the troops encamped at Plattsburg, he would have found it impossible to cross the lake and to advance upon Sacketts Harbour, the Americans retaining their superiority on

the waters ; but he was entirely wrong in assuming that an action on shore would be profitless till the American flotilla was defeated ; and still more mistaken if he conceived that a victory at sea was to any extent necessary in order to insure a victory on shore. Nothing could have prevented him from driving the American general out of his works had he moved up, as he might have done, on the 5th. But he did not arrive in sight of these works till the 6th, and then he halted. Repeated messages were sent after this to Captain Downie, demanding when he would be in a condition to advance from Isle aux Noix. The enemy's squadron lay about two miles from Plattsburg, in communication with their army. Could not Captain Downie hurry his preparations, and sweep the American flotilla aside, while the troops, under Sir George Prevost, stormed the heights ? Downie suffered himself to be chafed, and hurried his preparations. Indeed, he did more : he took advantage of a fair wind on the 11th, and, rushing on with the *Confiance*, which far outsailed her consorts, engaged the whole American fleet single-handed. The results are well known. One by one, as the British vessels came up, they were disabled, and the command of the lake, which it was anticipated they would establish, remained more decidedly than ever with the Americans.

Sir George Prevost has been generally blamed as the sole cause of this disaster. We have no intention to become his advocates ; but the truth is, that he was the cause of it only in part. It is a mistake to assume that the American flotilla could not have engaged the English successfully, had the British army been in possession of the heights. Not a gun from the heights could reach the anchorage where the flotilla lay. The success of Sir George Prevost could therefore have had no influence, except a moral influence, favourable to Captain Downie. But Captain Downie's defeat un-

deniably frustrated the whole plan of the campaign. For the sake of effect, Sir George ought, even on the 11th, to have stormed the enemy's works ; for the sake of effect, he ought to have achieved that easy conquest long before the sails of the British squadron became visible in the distance ; but he could have done no more. He managed, however, to tarnish the honour of troops which had never till then suffered disgrace. He stopped his columns on the 11th when moving to the attack, broke up his position before the enemy, and retreated harassed by their riflemen through the woods. No more was attempted that year. The victors of the Peninsula, out of humour with their commander, went into quarters at Isle aux Noix, Chambly, and Laprairie, and before an opportunity could be afforded them of wiping off their shame, preliminaries of peace were signed between Great Britain and America.

It will be seen from this plain statement of facts, that the war into which she ungenerously entered in 1812 brought to America neither profit nor honour. In almost all the encounters which occurred between her troops and those of England on the Canadian frontiers, the Americans were beaten. They established themselves, no doubt, in 1813, in the Amherstburg district, and kept it till the end of the war ; but to counterbalance this, they lost Fort Niagara and the island of Michilimackinac, which were not given up till hostilities ceased. More curious still, as showing how weary they had become of the contest, not one of the wrongs complained of as the cause of the quarrel was so much as taken into consideration when the quarrel ended. The claims of neutrals to free navigation, immunity from search at sea, the right of affording an asylum to deserters—these points were all left precisely where they stood when the war began. Had it not been, in-

deed, for Sir George Prevost's blundering, and the disastrous issues of the New Orleans expedition, the Americans themselves must have been forced to acknowledge that a war with England is the least hopeful game that the United States can play. The defeat at New Orleans was indeed a fair defeat: we owe it to the rash impetuosity of Sir Edward Pakenham, who died like a gallant soldier in the field; and to the incapacity of Sir John Keane, who lived many years afterwards, and contrived to flounder into a peerage. But Sir George Prevost's mishap was an outrage on British honour, as uncalled for as ever befell. Had he attacked Plattsburg on the 6th or 7th, there is no telling what the effect might have been; and having failed to do this, at least he ought to have carried it on the 11th. His refusal to do so, and still more his precipitate retreat, probably saved a few hundred lives at the time, but it sacrificed, what would have been cheaply purchased at the expense of five thousand lives, the halo of victory which up to that moment had surrounded the English colours, and amid the full radiance of which it was especially desirable that this American war should end.

On the other hand, there is no denying that, in the naval struggle for the command of the lakes, the Americans had the advantage throughout. England could make no head against them on Lakes Erie and Huron. On Lake Champlain she suffered a defeat; and on Ontario, no more can be said than that by great exertion she managed to bring up her own strength at last to a level with that of the enemy. This is not to be wondered at. The Canadian shores of the Upper Lakes were very thinly inhabited half a century ago. Even the Amherstburg district between Lake Erie and Lake Huron had scarcely begun to be cleared; and to establish navy-yards where there are neither towns nor roads, nor the means of feeding workmen, is simply impossible. So likewise in

regard to Lake Ontario: there was no position along its northern shore, not even Kingston, which could compare half a century ago in point of convenience with Sacketts Harbour. With respect to Lake Champlain, it was throughout an American lake, and afforded facilities for building and equipping fleets which were denied to a power possessing but a single harbour, that of Isle aux Noix, at its extremity. Besides, the Americans had everything on the spot—timber, iron, artificers, guns, stores—the latter secured on Lake Oneida, whence they could easily be transported to other lakes as required; whereas England, when she took seriously to ship-building, was obliged to send out all, even the frames of the vessels themselves, piecemeal, from Europe. The marvel, therefore, is, not that the United States should have achieved an ascendancy on these inland waters, but that the ascendancy should have been so far from decided, and that so little should have been made of it in promoting the great objects of the war. Canada was never conquered, nor in any danger of being conquered. How would the case stand now? How would it have stood had the Federal Government refused to do justice in the matter of the Trent?

Between December 1814, when the preliminaries of peace were signed at Ghent, and December 1861, when the ultimatum of the British Government reached Washington, forty-seven years had run their course. During that extended interval, the friendly relations of Great Britain with the United States, though more than once endangered, were never absolutely interrupted. We permitted ourselves to be wronged on the boundary question, and took no notice of the deceit practised upon us when it was discovered. We forbore from demanding redress for the outrages of American sympathisers in 1837; and even the gross violation of law and right, in the seizure of Isle St Juan, we refrained from chastising.

This continued forbearance on our part was probably a mistake, but it sufficed in the meanwhile to keep the peace ; and peace brought immense physical advantages, both to Canada and the United States. With respect to Canada, there is now a belt on both sides of the St Lawrence, and along the shores of the lakes, which has long ceased, to the extent of 1000 miles, to be the wilderness which it was in 1812. The forest has largely disappeared from the Amherstburg territory. The Niagara district exhibits an extensive breadth of cultivation ; and Toronto, though it has ceased to be the capital of a province, flourishes. Kingston likewise has become a respectable town, and can boast of an excellent harbour. As to Lower Canada, crowds of emigrants, both from Great Britain and Ireland, have poured into it ; till now, the British settlers as far exceed the French *habitants* in number as they surpass them in industry and strength of character. The population of Montreal alone, chiefly English and Irish, has grown to 100,000 ; and that of both Canadas reaches wellnigh to 3,000,000. Neither has the prosecution of useful public works been neglected. In order to surmount the difficulties in navigation presented by the St Lawrence, various canals have been dug. The first, as we proceed upwards from Quebec, passes through the southern extremity of the island of Montreal, and is about two miles in length. It carries vessels clear of the rapids of La Chine, and brings them out again into the quiet waters of the river above these rapids. The next is much longer, and has unfortunately been cut on the right or American bank of the river, at a distance of less than fifteen miles from the frontier. It clears the cascades and the Cidars, and, extending from Beauharnais to Hungry Bay, is called the Beauharnais Canal. A third, the Cornwall Canal, stretches from Cornwall to Dickenson's Landing, and avoids thereby the Long Sault. Beyond this are short de-

tached canals, at Farrand's Point, the Platte, Iroquois, and the Galopa Rapids. After these the navigation is safe through the Thousand Islands into Lake Ontario, with capacity enough to float anything which shall not exceed 136 feet in length, 44 in beam, and 9 feet draught. Now, though works like these tend greatly to develop the resources of the districts through which they pass, and to facilitate the commerce of the Far West with Canada and with Europe, we must not, when considering the military position of Canada itself, count too much upon them. It has been assumed, and doubtless correctly, that they present a channel through which gun-boats, and even small-class frigates, might pass. Indeed, we have heard it gravely argued, that from this time forth no special preparation will be necessary in order to insure to England the command of the lakes ; because, in the event of war, her squadrons which blockade the American coasts can detach force enough to sweep from these inland waters every hostile pennant. But they who reason thus, forget that no dependence can be placed upon a series of canals, any one of which runs within fifteen miles of an enemy's frontier. A few bags of gunpowder judiciously applied in a dark night, a few hours' work with pick and spade by men who have won a brief command of the situation by guile or violence, would break up the whole channel. Nor can we derive much comfort from turning our eyes towards the Rideau Canal, much as it was at one time counted upon. It forms a safe and ready communication between Kingston and the town of Ottawa ; but vessels seeking to ascend from Montreal to Ottawa must follow the course of the Ottawa river, which, besides being both circuitous and rapid, is here and there beset by shallows, such as the merchant steamers plying between the Atlantic and Lake Ontario find it impossible, for the most part, to surmount. Indeed, it was this defect in

the Rideau Canal, rendering it comparatively useless for purposes of trade, which led to the construction of the canals just enumerated. It would never do, therefore, to trust to navigation of this sort, assuming the command of the lakes to be as important now to the defence of Canada as it was half a century ago. In like manner the railways which have been constructed on the same principle as the canals will scarcely suffice, in Lower Canada, to multiply our military resources by facilitating the movement of troops. The Grand Trunk, which runs all the way from Riviere du Loups to Lake Huron, is carried as far as Montreal on the right bank of the St Lawrence, never keeping farther than sixty, and approaching where it is nearest within ten miles of the frontier. How are you to defend a line thus exposed, throughout an extent, as the bird flies, of 250 miles—and how could you, being unable to defend, venture to make use of it, after hostilities began, for the transport of troops and stores from the coast to the interior?

Again, the effect of the Ashburton Treaty has been to render a thousand times more difficult than it ought to be military communication between Canada and the mother country, and between one portion of British America and another. From the month of December, when the navigation of the St Lawrence closes, till the month of May, when it opens again, the only ports in North America accessible to English men-of-war and transports, are Halifax in Nova Scotia, and St John in New Brunswick. Now, such is the position of these ports relatively to Quebec, that though, as the bird flies, the nearest of them is within 300 miles of that city, you could not construct a railroad between them, which would be at all safe, except on a detour of upwards of 600 miles; and even then you must arrive at last on a point where your line shall connect itself with the Grand Trunk, and thus be brought within ten miles of the frontier. This never

ought to have been, and never would have been, had not Sir Robert Peel sent to negotiate with our slippery cousins a nobleman, disposed, if not by personal interests, without doubt by timidity, to sacrifice everything in the future to present peace. The State of Maine, of which the north boundary was marked on the map accepted by Franklin in 1785 at the 44th degree of latitude, was stretched down in a tongue by Lord Ashburton to the 45th degree, and the State now interposes for sixty geographical miles between two portions of British territory, wellnigh isolating both.

Meanwhile the United States, free from all apprehension of aggressive war on our parts, have gone on spreading cultivation northwards, and connecting by many lines of rail their great commercial towns with Lakes Erie and Ontario, and with the Canadian frontier. They have lines from Portland, Boston, Rhode Island, London, and New York—all of which join the Canadian Grand Trunk, or, to speak more correctly, are joined by it at a place called Mooer, about three miles within their own frontier. They have a line of their own which communicates with these, skirting the frontier as far as Ogdensburg, and which at Champlain is not more than 30 miles distant from Montreal. And more vexatious still, they have got possession, by virtue of the Ashburton Treaty, of the fort at Rouse's Point, which we built as on our own territory, before railways existed, in order to command the approaches to Montreal by Lake Champlain. It will be seen that their facilities of attack, in the event of a new war, are by these means greatly increased since 1814, for any number of troops may be moved by these various lines; and so long as the lines continue open, an army operating in front of them can be supplied as well and almost as speedily from Boston and New York as from magazines formed, as of old, at Plattsburg and Oswego.

We confess that the prospect of

war in December last did not seriously alarm us. Men enough, we doubt not, the Americans could have got together. Indeed, there was a rumour in circulation, to which, however, we gave little credence, that they had collected as many as 20,000 close to the frontier. But to collect men and to move them are two different things, and to feed and provide for them, after they are fairly launched into a campaign, is a third matter, which inexperienced persons will find it easier to talk about than to settle. Still, if the Federals should by chance succeed, either in conquering the Confederates or in separating from them amicably, then we have every reason to expect that the Washington Cabinet will find it necessary to seek employment for its enormous army somewhere away from home. Nor is it difficult, if we may judge from the tone of the American newspapers, to guess in what direction General M'Lellan and his troops will be turned. Assume then, that a new quarrel is likely to be fastened upon England, and that the long-cherished idea of annexing Canada is resumed. How is it probable that the attack will be made, and by what means may we, while time and opportunity are afforded, best provide against the emergency?

We take it for granted that the Federal Government will for many reasons direct against Canada the largest amount of its disposable force which it can command. Less than 200,000 men would not suffice for so grave an undertaking; and if there really be, when hostilities begin, half a million under arms, there is no reason why 300,000 should not enter on the campaign.* The probabilities are likewise, that as far as the altered condition of both countries may allow, the assailants will advance by the same lines as in 1813. They will push forward three, perhaps four columns,

one from Washington to Detroit, at the top of Lake Erie; another from New York to Buffalo, at the bottom of the same lake; possibly a third to Sacketts Harbour, with a view to the reduction of Kingston; and a fourth from Boston to Rouse's Point, at the bottom of Lake Champlain. This last we may safely put down at not less than 100,000 men, while the other three may number 25,000 respectively. Previously to all this, strenuous exertions will have been made to build and launch such a number of war vessels as shall give them the command of Lake Ontario—an object which, unless we be beforehand with them, there is nothing to prevent them from effecting. Grant all this to be done, and well done, what follows? While Amherstburg and Niagara are both invaded, and Kingston invested, the larger army at Rouse's Point separates into two masses, one of which will threaten, and, if the opportunity serve, attack Montreal in front; while the other crosses the St Lawrence opposite to Cornwall, and takes the city in reverse.

We assume that the officer who shall direct these operations has acquired in his contests with the Confederates some knowledge of the art of war. He will have learned, for example, that it is necessary, in conducting offensive operations, to keep open the communications of his own army with its rear, and having 25,000 men to spare, he will doubtless employ them on this service. They will watch Nova Scotia and New Brunswick from their own portion of the valley of St John, and be ready, as occasion shall arise, either to repel an aggressive movement, or to make one. All this may not come to pass, nor even a portion of it, but all is undoubtedly upon the cards. What is England required to do in anticipation of it?

There may be both justice and wisdom in the theory, that colonies,

* It will be seen that we look at this matter from a purely American point of view. That the Federal States will have 500,000 men, or anything like that force, to draw on when their present troubles cease, we entirely disbelieve. But it is best to prepare for the worst, and the measures which we recommend are just as necessary against 100,000 invaders as against 300,000.

as soon as they acquire the rights of self-government, should be called upon to provide for their own defence in war. Like other general rules, however, this admits of exceptions, and the case of British North America must to a certain extent be regarded as exceptional. Perhaps England should not be taxed to keep soldiers continually at the Cape of Good Hope, in the Australasian group, or even in the West India Islands. Every one of these colonies is rich enough to maintain such armed force as it requires in time of peace, because they are all sufficiently guarded by distance, or by the naval supremacy of the mother country, from the sudden attacks of regular armies. But British North America is differently circumstanced. It stands face to face with a power which, in the appliances of modern science and in the courage and endurance of its people, is a match for the most military of European nations. An American army, when it first takes the field, may be little better than a rabble; but give it the experience of a year or two, and it becomes able to hold its own against the best troops in the world. So our people found half a century ago, and so, if the storm which we are now contemplating do not burst till 1863, our people may find again. Under these circumstances, it appears to us that the Imperial Government is bound to garrison British North America in time of peace, and to render it all the support which can be spared when war arises. The Imperial Government may likewise, in our opinion, be expected to share in the expense of constructing such permanent works as prudence may suggest, and for this reason, that there are ten chances to one that war with the Federal States, when it occurs, will arise not out of colonial but out of Imperial questions. On the other hand, British North America cannot expect—we are sure that she does not expect—to be defended altogether by the mother country. She must out of her own resources sup-

plement the regular garrison, which the mother country supplies, with a numerous, stout, and well-disciplined militia. She has all the machinery ready, though for lack of use it has got out of gear: and she must restore it to working order, no matter what inconvenience the effort may occasion. We believe that a militia in Canada alone could be raised to the amount of 150,000 men, without any serious drain upon the industry of the country. Of this mass, 50,000 might easily be called out at a time, and kept under arms for three months. At the end of three months a second batch, to the like extent, should take their places, and thus in the course of a single summer we should be able to show a force of 100,000 disciplined soldiers in case of need. In winter all might drill, as our own Volunteers drill at home, at odd hours, in halls and under sheds, by squads and companies. With 150,000 provincials thus prepared, and 10,000 or 15,000 British troops behind them, Canada might safely, according to our view of the subject, defy the world in arms.

The same rule which we apply to Canada we should apply to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It is not exacting too much from these provinces to require that they shall each supply 10,000 or 15,000 effective militia, which, supported by 5000 regular troops, will render them competent to play their parts in any game to which they may be called.

The American colonies will naturally look to the mother country for arms and stores. We do not think that they ought to accept these things as free gifts. They are rich enough to purchase their own *matériel*, as well as to clothe, pay, and feed their own troops when embodied. But if unable to bear the heavy expense of a first equipment, it seems to us that they cannot scruple to share it with the mother country, or at all events to take upon themselves the burden of keeping up the stock when it has once been supplied. In like man-

ner they will be expected, if not to defray, certainly to share the cost of all such public works as shall serve the double purpose of commercial and military communication. The railway from Quebec to Montreal, for example, is on the wrong side of the river. In time of peace it may be convenient enough; in the event of war it would become useless. If a second line on the left bank be considered indispensable, the Canadian Government should be required to provide a fair proportion of the funds necessary to make it. And still more, should competent authorities arrive at the conclusion that England's readiest mode of obtaining and keeping command of the lakes is to construct a new canal, which, embracing and enlarging the first of those now in use, shall pass thence into the Ottawa Canal, and from the Ottawa Canal to Kingston harbour, then must Canada, as well as the mother country, be taxed for the completion of it, though possibly the heavier portion of the expense may fall upon England. Such a work, executed sufficiently in rear of the St Lawrence to prevent the possibility of molestation from the other side, would for all military as well as commercial purposes throw the inland waters of America and the Atlantic into one. It would then be easy for Great Britain to crowd into Lake Ontario such a fleet as must render competition on the part of the United States hopeless. For, in spite of all their skill, the Americans could never build as fast as our gunboats and frigates could ascend from the seaboard, while the door would always be open to them to return for the blockade of the enemy's coasts, as soon as they should have destroyed the enemy's harbours and captured their flotilla on the lakes. It is obvious that the sort of canal of which we are now speaking, must be rendered more capacious in every respect than the most convenient of those now in use; though for an unreasonable depth there can be no need, because stores and guns can be floated on rafts or barges in rear of

the larger frigates when they come into smooth water.

It has been suggested to add to these a line of railway, which shall connect Halifax and St John with Quebec. For reasons elsewhere assigned, we consider this project as of doubtful value. Not that we are disposed to make much of the physical obstacles presented elsewhere than through the valley of the St John by the face of the country in New Brunswick. Of whatever nature these may be, skill, industry, and capital can overcome them; but your railway, when constructed, must either end at Riviere du Loups, whence it will run for thirty miles within ten miles of the frontier, or it will carry you to some point lower down the St Lawrence, where the river is wide, and in winter generally impassable. Moreover, in reaching the opposite bank, you will find no railway to take you up, but the prospect of a march of two hundred miles over a country intersected with torrents, and otherwise difficult. On the whole, we incline to think that, till our line of frontier is rectified, the construction of a railway between the St John and the St Lawrence would, so far as military operations are concerned, be money thrown away. We must be content, therefore, for a while, to consider New Brunswick and Nova Scotia as a flanking bastion or ravelin thrown out from Canada, which, though it be cut off from ready communication with the body of the place, is not therefore useless.

We come now to another point, which is equally worthy of attention. Should any new fortifications be thrown up in Canada? and if thrown up, where shall we place them? We confess ourselves little friendly to a system of defence which depends to any great extent upon fortified places. Here and there, as in the Austrian Quadrilateral, these may be of the utmost importance; but a country like Canada will never be defended at all, unless it be defended by armies in the field. Indeed, the attempt to cover the frontier, or even the most

exposed points in it, by forts, or other enclosed works, must lead only to discomfiture. You could not garrison a dozen or two of such places except by weakening too much your field force, while each, as the enemy passed it by, would be lost to you. The best army in the world, however, if it is to act in separate corps, and over an extended area, requires here and there a *place d'armes*, round which its levies may gather, and on which, in case of disaster, its fragments may retire. This rule, which holds good everywhere, is especially applicable to the state of a country with a frontier so extensive and exposed as that of Canada.

If it be the use of history to read the future in the past, then the plan of campaign which we sketched out for the Americans in 1863 is that which they will probably follow. Canada will be invaded again, as she has been repeatedly invaded before, by Amherstburg, Niagara, Kingston, and Montreal: we must provide, therefore, for every possible contingency in each of these directions. Possibly Quebec itself may be threatened, even at the commencement of the war; but we certainly do not consider the contingency probable. For though it be indisputable that the power which holds Quebec holds the gate of Canada against all comers, no Federal leader, even if he could command the passage of the river, would throw himself in these days upon Quebec, till he should have barred out the population of Canada West from coming to its relief. For our present purpose, therefore, it will suffice to look to the old lines of attack, and see if we can render them safe to ourselves and difficult of emprise to the enemy.

It may well appear at first sight impossible to provide effectually for the defence of Montreal. We admit the difficulty of the scheme, but deny its impossibility. Montreal is too extensive, and lies too much in a hollow, to be enclosed within walls and ditches; but you may render the approaches to it ex-

tremely difficult by detached works judiciously placed, especially by the construction of a strong *tête-de-pont* on the right bank of the river, and by planting on the hill which overlooks the town on the left a redoubt or citadel. But you must do more than this. On the first tidings of war, an attempt must be made to take possession of the fort at Rouse's Point. The occupation of this, and of the forts at Isle aux Noix, St John, and Chambly, would block the way long enough to try the patience of the assailants; and when these places fall, if fall they must, you have still your *tête-de-pont* to maintain, with the broad and rapid St Lawrence behind it. It is possible that, even by these means, you will not be able to save Montreal from bombardment; but, assuming your military canal to have been completed, or that you have ships enough on Lake Ontario to hinder the descent of *bateaux* from Sacketts Harbour, we really do not see how the enemy are to cross the St Lawrence in the face of a few batteries judiciously planted. Everything will of course depend upon your power to prevent the laying of a bridge. Should the canals be still where they now are, and Lake Ontario in the enemy's possession, Montreal can hardly be saved, unless you be in force enough to fight a general action, and defeat the enemy under its walls.

With respect again to Kingston, as the approaches to the harbour are already fortified, nothing more seems necessary than to strengthen the existing works, and, perhaps, to enlarge them. We are aware of the obstacles presented to this by the surrender, some time ago, of all crown lands to the local government, and by the encroachments subsequently made upon the line of fire by private dwellings. But if it be considered too expensive to remove these dwellings, their owners must be prepared, on an emergency, to destroy them; while fresh batteries are erected wherever their action seems to be required. Beyond this, however, it seems un-

necessary to go. Kingston cannot be attacked, except by water, till Upper Canada shall have fallen; and if you so distribute its defences as to render a landing difficult and dangerous, you have done all in this quarter which circumstances admit of. The case is different both in Amherstburg and Niagara. There such places as Sandwich and Fort Dalhousie would simply be in the way. They might tempt a general to throw a few men into them whom he would certainly lose. But in the rear both of Amherstburg and the Niagara there are positions which, if taken up and rendered as strong as the skill of man can make them, would render the subjugation of these districts, if not impossible, at all events very tedious and very difficult.

Looking first to the Amherstburg territory, we find that the only retreat left open to Colonel Proctor in the last war was up the valley of the Thames. The same line would certainly be chosen now by an army worsted on the frontier; for the Grand Trunk Railway runs from Amherstburg to London, and from London by Hamilton to Toronto and Kingston. London itself thus becomes an important strategic point, being at once sufficiently removed from the border to serve as a place of muster for the militia of the district, and sufficiently near to afford security to the corps which might have engaged and been overcome by an invading army in Essex county. It is important, likewise, as holding the key to the only door of rapid communication between the extreme west of what may be called the settled portions of Canada and the Atlantic. It appears to us, therefore, that the Imperial Government will do well to take possession of as much land in this quarter as may enable our engineers to construct, without delay, an intrenched camp capable of being defended by 5000 men. With such a camp interposing between them and a march down the country, it is not probable that the American column, even if successful in the first instance, will

ever venture more than a few miles from its place of landing.

For the same reasons, and because the material facilities of the ground are even more striking, we would suggest the construction of a second intrenched camp of similar dimensions on Burlington Heights. These heights, it will be remembered, constituted the *point d'appui* on which, during the war of 1812, 1813, and 1814, the troops told off for the protection of the Niagara district always rallied after some temporary reverse. The town of Hamilton is now connected with them, and they command both its harbour, which is good, and the Grand Trunk Railway. Five thousand men thrown into an intrenched camp in this position would hold at bay any number of invaders, till time should have been afforded to call out the whole strength of the province.

We have alluded elsewhere to the possibility of an attempt by *coup-de-main* on Quebec. Not that we consider such an occurrence at all likely to happen. An American general would scarcely venture, with New Brunswick on his flank, to march by the uncleared portions of Maine, only that he might fight his way up to a broad river, through a district so well peopled and so warlike as St Francis. But in war even possibilities must be guarded against. Quebec is strong already; its strength will be increased by surrounding the detached towers which now crown the Heights of Abraham with solid earthworks; and by looking to that exposed corner of the lower town, by which, during the war of the Revolution, Arnold had wellnigh entered. This being done, and care taken to have the magazines and arsenals well filled, we need not entertain the smallest apprehension for Quebec; and so long as Quebec remains in possession of British troops, the permanent conquest of Canada by the Americans will remain to be effected.

Having thus provided points at which the local militia may collect, and places of strength to which corps, worsted in a first encounter,

may retire, the military authorities on the spot must select some position where the grand army, which they propose to employ in active operations, shall assemble. Such a position ought to be central, so that support may be conveniently sent from it to either flank, without, however, too much weakening the force which is kept in hand, to act wherever the enemy may show himself in greatest strength. It is not for us to indicate where the position should be. Enough is done when we point out that it ought not to be too distant either from Montreal or from Quebec, and that it should be chosen with a special eye to the railways, canals, roads, and other lines of communication which, when manœuvring begins, can be made available.

This plan of ours may, perhaps, be objected to as implying the abandonment of all those valuable counties which lie on the right bank of the St Lawrence, and, still more, of the Grand Trunk Railway between Quebec and Montreal. Why not endeavour, in the first instance, to retain your hold upon these counties? and if that be impossible, why give up the railway without a struggle? Our answer is, that it would be imprudent at the opening of a campaign to commit a young army to a general action with such a river as the St Lawrence in its rear; and that, in order to nurse such an army, and render it effective, you must leave many outlying provinces to take care of themselves. With respect, again, to the Grand Trunk Railway, it has elsewhere been shown that, with an enterprising enemy in our front, it becomes useless to us as soon as hostilities begin. A chain, be its length what it may, is only as strong as its weakest link; and a railway which runs for thirty miles within ten miles of a hostile frontier, can scarcely be made use of in war for the conveyance of troops. As to patrolling these thirty miles, either on foot or by detached cars, that expedient could serve no possible purpose. The first effort made by the enemy will be to pos-

sess themselves of the line, and destroy it; and unless you are prepared to support your patrols with an army, the patrols can offer no resistance which shall be effectual against superior numbers.

But though we may withdraw our divisions for a time from the districts to the south of the St Lawrence, it does not therefore follow that they are abandoned. Each county has its own local militia—these will all turn out; and should the enemy be so ill advised as to weaken himself in order to put them down, they will show good fight for their hearths and homes against his detachments. But this is not all. The armies of New Brunswick and of Nova Scotia will not be idle. Leaving a sufficient number, say 2000 regular troops and 8000 or 10,000 militia, to guard the provinces, the remainder will act upon the enemy's communications, eluding or fighting the corps of observation which watches them, and breaking up every line of rail to which they can gain access. If successful here, success will soon attend the British arms elsewhere. The heavy columns in front of Montreal will find it necessary to retire. The British army will cross the St Lawrence in pursuit, and the campaign is just as likely to end by establishing a new frontier for Canada, with Portland on one flank, and Lake Ontario on the other, as by leaving the enemy in permanent possession of a mile of Canadian territory.

We give these speculations for what they are worth. The results of a war so waged must, of course, depend upon the military genius of the leaders on either side, and the bravery of the troops. But assuming these to be equal, we think the odds are in favour of our own countrymen. Indeed, if the proposed canal be completed in time, from the seaboard to Lake Ontario, and the flying corps, which is to harass the American coasts, do its duty, the war with England of 1863 will probably teach the Federals a lesson which they are not likely to forget for many years afterwards.

AUGUSTUS WELBY PUGIN.—NOTE.

[A PASSAGE in the Review of the Life of the late Augustus Welby Pugin, which appeared in the December Number of the *Magazine*, has called forth the following very proper and judicious letter, which we willingly print, not merely in courtesy to Mr Pugin's family, but as a clear and satisfactory statement of facts, which must for the future remove all misconception on the subject.

We have only to add how deeply we regret that, in describing the character and career of an eminent public man who had been visited with the saddest of all human afflictions, the loss of reason, we should have said anything which could recall that great sorrow to his family in a painful manner, or render it necessary for them to come before the public with any explanations on such a subject.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE."

SIR,—I trust you will allow me space in your valuable pages to correct a misstatement put forward in your December Number, concerning the mental malady and death of my father, and the neglect he is alleged to have suffered at the hands of his friends.

In an interesting and favourable review of my father's life, the writer more than once makes allusion to the mystery, now, he fears, "never to be cleared up," which surrounded the last days of my father's laborious career.

He states how the English public, to whom the name of Welby Pugin was familiar, were on the sudden astonished at the news that the great artist was in Bethlehem Hospital; and how, after an outbreak of popular indignation, my father was stealthily removed by his guardians from the sad place of refuge. But how, asks the writer, came a man of so proud and independent a spirit—and one, too, who always had the honest English habit of paying his way—to be so deserted by his friends, as to be consigned in his calamity to the cold charity of a public institution? The writer then darkly throws out hints of the possible existence of an Ecclesiastical conspiracy, set on foot against an unruly son of the Church.

Such a conspiracy is, I need scarcely say, a mere delusion on the part of the imaginative writer of this otherwise true and impartial article.

The facts of the case are simply these:—On the first outbreak of my father's malady at the Golden Cross Hotel, Dr Tweedie was called in by the late Sir Charles Barry, who at once advised his being placed under the care of Dr Phelps, of Kensington House; but finding his state of mind did not improve, after anxious deliberation on the part of his friends, some of whom were desirous he should be intrusted to the care of Dr Forbes Winslow, it was finally decided in favour of Bethlehem. The reason adduced for this decision was, that a professional man, personally known to my father's friends, had just left that institution, after a short confinement, perfectly restored; and all agreed that he would there receive the best professional treatment, and be at the same time under the constant care of his old friend, Dr Doyle, of St George's. So far, again, from his removal from this institution being stealthily effected, or caused by an outraged public opinion, I can only say that my father's removal was solely at the instance of his wife, who, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr Glennie, acted in opposition to the wishes of his other

friends (who were satisfied with his treatment and progress whilst at Bethlehem), and removed him to the Grove, Hammersmith, where they remained in constant attendance upon him. Dr Dickson was called in, under whose care he remained during six weeks, during which time my father had so far recovered as to be able to return to his house at Ramsgate, where, two days after his arrival, he was seized with an epileptic fit, from which he never rallied.

The close of my father's life was surely tragic enough, without importing into the sad story conjectures as mysterious as they are groundless. Where, too, was the need of seeking for imaginary causes of my father's malady? In these days it is not so very uncommon an occurrence for men of genius and ardent natures to be cut off as he was in the pride and hope of life, shattered in body and mind. In my father's case, this sad termination of a too excited life is scarcely to be wondered at, when we consider that his devotion to his art was so intense as to admit of no bodily or mental relaxation, his continuous daily labours commencing at sunrise, and seldom ending before midnight.

With regard to the surprise which has been expressed, that in his latter years my father experienced neglect from those high in authority in his Church, it is but due to his memory to take this opportunity of stating, that it arose in no way from doctrinal causes, but simply from architectural differences of opinion.

Your obedient servant,

E. WELBY PUGIN.

THE GRANGE, RAMSGATE,
Jan. 14, 1862.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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Vol. XCI.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD : SALEM CHAPEL.

PART II.—CHAPTER IV.

AFTER the remarkable encounter which had thus happened to the young minister, life went on with him in the dulllest routine for some days. Thursday came, and he had to go to Mrs Brown's tea-party, where, in the drawing-room upstairs, over the Devonshire Dairy, after tea, and music, and the diversions of the evening, he conducted prayers to the great secret satisfaction of the hostess, who felt that the superior piety of her entertainment entirely made up for any little advantage in point of gentility which Mrs Tozer, with a grown-up daughter fresh from a boarding-school, might have over her. On Friday evening there was the singing-class at the chapel, which Mr Vincent was expected to look in upon, and from which he had the privilege of walking home with Miss Tozer. When he arrived with his blooming charge at the private door, the existence of which he had not hitherto been aware of, Tozer himself appeared to invite the young pastor to enter. This time it was the butterman's unadorned domestic hearth to which Mr Vincent was

introduced. This happy privacy was in a little parlour, which, being on the same floor with the butter-shop, naturally was not without a reminiscence of the near vicinity of all those hams and cheeses—a room nearly blocked up by the large family-table, at which, to the disgust of Phoebe, the apprentices sat at meal-times along with the family. One little boy, distinguished out of doors by a red worsted comforter, was, besides Phoebe, the only member of the family itself now at home; the others being two sons, one in Australia, and the other studying for a minister, as Mrs Tozer had already informed her pastor, with motherly pride. Mrs Tozer sat in an easy-chair by the fire darning stockings on this October night; her husband, opposite to her, had been looking over his greasy books, one of which lay open upon a little writing-desk, where a bundle of smaller ones in red leather, with "Tozer, Cheesemonger," stamped on them in gilt letters, lay waiting Phoebe's arrival to be made up. The Benjamin of the house sat half-way

down the long table with his slate working at his lessons. The margin of space round this long table scarcely counted in the aspect of the room. There was space enough for chairs to be set round it, and that was all: the table, with its red-and-blue cover and the faces appearing about it, constituted the entire scene. Mr Vincent stood uneasily at a corner when he was brought into the apartment, and distinctly placed himself at table, as if at a meal, when he sat down.

"Do you now take off your great-coat, and make yourself comfortable," said Mrs Tozer; "there's a bit of supper coming presently. This is just what I like, is this. A party is very well in its way, Mr Vincent, sir; but when a gen'lleman comes in familiar, and takes us just as we are, that's what I like. We never can be took wrong of an evening, Tozer and me; there's always a bit of something comfortable for supper; and after the shop's shut in them long evenings, time's free. Phoebe, make haste and take off your things. What a colour you've got, to be sure, with the night air! I declare, Pa, somebody must have been saying something to her, or she'd never look so bright."

"I daresay there's more things than music gets talked of at the singing," said Tozer, thus appealed to. "But she'd do a deal better if she'd try to improve her mind than take notice what the young fellows says."

"Oh, Pa, the idea! and before Mr Vincent too," cried Phoebe—"to think I should ever dream of listening to anything that *anybody* might choose to say!"

Vincent, to whom the eyes of the whole family turned, grinned a feeble smile, but, groaning in his mind, was totally unequal to the effort of saying anything. After a moment's pause of half-disappointed expectation, Phoebe disappeared to take off her bonnet; and Mrs Tozer, bestirring herself, cleared away the desk and books, and went

into the kitchen to inquire into the supper. The minister and the deacon were accordingly left alone.

"Three more pews applied for this week—fifteen sittings in all," said Mr Tozer; "that's what I call satisfactory, that is. We mustn't let the steam go down—not on no account. You keep well at them of Sundays, Mr Vincent, and trust to the managers, sir, to keep 'em up to their dooty. Me and Mr Tufton was consulting the other day. He says as we oughtn't to spare you, and you oughtn't to spare yourself. There hasn't been such a opening not in our connection for fifteen year. We all look to you to go into it, Mr Vincent. If all goes as I expect, and you keep up as you're doing, I see no reason why we shouldn't be able to put another fifty to the salary next year."

"Oh!" said poor Vincent, with a miserable face. He had been rather pleased to hear about the "opening," but this matter-of-fact encouragement and stimulus threw him back into dismay and disgust.

"Yes," said the deacon, "though I wouldn't advise you, as a young man settin' out in life, to calculate upon it, yet we all think it's more than likely; but if you was to ask my advice, I'd say to give it 'em a little more plain—meaning the Church folks. It's expected of a new man. 'T'd touch 'em up in the State Church line, Mr Vincent, if I was you. Give us a coorse upon the anomalies, and that sort of thing—the bishops in their palaces, and the fishermen as was the start of it all; there's a deal to be done in that way. It always tells; and my opinion is as you might secure the most part of the young men and thinkers, and them as can see what's what, if you lay it on pretty strong. Not," added the deacon, remembering in time to add that necessary salve to the conscience—"not as I would have you neglect what's more important; but, after all, what is more important, Mr Vincent, than freedom of opinion

and choosing your own religious teacher? You can't put Gospel truth in a man's mind till you've freed him out of them bonds. It stands to reason—as long as he believes just what he's told, and has it all made out for him the very words he's to pray, there may be feelin', sir, but there can't be no spiritual understandin' in that man."

"Well, one can't deny that there have been enlightened men in the Church of England," said the young Nonconformist, with lofty candour. "The inconsistencies of the human mind are wonderful; and it is coming to be pretty clearly understood in the intellectual world, that a man may show the most penetrating genius, and even the widest liberality, and yet be led a willing slave in the bonds of religious rite and ceremony. One cannot understand it, it is true; but in our clearer atmosphere we are bound to exercise Christian charity. Great as the advantages are on our side of the question, I would not willingly hurt the feelings of a sincere Churchman, who, for anything I know, may be the best of men."

Mr Tozer paused with a "humph!" of uncertainty; rather dazzled with the fine language, but doubtful of the sentiment. At length light seemed to dawn upon the excellent buttermilk. "Bless my soul! that's a new view," said Tozer; "that's taking the superior line over them! My impression is as that would tell beautiful. Eh! it's famous, that is! I've heard a many gentlemen attacking the Church, like, from down below, and giving it her about her money and her greatness, and all that; but our clearer atmosphere—there's the point! I always knew as you was a clever young man, Mr Vincent, and expected a deal from you; but that's a new view, that is!"

"Oh, Pa, dear! don't be always talking about chapel business," said Miss Phoebe, coming in. "I am sure Mr Vincent is sick to death of Salem. I am sure his heart is in

some other place now; and if you bore him always about the chapel, he'll never, *never* take to Carlingford. Oh, Mr Vincent, I am sure you know it is quite true!"

"Indeed," said the young minister, with a sudden recollection, "I can vouch for my heart being in Carlingford, and nowhere else;" and as he spoke his colour rose. Phoebe clapped her hands with a little semblance of confusion.

"Oh, la!" cried that young lady, "that is *quite* as good as a confession that you have lost it, Mr Vincent. Oh, I *am* so interested! I wonder who it can be!"

"Hush, child; I daresay we shall know before long," said Mrs Tozer, who had also rejoined the domestic party; "and don't you colour up or look ashamed, Mr Vincent. Take my word, it's the very best a young minister can do. To be sure, where there's a quantity of young ladies in a congregation, it sometimes makes a little dispeace; but there ain't to say many to choose from in Salem."

"La, mamma, how *can* you think it's a lady in Salem?" cried Phoebe, in a flutter of consciousness.

"Oh, you curious thing!" cried Mrs Tozer: "she'll never rest, Mr Vincent, till she's found it all out. She always was, from a child, a dreadful one for finding out a secret. But don't you trouble yourself; it's the very best thing a young minister can do."

Poor Vincent made a hasty effort to exculpate himself from the soft impeachment, but with no effect. Smiles, innuendoes, a succession of questions asked by Phoebe, who retired, whenever she had made her remark, with conscious looks and pink blushes, perpetually renewed this delightful subject. The unlucky young man retired upon Tozer. In desperation he laid himself open to the less troublesome infliction of the buttermilk's advice. In the mean time the table was spread, and supper appeared in most substantial and savoury shape; the only drawback being, that whenever the

door was opened, the odours of bacon and cheese from the shop came in like a musty shadow of the boiled ham and hot sausages within.

"I am very partial to your style, Mr Vincent," said the deacon; "there's just one thing I'd like to observe, sir, if you'll excuse me. I'd give 'em a coorse; there's nothing takes like a coorse in our connection. Whether it's on a chapter or a book of Scripture, or on a perticklar doctrine, I'd make a pint of giving 'em a coorse if it was me. There was Mr Bailey, of Parson's Green, as was so popular before he married—he had a historical coorse in the evenings, and a coorse upon the eighth of Romans in the morning; and it was astonishing to see how they took. I walked over many and many's the summer evening myself, he kep' up the interest so. There ain't a cleverer man in our body, nor wasn't a better liked as he was then."

"And now I understand he's gone away—what was the reason?" asked Mr Vincent.

Tozer shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. "All along of the women: they didn't like his wife; and my own opinion is, he fell off dreadful. Last time I heard him, I made up my mind I'd never go back again—me that was such an admirer of his; and the managers found the chapel was falling off, and a deputation waited on him; and, to be sure, he saw it his duty to go."

"And oh, she was so sweetly pretty!" cried Miss Phoebe: "but pray, pray, Mr Vincent, don't look so pale. If you marry a pretty lady, we'll all be so kind to her! We shan't grudge her our minister; we shall——"

Here Miss Phoebe paused, overcome by her emotions.

"I do declare there never was such a child," said Mrs Tozer: "it's none of your business, Phoebe. She's a great deal too feelin', Mr Vincent. But I don't approve, for my part, of a minister marrying a lady as is

too grand for her place, whatever Phoebe may say. It's her that should teach suchlike as us humility and simple ways; and a finelady isn't no way suitable. Not to discourage you, Mr Vincent, I haven't a doubt, for my part, that you'll make a nice choice."

"I have not the least intention of trying the experiment," said poor Vincent, with a faint smile; then, turning to his deacon, he plunged into the first subject that occurred to him. "Do you know a Mrs Hilyard in Back Grove Street?" asked the young minister. "I went to see her the other day. Who is she, or where does she belong to, can you tell me?—and which of your great ladies in Carlingford is it," he added, with a little catching of his breath after a momentary pause, "who visits that poor lady? I saw a carriage at her door."

"Meaning the poor woman at the back of the chapel?" said Tozer—"I don't know nothing of her, except that I visited there, sir, as you might do, in the way of dooty. Ah! I fear she's in the gall of bitterness, Mr Vincent; she didn't take my 'umble advice, sir, not as a Christian ought. But she comes to the chapel regular enough; and you may be the means of putting better thoughts into her mind; and as for our great ladies in Carlingford," continued Mr Tozer, with the air of an authority, "never a one of them, I give you my word, would go out of her way a-visiting to one of the chapel folks. They're a deal too bigoted for that, especially them at St Roque's."

"Oh, Pa, how can you say so," cried Phoebe, "when it's very well known the ladies go everywhere, where the people are very, very poor; but then Mr Vincent said a poor lady. Was it a nice carriage? The Miss Wodehouses always walk, and so does Mrs Glen, and all the Strangeways. Oh, I know! it was the young Dowager—that pretty, pretty lady, you know, mamma, that gives the grand parties, and lives in Grange Lane. I saw her

carriage going up the lane by the chapel once. Oh, Mr Vincent, wasn't she very, *very* pretty, with blue eyes and brown hair?"

"I could not tell you what kind of eyes and hair they were," said Mr Vincent, trying hard to speak indifferently, and quite succeeding so far as Phoebe Tozer was concerned; for who could venture to associate the minister of Salem, even as a victim, with the bright eyes of Lady Western? "I thought it strange to see her there, whoever she was."

"Oh, how insensible you are!" murmured Phoebe, across the table. Perhaps, considering all things, it was not strange that Phoebe should imagine her own pink bloom to have dimmed the young pastor's appreciation of other beauty.

"But it was Mrs Hilyard I inquired about, and not this Lady—Lady what, Miss Phoebe?" asked the reverend hypocrite; "I don't profess to be learned in titles, but hers is surely a strange one. I thought dowager was another word for an old woman."

"She's a beautiful young creature," broke in the buttermilk. "I mayn't approve of such goings-on, but I can't shut my eyes. She deals with me regular, and I can tell you the shop looks like a different place when them eyes of hers are in it. She's out of our line, and she's out of your line, Mr Vincent," added Tozer, apologetically, coming down from his sudden enthusiasm, "or I mightn't say as much as I do say, for she's gay, and always a-giving parties, and spending her life in company, as I don't approve of; but to look in her face, you couldn't say a word against her—nor I couldn't. She might lead a man out of his wits, and I wouldn't not to say blame him. If the angels are nicer to look at, it's a wonder to me!"

Having reached to this pitch of admiration, the alarmed buttermilk came to a sudden pause, looked round him somewhat dismayed, wiped his forehead, rubbed his hands, and evidently felt that he

had committed himself, and was at the mercy of his audience. Little did the guilty Tozer imagine that never before—not when giving counsel upon chapel business in the height of wisdom, or complimenting the sermon as only a chapel-manager, feeling in his heart that the seats were letting, could—had he spoken so much to the purpose in young Vincent's hearing, or won so much sympathy from the minister. As for the female part of the company, they were at first too much amazed for speech. "Upon my word, papa!" burst from the lips of the half-laughing, half-angry Phoebe. Mrs Tozer, who had been cutting bread with a large knife, hewed at her great loaf in silence, and not till that occupation was over divulged her sentiments.

"Some bread, Mr Vincent?" said at last that injured woman: "that's how it is with all you men. Niver a one, however you may have been brought up, nor whatever pious ways you may have been used to, can stand out against a pretty face. Thank goodness, *we* know better. Beauty's but skin-deep, Mr Vincent; and, for my part, I can't see the difference between one pair o' eyes and another. I daresay I see as well out of mine as Lady Western does out o' hers, though Tozer goes on about 'em. It's a mercy for the world, women ain't carried away so; and to hear a man as is the father of a family, and ought to set an example, a-talking like this in his own house! What is the minister to think, Tozer? and Phoebe, a girl as is as likely to take up notions about her looks as most? It's what I didn't expect from you."

"La, mamma! as if there was any likeness between Lady Western and me!" cried Phoebe, lifting a not-unexpectant face across the table. But Mr Vincent was not equal to the occasion. In that *locale*, and under these circumstances, a tolerable breadth of compliment would not have shocked anybody's feelings; but the pastor neglected his

opportunities. He sat silent, and made no reply to Phoebe's look. He even at this moment, if truth must be told, devoted himself to the well-filled plate which Mrs Tozer's hospitality had set before him. He would fain have made a diversion in poor Tozer's favour had anything occurred to him in the thrill of sudden excitement which Tozer's declaration had surprised him into. As it was, tingling with anxiety to hear more of that unknown enchantress, whose presence made sunshine even in the butterman's shop, no indifferent words would find their way to Vincent's lips. So he bestowed his attentions instead upon the comfortable supper to which everybody around him, quite unexcited by this little interlude, was doing full justice, and, not venturing to ask, listened with a palpitating heart.

"You see, Mr Vincent," resumed Mrs Tozer, "that title of 'the young Dowager' has been given to Lady Western by them as is her chief friends in Carlingford. Such little things comes to our knowledge as they mightn't come to other folks in our situation, by us serving the best families. There's but two families in Grange Lane as don't deal with Tozer, and one of them's a new-comer as knows no better, and the other a stingy old bachelor, as we wouldn't go across the road to get his custom. A well-kept house must have its butter, and its cheese, and its ham regular; but when there's but a man and a maid, and them nigh as bilious as the master, and picking bits of cheese as one never heard the name of, and as has to be sent to town for, or to the Italian shop, it stands to reason neither me nor Tozer cares for a customer like that."

"Oh, Ma, what *does* Mr Vincent care about the customers?" cried Phoebe, in despair.

"He might, then, before all's done," said the deaconess. "We couldn't be as good friends to the chapel, nor as serviceable, nor as well thought on in our connection,

if it wasn't for the customers. So you see, sir, Lady Western, she's a young lady not a deal older than my Phoebe, but by reason of having married an old man, she has a stepson twice as old as herself, and he's married; and so this gay pretty creature here, she's the Dowager Lady Western. I've seen her with *young* Lady Western, her stepdaughter-in-law, and young Lady Western was a deal older, and more serious-looking, and knew twenty times more of life than the Dowager—and you may be sure she don't lose the opportunity to laugh at it neither—and so that's how the name arose."

"Thank you for the explanation; and I suppose, of course, she lives in Grange Lane," said the pastor, still bending with devotion over his plate.

"Dear, dear, you don't eat no-think, Mr Vincent," cried his benevolent hostess; "that comes of study, as I'm always a-telling Tozer. A deal better, says I, to root the minister out, and get him to move about for the good of his health, than to put him up to sermons and coorses, when we're all as pleased as Punch to start with. She lives in Grange Lane, to be sure, as they most all do as is anything in Carlingford. Fashion's all—but I like a bit of stir and life myself, and couldn't a-bear them close walls. But it would be news in Salem that we was spending our precious time a-talking over a lady like Lady Western; and as for the woman at the back of the chapel, don't you be led away to go to everybody as Mrs Brown sends you to, Mr Vincent. She's a good soul, but she's always a-picking up somebody. Tozer's been called up at twelve o'clock, when we were all a-bed, to see somebody as was dying; and there was no dying about it, but only Mrs Brown's way. My son, being at his eddication for a minister, makes me feel motherlike to a young pastor, Mr Vincent. I'd be grateful to anybody as would give my boy warning when it comes to be his time."

"I almost wonder," said Vincent, with a little natural impatience, "that you did not struggle on with Mr Tufton for a little longer, till your son's education was finished."

Mrs Tozer held up her head with gratified pride. "He'll be two years before he's ready, and there's never no telling what may happen in that time," said the pleased mother, forgetting how little favourable to her guest was any anticipated contingency. The words were very innocently spoken, but they had their effect upon Vincent. He made haste to extricate himself from the urgent hospitality which surrounded him. He was deafer than ever to Miss Phoebe's remarks, and listened with a little impatience to Tozer's wisdom. As soon as he could manage it, he left them, with abundant material for his thoughts. "There's never no telling what may happen in that time," rang in his ears as he crossed George Street to his lodging, and the young minister could scarcely check the disgust and impatience which were rising in his mind. In all the pride of his young intellect, to be advised by Tozer—to have warning stories told him of that unfortunate brother in Parson's Green, whose pretty wife made herself obnoxious to the deacons' wives—to have the support afforded by the buttermilk man to the chapel thrown in his face with such an undisguised claim upon his gratitude—oh heaven, was this what Homerton was to come to? Perhaps he had been brought here, in all the young flush of his hopes, only to have the life crushed out of him by those remorseless chapel-managers, and room made over his tarnished fame and mortified expectations—over his body, as the young man said to himself in unconscious heroics—for young Tozer's triumphant entrance. On the whole, it was not to be supposed that to see himself at the mercy of such a limited and jealous coterie—people proud of their liberality to the chapel, and altogether unable to

comprehend the feelings of a sensitive and cultivated mind—could be an agreeable prospect to the young man. Their very approbation chafed him; and if he went beyond their level, or exceeded their narrow limit, what mercy was he to expect, what justice, what measure of comprehension? He went home with a bitterness of disgust in his mind far more intense and tragical than appeared to be at all necessary in the circumstances, and which only the fact that this was his first beginning in real life, and that his imagination had never contemplated the prominent position of the butter-shop and the Devonshire Dairy, in what he fondly called his new sphere, could have justified. Perhaps no new sphere ever came up to the expectations of the neophyte; but to come, if not with too much gospel, yet with an intellectual Christian mission, an evangelist of refined nonconformity, an apostle of thought and religious opinion, and to sink suddenly into "coorses" of sermons and statistics of seat-letting in Salem—into tea-parties of deacons' wives, and singing-classes—into the complacent society of those good people who were conscious of doing so much for the chapel and supporting the minister—that was a downfall not to be lightly thought of. Salem itself, and the new pulpit, which had a short time ago represented to poor Vincent that tribune from which he was to influence the world, that point of vantage which was all a true man needed for the making of his career, dwindled into a miserable scene of trade before his disenchanted eyes—a preaching shop, where his success was to be measured by the seat-letting, and his soul decanted out into periodical issue under the seal of Tozer & Co. Such, alas! were the indignant thoughts with which, the old Adam rising bitter and strong within him, the young Nonconformist hastened home.

And She was Lady Western—the gayest and brightest and highest luminary in all the society of Car-

lingford. As well love the moon, who no longer descends to Endymion, as lift presumptuous eyes to that sweeter planet which was as much out of reach of the Dissenting

minister. Poor fellow ! his room did not receive a very cheerful inmate when he shut the door upon the world, and sat down with his thoughts.

CHAPTER V.

It was about this time, when Mr Vincent was deeply cast down about his prospects, and saw little comfort before or around him, and when, consequently, an interest apart from himself, and which could detach his thoughts from Salem and its leading members, was of importance, that his mother's letters began to grow specially interesting. Vincent could not quite explain how it was, but unquestionably those female epistles had expanded all at once ; and instead of the limited household atmosphere hitherto breathing in them—an atmosphere confined by the strait cottage walls, shutting in the little picture which the absent son knew so well, and in which usually no figure appeared but those of his pretty sister Susan, and their little servant, and a feminine neighbour or two—instead of those strict household limits, the world, as we have said, had expanded round the widow's pen ; the cottage walls or windows seemed to have opened out to disclose the universe beyond : life itself, and words the symbols of life, seemed quickened and running in a fuller current ; and the only apparent reason for all this revolution was that one new acquaintance had interrupted Mrs Vincent's seclusion, —one only visitor, who, from an unexpected call, recorded with some wonderment a month or two before, had gained possession of the house apparently, and was perpetually referred to—by Susan, in her gradually shortening letters, with a certain timidity and reluctance to pronounce his name—by the mother with growing frequency and confidence. Vincent, a little jealous of this new influence, had out of the depths of his own depression written with some

impatience to ask who this Mr Fordham was, and how he had managed to establish himself so confidentially in the cottage, when his mother's letter astounded him with the following piece of news :—

“MY DEAREST BOY,—Mr Fordham is, or at least will be—or, if I must be cautious, as your poor dear papa always warned me I should—wishes very much, and I hope will succeed in being—your brother, my own Arthur. This is sudden news, but you know, and I have often told you, that a crisis always does seem to arrive suddenly ; however much you may have been looking for it, or making up your mind to it, it does come like a blow at the time ; and no doubt there is something in human nature to account for it, if I was a philosopher, like your dear papa and you. Yes, my dear boy, that is how it is. Of course, I have known for some time past that he must have had a motive—no mother could long remain ignorant of that ; and I can't say but what, liking Mr Fordham so much, and seeing him *every way so unexceptionable*, except, perhaps, in the way of means, which we know nothing about, and which I have always thought a secondary consideration to character, as I always brought up my children to think, I was very much pleased. For you know, my dear boy, life is uncertain with the strongest ; and I am becoming an old woman, and you will marry no doubt, and what is to become of Susan unless she does the same ? So I confess I was pleased to see Mr Fordham's inclinations showing themselves. And now, dear Arthur, I've given them my blessing, and they are as happy as ever

they can be, and nothing is wanting to Susan's joy but your sympathy. I need not suggest to my dear boy to write a few words to his sister to make her feel that he shares our happiness; for Providence has blessed me in affectionate children, and I can trust the instincts of my Arthur's heart; and oh! my dear son, how thankful I ought to be, and how deeply I ought to feel God's blessings! He has been a father to the fatherless, and the strength of the widow. To think that before old age comes upon me, and while I am still able to enjoy the sight of your prosperity, I should have the happiness of seeing you comfortably settled, and in the way to do your Master's work, and make yourself a good position, and Susan so happily provided for, and instead of losing her, a new son to love—indeed, I am overpowered, and can scarcely hold up my head under my blessings.

"Write immediately, my dearest boy, that we may have the comfort of your concurrence and sympathy, and I am always, with much love,

My Arthur's loving mother,

E. S. VINCENT.

"P.S.—Mr Fordham's account of his circumstances seem quite satisfactory. He is not in any profession, but has enough, he says, to live on very comfortably, and is to give me more particulars afterwards; which, indeed, I am ashamed to think he could imagine necessary, as it looks like want of trust, and as if Susan's happiness was not the first thing with us—but indeed I must learn to be prudent and *self-interested* for your sakes."

It was with no such joyful feelings as his mother's that Vincent read this letter. Perhaps it was the jealousy with which he had heard of this unknown Mr Fordham suddenly jumping into the friendship of the cottage, which made him contemplate with a most glum and suspicious aspect the stranger's promotion into the love of Susan, and the motherly regard of Mrs Vincent.

Hang the fellow! who was he? the young minister murmured over his spoiled breakfast: and there appeared to him in a halo of sweet memories, as he had never seen them in reality, the simple graces of his pretty sister, who was as much above the region of the Phœbe Tozers as that ineffable beauty herself who had seized with a glance the vacant throne of poor Arthur Vincent's heart. There was nothing ineffable about Susan—but her brother had seen no man even in Homerton whom he would willingly see master of her affections; and he was equally startled, dissatisfied, and alarmed by this information. Perhaps his mother's unworldliness was excessive. He imagined that *he* would have exacted more positive information about the fortunes of a stranger who had suddenly appeared without any special business there, who had no profession, and who might disappear lightly as he came, breaking poor Susan's heart. Mr Vincent forgot entirely the natural process by which, doubtless, his mother's affections had been wooed and won as well as Susan's. To him it was a stranger who had crept into the house, and gained ascendancy there. Half in concern for Susan, half in jealousy for Susan's brother eclipsed, but believing himself to be entirely actuated by the former sentiment, the young minister wrote his mother a hurried, anxious, not too good-tempered note, begging her to think how important a matter this was, and not to come to too rapid a conclusion; and after he had thus relieved his feelings, went out to his day's work in a more than usually uncomfortable frame of mind. Mrs Vincent congratulated herself upon her son's happy settlement, as well as upon her daughter's engagement. What if Mr Fordham should turn out as unsatisfactory as Salem Chapel? His day's work was a round of visits, which were not very particularly to Mr Vincent's mind. It was the day for his weekly call upon Mr Tufton and various other members

of the congregation not more attractive; and at Siloam Cottage he was reminded of Mrs Hilyard, whom he had not seen again. Here at least was something to be found different from the ordinary level. He went up to Back Grove Street, not without a vague expectation in his mind, wondering if that singular stranger would look as unlike the rest of his flock to-day as she had done on the former occasion. But when Vincent emerged into the narrow street, what was that unexpected object which threw the young man into such sudden agitation? His step quickened unconsciously into the rapid silent stride of excitement. He was at the shabby door before any of the onlookers had so much as perceived him in the street. For once more the narrow pavement owned a little tattered crowd gazing at the pawing horses, the big footman, the heavenly chariot; and doubtless the celestial visitor must be within.

Mr Vincent did not pause to think whether he ought to disturb the interview which, no doubt, was going on up-stairs. He left himself no time to consider punctilios, or even to think what was right in the matter. He went up with that swell of excitement somehow winging his feet and making his footsteps light. How sweet that low murmur of conversation within as he reached the door! Another moment, and Mrs Hilyard herself opened it, looking out with some surprise, her dark thin head, in its black lace kerchief, standing out against the bit of shabby drab-coloured wall visible through the opening of the door. A look of surprise for one moment, then a gleam of something like mirth lighted in the dark eyes, and the thin lines about her mouth moved, though no smile came. "It is you, Mr Vincent?—come in," she said. "I should not have admitted any other visitor, but you shall come in, as you are my ghostly adviser. Sit down. My dear, this gentleman is my minister and spiritual guide."

And She, sitting there in all her splendour, casting extraordinary lights of beauty round her upon the mean apartment, perfuming the air and making it musical with that rustle of woman's robes which had never been out of poor Vincent's ears since he saw her first;—She lifted her lovely face, smiled, and bowed her beautiful head to the young man, who could have liked to go down on his knees, not to ask anything, but simply to worship. As he dared not do that, he sat down awkwardly upon the chair Mrs Hilyard pointed to, and said, with embarrassment, that he feared he had chosen a wrong time for his visit, and would return again—but nevertheless did not move from where he was.

"No, indeed; I am very glad to see you. My visitors are not so many, nowadays, that I can afford to turn one from the door because another chooses to come the same day. My dear, you understand Mr Vincent has had the goodness to take charge of my spiritual affairs," said the mistress of the room, sitting down, in her dark poor dress, beside her beautiful visitor, and laying her thin hands, still marked with traces of the coarse blue colour which rubbed off her work, and of the scars of the needle, upon the table where that work lay. "Thank heaven, that's a luxury the poorest of us needs not deny herself. I liked your sermon last Sunday, Mr Vincent. That about the fashion of treating serious things with levity, was meant for me. Oh, I didn't dislike it, thank you! One is pleased to think one's self of so much consequence. There are more ways of keeping up one's *amour propre* than your way, my lady. Now, don't you mean to go? You see I cannot possibly unburden my mind to Mr Vincent while you are here."

"Did you ever hear anything so rude?" said the beauty, turning graciously to the young minister. "You call me a great lady, and all sorts of things, Rachel; but I never

could be as rude as you are, and as you always were as long as I remember."

"My dear, the height of good-breeding is to be perfectly ill-bred when one pleases," said Mrs Hil-yard, taking her work upon her knee and putting on her thimble; "but though you are wonderfully pretty, you never had the makings of a thorough fine lady in you. You can't help desiring to please everybody—which, indeed, if there were no women in the world," added that sharp observer, with a sudden glance at Vincent, who saw the thin lines again move about her mouth, "you might easily do without giving yourself much trouble. Mr Vincent, if this lady won't leave us, might I trouble you to talk? For two strains of thought, carried on at the same moment, now that I'm out of society, are too exhausting for me."

With which speech she gravely pinned her work to her knee, threaded her needle with a long thread of blue cotton, and began her work with the utmost composure, leaving her two visitors in the awkward *tête-à-tête* position which the presence of a third person, entirely absorbed in her own employment, with eyes and face abstracted, naturally produces. Never in his life had Vincent been so anxious to appear to advantage—never had he been so totally deprived of the use of his faculties. His eager looks, his changing colour, perhaps interceded for him with the beautiful stranger, who was not ignorant of those signs of subjugation which she saw so often.

"I think it was you that were so good as to clear the way for me the last time I was here," she said, with the sweetest grace, raising those lovely eyes, which put even Tozer beside himself, to the unfortunate pastor's face. "I remember fancying you must be a stranger here, as I had not seen you anywhere in society. Those wonderful little wretches never seem to

come to any harm. They always appear to me to be scrambling among the horses' feet. Fancy, Rachel, one of those boys who flourish in the back streets, with such rags—oh, such rags!—you could not possibly *make* them, if you were to try, with scissors—such perfection must come of itself;—had just pushed in before me, and I don't know what I should have done, if Mr—— (I beg your pardon)—if *you* had not cleared the way."

"Mr Vincent," said Mrs Hil-yard, breaking in upon Vincent's deprecation. "I am glad to hear you had somebody to help you in such a delicate distress. We poor women can't afford to be so squeamish. What! are you going away? My dear, be sure you say downstairs that you brought that poor creature some tea and sugar, and how grateful she was. That explains everything, you know, and does my lady credit at the same time. Good-bye. Well, I'll kiss you if you insist upon it; but what can Mr Vincent think to see such an operation performed between us? There! my love, you can make the men do what you like, but you know of old you never could conquer me."

"Then you will refuse over and over again—and you don't mind what I say—and you know he's in Lonsdale, and why he's there, and all about him——"

"Hush," said the dark woman, looking all the darker as she stood in that bright creature's shadow. "I know, and always will know, wherever he goes, and that he is after evil wherever he goes; and I refuse, and always will refuse,—and my darling pretty Alice," she cried, suddenly going up with rapid vehemence to the beautiful young woman beside her, and kissing once more the delicate rose-cheek to which her own made so great a contrast, "I *don't* mind in the least what you say."

"Ah, Rachel, I don't understand you," said Lady Western, looking at her wistfully.

"You never did, my dear; but

don't forget to mention about the tea and sugar as you go downstairs," said Mrs Hilyard, subsiding immediately, not without the usual gleam in her eyes and movement of her mouth, "else it might be supposed you came to have your fortune told, or something like that; and I wish your ladyship *bon voyage*, and no encounter with ragged boys in your way. Mr Vincent," she continued, with great gravity, standing in the middle of the room, when Vincent, trembling with excitement, afraid, with the embarrassing timidity of inferior position, to offer his services, yet chafing in his heart to be obliged to stay, reluctantly closed the door, which he had opened for Lady Western's exit, "tell me why a young man of your spirit loses such an opportunity of conducting the greatest beauty in Carlingford to her carriage? Suppose she should come across another ragged boy, and faint on the stairs?"

"I should have been only too happy; but as I am not so fortunate as to know Lady Western," said the young minister, hesitating, "I feared to presume——"

With an entirely changed aspect his strange companion interrupted him. "Lady Western could not think that any man whom she met in *my* house presumed in offering her a common civility," said Mrs Hilyard, with the air of a duchess, and an imperious gleam out of her dark eyes. Then she recollected herself, gave her startled visitor a comical look, and dropped into her chair, before which that coarsest of poor needlewoman's work was lying. "*My* house! it does look like a place to inspire respect, to be sure," she continued, with a hearty perception of the ludicrous, which Vincent was much too pre-occupied to notice. "What fools we all are! but, my dear Mr Vincent, you are too modest. My Lady Western could not frown upon anybody who honoured her with such a rapt observation. Don't fall in love with her, I beg of you. If

she were merely a flirt, I shouldn't mind, but out of her very goodness she's dangerous. She can't bear to give pain to anybody, which of course implies that she gives double and treble pain when the time comes. There! I've warned you; for of course you'll meet again."

"Small chance of that," said Vincent, who had been compelling himself to remain quiet, and restraining his impulse, now that the vision had departed, to rush away out of the impoverished place. "Small chance of that," he repeated, drawing a long breath, as he listened with intent ears to the roll of the carriage which carried Her away; "society in Carlingford has no room for a poor Dissenting minister."

"All the better for him," said Mrs Hilyard, regarding him with curious looks, and discerning with female acuteness the haze of excitement and incipient passion which surrounded him. "Society's all very well for people who have been brought up in it; but for a young recluse like you, that don't know the world, it's murder. Don't look affronted. The reason is, you expect too much—twenty times more than anybody ever finds. But you don't attend to my philosophy. Thinking of your sermon, Mr Vincent? And how is our friend the buttermilk? I trust life begins to look more cheerful to you under his advice."

"Life?" said the preoccupied minister, who was gazing at the spot where that lovely apparition had been; "I find it change its aspects perpetually. You spoke of Lonsdale just now, did you not? Is it possible that you know that little place? My mother and sister live there."

"I am much interested to know that you have a mother and sister," said the poor needlewoman before him, looking up with calm, fine-lady impertinence in his face. "But you did not hear me speak of Lonsdale; it was her ladyship who mentioned it. As for me, I interest myself in what is going on

close by, Mr Vincent. I am quite absorbed in the chapel; I want to know how you get on, and all about it. I took that you said on Sunday about levity deeply to heart. I entertain a fond hope that you will see me improve under your ministrations, even though I may never come up to the buttermilk standard. Some people have too high an ideal. If you are as much of an optimist as your respected deacon, I fear it will be ages before I can manage to make you approve of me."

Vincent's wandering thoughts were recalled a little by this attack. "I hope," he said, rousing himself, "that you don't think me so inexperienced as not to know that you are laughing at me? But indeed I should be glad to believe that the services at the chapel might sometimes perhaps be some *comfort* to you," added the young pastor, assuming the dignity of his office. He met his penitent's eyes at the moment, and faltered, moon-struck as he was, wondering if she saw through and through him, and knew that he was neither thinking of consolation nor of clerical duties, but only of those lingering echoes which, to any ears but his own, were out of hearing. There was little reason to doubt the acute perceptions of that half-amused, half-malicious glance.

"*Comfort!*" she cried; "what a very strange suggestion to make! Why, all the old churches in all the old ages have offered comfort. I thought you new people had something better to give us; enlightenment," she said, with a gleam of secret mockery, throwing the word like a stone—"religious freedom, private judgment. Depend upon it, that is the *rôle* expected from you by the buttermilk. *Comfort!* one has that in Rome."

"You never can have that but in conjunction with truth, and truth is not to be found in Rome," said Vincent, pricking up his ears at so familiar a challenge.

"We'll not argue, though you do

commit yourself by an assertion," said Mrs Hilyard; "but oh, you innocent young man, where is the comfort to come from? Comfort will not let your seats and fill your chapel, even granting that you knew how to communicate it. I prefer to be instructed, for my part. You are just at the age, and in the circumstances, to do that."

"I fear you still speak in jest," said the minister, with some doubt, yet a little gratification; "but I shall be only too happy to have been the means of throwing any light to you upon the doctrines of our faith."

For a moment the dark eyes gleamed with something like laughter. But there was nothing ill-natured in the amusement with which his strange new friend contemplated the young pastor in the depressions and confidences of his youth. She answered with a mock gravity which, at that moment, he was by no means clear-sighted enough to see through.

"Yes," she said, demurely, "be sure you take advantage of your opportunities, and instruct us as long as you have any faith in instruction. Leave consolation to another time: but you don't attend to me, Mr Vincent; come another day: come on Monday, when I shall be able to criticise your sermons, and we shall have no Lady Western to put us out. Those beauties are confusing, don't you think? Only, I entreat you, whatever you do, don't fall in love with her; and now, since I know you wish it, you may go away."

Vincent stammered a faint protest as he accepted his dismissal, but rose promptly, glad to be released. Another thought, however, seemed to strike Mrs Hilyard as she shook hands with him.

"Do your mother and sister in Lonsdale keep a school?" she said. "Nay, pray don't look affronted. Clergymen's widows and daughters very often do in the Church. I meant no impertinence in this case. They don't? well, that is all I

wanted to know. I daresay they are not likely to be in the way of dangerous strangers. Good-bye; and you must come again on Monday, when I shall be alone."

"But—dangerous strangers—may I ask you to explain?" said Vincent, with a little alarm, instinctively recurring to his threatened brother-in-law, and the news which had disturbed his composure that morning before he came out.

"I can't explain; and you would not be any the wiser," said Mrs Hilyard, peremptorily. "Now, good morning. I am glad they don't keep a school; because, you know," she added, looking full into his eyes, as if defying him to make any meaning out of her words, "it is very tiresome, tedious work, and wears poor ladies out. There!—good-bye; next day you come I shall be very glad to see you, and we'll have no fine ladies to put us out."

Vincent had no resource but to let himself out of the shabby little room which this strange woman inhabited as if it had been a palace. The momentary alarm roused by her last words, and the state of half offence, half interest, into which, notwithstanding his pre-occupation, she had managed to rouse him, died away, however, as he re-entered the poor little street, which was now a road in Fairyland instead of a lane in Carlingford, to his rapt eyes. Golden traces of those celestial wheels surely linger-

ed still upon the way; they still went rolling and echoing over the poor young minister's heart, which he voluntarily threw down before that heavenly car of Juggernaut. Every other impression faded out of his mind, and the infatuated young man made no effort of resistance, but hugged the enchanted chain. He had seen Her—spoken with Her—henceforward was of her acquaintance. He cast reason to the winds, and probability, and every convention of life. Did anybody suppose that all the world leagued against him could prevent him from seeing her again? He went home with an unspeakable elation, longing, and excitement, and at the same time with a vain floating idea in his mind that, thus inspired, no height of eloquence was impossible to him, and that triumph of every kind was inevitable. He went home, and got his writing-desk, and plunged into his lecture, nothing doubting that he could transfer to his work that glorious tumult of his thoughts; and, with his paper before him, wrote three words, and sat three hours staring into the roseate air, and dreaming dreams as wild as any Arabian tale. Such was the first effort of that chance encounter, in which the personages were not Lady Western and the poor Dissenting minister, but Beauty and Love, perennial hero and heroine of the romance that never ends.

CHAPTER VI.

It was only two days after this eventful meeting that Vincent, idling and meditative as was natural in such a condition of mind, strayed into Masters's shop to buy some books. It would have been difficult for him to have explained why he went there, except, perhaps, because it was the last place in the world which his masters at the chapel would have advised him to enter. For there was another book-

seller in the town, an evangelical man, patronised by Mr Bury, the whilom rector, where all the Tract Society's publications were to be had, not to speak of a general range of literature quite wide enough for the minister of Salem. Masters's was a branch of the London Masters, and, as might be supposed, was equally amazed and indignant at the intrusion of a Dissenter among its consecrated book-shelves. He

was allowed to turn over all the varieties of the *Christian Year* on a side-table before any of the attendants condescended to notice his presence; and it proved so difficult to find the books he wanted, and so much more difficult to find anybody who would take the trouble of looking for them, that the young Nonconformist, who was sufficiently ready to take offence, began to get hot and impatient, and had all but strode out of the shop, with a new mortification to record to the disadvantage of Carlingford. But just as he began to get very angry, the door swung softly open, and a voice became audible, lingering, talking to somebody before entering. Vincent stopped speaking, and stared in the shopman's astonished face when these tones came to his ear. He fell back instantly upon the side-table and the *Christian Year*, forgetting his own business, and what he had been saying—forgetting everything except that She was there, and that in another moment they would stand again within the same walls. He bent over the much-multiplied volume with a beating heart, poising in one hand a tiny miniature copy just made to slip within the pocket of an Anglican waistcoat, and in the other the big red-leaved and morocco-bound edition, as if weighing their respective merits—put beside himself, in fact, if the truth must be told, oblivious of his errand, his position—of everything but the fact that She was at the door. She came in with a sweet flutter and rustle of sound, a perfumed air entering with her, as the unsuspected enthusiast thought, and began to lavish smiles, for which he would have given half his life, upon the people of the place, who flew to serve her. She had her tablets in her hand, with a list of what she wanted, and held up a dainty forefinger as she stood reading the items. As one thing after another was mentioned, Masters and his men darted off in search of it. There were fortunately enough to give each of them a separate errand, and

the principal ranged his shining wares upon the counter before her, and bathed in her smiles, while all his satellites kept close at hand, listening with all their ears for another commission. Blessed Masters! happy shopmen! that one who looked so blank when Vincent stopped short at the sound of her voice and stared at him, had forgotten all about Vincent. She was there; and if a little impromptu litany would have pleased her ladyship, it is probable that it could have been got up on the spot after the best models, and that even the Nonconformist would have waived his objections to liturgical worship and led the responses. But Masters's establishment offered practical homage—only the poor Dissenting minister, divided between eagerness and fear, stood silent, flushed with excitement, turning wistful looks upon her, waiting till perhaps she might turn round and see him, and letting fall out of his trembling fingers those unregarded editions of the Anglican lyre.

"And two copies of the *Christian Year*," said Lady Western, suddenly. "Oh, thank you so much! but I know they are all on the side-table, and I shall go and look at them. Not the very smallest copy, Mr Masters, and not that solemn one with the red edges; something pretty, with a little ornament and gilding: they are for two little *protégées* of mine. Oh, here is exactly what I want! another one like this, please. How very obliging all your people are," said her ladyship, benignly, as the nearest man dashed off headlong to bring what she wanted—"but I think it is universal in Carlingford; and indeed the manners of our country people in general have improved very much of late. Don't you think so? oh, there can't be a question about it!"

"I beg your ladyship's pardon, I am sure; but perhaps, my lady, it is not safe to judge the general question from your ladyship's point of view," said the polite bookseller, with a bow.

"Oh, pray don't say so; I should be wretched if I thought you took more trouble for me than for other people," said the young Dowager, with a sweetness which filled Vincent's heart with jealous pangs. She was close by his side—so close that those sacred robes rustled in his very ear, and her shawl brushed his sleeve. The poor young man took off his hat in a kind of ecstasy. If she did not notice him, what did it matter?—silent adoration, speechless homage, could not affront a queen.

And it was happily very far from affronting Lady Western. She turned round with a little curiosity, and looked up in his face. "Oh, Mr—Mr Vincent," cried the beautiful creature, brightening in recognition. "How do you do? I suppose you are a resident in Carlingford now, are not you? Pardon me, that I did not see you when I came in. How very, very good it is of you to go and see my—my friend! Did you ever see anything so dreadful as the place where she lives? and isn't she an extraordinary creature? Thank you, Mr Masters; that's exactly what I want. I do believe she might have been Lord Chancellor, or something, if she had not been a woman," said the enchantress, once more lifting her lovely eyes with an expression of awe to Vincent's face.

"She seems a very remarkable person," said Vincent. "To see her where she is, makes one feel how insignificant are the circumstances of life."

"Really! now, how do you make out that?" said Lady Western; "for, to tell the truth, I think, when I see her, oh, how important they are! and that I'd a great deal rather die than live so. But you clever people take such strange views of things. Now tell me how you make that out?"

"Nay," said Vincent, lowering his voice with a delicious sense of having a subject to be confidential upon, "you know what conditions of existence all her surroundings

imply; yet the most ignorant could not doubt for a moment her perfect superiority to them—a superiority so perfect," he added, with a sudden insight which puzzled even himself, "that it is not necessary to assert it."

"Oh, to be sure," said Lady Western, colouring a little, and with a momentary hauteur, "of course a Russ—I mean a gentlewoman—must always look the same to a certain extent; but, alas! I am only a very commonplace little woman," continued the beauty, brightening into those smiles which perhaps might be distributed too liberally, but which intoxicated for the moment every man on whom they fell. "I think those circumstances which you speak of so disrespectfully are everything! I have not a great soul to triumph over them. I should break down, or they would overcome me—oh, you need not shake your head! I know I am right so far as I myself am concerned."

"Indeed I cannot think so," said the intoxicated young man; "you would make any circumstances——"

"What?"

But the bewildered youth made no direct reply. He only gazed at her, grew very red, and said, suddenly, "I beg your pardon," stepping back in confusion, like the guilty man he was. The lady blushed too as her inquiring eyes met that unexpected response. Used as she was to adoration, she felt the silent force of the compliment withheld—it was a thousand times sweeter in its delicate suggestiveness and reserve of incense than any effusion of words. They were both a little confused for the moment, poor Vincent's momentary betrayal of himself having somehow suddenly dissipated the array of circumstances which surrounded and separated two persons so far apart from each other in every conventional aspect. The first to regain her place and composure was of course Lady Western, who made him a pretty playful curtsy, and broke into a low, sweet ring of laughter.

"Now I shall never know whether you meant to be complimentary or contemptuous," cried the young Dowager, "which is hard upon a creature with such a love of approbation as our friend says I have. However, I forgive you, if you meant to be very cutting, for her sake. It is so very kind of you to go to see her, and I am sure she enjoys your visits. Thank you, Mr Masters, that is all. Have you got the two copies of the *Christian Year*? Put them into the carriage, please. Mr Vincent, I am going to have the last of my summer-parties next Thursday—twelve o'clock—will you come?—only a cup of coffee, you know, or tea if you prefer it, and talk *au discretion*. I shall be happy to see you, and I have some nice friends, and one or two good pictures; so there you have an account of all the attractions my house can boast of. Do come: it will be my last party this season, and I rather want it to be a great success," said the syren, looking up with her sweet eyes.

Vincent could not tell what answer he made in his rapture; but the next thing he was properly conscious of was the light touch of her hand upon his arm as he led her to her carriage, some sudden courageous impulse having prompted him to secure for himself that momentary blessedness. He walked forth in a dream, conducting that heavenly vision, and there, outside, stood the celestial chariot with those pawing horses, and the children standing round with open mouth to watch the lovely lady's progress. It was he who put her in with such pride and humbleness as perhaps only a generous but inexperienced young man, suddenly surprised into passion, could be capable of—ready to kiss the hem of her garment, or do any other preposterous act of homage—and just as apt to blaze up into violent self-assertion should any man attempt to humble him who had been thus honoured. While he stood watching the carriage out of sight, Masters himself came out to

tell the young Nonconformist, whose presence that dignified tradesman had been loftily unconscious of a few minutes before, that they had found the book he wanted; and Vincent, thrilling in every pulse with the unlooked-for blessedness which had befallen him, was not sorry, when he dropped out of the clouds at the bookseller's accost, to re-enter that place where this enchantment still hovered, by way of calming himself down ere he returned to those prose regions which were his own lawful habitation. He saw vaguely the books that were placed on the counter before him—heard vaguely the polite purling of Masters's voice, all-solicitous to make up for the momentary incivility with which he had treated a friend of Lady Western's—and was conscious of taking out his purse and paying something for the volume, which he carried away with him. But the book might have been Sanscrit for anything Mr Vincent cared—and he would have paid any fabulous price for it with the meekest resignation. His attempt to appear moderately interested, and to conduct this common transaction as if he had all his wits about him, was sufficient occupation just at this moment. His head was turned. There should have been roses blossoming all along the bare pavement of George Street to account for the sweet gleams of light which warmed the entire atmosphere as he traversed that commonplace way. Not only the interview just passed, but the meeting to come, bewildered him with an intoxicating delight. Here, then, was the society he had dreamed of, opening its perfumed doors to receive him. From Mrs Tozer's supper-table to the bowery gates of Grange Lane was a jump which, ten days ago, would of itself have made the young minister giddy with satisfaction and pleasure. Now these calm emotions had ceased to move him; for not society, but a sweeter syren, had thrown chains of gold round the unsuspect-

ing Nonconformist. With Her, he should see there, was indifferent to Vincent. He was again to meet Where her habitation was, or what Himself.

CHAPTER VII.

The days which intervened between this meeting and Lady Western's party were spent in a way which the managers of Salem would have been far from approving of. Mr Vincent, indeed, was rapt out of himself, out of his work, out of all the ordinary regions of life and thought. When he sat down to his sermons, his pen hung idly in his hand, and his mind, wilfully cheating itself by that semblance of study, went off into long delicious reveries, indescribable, intangible—a secret sweet intoxication which forbade labour, yet nourished thought. Though he sometimes did not write a word in an hour, so deep was the aspect of studiousness displayed by the young pastor at his writing-desk, and so entire the silence he maintained in his room, shut up in that world of dreams which nobody knew anything of, that his landlady, who was one of his hearers, communicated the fact to Tozer, and expatiated everywhere upon the extreme devotion to study displayed by the new minister. Old Mr Tufton, who had been in the habit of putting together the disjointed palaver which he called a sermon on the Saturday morning, shook his head over the information, and doubted that his young brother was resorting more to carnal than to spiritual means of filling his chapel; but the members of Salem generally heard the rumour with pride, and felt a certain distinction accrue to themselves from the possibility that their pastor might ruin his health by over-study. It was a new sensation in Salem; and the news, as it was whispered about, certainly came to the ears of a few of those young men and thinkers, principally poor lawyers' clerks and drapers' assistants, whom Tozer was

so anxious to reach, and drew two or three doubtful, genteel hearers to the chapel, where Mr Vincent's sermon, though no better than usual, and in reality dashed off at the last moment in sheer desperation, when necessity momentarily thrust the dreams away, was listened to with a certain awe and devout attention, solely due to the toil it was reported to have cost. The young minister himself came out of the pulpit remorseful and ashamed, feeling that he had neglected his duty, and thoroughly disgusted with the superficial production, just lighted up with a few fiery sentences of that eloquence which belongs to excitement and passion, which he had just delivered. But Tozer and all the deacons buzzed approbation. They were penetrated with the conviction that he had worked hard at his sermon, and given them his best, and were not to be undeceived by the quality of the work itself, which was a secondary matter. More deeply disgusted and contemptuous than ever was the young pastor at the end of that Sunday—disgusted with himself to have done his work so poorly—contemptuous of those who were pleased with it—his heart swelling with mortified pride to think that what he thought so unworthy of him was more appreciated than his best efforts. For he did not know the report that had gone abroad; he did not know that, while brooding over his own rising passion, and absorbed in dreams with which Salem had nothing to do, the little world around him was complacently giving him credit for a purpose of wearing himself out in its behalf. The sermons so hastily written, thrust into a corner by the overpowering enchantment of those

reveries, were not the only sin he had to charge against himself. He could not bring himself to bear the irksome society that surrounded him, in the state of elevation and excitement he was in. Tozer was unendurable, and Phœbe to be avoided at all costs. He did not even pay his promised visit to Mrs Hilyard, nor go to Siloam Cottage as usual. In short, he spent the days in a kind of dream, avoiding all his duties, paying no visits, doing no pastoral work, neglecting the very sermon over which his landlady saw him hanging so many silent hours, without knowing that all the vacant atmosphere between him and that blank sheet of paper, in which she saw nothing, was peopled with fairy visitants and unreal scenes to the dreamy eyes of her lodger. Such were the first effects of Circe's cup upon the young minister. He indulged himself consciously, with apologetic self-remonstrances as Thursday approached. After that day, life was to go on as usual. No—not as usual—with a loftier aim and a higher inspiration; but the season of dreams was to be over when he had real admittance into that Eden garden, where the woman of all women wandered among her flowers. He thought what he was to say to her on that eventful day—how he should charm her into interest in his difficulties, and beautify his office, and the barren spot in which he exercised it, with her sympathy. He imagined himself possessed of her ear, certain of a place by her side, a special guest of her own election. He was not vain, nor deeply persuaded of his own importance; yet all this seemed only natural to his excited imagination. He saw himself by her side in that garden of beatitudes, disclosing to her all that was in his heart; instinctively he recalled all that the poets have said of woman the consoler—woman the inspirer. When he had gained that priceless sympathy, what glorious amends he

should make for the few days' indolence to which he now gave way! Thus in his inexperience he went on, preparing for himself, as any one a little wiser could have seen at a glance, one of the bitterest disappointments of early life.

Thursday came, a day of days—such a day as people reckon by, months after; a soft and bright autumnal morning, breathing like spring. As Vincent issued from his own door and took his way along George Street to Grange Lane, he saw the curate of St Roque's walking before him in the same direction; but Mr Wentworth himself was not more orthodoxly clerical in every detail of his costume than was the young Nonconformist, who was going, not to Lady Western's breakfast-party, but into the Bower of Bliss, the fool's paradise of his youth. Mr Wentworth, it is true, was to see Lucy Wodehouse there, and was a true lover; but he walked without excitement to the green gate which concealed from him no enchanted world of delights, but only a familiar garden, with every turn of which he was perfectly acquainted, and which, even when Lucy was by his side, contained nothing ineffable or ecstatic. It was, to tell the truth, an autumnal garden, bright enough still with scarlet gleams of geranium and verbena, with a lawn of velvet smoothness, and no great diminution as yet in the shade of the acacias and lime-trees, and everything in the most perfect order in the trim shrubberies, through the skilful mazes of which some bright groups were already wandering, when Vincent passed through to the sunny open door. At the open windows within he could see other figures in a pleasant flutter of gay colour and light drapery, as he advanced breathless to take his own place in that unknown world. He heard his own name announced, and went in, with a chill of momentary doubt upon his high expectations, into the airy sunshiny room, with its gay, bril-

liant, rustling crowd, the ladies all bright and fresh in their pretty morning-dresses, and the din of talk and laughter confusing his unaccustomed ears. For a moment the stranger stood embarrassed, looking round him, eagerly investigating the crowd for that one face, which was not only the sole face of woman in the world so far as he was concerned, but in reality the only face he knew in the gay party, where everybody except himself knew everybody else. Then he saw her, and his doubts were over. When she perceived him, she made a few steps forward to meet him and held out her hand.

"I am so glad to see you—how kind of you to come!" said Lady Western; "and such a beautiful day—just what I wanted for my last fête. Have you seen my friend again since I saw you, Mr Vincent—quite well, I hope? Now, do have some coffee.—How do you do, Mr Wentworth? You have been here full five minutes, and you have never paid your respects to me. Even under the circumstances, you know, one cannot overlook such neglect."

"I am too deeply flattered that your ladyship should have observed my entrance to be able to make any defence," said the curate of St Roque's, who could speak to her as to any ordinary woman; "but as for circumstances——"

"Oh dear, yes, we all know," cried Lady Western, with her sweet laugh. "Was it you, Mr Vincent, who were saying that circumstances were everything in life?—oh, no, I beg your pardon, quite the reverse. I remember it struck me as odd and clever. Now, I daresay, you two could quite settle that question. I am such an ignoramus. So kind of you to come!"

Vincent was about to protest his delight in coming, and to deprecate the imputation of kindness, but ere he had spoken three words, he suddenly came to a stop, perceiving that not only Lady Western's attention but her ear was lost, and that

already another candidate for her favour had possession of the field. He stepped back into the gay assembly, disturbing one group, the members of which all turned to look at him with well-bred curiosity. He stood quite alone and silent for some time, waiting if, perhaps, he could catch the eye of Lady Western. But she was surrounded, swept away, carried off even from his neighbourhood, while he stood gazing. And here was he left, out of the sunshine of her presence in the midst of Carlingford society, knowing nobody, while every face smiled and every tongue was busy but his own—talk *au discretion*! such there certainly was, but Vincent had never in his life felt so preposterously alone, so dismally silent, so shut up in himself. If he had come to woo society, doubtless he could have plucked up a spirit, and made a little effort for his object. But he had come to see Her, flattering himself with vain dreams of securing her to himself—of wandering by her side through those garden-paths, of keeping near her whenever she moved—and the dream had intoxicated him more deeply than even he himself was aware of. Now he woke to his sober wits with a chill of mortification and disappointment not to be expressed. He stood silent, following her with his eyes as she glided about from one corner to the other of the crowded room. He had neither eyes nor ears for anything else. Beautiful as she had always been, she was lovelier than ever to-day, with her fair head uncovered and unadorned, her beautiful hair glancing in the gleams of sunshine, her tiny hands ungloved. Poor Vincent drew near a window, when it dawned upon his troubled perception that he was standing amidst all those chattering, laughing people, a silent statue of disappointment and dismay, and from that little refuge watched her as she made her progress. And, alas! Lady Western assured everybody that they were "so kind" to come—she distributed her smiles,

her kind words, everywhere. She beamed upon the old men and the young, the handsome and the stupid, with equal sweetness. After a while, as he stood watching, Vincent began to melt in his heart. She was hostess—she had the party's pleasure to think of, not her own. If he could but help her, bring himself to her notice again in some other way! Vincent made another step out of his window, and looked out eagerly with shy scrutiny. Nobody wanted his help. They stared at him, and whispered questions who he was. When he at length nerved himself to speak to his next neighbour, he met with a courteous response and no more. Society was not cruel, or repulsive, or severely exclusive, but simply did not know him, could not make out who he was, and was busy talking that conversation of a limited sphere full of personal allusions into which no stranger could enter. Instead of the ineffable hour he expected, an embarrassing, unbearable tedium was the lot of the poor Dissenting minister by himself among the beauty, wit, and fashion of Carlingford. He would have stolen away but for the forlorn hope that things might mend—that Lady Western might return, and that the sunshine he had dreamed of would yet fall upon him. But no such happiness came to the unfortunate young minister. After a while, a perfectly undistinguished middle-aged individual charitably engaged Mr Vincent in conversation; and as they talked, and while the young man's eager wistful eyes followed into every new combination of the little crowd that one fair figure which had bewitched him, it became apparent that the company was flowing forth into the garden. At last Vincent stopped short in the languid answer he was making to his respectable interlocutor with a sudden start and access of impatience. The brilliant room had suddenly clouded over. She had joined her guests outside. With

bitterness, and a sharp pang at his heart, Vincent looked round and wondered to find himself in the house, in the company, from which she had gone. What business had he there? No link of connection existed between him and this little world of unknown people except herself. She had brought him here; she alone knew even so much of him as his name. He had not an inch of ground to stand on in the little alien assembly when she was not there. He broke off his conversation with his unknown sympathiser abruptly, and rushed out, meaning to leave the place. But somehow, fascinated still, in a hundred different moods a minute, when he got outside, he too lingered about the paths, where he continually met with groups and stray couples who stared at him, and wondered again, sometimes not inaudibly, who he was. He met her at last under the shadow of the lime-trees with a train of girls about her, and a following of eager male attendants. When he came forward lonely to make his farewell, with a look in which he meant to unite a certain indignation and reproach with still chivalrous devotion, the unconscious beauty met him with unabated sweetness, held out her hand as before, and smiled the most radiant of smiles.

"Are you going to leave us already?" she said, in a tone which half persuaded the unlucky youth to stay till the last moment, and swallow all his mortifications. "So sorry you must go away so soon! and I wanted to show you my pictures too." Another time, I hope, we may have better fortune. When you come to me again, you must really be at leisure, and have no other engagements. Good-bye! It was so kind of you to come, and I am so sorry you can't stay!"

In another minute the green door had opened and closed, the fairy vision was gone, and poor Vincent stood in Grange Lane between the two blank lines of garden-wall,

come back to the common daylight after a week's vain wandering in the enchanted grounds, half stupefied, half maddened by the disappointment and downfall. He made a momentary pause at the door, gulped down the big indignant sigh that rose in his throat, and, with a quickened step and a heightened colour, retraced his steps along a road which no longer gleamed with any rosy reflections, but was harder, more real, more matter-of-fact than ever it had looked before. What a fool he had been, to be led into such a false position!—to be cheated of his peace, and seduced from his duty, and intoxicated into such absurdities of hope, all by the gleam of a bright eye, and the sound of a sweet voice! He who had never known the weakness before, to cover himself with ridicule, and compromise his dignity so entirely for the sake of the first beautiful woman who smiled upon him! Poor Vincent! He hurried to his rooms thrilling with projects, schemes, and sudden vindictive ambition. That fair creature should learn that the young Nonconformist

was worthy of her notice. Those self-engrossed simperers should yet be startled out of their follies by the new fame rising up amongst them. Who was he, did they ask? One day they should know.

That the young man should despise himself for this outbreak of injured feeling, as soon as he had cooled down, was inevitable; but it took some considerable time to cool down; and in the mean time his resolution rose and swelled into that heroic region which youth always attains so easily. He thought himself disenchanted for ever. That night, in bitter earnest, he burned the midnight oil—that night his pen flew over the paper with outbreaks, sometimes indignant, sometimes pathetic, on subjects as remote as possible from Lady Western's breakfast-party; and with a sudden revulsion he bethought himself of Salem and its oligarchy, which just now prophesied so much good of their new minister. He accepted Salem with all the heat of passion at that moment. His be the task to raise it and its pastor into a common fame!

CLASSIC OR GOTHIC : THE BATTLE OF THE STYLES.

REVIVALS of all kinds, æsthetic no less than spiritual, first kindled by the fire of inspiration, soon burn with the fury of fanaticism. At the present moment it appears to be our privilege to pass through the somewhat interesting phenomena of an architectural renaissance ; a revival upon which Religion has bestowed her fervour, Art her loveliness, and each in turn more than accustomed extravagance. The pointed spire catches light from heaven ; the solid buttress lays its sure foundation as in steadfast truth ; the solemn aisle of dim religious light finds deep response within the silent and shadowed chambers of the soul ; and thus heaven and earth seem to witness to the sanctity of the work, and the sanction of two worlds combines to uphold in mystic union the once merely secular materials of simple bricks and mortar. Hence oftentimes of late have architectural forms, founded on the simplest of principles, and fashioned from the rudest of elements, been made pregnant with portentous meaning, and guileless Art has thus become somewhat innocently the minister of Superstition. An eloquent writer, a few years since, shut out from his æsthetic palace the too common light of day, expressly, it would seem, to kindle seven symbolic lamps, which should henceforth burn the eternal emblems of the virtues. We are given to understand that, were these resplendent orbs extinguished, earth would again sink into darkness, the world be reduced to anarchy, and the seven cardinal vices, with the Evil One as chief, reign supreme in the habitations of men ! Thus will it be seen that art and ethics are made one and indivisible, and that each of us who can call a house his own is at once beset by the most intricate of moral problems. It seems, indeed, upon the best authority,

abundantly clear that a man who dares, through a false architecture, to provide for his temporal comforts, is throwing into peril his eternal interests. The purists in architectural morals seem ever propounding such questions as the following :—Is it probable that the man who, in the infidelity of his heart, has built his house after the orders of Vitruvius, will accord his life to the commands of Moses ? Is it credible that the architect who, through irreverence for the Gothic arch, has constructed every door of his dwelling with a square top, can cherish due Christian aspiration within his soul ? Is it possible that the builder who has violated all the spiritual angles suited to windows and roofs, who has sinned against all that is sacred in colour, can preserve any right-minded love for his next-door neighbour ? Such are the momentous questions which the fanatic “battle of the styles” would fain force us to fight out ; such the tempting topics which have beguiled architectural critics into fantastic eloquence. As an escape from this miserable trifling, we are tempted to enter a plea on behalf of simple-minded ignorance. Happy, we would say, the man who has a comfortable house to dwell in, caring little for Classic, Gothic, or Renaissance, while safely sheltered from the winds of heaven, secluded from the blasts of controversy. Blest that roof, whether high-pitched or low, which can defy the waters, and those foundations against which the floods do not prevail. And thrice happy and thrice blessed that soul which, at peace within its tabernacle, freed from the cant of criticism, and delivered from the vulgar warfare of schools, styles, and parties, is content to enter upon all that is lovely without for ever stumbling at the threshold of a why or a because, is willing to enjoy a manifold nature

without dogmatic inquiry into precise theories of the Beautiful, is eager and hearty in the love of a universal Art, without troubling to master the jargon of pedagogues, or to appreciate the pedantry of professors.

The architectural revival of which we have spoken, notwithstanding these incidental absurdities, has doubtless effected much good, and it came at any rate upon us not before it was well wanted. The streets of London proclaim in saddest guise the worst outrages upon public taste, and pronounce the incapacity of the professional architect and sculptor. It is a misfortune that the nation which has been so prolific in heroes and statesmen, in philosophers and philanthropists, should have proved itself so signally incapable of handing down to posterity those great men who have given to the age its character and renown. The pen of the historian, in recounting deeds of patriotism or recording triumphs of genius, has often warmed into strains of noble eloquence; but the hand of the architect and sculptor, in essaying to put into enduring stone England's triumphs and Britain's heroes, has but too often succeeded in holding up our country's greatness to the contempt of Europe. Whether we have called to our assistance classic models and the Roman toga, or have been content with the pigtail, topboots, and spurs indigenous to our own soil, the same ridicule has at last awaited the most pretentious of our efforts. The thronged thoroughfare leading to our grand International Exhibition will, in the present year, display to the astonished nations of the world a great monument which, in facile and free adoption of all styles, the Classic, the northern Gothic, and the barber's block, may possibly be mistaken for the effigy of those cosmopolitan liberties which find a boasted refuge on our hospitable shores! The foreigner, as he drives to the grand emporium of arts and manufactures, will doubtless be arrested

by this classic arch, the entrance and the exit to one of the public parks; his eye turns upwards for the triumphal car of Alexander, when, behold, astride a snorting charger, no Bucephalus, but a knacker's victim, is hoisted the hero of a hundred fights, immortalised as Wellington in a cocked-hat! In this battle of the styles, kings no less than commoners have been forced to do service. George IV., as the first gentleman in Europe, politely rides through Trafalgar Square, his head uncovered; while his venerable father, close by in Pall-Mall, is properly protected by wig and pigtail. These regions of the Mall, Trafalgar Square, and Westminster, are the favoured localities set apart to the apotheosis of British worthies; and in the present chaos of incongruous ideas done into stone, this quarter of our metropolis becomes, as it were, an artistic limbo for unfledged genius, and we walk along streets and squares—like to that famed abode not unknown to ambition misguided—paved with good intentions.

On every side does the same melancholy spectacle present itself, and consolation is seldom found save in harmless mediocrity. Some relief, we believe, however, is occasionally obtained by glancing at telling points of the ridiculous, and sighs which might find issue in but fruitless sorrow are thus exchanged for bursts of healthful laughter. The famed pepper-boxes of the National Gallery have given zest to many a joke; they are, we presume, among the failures ascribed to the Classic. The two fountains, on the contrary, though somewhat amphibious and aquatic in style, incline possibly to the new school of Gothic, concerning which we hear so much; the water-jets and iridescent spray partaking of the nature of finials, spires, or pinnacles; and these, if we recollect rightly, symbolising by their aspiring flight several of those Christian virtues which Gothic architecture takes under her special protection. On the other hand,

some of the more recent club-houses and façades in Pall-Mall are more directly implicated in the vanities of life, and the specious sins of a corrupted civilisation. They belong to "the godless Italian Renaissance," are executed in a sort of carved upholstery, incrustated with confectionery ornament; flowers, garlands, and festoons hung in gala profusion, as little consonant with true art as Paris fashions and crinoline are consistent with pure taste. What, we would ask, will Landseer's four British lions at the foot of the Nelson Column say to all this? We shall look to them for a tremendous roar on behalf of styles naturalistic. What, we would likewise venture to inquire, can the English unicorn be about?—that noble but much-neglected animal, to whom the arts of this country owe so much—the fitting champion, we cannot but think, of the coming style of the future—a style which, unfortunately, was not quite in time to preside at the Grand International Exhibition.

This terrible battle among the builders, the horrors of which we have been narrating—a feud which will probably last as long as lines horizontal, perpendicular, and curved are doomed in the nature of things to coexist—has of late waxed more furious than ever. It is well known that the business devolving upon our Secretaries for Foreign Affairs has long outgrown the official domicile, and that, moreover, the building known as the Foreign Office has now become absolutely insecure and dangerous. Under the pressure of this immediate necessity, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed in 1856 "for the purpose of considering the best means of providing accommodation for the various public departments in the neighbourhood of Downing Street." In July of the same year this Committee recommended "that there should be a concentration of the public offices, and that such concentration should be effected in the immediate vicinity of Whitehall and

the Houses of Parliament;" and it further recommended that "the design of the different public offices to be erected on the proposed site should be submitted to public competition." In compliance with this suggestion, we find that "the First Commissioner of Works placed himself in communication with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who considered that the First Commissioner might obtain designs for laying out the surface of the whole site referred to in the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, but that plans and elevations of buildings should only be required in respect of the Foreign Office and the War Department; and that a sum not exceeding £5000 might be expended in premiums to the most successful of the competing architects. The First Commissioner then invited a meeting of certain distinguished architects, and explained his views to them. The competition was to be divided into three branches—1. The block-plan, for the concentration of all the offices upon the space indicated in the Report of the House of Commons; 2. A new Foreign Office; 3. A new War Office." "For the first branch three premiums were proposed, and seven respectively for the second and third. The First Commissioner distinctly guarded himself against any obligation to employ any architect to whom a prize should be awarded; but at the same time it appears by the evidence that the architects expected that, circumstances permitting, the competition would have an important bearing on the selection of the design to be adopted, and the architect to be employed. The terms of the competition were shortly after published, and 218 competitors entered the lists, some competing in all, some in two, and some in only one of the branches." "On the 27th of June 1857 the judges made their report to the First Commissioner, by which the seventeen premiums were allotted to as many different competitors." "By this

award the three first premiums for the Foreign Office were assigned to Messrs Coe & Holland, Messrs Banks & Barry, and G. G. Scott, Esq." The design of Mr Scott was Gothic; the styles adopted by the other successful competitors were Classic or Italian. "As to these three first designs, it must," observe the Committee, "be recollected that, while the first prize for the Foreign Office was awarded to Messrs Coe & Holland, yet they did not compete for the War Office. Again, while in the opinion of the assessors, Messrs Banks & Barry stood first in merit for the Foreign Office, yet, according to the same opinion, they were unsuccessful for the War Office; while Mr Scott stood second both for one and the other." The Committee state that they "had come to the conclusion that in the erection of a new Foreign Office a preference should be given to the successful competitors;" and further, "your Committee are of opinion that whoever may be the architect ultimately selected, he ought to be allowed the fullest liberty in the modification and improvement of his original design."

On the overthrow of Lord Palmerston's first Administration in 1858, Lord John Manners, the Commissioner of Public Works under the new Government, procured the appointment of a Select Committee, the Report of which has furnished the foregoing digest. During the recess, Lord John Manners, having determined that the Gothic style should be adopted, appointed Mr Scott architect, and gave directions for altered plans and estimates. But on the overthrow of the Conservative Government, before Mr Scott's Gothic design had even secured its foundations, the fight for the Foreign Office was again renewed, and Lord Palmerston, who assumed the dictatorship of the arts, positively declared that so long as he held power, Gothic should not prevail. Mr Scott he did not displace, but the Gothic design he required

should be substituted for an Italian building. Accordingly, says the noble Lord, speaking from the Treasury bench, "Mr Scott brought me an amended style, which appeared to me Gothic in disguise, with pointed windows rounded at the top. (A laugh.) And then he brought me another style, Saracenic or Byzantine. I said, 'I know you are capable of excelling in any style: now do, for heaven's sake, go and bring me an Italian style!'" (A laugh.) Mr Scott did bring me an Italian style, and we have heard from the noble Lord (Lord John Manners) that it has been admired by the very best judges. I do not pretend to be a judge of the scientific features of architecture, but it seems to me a very beautiful plan, and one which combines with sufficient beauty and ornament great moderation of expense. (Cheers.)

The total estimate for the new Foreign Office, under Mr Scott's modified Italian design, is £200,000. We have seen that this important national building is but a part—but a first instalment—of a grand scheme of reconstruction. A War Office is required, the Colonial Office is falling down, a new Indian Office is absolutely essential, and "the State Paper Office is crammed full, and has not space for two years' papers." We have thought it well to be thus explicit in the statement of the case. In the battle of the styles, the combatants, it will now be seen, are not fighting for mere abstract theories. The usual professional percentage upon these Government commissions constitutes of itself a fortune. Fortune and fame alike await the aspirants. For the general public, likewise, there is much at stake. Never, since the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire—at no period since Wren gave to the metropolis its churches—has such an opportunity been afforded of disgracing or adorning the capital of the empire. The Government offices require reconstruction; the National Gallery must be enlarged;

the accommodation at the British Museum augmented; the South Kensington rooms extended. What architectural style shall we adopt—Classic, Gothic, or Palladian? What materials shall we employ—iron, glass, brick, or stone? Of Rome it was said, an Emperor found it of brick and left it of marble. Of London let it in like manner be declared, that streets monotonous with shops and warehouses, that public offices and law-courts dull as factories, have been transmuted into palaces, wherein every door and window, each column, entablature, and arch, however costless and simple, shall be a work of beauty, stamped with the creative impress of an artist-mind.

Having detailed the plain facts of the case, we shall now the better be enabled to appreciate the smartness of those parliamentary debates which, for play of wit and point of satire, come as annual benefits in favour of certain members of a comic turn. In the latest of these dramatic performances, in the course of the last session, the cast of characters was strong. The *dramatis personæ* included the names of Elcho, Palmerston, Manners, Cowper, Layard, Tite, and Osborne. Lord Elcho's opening speech was as usual playful and telling. "He owed, he said, an apology to the House for having taken up the subject. He had not, like his noble friend at the head of the Government, made architecture his study! (Laughter.) They had to consider the nature of the building to be erected for the Foreign Office. A number of designs had been exhibited. One had been made by the Prime Minister himself (laughter), but he was sorry to say that his noble friend's Foreign Office was as faulty as his foreign policy was sound. (A laugh.) The other day, said Lord Elcho, a party who took an interest in this question made a tour through London. They invited Lord Palmerston to join them, but his noble friend declined. (A laugh.) He was sorry for that. They saw an

insurance-office near Blackfriars Bridge which was built in a style which the noble lord abused, and on the right and left of it were two stucco-fronted houses in the Italian style. Photographs had been taken: the house on one side was designated 'Palmerston ornate;' that on the other 'Palmerston pure,' and the one in the middle is ticketed, 'What London would be if Palmerston would allow it.'" The photographs were then handed up to the Treasury bench for the inspection of the noble Viscount. The speaker concluded by moving "that in the opinion of this House it is not desirable that the new Foreign Office shall be erected according to the Palladian design then exhibited in the Committee-room of the House." This Palladian design was Mr Scott's modified Italian plan.

Mr Layard favoured Gothic, but sensibly demanded that the Gothic should at least be pure, of English character, and adapted to the wants and manners of the times. "The House of Parliament was a Gothic building, and the exterior might be beautiful, but the interior had all the inconveniences which characterised buildings in the time of our forefathers. This House, moreover, swarmed with hideous and grotesque monsters, which, though called lions and unicorns, resembled nothing so much as the gorillas lately discovered on the west coast of Africa. (A laugh.) He believed these frightful animals had even crept into the apartments occupied by the Speaker." If we recollect rightly, one of these "hideous monsters" has since found its way into the evangelical tabernacle of Mr Spurgeon, and defiled the pure Calvinistic order supposed to find favour with the reverend gentleman. If our memory serve us, the hon. member for Southwark on that occasion delighted his new constituents by mounting the pulpit-platform of the Surrey Nonconformist theatre, taking the chair, on true democratic principles of equality and fraternity, side by side with

"the monster" lately imported from the coast of Africa, Mr Spurgeon the while acting showman! The reverend gentleman is opposed to Gothic, let us presume, on pure "Dissenting principles." It is well known that he refused to build in the Gothic style, and accordingly gave notice that no Gothic architect need apply for the construction of his Ebenezer. In his own person, too, he has consistently adopted a phase of oratory which, were Mr Ruskin writing three volumes on the stones of Blackfriars or Southwark, would stand for the "grotesque Renaissance." The roar of the gorilla, thus let it be known by architectural purists, like the bray of a certain other animal heard in the Strand during the spring of the year, is not exclusively a Gothic phenomenon. A note of this fact in natural history should be taken by any gentleman engaged upon "A Comic History of the Arts."

The debates upon "Lombardo-Gothic" and "Palmerston Renaissance" invariably preserve that persistent playfulness, that sustained action and incident, which, especially in all matters pertaining to the arts, are so essential to the fitting maintenance of the dramatic unities. That dry details of architecture should be so prolific in wit and repartee, says much for the genius of art and its critics. In these parliamentary prize-fights it is perhaps difficult to decide which style comes off the best—Classic or Gothic, the rounded arch or the pointed spire, the horizontal line or the perpendicular, the flat cornice or the broken gable, Pagan symmetry or Christian symbolism, Greek gods or Gothic gargoyles. It has usually been asserted that Gothic has at least this advantage, that it is essentially national and English. Thereupon a more searching inquiry is instituted, and the question is asked, What architectural type and style is truly indigenous to these northern isles? One speaker suggests that Stonehenge had some claim, whereon the lively First Lord

of the Treasury declared himself prepared to go into still more remote antiquity. "The real aboriginal architecture of this country," exclaimed Lord Palmerston, "was mud huts and wicker wigwams. These were the original architectural styles of the first inhabitants of this island." The noble Lord, as usual, won the laugh upon his side. It is often likewise said that the Italian—that is, the revived Roman—is not national. "But is the Gothic national?" exclaimed Lord Palmerston; "I never heard of the Goths, the Vandals, or the Saracens doing much in this country, but I have been told in my early days that the Romans were in this kingdom for a considerable number of years. When we are asked what is our national style, we might, he thought, inquire who have been our most distinguished architects, and what style they practised. Vanbrugh, Sir Christopher Wren, and Inigo Jones were among our greatest names, and the buildings of these famed artists are Greek, Roman, and Italian." It is frequently likewise complained by Gothic advocates that we want in the architecture of our towns variety. To this the noble Lord retorted, "Well, no doubt, error is infinite and truth simple. Bad taste is infinite, and good taste is simple; and therefore the Gothic admits of infinite variety. (Much laughter.)" The late First Commissioner of Public Works, Lord John Manners, had been understood to favour what is sometimes termed the Architecture of the Future, a modified Gothic, which, we believe, obtains the approval of Mr Beresford Hope in his recent work, *The English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century*. "But nothing," replied Lord Palmerston, "will satisfy my noble friend but the invention of some new order of architecture. Mr Nash, a great architect, tried that experiment, but had not much success. We all remember the story of a gentleman who, walking along Regent Street, being struck with something irre-

gular, said to the clerk of the works, 'Good heavens! what order of architecture do you call this?' The man said, 'Oh, sir, that is Mr Nash's "positive order."' (Laughter.) Well, I should like to see the 'positive order' of my noble friend. (Continued laughter.)"

Never, since the days of the Montagues and Capulets, has a contest been fought out with greater pertinacity than this Battle of the Styles; and seldom, we fear, with more fatal results. Towards the close of the above debate Mr Bernal Osborne was prepared to support an amendment, "A plague on both your Houses;" but the Government carried the day in favour of "Palmerston Renaissance" by a majority of ninety-three, and a vote for £30,000 was at once taken as a first instalment towards the total estimate of £200,000.

That the present Government should make the conflict between Classic and Gothic so decidedly a Cabinet question, seems rather extraordinary. Whether, indeed, the direct spirituality which is presumed to pertain to Gothic—a style which has expressly allied itself to the interests of another world—be adapted to the directly mundane business of a Foreign Office, foreign secretaries themselves are perhaps, after all, the best judges. Some of the despatches which Lord Palmerston was of yore accustomed to pen from Downing Street, more particularly those written in the interests of a certain Don Pacifico, and addressed to the Court of Athens, may possibly have given the noble Lord an insight into the diplomatic fitness of foreign styles, especially the Classic, which entitles him to speak as one to the manner bred. The present Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Earl Russell, moreover, possibly intends to carry out his well-known Italian sympathies in that spirit of guileless simplicity and unbroken faith which might intuitively shrink from official residence in any building not of pure Italian architecture. Some

such sufficient reasons, we are persuaded, must prompt the present Cabinet to their somewhat anomalous proceeding. In sober earnest, however, we say that it is little short of preposterous folly to reject the approved design made by the first Gothic architect in Europe, and at the mere caprice of a political Minister to compel Mr Scott to adopt a style for which neither his taste nor his experience can specially fit him. It was a misfortune that the Gothic Palace, the present Houses of Parliament, were executed by an express Classic architect; and this unhappy precedent we are now about to repeat in its converse, by putting an avowed Gothic architect to design and erect the projected Foreign Office in the Classic style.

We think it is matter of regret that architecture and the arts are seldom, in this country, approached and dealt with in a spirit of sufficient seriousness. Ministers of the Crown, and men of position in Parliament or elsewhere, act and speak as if pictures, and painters, and architects were worthy of little more than kind condescending patronage. A vague notion seems somehow to have entered the heads of people in authority that the arts in some sort confer lustre on a nation, and so, after all material interests are securely settled, a few dilettante men consent to devote some spare moments in hasty inconsiderate talk upon æsthetic matters of which they boast a smattering. For the mere pleasing pastime of society, or the gay *eclat* of a soiree, this superficial facility is all that is needed; but when art-questions arise which demand legislative care and knowledge, which involve the expenditure of many thousands of pounds, and determine, in some degree, the position of the country in the realms of art, the result is often disastrous. We still, in fact, show ourselves a people of thrifty shopkeepers grown rich; and whether the matter in hand be the building of a navy, the clothing of an army,

the driving of a foreign commerce, or the keeping of a huxter's store, the ruling principle is ever the same—make the concern large, and let it pay. Trades have paid; as a nation, we are prosperous and rich; and so now we can afford to devote a little time and spend some of our abundance upon the arts as the luxuries of life. The fault of all this is in great part to be ascribed to imperfect education. In the universities our coming legislators are made learned and skilled in the writing of hexameters, but of the rhythm and construction of classic art, of the laws of symmetry and beauty in Greek statues, Roman temples, or Gothic churches, they know nothing. It has thus often been the misfortune of this country, that while its leading minds can write and speak, if needs be, in the dead languages—acquisitions by no means to be treated lightly—they find themselves unable to judge of the beauty or add to the fitness of those national arts which should in this our day assume a living reality. For these evils, from which we suffer hourly in our public streets and private houses, the remedy is easy, and should be immediate—the appointment of qualified art-professors in our schools and universities, a measure which has long received earnest advocacy in these pages. In the mean time, ignorance should at least put off arrogance, clothe itself in fitting humility, and do as little mischief as may be. We wish we could see signs of this improved spirit. On the contrary, we have mostly to regret, in public discussions upon art, a certain jaunty jovial air, a kind of supercilious condescension, as if a great mind had come down from its habitual heights to disport itself for the moment with a pretty plaything. Politicians, it would seem, yet require to learn that a good picture or a great poem may perchance serve the world as worthily as wordy harangues not always remarkable for wisdom.

Art, as the expression of the no-

blest of thought in the highest of form, should certainly be used by each one of us as an appointed means to self-culture and mental progression. Next in import to the health and comeliness of the fleshly tabernacles which in this life we are destined to inhabit, are the houses which we make for our homes, their light, their air, their beauty, the pictures we hang in our rooms, the engravings which our children look on, the colours which in harmony, the forms which in grace, the accessories of ornament that in refined taste, grow into the daily life, percolate the inward thoughts, and flow into the current of our domestic affections. The cultured man may thus make his house and home in keeping with his better and his higher nature; and therefore it becomes of moment in what guise this reflex of his inner self shall stand. We ask once more, then, can the need of actual existence, can the wants of a sensitive taste, can the national life which now swells in this our native England, be best expressed and realised through the forms and appliances of Classic or Gothic architecture? In order to make this present article as complete as practicable, we will devote its still remaining pages to the deliberate answer of this question.

We need scarcely say that architecture is a utilitarian art arising in man's necessities. A beaver's habitation which could not withstand the torrent, the nest of a bird which did not bear up against the winds, were not more worthless than the house which failed to furnish man with needful space and peaceful shelter. Architecture, it is true, in epochs of wild extravagance, has sometimes transgressed the laws and limits imposed by its originating uses; but it is one of the healthy and hopeful signs of the present revival that the practical is placed as a prelude to the pleasing, that decoration is bound down to decorum, that enrichment is made to conform to essential and underly-

ing purposes and plans, that the flowers and the foliage which adorn capital or arch are required to spring as native growth from the foundations which sustain and the framework which unites. Hence is it now universally understood and established that a style of architecture which is foreign to present practical requirements is an outrage upon reason and common sense, and so far a violation of the fundamental canons of taste. Thus, not without show of argument, has it often been urged that a classic and pagan temple cannot be fitted to modern times and Christian purposes. To this we in part agree, but certainly not entirely. We willingly admit that a Grecian temple is not suited to private domestic dwellings; we know, indeed, from the streets of Pompeii, that the ancients themselves built houses and villas and shops in much humbler forms. Between a Grecian temple and a modern private dwelling there is therefore no parity. But for large stately halls, for noble public buildings, where people congregate in masses, the requirements are entirely different. Here the portico, the columns, and the spacious interior, have, as in the Paris Bourse, direct and positive uses. Under the cover of deep porticos, in edifices of this construction, carriages may drive and set down; and in the hall within, hundreds or thousands can comfortably sit and listen, with little to impede sight or sound. Last autumn it was our privilege to become intimately acquainted with the utilitarian advantages of such a building. The Town Hall in Birmingham, expressly taken from a Grecian model, constitutes the most perfect room for a grand musical performance which we know in Europe. For public political meetings, whether in daylight or by night, it is, we presume, equally well adapted. In interiors of this construction there is not, it is true, that perspective of distant sound found often in cathedrals, where the organ peals

along the fretted roof, and the voice dies in the shadow of a column—an effect, no doubt, like the hazy background of a picture, to captivate imagination just in proportion as it cheats the ear. But to the true lover of music for its own dear charms, in a hall such as this, there is a quality more to be desired than the *omne ignotum pro magnifico*,—the clear bell and bird-like note coming straight from voice and string without discoloration or refraction, shadow or reflection. Of such public buildings, admirably suited, notwithstanding their Classic style, to modern municipal wants, there are examples in other great provincial towns. The Trade Hall of Manchester, the Town Hall at Leeds, St George's Hall in Liverpool, and the Public Hall in Bradford, all show that classic architecture needs but little adaptation to make it suited to actual wants of existing civilisation. We give one more example, not as an unqualified success, but to show that a Greek temple built in modern times, and dedicated to Christian uses, loses to any objectionable degree its pagan associations. The Madeleine in Paris for symmetry and beauty can scarcely be surpassed throughout the world; and we can testify that for the functions of religion the voice is well heard, and that processions and other portions of the ritual are clearly seen. We readily admit that there are many churches which, as churches, please us better; but still we think that a religion which professes to be Catholic, reflecting all epochs in history, adapting itself to all phases of popular taste, fittingly shows itself alike universal in its architecture and art. Mere sects, it may with reason be urged, can narrow their sympathies to the limits of a sectarian art. But this, we believe, for a widely inclusive church, were a lamentable mistake, and we rejoice to think that in England, the Church, which is national, a branch of the one true church on earth, has not in art or in architecture

proved itself thus sectarian or bigoted. In the metropolis of the empire the English Church shows herself sufficiently catholic to worship with equal comfort and fervour in the Gothic Abbey of Westminster and the Italian Cathedral of St Paul's. No form of art, whatever be the name it bear, which is true to nature and consonant with the aspirations of the soul, can rightly be held unfitted for the service of a religion which seeks to consecrate all that is true and beautiful and good on earth to the worship of God.

Then, coming down from the contemplation of these grand edifices suited to national, municipal, or ecclesiastical purposes, we may next consider the domestic aptitude of the revived classic style known indiscriminately as "Italian," "Italian Renaissance," or "Palladian." This is an architecture expressly adapted to modern wants. The Greeks are supposed to have dispensed with windows, and of the arch they had little or no knowledge. The Romans, eminently practical, if but slightly æsthetic, utilised architecture to secular purposes. The style which next succeeded, known in Northern Italy, Germany, Gaul, and indeed throughout the entire circuit of the ancient empire, as Romanesque, is but the further development or degeneracy of that architecture which had its first centre in the capital of the Old World. At best these styles, Roman or Romanesque, were probably but ill suited to what we now consider the requirements of civilised life. But with the growing refinement of the middle ages, when the devastated cities of Italy once more rose into wealth and power, when Commerce brought Luxury in her train, when Science showed herself apt in appliance, and revived letters and learning sought in Greece and classic Rome for choicest examples in literature and art, there arose in Lombardy, Tuscany, and the southern states that architectural renaissance which, Roman in root, was, as

it were, Italian in foliage and flower; Classic in ancient pedigree, but Italian in accumulated richness of inheritance,—a consummated style in all respects adapted to civilised existence, ready to rise into the splendour of the palace, and willing to descend to the humbler ways of unadorned simplicity.

We have now open before us a portfolio of Italian photographs, in which this domestic yet princely style is in many a famed middle-age palace seen in its utility and beauty. In Florence we come upon the Palace of the Medici, now the Palazzo Riccardi, strong in rustic-work basement, grand in over-shading cornice—the round-arched windows, the bold design of Michael Angelo. In the less-known Palazzo Pandolfini we admire the graceful and somewhat pictorial composition of Raphael, the principal effect focused on the door, with deeply incised stone-work radiating round its arch; the windows square-headed, adorned alternately with a pointed and rounded tympanum. The cornice here is also rich and overhanging, as common in the Tuscan palaces; and a wall, itself a work of art, pierced by windows and mounted by balustrade, bounds one of those Italian gardens like to the fountain courts of Seville and Damascus. We would gladly, did time permit, wander among the cities and palaces of Italy, were it only to retrace in memory those hours of mental luxury and romance which it has been our happiness to enjoy. And specially should we again love to wander, towards evening's close, along the shores of Genoa's Bay to Doria's Palace, when sunset clouds bask softly on the liquid horizon, holding, in slumbrous reflections, sweet companionship with white wing-like sails stealing along the gentle waters of the blue Mediterranean. At this quiet evening hour we enter, as it were, a Boccaccio garden, fragrant with orange groves, and cool in the dripping fountain. The terrace overlooks the sea,

idly playing in rippling wavelets against the prow of the moored boat beside—balconies open from the upper corridors, the flash of the evening gun is seen, and from the Campaniles of the city softly chimes the Ave Maria bell. Twilight gathers, and we retire to the halls within, painted by the pupils of Raphael with poetic frescoes from classic fable. Now Gothic, we freely admit, both in Italy and England, may have its peculiar merits. Yet, to our mind, a scene such as this, taken from an Italian villa, can scarcely be surpassed; and the heart, we think, must be hardened by bigotry to mere architectural dogmas which refuses to soften at these winning charms. Many such villas and palaces in Italy seem, indeed, to realise the very poetry of existence. The villas of Frascati, how stately do they stand on heights commanding the Roman Campania, and yet how quietly do they nestle among groves of olive and ilex, guarded by majestic pines and solemn cypress! And then, again, when the palace in the city may be wanting in a prospect, how studious were its artists to give to the retirement of its rooms compensating beauty! The traveller will recollect, on the opening of the Farnesina vestibule, what a world of creative fancy flashes on the imagination—the banquet of the gods, the poetic loves of Cupid and Psyche, designed by Raphael. Such is the feast which the Renaissance of Italy gave to hungry souls, which had, it may be too long and too severely, mortified imagination in austere sacerdotal penance. We happen ourselves to have some relish for monkish medievalism, but it is just possible to see too much of it. Therefore let us, sometimes at least, dance hand in hand with the graces, the muses, and the gods of ancient Greece.

But it is on the canals of Venice that the Italian Renaissance is found in the abundance of its resource, the exuberance of its fancy, and the richness of its material. This

middle age and domestic Classic in the city of the sea we cannot but admire in the Palazzi Grimani, Trevisan, and Manzoni—all remarkable for their simplicity of form and symmetry of proportion. Yet even these examples are already marked by princely munificence of material; cornices and friezes begin to be adorned by elaborated carving. The walls are set by medallions of coloured marble, sometimes simple as a single slab, and again intricate with patterns interlacing. Ingenuity of device, and fantasy bordering on the fantastic, are characteristic of these adornings. Ribbons, against which Mr Ruskin's purism specially revolts, are tied round cherubs' necks; tassels are carved in stone; garlands of flowers are hung between vases of fruit—all bespeak an imagination in playful exuberance, a life which loved to house itself in luxury. Among churches, the Palladian St Giorgio Maggiore rises in chaste symmetry of proportion from out the wave; and the dome of Santa Maria della Salute commands the entrance to the Grand Canal with that grandiose composition and dramatic effect in which the Italian Renaissance is so triumphant. Again, what building can boast of more imposing aspect than that stately-columned pile, the Palazzo Pesaro? or what can be more faultless in the distribution of its members than the Palazzo Grimani, both adorning the Grand Canal? Finally, Sansovino's Libreria, in the Piazzetta, has long ranked as one of the master-works of Europe, and requires no commendation at our hands. Such were the proud palaces of the Sea Cybele rising fresh from ocean in days when Venice sat in state; such her architectural pomp and magnificence when of her feasts monarchs partook; such the resort of Shylock and the Moor; such the halls, the churches, the dwellings upon which the genius of Titian and Veronese and Tintoret threw undying lustre. In conclusion, we will quote the following

passage from *The Stones of Venice*, of greater value, as unwilling testimony in favour of the Italian Renaissance yielded by the most uncompromising of Gothic advocates. Of the Casa Grimani Mr Ruskin writes as follows:—

“It is composed of three storeys of the Corinthian order, at once simple, delicate, sublime. . . . There is not an erring line, nor a mistaken proportion throughout this noble front. . . . This palace is the principal type at Venice, and one of the best in Europe, of the Central Architecture of the Renaissance schools—that carefully studied and perfectly executed architecture to which those schools owe their principal claims to our respect, and which became the model of most of the important works produced by civilised nations. I have called it ‘Roman Renaissance,’ because it is founded, both in its principles of superimposition and in the style of its ornament, upon the architecture of classic Rome at its best period. The revival of Latin literature both led to its adoption and directed its form; and the most important example of it which exists is the modern Roman Basilica of St Peter’s. It had at its *renaissance* or new birth no resemblance either to Greek, Gothic, or Byzantine forms, except in retaining the use of the round arch, vault, and dome; in the treatment of all details it was exclusively Latin; the last links of connection with mediæval tradition having been broken by its builders in their enthusiasm for classic art, and the forms of true Greek or Athenian architecture being still unknown to them. The study of these noble Greek forms has induced various modifications of the Renaissance in our own times; but the conditions which are found most applicable to the uses of modern life are still Roman, and the entire style may most fitly be expressed by the term, ‘Roman Renaissance.’ It is this style, in its purity and fullest form, represented by such buildings as the Casa Grimani at Venice (built by San Micheli); the Town Hall at Vicenza (by Palladio); St Peter’s at Rome (by Michael Angelo); St Paul’s and Whitehall, in London (by Wren and Inigo Jones), which is the true antagonist of the Gothic school.”

This Italian style, we all know, has been thoroughly naturalised north of the Alps; and for the last three centuries England is one of the many homes of its adoption.

The great capitals throughout Europe, in the palaces, theatres, bridges, and churches which adorn the streets and public places, proclaim for this architecture, during the last three hundred years, all but universal and undisputed dominion. The Place de la Concorde and the buildings of the Louvre in Paris, are renowned examples of the imperial state and magnificence to which the style can so well minister. The great public buildings in Berlin—the Academy, the Museum, the University, the Opera-House, and the Brandenburg Gate crowning Unter den Linden—also serve to show how much splendour modern Europe owes to ancient art under its Italian Renaissance. In the metropolis of our own country we have also many illustrious monuments built after the same models. Inigo Jones’s Banqueting Hall, Somerset House by Sir William Chambers, St Paul’s by Sir Christopher Wren, and the Reform Club by Sir Charles Barry, with other club-houses in Pall-Mall, and many noble halls of public companies throughout the city, sufficiently show that the styles of Italy have, in true cosmopolitan spirit, been made national and English. They have, indeed, grown into our very life—not only into the general corporate constitution of the country, but into the private life of our English hearths and homes. Our suburban villas are Italian, our city streets Italian, and, by universal consent, our windows and window-sashes, our doors and roofs, are good for light, air, warmth, and shelter, and admirably planned for the exigencies of climate and the convenience of domestic economy.

The style of the Italian Renaissance, we have thus seen, has ceased to be partial; it has become universal. It is not merely the mode of Italy, but in great degree the architecture of the whole civilised world. For magnificence it is the glory of the prince, and in its moderation the humble shelter of the peasant. It is suited to all sorts

and conditions of men, and is specially conformable, as we have shown, to the modes and manners of present times—not classic, not medieval, but modern.

Thus much for Italian architecture: let us now turn to Gothic, and in like manner give to it a fair hearing. The first origin of the Gothic, often called the Pointed style, is involved in the obscurity always favourable to fanciful conjecture. Thus the pointed arch has sometimes been derived from the intersection of two round arches, not unfrequently occurring in our Norman buildings; sometimes from the meeting of tree-branches, as in avenues; and sometimes, we believe, even from the Christian aspiration of middle-age masons! The earliest pointed arch, however, which has fallen under our notice, is in the Saracenic streets of Cairo, a city wherein there are no Norman, no trees, and no Christian aspiration! This last deficiency is specially to be deplored on behalf of the theories of Mr Ruskin, who, in implicit faith, has written thousands of pages under the firm belief that pointed Gothic arches stand as eternal symbols of the Christian virtues. Let us, however, leave these fruitless conjectures, which latterly, strange to say, have been consolidated into steadfast creeds, and thus built into stout bulwarks of bigotry—let us leave, we say, these barren, and often worse than barren, fields of controversy, and with all reverence and thankfulness take Gothic just as we find it—in its uses and its beauty.

We believe it is impossible to say too much in the praise of Gothic architecture, provided only that our enthusiasm do not degenerate into the abuse of other schools. Our own creed is, that the world is large enough for all, that every architectural system has its peculiar aptitudes, and, on the other hand, no less its necessary limits. We have, in this battle of the styles, endeavoured to give to the Classic and Italian impartial hear-

ing; let us now, in like manner, claim fair-play for the Gothic.

At the outset, we will readily grant to Gothic architecture the claim made in its behalf, that the style in medieval times was secular no less than sacred, that the cottage was then built as the church, that the high roof, the pointed arch, and the gable-end, were but the architectural modes common to daily life. This we admit; and the point is important. It cuts, however, two ways. It opens to the Gothic a secular sphere, but at the same time it closes the access to a divine origin. It shows the Christian church a mere mundane development of the common dwelling—not heaven-born, but only earth-built. This is doubtless destructive to many a cherished theory, as plain facts often cruelly are. Many enthusiasts certainly would fain believe that Gothic was conceived as a grand essential idea eternal in the heavens—not compounded as a conglomerate out of the debris of a shattered world. And yet there is little question that research would show the styles we now call Gothic to be no exceptions to the common law of natural development—first a germ, then a growth, then a fresh accession, then a further maturing, till, by successive accretions and the agency of co-operating or conflicting forces, the organism we call Gothic at last is moulded into ultimate and completed form. This is sufficient answer to much of the transcendental criticism of the present day. In the light of this strict historic inquiry, by the test of this plain philosophy, built out of simple secular facts, let us judge of the sublime theories of Mr Ruskin. Such theories read so romantic, they have about them the odour of such sanctity, that we cannot but regret that they should labour under the slight disadvantage of being wholly untrue. Take, for example, the following claims for Gothic set up in *The Stones of Venice*; read these prerogatives of Christian architecture, specially in

connection with the rather untoward admission found in the same eloquent volumes, that the pointed arch is due, not to Christians, but to infidel Mohammedans. Mr Ruskin has been descanting on diverse schools of architecture, and then proceeds :—

“Many of these various styles of architecture were good, considered in relation to the times and races which gave birth to them; but none absolutely good or perfect, or fitted for the practice of all future time.”

“The advent of Christianity for the first time rendered possible the full development of the soul of man, and therefore the full development of the arts of man.”

“Christianity gave birth to a new architecture, not only immeasurably superior to all that had preceded it, but demonstrably the best architecture that *can* exist; perfect in construction and decoration, and fit for the practice of all time.”

“This architecture, commonly called Gothic, though in conception perfect, like the theory of a Christian character, never reached an actual perfection, having been retarded and corrupted by various adverse influences; but it reached its highest perfection hitherto manifested about the close of the thirteenth century, being then indicative of a peculiar energy of the Christian mind of Europe.”

“In the course of the fifteenth century, owing to various causes which I have endeavoured to trace in the preceding pages, the Christianity of Europe was undermined; and a Pagan architecture was introduced, in imitation of that of the Greeks and Romans.”

“We must give up this style totally, despise it and forget it, and build henceforward only in that perfect and Christian style hitherto called Gothic, which is everlastingly the best.” “This is the theorem of these volumes.”—*Stones of Venice*, iii. 255.

The theorem of *The Stones of Venice* is thus stated, Gothic at any cost or sacrifice, under all circumstances, and to the total annihilation of Greek, Roman, Italian, and other styles: the theorem of this article is universal toleration—Classic, Renaissance, and Gothic, each in its several sphere, and according to its separate capability. The difference is great and fundamental.

Popular opinion has pronounced

Gothic a style primarily ecclesiastic, unsuited in great measure to secular purposes; and though usually popular opinion tends to dogmatism, and is wanting in precision, it generally rests on a broad basis of truth. Gothic certainly has never been extensively applied by the people of this country to the building of their dwellings. When in Venice, we searched out humble houses, with windows pointed at top, dating back five or six centuries. In the towns and villages of England, we should at all events with difficulty find like examples. Houses with flat-topped windows and doors, manor-houses with Elizabethan fronts, with avenues of trees and rookeries, are met with in abundance; but certainly the true secular Gothic arch is seldom found vernacular to the English soil. So much, then, for the secular claims of Gothic to British nationality. In the words of Palmerston, we certainly are not much indebted to the Goths, Visigoths, Vandals, or Saracens.

And there is, we think, good reason for this abstinence from the use of Gothic in ordinary domestic purposes. In the early forms of Gothic architecture the piercings for windows are small and narrow, and admit little of the light, which in a northern climate is at best but scanty. In the later and more elaborate styles, the window mullions and traceries are certainly neither by their simplicity nor economy suited to mere utilitarian and domestic edifices. It is manifest that a plain square top to window or door, the main wall above supported by wooden beam or stone lintel, at once obviates all difficulty; and it appears to have been this simple plan that the English builders had the good sense mostly to adopt. Daily experience proves windows thus constructed to be easy of opening for ventilation: in dull winter days they admit sufficient light; in summer heat and sunshine, they are readily shaded by roller or Venetian blinds; and at night the house is made amply secure by compact

shutters. If there be any truth in symbolism, we have it here. The words which an Englishman in his home respects the most are "comfort" and "economy;" and, getting these in ordinary Italian architecture, he is not unnaturally indifferent to the "aspiration" of the Gothic.

But we must not forget the undoubted claims of the present Gothic Renaissance. It is admitted that the Gothic of the thirteenth century is necessarily ill adapted to the changed civilisation of the nineteenth. It is urged, however, that Gothic is a style of life and liberty, that it is the Magna Charta of British art, capable, like our British constitution, of ever-new and perfecting developments, of varied and endless modifications, moulding its details and applying its essential principles to the progression of England's national life. It is a style, says Sir Francis Scott, "for which no material is too costly, none too humble; whose language and expression vary with the latitude; which carves the marble of the sunny South into low relief and shadow, and scores the freestone of the misty North with mouldings deep and hollow; whose ornament is as varied as the flowers of the field, and as free as the ivy to wander where it will; whose elevations know no law save that of intelligent adaptation to internal convenience, and conformity with the requirements of climate and common sense."

It is our wish to do justice to this school of Young England Gothic, this reformed style of the past, this coming architecture of the future. We confess that we think, if restrained within reasonable limitations, modernised medievalism is likely to do good service. We want, it is confessed on all sides, something less worn out than the present hackneyed styles—something original, something more varied than the thousand and one windows in a city street. Gothic, it is said, is the style of life, liberty,

and withal, of light! It is possessed, we are told, of life, in eternity of youth and beauty, to grow into ever-new device. It is endowed with liberty, the playmate of the elements, a child of nature, a lover of the valleys and the woods; wild as the cataract, steadfast as the rock, cheerful as the sun, solemn as shades of evening. It is a style, we are given to understand, which, in freedom the most unrestrained, can become all things to all men, assume every garb and guise known in the past world, or suited to the present; vestal virgin, Pan with pipes, hermit, abbot, bishop, statesman, or city merchant. But, to be once again serious, we really incline to think that modern secular Gothic does come with much promise of novelty and usefulness. Pugin, the great apostle of the present movement, did his best to sweep away from art the shams and the falsehoods, the meaningless ornaments, the purposeless columns, pilasters, pediments, and urns, which had long been the curse of the national rococo, and then he strove to place Gothic architecture upon the honest basis of simple truth. He thus sought to establish pointed architecture securely upon these two honest principles: "1st, That there should be no features about a building which are not necessary for convenience, construction, or propriety; 2d, That all ornament should consist of enrichment of the essential construction of the building."

Mr Gilbert Scott, who has succeeded in making the exclusively Roman Catholic bigotry of Pugin bend to Protestant principles and conform to secular uses, has given to these immutable axioms in art fuller development and a freer application. He rightly believes, if we understand the position he assumes correctly, that modern life demands novel architectural appliances; that modern science widens our resources; that many architectural expedients of less advanced periods are now superseded by more

perfect adaptations; that thus small leaden panes to windows are fitly displaced by large sheets of plate glass; that iron in some instances may more efficiently serve the uses of timber; that ornamental tiles, decorated terra cotta, and marbles, native or brought by commerce from distant countries, may throw colour and cheerfulness into the sometimes neutral monotony of a northern sky and climate. Thus in many ways does architecture, in skilful hands, and with originating power, admit in the present day of novel and untried developments. Upon this branch of the subject, Mr Scott, before the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1858, expresses himself as follows. Mr Beresford Hope, the Chairman of the Committee, puts the question: "I observe that you have selected a different style for your design from what the first and the second prize-men have selected; may I ask what your reason was for doing so?" Mr Scott replies: "In the first place, I have long thought that the vernacular styles of the present day are almost worn out, and that it is incumbent upon architects to try to strike out something a little novel; and I have long been endeavouring to do so, on the foundation of Gothic architecture." "Do you conceive," continues Mr Hope, "that it is easier to endeavour to strike out something novel on the foundation of Gothic than on the foundation of Italian—you might unvernacularise, so to speak, any style?" "Individually," answers Mr Scott, "I think so. I think so strongly individually; but I should be very glad to see attempts to strike out new styles founded on other bases." We may remark that, in our opinion, the attempts made in Munich to strike out new styles have been attended with indifferent success. They have proved but abortions of the old orders. Nevertheless it is the special function of genius to create; and it is desirable that architecture should henceforth, at any rate, take

rank as one of the progressive arts. We have now, as briefly as our space permits, endeavoured to indicate the position assumed by Gothic architects in the secular revival which, at the present time, has found such zealous advocacy. We again express our regret that Mr Scott's design for the Foreign Office—a design which, by common consent, worthily represents the new school of Gothic for the laity—should have been rejected. It is true that Gothic has been tried in the Houses of Parliament, and found wanting. But we are told this failure in adaptation to utility was incident to the inexperience of infancy. The Gothic revival has now grown to years of discretion.

But whatever difficulties may beset the application of Gothic to mundane concerns, there can, at all events, be but little question, that for ecclesiastical purposes, that for churches and abbeys, and incidentally for parsonages and schools, the pointed style is admirably fitted. We think there is no inconsiderable advantage in keeping a somewhat exclusive architecture for sacred services, an architecture which shall stand separate and apart from secular employment. As there is a language for poetry, a stately prose for our vernacular Scriptures, so may it be found expedient that there should be reserved for our churches, forms of arches, modes of construction and decoration, towers, spires, and pinnacles, which have not become daily defiled by the common uses of life. It is seemly that the house of God should be hallowed, that on entering the door with bowed and uncovered head, we should feel that the building is fitly framed together into a holy temple, the type and symbol of the spiritual mansion. We gladly think that this sentiment has become, in the English mind, intimately associated with Gothic architecture. In the cathedrals of England, we find the Gothic arch springing among the trees of our homesteads; Gothic tracery and ornament entwine them-

selves with our earliest and dearest associations; and the Gothic tower and spire, in whatever portion of the British Isles we live, adorn the rural landscape, and serve, as it were, for landmarks to our faith. Beaten by the surges of a tempest-tost world, we come upon the quiet precincts of a cathedral close—a shore, it may be, upon which wrecks of former ages lie strewn, yet a shelter sacred to hopes which die not, a haven of that ocean which breaks upon eternity. Gothic architecture, indeed, bears upon its front the impress of two worlds: other national edifices pertain to the living, take their part as actors in the busy present world; but cathedrals and churches are temples for the living and homes likewise for the dead; they are hushed in the sleep of the grave; they are hoary in dust and ashes; they are hallowed in the shadow cast by ages; they are eloquent in thousand memories—hopes deferred, ambition frustrated, or rather life honoured and blessed, pointing to a faith beyond. Moreover, it is, we think, a specialty in Gothic architecture, that it can tell an eventful story with thrilling detail and incident. An Egyptian pyramid is just one solitary thought, and no more. A Grecian or Roman temple has symmetry, beauty, and fitness, yet the number of ideas expressed in each single fane must, after all, have been somewhat limited. But in a Gothic church or cathedral, what a multitude of thoughts seem enshrined within the stone-work, what a busy throbbing narrative from lowest crypt to highest tower, succeeding styles lying like successive strata, which the floods of flowing or ebbing faith, the forms of ever-varying civilisation, have thrown and built together! It has often been said that a Gothic church is but the Christian religion transmuted into stone, with her faith, her beauty, and her hope: that Gothic architecture, plastic to mould itself, can imitate nature, symbolise spiritual states, and adapt itself to the conditions of the Chris-

tian life. At any rate our own cathedrals are in their varied style a medley, and yet a catholicity. They are like life and the world everywhere, a mixing together of all sorts and conditions of men; a mingling of rich and poor, of youth and age, of beauty and deformity, of religion and depravity; and Gothic architecture adapts itself to all, and is thus readily built into a church designed not less for reclaiming the sinner than for enshrining the saint. In the country village-church it is simple and humble as the peasant's cot; in the city cathedral choir and tower as stately and ornate as the prince's palace. In its more shadowed gloom it is a veil to our seclusion, a refuge for our sorrow; in its airy lightness, and the imaginative flight of tapering and aspiring arch, it is bright as hope, sportive as youth and joy, and triumphant as faith. The door opens, we enter on the threshold. What magnitude and magnificence! Clustered columns invite to shadowed retreat and quiet contemplation. Spacious and profound gloom inspires with mysterious awe; the amazing height impresses with a sense of our own insignificance, and we feel abashed as in the presence of the sublime. This, surely, is the architecture subservient and sacred to religion. As an *outré* but eloquent statement of the creed—from which, however, in its extreme form, we dissent—the following curtailed extract from Pugin's *Contrasts* may be read with advantage:—

“Pointed or Christian architecture,” says Mr Pugin, “has far higher claims on our admiration than mere beauty or antiquity: the former may be regarded as a matter of opinion; the latter, in the abstract, is no proof of excellence, but in it alone we find the faith of Christianity embodied, and its practices illustrated.”

“The three great doctrines—of the redemption of man by the sacrifice of our Lord on the cross, the three equal Persons united in one Godhead, and the resurrection from the dead—are the foundation of Christian architecture.”

The first, by the cross; the second, by triangular arches and traceries.

"The third is beautifully exemplified by great height and vertical lines, which have been considered by the Christians from the earliest period as the emblems of the resurrection.

"The vertical principle being an acknowledged emblem of the resurrection, we may readily account for the adoption of the pointed arch by the Christians.

"But do not all the features and details of the churches erected during the middle ages set forth their origin, and at the same time exhibit the triumphs of Christian truth? Like the religion itself, their foundations are in the cross, and they rise from it in majesty and glory. The lofty nave and choir, with still loftier towers, crowned by clusters of pinnacles and spires, all directed towards heaven, beautiful emblems of the Christian's brightest hope, the shame of the pagan; the cross, raised on high in glory, a token of mercy and forgiveness, crowning the sacred edifice, and placed between the anger of God and the sins of the city."

"The images of holy martyrs, each bearing the instruments of the cruel death by which pagan foolishness hoped to exterminate with their lives the truths they witnessed, fill every niche that line the arched recesses of the doorways. Above them are forms of cherubims and the heavenly host, mingled with patriarchs and prophets. Over the great entrance is the final judgment, the Divine Majesty, the joys of the blessed spirits, the despair of the condemned. What subjects for contemplation do not these majestic portals present to the Christian as he approaches to the house of prayer! and well are they calculated to awaken those sentiments of reverence and devotion suited to the holy place. But if the exterior of the temple be so soul-stirring, what a burst of glory meets the eye on entering a long majestic line of pillars, rising into lofty and fretted vaulting! The eye is lost in the intricacies of the aisles and lateral chapels; each window beams with sacred instructions, and sparkles with glowing and sacred tints; the pavement is a rich enamel, interspersed with brass memorials of departed souls; every capital and base are fashioned to represent some holy mystery."—PUGIN'S *Contrasts*.

The above we give as eloquent words written by the chief among Gothic revivalists. They serve, as we have said, for an *outré* statement of the creed devoutly held by "Christian" or "Catholic" architects. Like most forms of error,

these opinions are based at least on partial truth; and so far, notwithstanding their extravagance, they remain worthy of attention. And now, coming to the conclusion of this necessarily discursive article, we would wish the more precisely to define the principles inculcated in the preceding pages by the statement of the following propositions.

The advantages claimed by one style over another have not, upon full inquiry, been always established. After careful investigation, the Parliamentary Committee of 1858 reported, that for cheapness of construction, convenience of arrangement, and facility for lighting and ventilation, Italian and Gothic architectures are equal and alike.

No one style has positive claims to an English nationality. The architecture of our country, like our language, is derived from many sources, and compounded of varied elements.

No style is exclusively "picturesque." A perfect building, rightly placed, is good for a picture as for use; and when timeworn and ruined, whatever the architecture, it becomes picturesque, whether the edifice be temples of Pæstum, the Acropolis of Athens, the Abbey of Tintern, or the Castle of Kenilworth.

No style is exclusively Christian, and no architecture, which is true and good in art, can be Antichristian. The religion of art is essentially one with the religion of nature, arising in immutable principles of the true, the beautiful, and the good.

As Christianity is catholic, so should Christian art be universal, rejoicing in a wide toleration which can embrace the Italian-built Basilica of St Peter's, our own Cathedral of St Paul, no less than the grand Gothic churches of Cologne, Milan, and Westminster.

Christianity should not refuse to ally herself with every style that is true and lovely, yet is she found in peculiar sympathy with Gothic aspiration, symbolism, and solemnity.

This symbolism, when true to the

essential correspondence subsisting between outward nature and inward state, is a language which speaks to the understanding and warms the heart; but when, as often, merely conventional and ecclesiastical, it sinks to superstition.

The classic styles of Greece and Rome have been successfully reproduced in several great buildings of modern Europe. The style of the Italian Renaissance is specially fitted for palaces, grand public buildings, and private domestic dwellings.

Thus each architectural system has its proper individual sphere, its specific beauty, and its appropriate use.

Underlying, however, this diversity of form and difference of ends, there probably subsist a unity of origin and an essential oneness of æsthetic principle. As the varying dialects in the great Indo-Germanic languages may probably be reduced to one common root, as the manifold species in organic nature may possibly fall into one and the same animal kingdom, so do historic research and philosophic criticism tend to resolve the several schools and styles of architectures, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Italian, into one grand cosmopolitan family or group.

Thus apparent antagonisms found in remote contrasts are reconciled and brought together by connecting historic links, and a law of progressive development is established, which at last binds conflicting varieties into harmony.

The battle of the styles, therefore, when more than mutual rivalry, when other than friendly and generous competition for highest excellence, is just as unreasonable as civil warfare waged among neighbouring states and kindred peoples.

In conclusion, then, we would proclaim terms of peace. Jealousy among sister arts should have an end. Diversity of gifts there may be, but the parentage is one. Differences of administration may subsist among neighbouring provinces

of a great empire, but the entire world owns the same Creator making of one flesh all the dwellers upon earth. And thus the varied realms of art, however widely severed, owe obedience to the same simple fundamental laws, and merge at last into one great commonwealth. The principles of truth, of beauty, and of goodness, have laid for every style of architecture the same foundation:—truth to the necessities of construction, to the forms of nature, and to the functions of the human mind; beauty, as a deep need of the imagination—the adorning as with flowers—the lily of the field arraying the glory of Solomon, and crowning the columns of his temple; and, lastly, goodness for a benediction over all, as when the evening and the morning closed creation's work, and all was good. We have stood upon Mars Hill, and looked upon the Acropolis, when sunset robed the sky of the Ægean Sea, or when the moon rode high, the queen of night; and we have known how great, and withal how good, were those classic arts which enshrined the gods of Greece. We have stood beneath the dome of St Peter's, dazzling with gold, and rich with coloured marbles. We have paused in the majestic nave of Milan Cathedral, solemn in Gothic shadow, and have bowed the head and bent the knee before the surpassing glory of those arts which witnessed to the faith of Christendom. We have rowed along canals of Venice, and sailed on Italian lakes, palaces and villas rising from out the waters, bright as sunny sky and laughing landscape; and we longed to linger, and so to live that poetry of existence to which the domestic arts and architecture of Italy so subtilely minister—terrace-walks, and orange-groves, and cool retreats of halls and corridors. Blessings be upon all these forms of beauty; peace and blessedness from a heart made grateful. Let strife and battle cease, and to the harmony of nature's ways may we conform the concord of the arts.

CAXTONIANA :

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON LIFE, LITERATURE, AND MANNERS.

By the Author of "The Caxton Family."

PART II.

NO. III.—ON MONOTONY IN OCCUPATION AS A SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

For things to be distinctly remembered, it is not enough that they should delight the senses and captivate the fancy. They must have a certain measured duration, in harmony with the previous impressions on the mind. Thus the airs of the Æolian harp, ravishing though they are, cannot be committed to memory, because no time is observed in their music.

When we look back over a lengthened series of years, we seldom find that remembrance clings fondly to moments in which the mind has been the most agitated, the passions most active, but rather to the intervals in which hour stole on hour with the same quiet tread. The transitory fever of the senses it is only a diseased imagination that ponders over and recalls; the triumphs which flatter our self-esteem look pale and obsolete from the distance of years, as arches of lath and plaster, thrown up in haste for the march of a conqueror, seem frail and tawdry when we see them, in after time, spanning the solid thoroughfares with columns already mouldering, and stripped of the banners and the garlands that had clad them in the bravery of an hour.

Howsoever varied the courses of our life, whatsoever the phases of pleasure and ambition through which it has swept along, still, when in memory we would revive the times that were comparatively the happiest, those times will be found to have been the calmest.

As the body for health needs

regularity in habits, and will even reconcile itself to habits not in themselves best fitted for longevity, with less injury to the system than it can endure abrupt changes to the training by which athletes attain their vigour—so the mind for health needs a certain clockwork of routine; we like to look forward with a tranquil sentiment of security; when we pause from the occupation of to-day, which custom has made dear to us, there is a charm in the mechanical confidence with which we think that the same occupation will be renewed at the same hour to-morrow. And thus monotony itself is a cause and element of happiness which, amidst the shifting tumults of the world, we are apt to ignore. Plutarch, indeed, says truly* that "the shoe takes the form of the foot, not the foot the form of the shoe," meaning thereby that "man's life is moulded by the disposition of his soul." But new shoes chafe the foot, new customs the soul. The stoutest pedestrian would flag on a long walk if he put on new shoes at every second mile.

It is with a sentiment of misplaced pity, perhaps of contempt still more irrational, that the busy man, whose existence is loud and noisy, views another who seems to him less to live than to vegetate. The traveller, whirled from capital to capital, stops for a night's lodging at some convent rising lone amidst unfrequented hills. He witnesses the discipline of the monastic life drilled into unvarying

* PLUTARCH, *On the Tranquillity of the Soul*.

forms, day and year portioned out, according to inch scale, by the chimes of the undeviating bell. He re-enters his carriage with a sense of relief; how dreary must be the existence he leaves behind! Why dreary? Because so monotonous. Shallow reasoner! it is the monotony that has reconciled the monk to his cell. Even prisoners, after long years, have grown attached to the sameness of their prison, and have shrunk back from the novelty of freedom when turned loose upon the world. Not that these illustrations constitute a plea for monastery or prison; they but serve to show that monotony, even under circumstances least favourable to the usual

elements of happiness, becomes a happiness in itself, growing, as it were, unseen, out of the undisturbed certainty of peculiar customs. As the pleasure the ear finds in rhyme is said to arise from its recurrence at measured periods—from the gratified expectation that at certain intervals certain effects will be repeated—so it is in life: the recurrence of things same or similar, the content in the fulfilment of expectations so familiar and so gentle that we are scarcely conscious that they were formed, have a harmony and a charm, and, where life is enriched by no loftier genius, often make the only difference between its poetry and its prose.

NO. IV.—ON THE NORMAL CLAIRVOYANCE OF THE IMAGINATION.

Most men are sceptical as to the wonders recorded of mesmeric clairvoyance. "I concede," says the cautious physiologist, "that you may produce a kind of catalepsy upon a highly nervous subject; that in that state of quasi-catalepsy there may pass through the brain a dream, which the dreamer is able to repeat, and which, in repeating, he may colour or exaggerate according to an unconscious sympathy (called *rapport* by the mesmerists) with the will of the person who has cast him into sleep, or according to a bias of his own mind, of which at the moment he may not be aware. But to conceive that a person in this abnormal state can penetrate into the most secret thoughts of another—traverse, in spirit, the region of time and space—describe to me in London what is being done by my son in Bombay—'see,' says Sir

Henry Holland, 'through other organs than the eyes,' and be wise through other faculties than the reason,—is to contradict all we know of the organisation of man, and of the agencies established by nature."

But it seems to me that there is a clairvoyance much more marvellous than that which the followers of Puysegur* attribute to the mesmeric trance, but which, nevertheless, no physiologist ever presumes to gainsay. For the most ardent believer in the gift of mesmeric clairvoyance, if his belief be grounded upon actual experience, will be the first to admit that the powers it bestows are extremely capricious and uncertain—that although a somnambulist tells you accurately to-day the cause of an intricate disease or the movements of your son in Bombay, he may not be able

* The theory of Clairvoyance does not originate in Mesmer, but in the experiments of his disciple, Count Puysegur. I am not sure that Mesmer ever acknowledged the existence of clairvoyance to the extent claimed for its manifestations by Puysegur. He certainly did not attach the same importance to its phenomena. Though I have made use of the phrase *Mesmeric clairvoyance*, it is not therefore strictly correct. It ought rather to be *Puysegurian clairvoyance*. But I agree with Malebranche, that where we desire to be understood we should use words that correspond with previous associations. And especially in essays of so familiar a character as these, it would be mere pedantry to coin new words for the expression of established ideas.

to-morrow to detect a cold in your head or tell you what is done by your next-door neighbour. So uncertain, indeed, so unreliable, are the higher phenomena ascribed to mesmeric clairvoyance, that experiments of such phenomena almost invariably fail when subjected to those tests which the incredulous not unreasonably demand. And even when fostered by the submissive faith of witnesses the most reverential, and developed by *rapport* the most sympathetic, the experienced mesmeriser is aware that he must be exceedingly cautious how he attempt to extract any practical uses from the advice or predictions dictated by this mystical second-sight; the more wonderful its occasional accuracy, the more he is on his guard against the grave dangers into which he would be decoyed did he believe that such accuracy could be faithfully reproduced at will, and so led on to exchange for irresponsible oracles the conclusions to be drawn from his own sober sense.

It is recorded, upon evidence so respectable that I will assume it to be sufficient, that a clairvoyant has tracked to detection a murder which had baffled the keenest research of the police; that another clairvoyant, a day before the Derby, minutely described the incidents of the race, and truthfully predicted the winner, the colours of the rider, the name of the horse. But sure I am that no mesmeriser, who has had practical experience of the most remarkable somnambules in Europe, would venture to risk his own reputation in denouncing as criminals those whom the same clairvoyant who had once tracked a murder might circumstantially indicate and unhesitatingly accuse when next applied to in aid of justice, or would hazard his own money on the horse which the same clairvoyant, whose vaticinations on the Derby were once so mysteriously truthful, might, when again invoked, single out as the winner.

No man has sacrificed more for

the cause of mesmerism than Dr Elliotson, and perhaps no man would more earnestly warn a neophyte—startled by his first glimpse of phenomena, which, developed to the utmost by the priesthood of Delphi, once awed to subjection the luminous intellect of Greece—not to accept the lucky guesses of the Pythian for the infallible response of Apollo.

It is not only, then, the extreme rarity of mesmeric clairvoyance approaching in any degree to that finer vision, of which the advocates for its existence contend as a fact not the less certain because it is admitted to be rare—but it is far more the fickleness and uncertainty to which that vision itself is subjected, even in the most gifted clairvoyant whom the most accomplished mesmeriser can discover, which has made the phenomena of clairvoyance available to no definite purposes of knowledge.

How little has mesmeric clairvoyance realised the hopes that were based on the early experiments of Puysegur! With all its assumptions of intelligence more than mortal, it has not solved one doubtful problem in science. It professes to range creation on the wings of a spirit, but it can no more explain to us what is "spirit," than it can tell us what is heat or electricity. It assumes to diagnose in cases that have baffled the Fergusons and Brodies—it cannot tell us the cause of an epidemic. It has a cure for all diseases—it has not added to the pharmacopœia a single new remedy. It can read the thoughts hoarded close in your heart, the letter buttoned-up in your pocket,—and when it has done so, *cui bono!* you start, you are astonished, you cry "miraculous!" but the miracle makes you no wiser than if you had seen the trick of a conjuror.

There is another specialty in the restricted domain of clairvoyance: it is inferior to all systematic art and science in this—it does not improve by practice. A clairvoyant

may exercise his gifts every day in the year for twenty years, and is no better at the end of the twentieth year than he was at the commencement of the first. Nay, on the contrary, many connoisseurs in mesmerism prefer as the most truthful the youngest and rawest Pythoness they can obtain, and are inclined to view with distrust all sibyls in lengthened professional practice. But when we deny, as a thing too preternatural, too transcendent for human attainment, this very limited and very precarious, unimprovable, unprofitable speciality of certain morbid constitutions, does it never strike us that there is something much more marvellous in that normal clairvoyance which imagination bestows upon healthful brains?

It is no rare phenomenon for a poet "to see through other organs than his eyes;" to describe with an accuracy that astounds a native the lands which he has never beheld; it is no rare phenomenon for a historian or dramatist to read the most secret thoughts in the hearts of men who lived a thousand years ago! And their clairvoyance immeasurably exceeds, in the marvel of its second-sight, the clairvoyance ascribed to the most eminent somnambule, inasmuch as it is not precarious and fluctuating—a glimpse into light "above the visible diurnal sphere" swallowed up in Cimmerian darkness, but calm and habitual, improved by increasing practice, courting tests and giving them; the larger and more mingled the crowd of spectators, the more surely does their clairvoyance display its powers and confound the sceptic by its proofs. And whereas the clairvoyance of the somnambule has solved no riddle in nature, added no invention to art, the clairvoyance of wakeful intellect has originated all the manifold knowledge we now possess—predicted each step of our progress—divined every obstacle that encumbered the way—lit beacons that never fade in the wastes of the past—taken into its

chart the headlands that loom through the future. Every art, every craft that gives bread to the millions, came originally forth from some brain that saw it first in the typical image. Before the very paper I write on could be fashioned from rags, some musing inventor must have seen in his lucid clairvoyance the idea of a thing that was not yet existent. It is obviously undeniable that every invention added to our uses must have been invented before it was seen—that is, its image must have appeared to the inventor "through some other organ than his eyes."

It is amusing to read the ingenious hypotheses framed by critics who were not themselves poets, in order to trace in Shakespeare's writings the footprints of his bodily life. I have seen it inferred as proof positive, from the description of the samphire gatherer, that Shakespeare must have stood on the cliffs of Dover. I have followed the inductions of an argument intended to show, from the fidelity of his colourings of Italian scenery, that Shakespeare must have travelled into Italy. His use of legal technicalities has been cited as a satisfactory evidence that he had been an attorney's clerk; his nice perception of morbid anatomy has enrolled him among the sons of Æsculapius as a medical student; and from his general tendency to philosophical speculation it has been seriously maintained that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare at all. So fine a philosopher could not have been a vagabond stage-player; he must have been the prince of professed philosophers—the Lord Chancellor of Nature—Bacon himself, and no other! But does it not occur to such discriminating observers that Shakespeare's knowledge is no less accurate when applied to forms of life and periods of the world into which his personal experience could not possibly have given him an insight, than it was when applied to the description of Dover cliff, or couched in a meta-

phor borrowed from the law courts? Possibly he might have seen with his own bodily eyes the samphire gatherer hanging between earth and sky; but with his own bodily eyes had he seen Brutus in his tent on the fatal eve of Philippi? Possibly he might have scrawled out a deed of conveyance to John Doe; but had he any hand in Cæsar's will, or was he consulted by Mark Antony as to the forensic use to which that will could be applied in obtaining from a Roman jury a verdict against the liberties of Rome? To account for Shakespeare's lucidity in things done on earth before Dover cliff had been seen by the earliest Saxon immigrant, there is but one supposition agreeable to the theory that Shakespeare must have seen Dover cliff with his own bodily eyes because he describes it so well: Shakespeare must have been, not Lord Bacon, but Pythagoras, who had lived as Euphorbus in the times of the Trojan war, and who, under some name or other (why not in that of Shakespeare?) might therefore have been living in the reign of Elizabeth, linking in one individual memory the annals of perished states and extinguished races.

But then, it may be said, "Shakespeare is an exception to all normal mortality: no rule applicable to inferior genius can be drawn from the speciality of that enigmatical monster!"

This assertion would not be correct. Shakespeare is indeed the peerless prince of clairvoyants—"Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum." But the scale of honour descends downward, and down, not only through the Dii Majores of Genius, but to many an earthborn Curius and Camillus.

The gift of seeing through other organs than the eyes is more or less accurately shared by all in whom imagination is strongly concentrated upon any selected object, however distant and apart from the positive experience of material senses. Certainly if there were any

creature in the world whom a quiet prim respectable printer could never have come across in the flesh and the blood, it would be a daring, magnificent libertine—a *roué* of fashion the most exquisitely urbane—a prodigal of wit the most riotously lavish. It was only through clairvoyance that a Richardson could have ever beheld a Lovelace. But Richardson does not only behold Lovelace, he analyses and dissects him—minutes every impulse in that lawless heart, unravels every web in that wily brain. The refiners on Shakespeare who would interpret his life from his writings, and reduce his clairvoyance into commonplace reminiscence, would, by the same process of logic, prove Richardson to have been the confidential valet of Wilmot Lord Rochester; or, at least in some time of his life, to have been a knavish attorney in the Old Bailey of love. Nothing is more frequent amongst novelists, even third-rate and fourth-rate, than "to see through other organs than their eyes." Clairvoyance is the badge of all their tribe. They can describe scenes they have never witnessed more faithfully than the native who has *lived* amid those scenes from his cradle.

I could cite many indisputable proofs of this phenomenon amongst my brethren in the masonry of fiction; but as I here contend that the gift, so far from being a rare attribute of genius, is shared, in a greater or lesser degree, by all who concentrate imagination on particular objects, I abstain from a reference that would not convey the homage of a compliment, but the affront of a disparagement. And, therefore, neither in self-conceit, nor in self-depreciation, but just as a chemist who suggests a theory naturally adds to his suggestion the statement of his own experiments, I offer my personal evidence in favour of the doctrine I advance—viz., "that there is nothing so rare as to excite our incredulous wonder in the faculty of seeing 'through other organs than the eyes.'" I have had

sometimes to describe minutely, scenes which, at the time of describing, I had never witnessed. I visited those scenes later. I then examined them, with a natural apprehension that I must have committed some notable mistake to be carefully corrected in any subsequent edition of the work in which such descriptions had been temerarily adventured. In no single instance could I ever find, after the most rigid scrutiny, that the clairvoyance of imagination had deceived me. I found nothing in the scenery I witnessed to induce me to retouch an outline or a colouring in the scenery I had imagined. I am not sure, indeed, that I could not describe the things I imagine more exactly than the things I habitually see. I am not sure that I could not give a more truthful picture of the Nile, which I have never beheld except in my dreams, than I could of the little lake at the bottom of my own park, on the banks of which I loitered out my schoolboy holidays, and (could I but hallow their turf as Christian burial-ground) would desire to choose my grave.

Well, but is it only poets and novelists—creatures whom my stockbroker would call “the children of fancy,” and my apothecary classify amongst “highly nervous patients”—is it only poets and novelists on whom the faculty of seeing “through other organs than the eyes” is bestowed?

When the great Rothschild leant his burly back against the old grey column in the money mart—“*cuncta supercilio movens*”—no one could suppose that he founded his calculations on the numbers of the Hebrew Cabala—no one could ascribe to him any profound knowledge even of vulgar fractions. Shallow disparagers said, no doubt, that the luminous Jew had ample sources of secret information. So he had! But other Jews have had sources of secret information brought to bear on a judgment more cultured than that of the letterless Rothschild, and

have still never gained his clairvoyance.

Ten physicians may be equals in learning—know, with equal minuteness, our anatomical structure—may with equal research have ransacked the lore of prescriptions, scrutinised the same number of tongues, counted the same number of pulses;—but if I want to know what is really the cause of my suffering, I am assured by my apothecary that there is one man out of these ten physicians who “has the doctor’s eye”—that is, the gift of clairvoyance.

Men disciplined in the study of severest science, only through reason discover what through imagination they prewise. I was mistaken in calling Shakespeare “peerless” in the gift of clairvoyance—Newton’s clairvoyance is not less marvellous than Shakespeare’s. To imagine the things they have never seen, and to imagine them accurately, constitutes the poetry of philosophers, as it constitutes the philosophy of poets. Kant startled an Englishman with a description of Westminster Bridge, so minutely detailed, that his listener in amazement asked him how many years he had lived in London? Kant had never been out of Prussia—scarcely out of Königsberg.

Take that department of knowledge in which we most beware of mere fancy—“political knowledge.” Who has not heard of “the prophetic eye of the statesman”? Nor is it only the great minister, to whose hands nations confide the destiny of races unborn, in whom this clairvoyance is notable. On the contrary, I suspect that men in high office, compelled to deal with business as it rises from day to day, have less of “the prophetic eye” than many an obscure politician who has never gone to sleep on the Treasury bench. I have known men who sat on fifth rows in the House of Commons, and have never been heard in debate—nay, I have known men who never sat in Parliament at all—in whom “the prophetic eye” has been as sure as

Cassandra's. Men, who behold afar off the shadows of events not yet coming—predict the questions that will divide cabinets yet unformed—name, amongst the adversaries of such questions, the converts by whose aid the questions will be carried—and fix, as if they had read it in the almanac, the very date in which some crotchety motion, the nursling of a minority, will rise into place amongst the laws of the land. Two men have I known, who, in this gift of political prevision, excelled all the chiefs of our senate: the one was a saturnine tailor, the other a meditative saddler.

The truth really seems to be, that the imagination acquires by custom a certain involuntary unconscious power of observation and comparison, correcting its own mistakes, and arriving at precision of judgment, just as the outward eye is disciplined to compare, adjust, estimate, measure, the objects reflected on the back of its retina. The imagination is but the faculty of glassing images; and it is with exceeding difficulty, and by the imperative will of the reasoning faculty resolved to mislead it, that it glasses images which have no prototype in truth and nature. I can readily imagine a wombat which I have never seen; but it is only with violent effort, and constrained by the false assurance of some naturalist, whose authority has subjected my reason, which in turn subjects my imagination, that I can imagine a wombat with two heads.

If an Oriental idolater figured to himself a deity in the form of a man, but with the beak of an eagle or the horns of a bull, it was because, by some philosophical abstraction, founded on metaphysical inquiries into the attributes of deity, the eagle's beak was a symbol of superterrestrial majesty—the bull's horns a symbol of superhuman power. This is not the error of simple, childlike imagination, but the deluding subtlety of parables in metaphysical science. Where the imagination is left clear from

disturbing causes—no confusing shadow cast upon its wave from the shores that confine it—there, with an equal fidelity, it reflects the star that is aloof from it by myriads of miles, or the heron that has just soared from the neighbouring reeds.

The clairvoyance of poet or novelist is lucid in proportion as, while intent on forms remote, it is unruffled by the shift and change which are constantly varying the outlines of things familiar. On what immediately affects ourselves in our practical personal existence our perceptions are rarely clear. The ablest lawyer, when threatened by a lawsuit that puts in jeopardy his own estate, will take the advice of another counsel, whose judgment is free from the anxiety that affects his own; the most penetrating physician, when seriously ill himself, summons a fellow-practitioner to examine his symptoms and prescribe his remedy.

Be our business in life howsoever hard and prosaic, we shall not attain any eminent success in its conduct if we despise the clairvoyance which imagination alone bestows. No man can think justly but what he is compelled to imagine—that is, his thoughts must come before him in images. Every thought not distinctly imaged is imperfect and abortive.

Hence, when some lover of the marvellous tells me, gape-mouthed, of the last astounding phenomenon in mesmeric clairvoyance, I somewhat disappoint him by saying, "Is that all?" For I cannot pass half-an-hour in my library—I cannot converse familiarly with any one capable of the simplest invention by which a thing or a thing's uses not discovered yesterday, seen to-day "through other organs than the eyes," will to-morrow be added to the world's practical possessions—but what I find instances of normal clairvoyance immeasurably more wonderful than those erratic gleams of lucidity in magnetic sleep, which one man reveres as divine and another man disdains as incredible.

LEAVES FROM THE CLUB BOOKS.

IN some recent psychological investigations concerning the nature and habits of the book-hunter, it was our function to trace him to his favourite club, and we naturally found it in a species of institution established for the purpose of ministering to his predominating cravings. From the constitution and functions of the club itself we were led by a natural digression to the intellectual nourishment which it imparts to its adherents; and having through lack of space to stop suddenly in the midst of our erratic rambles among the contents of the club books, we now resume where we broke off.

It is difficult to estimate the greatness of the obligations of British history to these institutions. They have dug up, cleansed, and put in order for immediate inspection and use, a multitude of written monuments bearing on the greatest events and the most critical epochs in the progress of the empire. The time thus saved to investigators is great and priceless. In no other department of knowledge is the intellectual labourer so forcibly taught the saying, "*Ars longa, vita brevis.*" In the ordinary sciences the philosopher may and often does content himself with the well-rounded and professedly completed system of the day. No one can grapple with history without feeling its inexhaustibility. Its final boundaries seem only to retreat to a farther distance the more ground we master, as poor Mr Buckle found, when he betook himself, like another Atlas, to grappling with the history of the whole world.

The more an investigator finds his materials printed for him, the farther he can go. No doubt it is sometimes desirable, even necessary, to look to some manuscript authority for the clearing-up of a special point; but too often the profession of having perused a great

mass of manuscript authorities is an affectation and a pedantry. He who searches for and finds the truth in any considerable portion of history, performs too great an achievement to care for the praise of deciphering a few specimens of difficult handwriting, and revealing the sense hidden in certain words couched in obsolete spelling. If casual discoveries of this kind do really help him to great truths, it is well; but it too often happens that he exaggerates their value, because they are his own game, shot on his own manor. Until he has exhausted all that is in print, the student of history wastes his time in struggling with manuscripts. Hence the value of the services of the book-clubs in immensely widening the arena of his immediate materials. To him their volumes are as new tools to the mechanic, or new machinery to the manufacturer. They economise, as it is termed, his labour: more correctly speaking, they increase its productiveness.

These books are fortunately rich in memorials of the great internal contest of the seventeenth century. Take, for instance, the notes of the proceedings of the Long Parliament, by Sir Ralph Verney, edited for the Camden by Mr Bruce. They come upon us fresh from that scene of high debate, carrying with them the very marks of strife. The editor informs us that the manuscript is written almost entirely in pencil on slips of foolscap paper, which seem to have been so folded as to be conveniently placed on the knee, and transferred to the pocket as each was completed. "They are," he says, "full of abrupt terminations, as if the writer occasionally gave up the task of following a rapid speaker who had got beyond him, and began his note afresh. When they relate to resolutions of the House, they often contain erasures, alterations, or other marks of

the haste with which the notes were jotted down, and of the changes which took place in the subject-matter during the progress towards completion. On several important occasions, and especially in the instance of the debate on the Protestation [as to the impeachment of Strafford], the confusion and irregularity of the notes give evidence to the excitement of the House; and when the public discord rose higher, the notes become more brief and less personal, and speeches are less frequently assigned to their speakers, either from greater difficulty in reporting, or from an increased feeling of the danger of the time, and the possible use that might be made of notes of violent remarks. On several of the sheets there are marks evidently made by the writer's pencil having been forced upwards suddenly, as if by some one, in a full House, pressing hastily against his elbow while he was in the act of taking his note."

The great crisis in our history was at the same time watched and recorded by a narrator, in a totally different sphere, at the other end of the island—John Spalding, commonly supposed to have been Commissary-Clerk of Aberdeen, but positively known in no other capacity than as author of the book aptly entitled "*The Troubles*," or, more fully, "*Memorials of the Troubles in Scotland and in England, from 1624 to 1645*." Little, probably, did the Commissary-Clerk imagine, when he entered on his snug little office, where he recorded probates of wills and the proceedings in questions of marriage law, that he was to witness and record one of the most momentous conflicts that the world ever beheld—that contest which has been the prototype of all later European convulsions. Less still could he have imagined that fame would arise for him after two hundred years—that vehement though vain efforts should be made to endow the simple name of John Spalding with the antecedents and subsequents of a biographical exist-

ence, and that the far-off descendants of many of those lairds and barons, whose warlike deeds he noticed at humble distance, should raise a monument to his memory in an institution called by his name. He was evidently a thoroughly retiring man, for he has left no vestige whatever of his individuality. Some specimens of his formal official work might have been found in the archives of his office—these would have been especially valuable for the identification of his handwriting and the settlement of disputed questions about the originality of manuscripts; but these documents, as it happens, were all burnt early in last century with the building containing them. So ardent and hot has been the chase after vestiges of this man, that the fact was once discovered that with his own hand he had written a certain deed concerning a feu-duty or rent-charge of £25, 7s. 4d., bearing date 31st January 1663; but in spite of the most resolute efforts, this interesting document has not been found.

It is probably to this same unobtrusive reserve, which has shrouded his very identity, that we owe the valuable peculiarities of the Commissary-Clerk's chronicle. He sought no public distinctions, took no ostensible side, and must have kept his own thoughts to himself, otherwise he would have had to bear record of his own share of troubles. In this calm serenity, folding the arms of resignation on the bosom of patience, as the Persians say, he took his notes of the wild contest that raged around him, setting down each event, great or small, with systematic deliberation, as if he were an experimental philosopher watching the phenomena of an eclipse or an eruption. Hence nowhere, perhaps, has it been permitted to a mere reader to have so good a peep behind the scenes of the mighty drama of war. We have plenty of chroniclers of that epoch—marching us with swinging historic stride on from battle

unto battle — great in describing in long sentences the musterings, the conflicts, and the retreats. In Spalding, however, we will find the numbers and character of the combatants, their arms, their dresses, the persons who paid for these, and the prices paid—the amount they obtained in pay, and the amount they were cheated out of—their banners, distinguishing badges, watchwords, and all other like particulars, set down with the minuteness of a bailiff making an inventory of goods on which he has taken execution. He is rather specific in what we shall term the negative side of the characteristics of war—the misery and desolation it spreads around. The losses of this “gudeman” and that lone widow are stated as if he were their law agent, making up an account to go to a jury for damages for the spulzie of outside and inside plenshing, nolt, horse, sheep, cocks and hens, hay, corn, peats, and fodder. He specifies all the items of mansions and farmhouses attacked and looted, or “harried,” as he calls it—the doors staved in—the wainscoting pulled down—the windows smashed—the furniture made firewood of—the pleasant plantations cut down to build sleeping-huts—the linen, plate, and other valuables carried off: he will even, perchance, tell how they were distributed—who it was that managed to feather his nest with the plunder, and who it was that was disappointed and cheated.

He had opportunities of bestowing his descriptive powers to good purpose. Besides its ordinary share in the vicissitudes and calamities of the war, his town of Aberdeen was twice pillaged by Montrose, with laudable impartiality—once for the Covenanters and once for the Royalists. Here is his first triumphant entry:—

“Upon the morne, being Saturday, they came in order of battle, being well armed both on horse and foot, ilk horseman having five shot at the least, whereof he had

ane carbine in his hand, two pistols by his sides, and other two at his saddle-torr; the pikemen in their ranks with pike and sword; the musketeers in their ranks with musket, musket-staff, bandelier, sword, powder, ball, and match. Ilk company, both horse and foot, had their captains, lieutenants, ensigns, sergeants, and other officers and commanders, all for the most part in buff coats and goodly order. They had five colours or ensigns, whereof the Earl of Montrose had one having this motto drawn in letters, ‘For Religion, the Covenant, and the Countrie.’ The Earl Marechal had one, the Earl of Kinghorn had one, and the town of Dundee had two. They had trumpeters to ilk company of horsemen, and drummers to ilk company of footmen. They had their meat, drink, and other provisions, bag and baggage, carried with them, done all by advice of his Excellency Field-Marshal Leslie, whose counsel General Montrose followed in this business. Then, in seemly order and good array, this army came forward and entered the burgh of Aberdeen, about ten hours in the morning, at the Over Kirk gate-port, syne came down through the Broadgate, through the Castlegate, over at the Justice Port to the Queen’s Links directly. Here it is to be noted that few or none of this haill army wanted ane blue ribbon hung about his craig [viz., neck] under his left arm, whilk they called ‘the Covenanters’ ribbon,’ because the Lord Gordon and some other of the Marquis’s bairns had ane ribbon, when he was dwelling in the toun, of ane red flesh colour, which they wore in their hats, and called it ‘the royal ribbon,’ as a sign of their love and loyalty to the King. In dispite or dirision whereof this blue ribbon was worn and called ‘the Covenanters’ ribbon’ by the haill soldiers of this army.”

He briefly describes the method of manœuvring dragoons, having witnessed the phenomenon, as “dragooneries, whereupon ane soldier

rides, alights, and fights on foot ; ” a peculiarity not known to every reader, nor yet to every writer who fills his narrative with the set phraseology of warfare.

The well-ordered army passed through, levying a fine on the Malignants, and all seemed well ; but because the citizens had not resisted Montrose, the loyal barons in the neighbourhood fell on them and plundered them ; and because they had submitted to be so plundered, the Covenanting army came back and plundered them also. “ Many of this company went and brack up the Bishop’s yetts, set on good fires of his peats standing within the close : they masterfully broke up the hail doors and windows of this stately house ; they brake down beds, boards, aumries, glassen windows, took out the iron stauncheons, brake in the locks, and such as they could carry had with them, and sold for little or nothing ; but they got none of the Bishop’s plenishing to speak of, because it was all conveyed away before their coming.” On Sunday, Montrose and the other leaders duly attended the devotional services of the eminent Covenanting divines they had brought with them. “ But,” says Spalding, “ the renegade soldiers, in time of both preachings, is abusing and plundering New Aberdeen pitifully, without regard to God or man ; ” and he goes on in his specific way, describing the plundering until he reaches this climax : “ No foul—cock or hen—left unkilld. The hail house-dogs, messens, and whelps within Aberdeen felled and slain upon the gate, so that neither hound nor messen or other dog was left that they could see.” But there was a special reason for this. The ladies of Aberdeen, on the retiring of Montrose’s army, had decorated all the vagabond street-dogs with the blue ribbon of the Covenant.

This was in 1639. Five years afterwards Montrose came back on them in more terrible guise still, to punish the town for having yielded

to the Covenant. In Aberdeen Cavalier principles generally predominated ; but after being overrun and plundered successively by either party, the Covenanters, having the acting government of the country at their back, succeeded in establishing a predominance in the councils of the exhausted community. Spalding had no respect for the civic and rural forces they attempted to embody, and speaks of a petty bailie “ who brought in ane drill-master to learn our poor bodies to handle their arms, who had more need to handle the plough and win their livings.” Montrose had now with him his celebrated army of Highlanders—or Irish, as Spalding calls them—who broke at a rush through the feeble force sent out of the town to meet them. Montrose “ follows the chase to Aberdeen, his men hewing and cutting down all manner of men they could overtake within the town, upon the streets, or in their houses, and round about the town, as our men were fleeing, with broadswords, but mercy or remeid. These cruel Irish, seeing a man well clad, would first tyr [*i. e.*, strip] him and save the clothes unspoiled, then kill the man. . . . Nothing heard but pitiful howling, crying, weeping, mourning, through all the streets. . . . It is lamentable to hear how thir Irishes, who had gotten the spoil of the town, did abuse the samin. The men that they killed they would not suffer to be buried, but tirlid them of their clothes, syne left their naked bodies lying above the ground. The wife durst not cry nor weep at her husband’s slaughter before her eyes, nor the mother for her son—which if they were heard, then they were presently slain also ; . . . and none durst bury the dead. Yea, and I saw two corpses carried to the burial through the old town with women only, and not ane man amongst them, so that the naked corpses lay unburied so long as these limmers were ungone to the camp.”

The Commissary-Clerk was on

Montrose's side, but he had the hatred of a Lowlander of that day for the Highlanders. He has a great many amusing episodes describing the light-handed lads from the hills coming down, and in the general confusion of the times plundering Cavalier and Covenanter alike; and on these occasions he drops his usual placidity and becomes rabid and abusive, as the best-tempered Americans are said to become when they speak of niggers, and deals out to them the terms — limmers, thieves, robbers, cut-throats, masterful vagrants, and so forth, with great volubility. Of some of their chiefs, renowned in history, he speaks as mere robber-leaders, and when they are known by one name in their own country and another in the Highlands, he puts an *alias* between them. The very initial words of his chronicle are, "After the death and burial of Angus Macintosh of Aulderlie, *alias* Angus Williamson."

Montrose having departed, Argyll's troops commenced to plunder the district for having submitted to his enemy, and these, being doubly offensive as Covenanters and Highlanders, are treated accordingly. But it is necessary to be impartial; and having bestowed so much on the Cavalier annalist, let us take a glimpse at the other side.

The collections of the Reverend Robert Wodrow, the historian of *The Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*, have been a rich harvest to the northern Clubs, one of which appropriately adopted his name. He was a voluminous writer and an inexhaustible collector. It is generally classed among the failings of the book-hunter that he looks only to the far past, and disregards the contemporary and the recent. Wodrow was a valuable exception to this propensity. Reversing the spirit of Sir Boyle Roache's selfish bull, he stored up contemporary literature for posterity, and he thus left, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, such a library as a collector of the nineteenth,

could he have sent a caterer before him, would have prepared to await his arrival. The inestimable value of the great collection of the civil-war pamphlets made by George Thomason, and fortunately preserved in the British Museum, is very well known. Just such another of its kind is Wodrow's, made up of the pamphlets, broadsides, pasquinades, and other fugitive pieces of his own day, and of the generation immediately preceding. These are things easily obtained in their freshness, but the term fugitive is too expressive of their nature, and after a generation or two they have all flown away, save those which the book-hunter has exorcised into the vaults of some public collection. There is perhaps too little done in our own day for preserving to posterity these mute witnesses of our sayings and doings. They are too light and volatile to be caught by the Copyright Act, which so carefully deposits our quartos and octavos in the privileged libraries. It is pleasant, by the way, at this moment, to observe that the eminent scholar who has charge of the chief portion of Wodrow's collection in the Advocate's Library is taking example of their nature, and preserving a collection of the pamphlets of the present century, which will keep our posterity in employment, if they desire to unwind the intricacies of all our civil and ecclesiastical sayings and doings.

Wodrow carried on an active correspondence about matters of contemporary policy, and the special inquiries connected with his History: selections from this mass have furnished three sturdy volumes. Besides pamphlets, he scraped together quantities of other people's manuscripts—some of them rising high enough in importance to be counted State papers. How the minister of the quiet rural parish of Eastwood could have got his hands on them is a marvel, but it is fortunate that they were saved from destruction; and it is nearly equally fortunate that they have been well

ransacked by zealous club-book makers, who have by this time probably exhausted the better part of their material. In the next place, Wodrow left behind several biographies of eminent members of his own Church, its saints and martyrs; and goodly masses out of this storehouse have also been printed.

But by far the most luxurious morsel in the worthy man's intellectual larder was not intended to reach the profane vulgar, but destined for his own special rumination. It consists in the veritable contents of his private note-books, containing his communings with his own heart and his imagination. They were written on small slips of paper, in a hand direly cramped and minute; and lest this should not be a sufficient protection to their privacy, a portion was committed to certain ciphers, which their ingenious inventor deemed, no doubt, to be utterly impregnable. In stenography, however, the art of lock-picking always keeps ahead of the art of locking, as that of inventing destructive missiles seems to outstrip that of forging impenetrable plates. Wodrow's trick was the same as that of Samuel Pepys, and productive of the same consequences—the excitement of a rabid curiosity, which at last found its way into the recesses of his secret communings. They are now printed, in the fine type of the Maitland Club, in four portly quartos, under the title *Wodrow's Analecta*. Few books would hold out so much temptation to a commentator, but their editor is dumb, faithfully reprinting the whole, page by page, and abstaining either from introduction or explanatory foot-note.

Perhaps in the circumstances this was a prudent measure. Those who enjoy the weaknesses of the enthusiastic historian have them at full length. As to others partially like-minded with him, but more worldly, who would rather that such a tissue of absurdities had not been revealed, they are bound over to silence, seeing that a word

said against the book is a word of reproach against its idolised author—for as to the editor, he may repeat after Macbeth, "Thou canst not say I did it."

Mr Buckle's ravenous researches into the most distant recesses of literature revealed to him this pose. He has taken some curious specimens out of it, but he might have decorated his garland still more had he been in search of the picturesque and ludicrous, instead of seeking solid support for his great theory of positivism. What he chiefly amuses us with in this part of the world, however, is the solemn manner in which he treats the responsibility of giving increased publicity to such things, and invokes the Deity to witness that his objects are sincere, and he is influenced by no irreverence. We take this to be a signal instance of the priggish conventionality of English training prevailing over a bold and original mind. In this country, being, as many of us have been, within the very skirts of the great contests that have shaken the realm—Jacobitism on the one hand and Covenantism on the other—we are roughened and hardened, and what shocks our sensitive neighbours is very good fun to ourselves.

It appears that Wodrow had intended to publish a book on remarkable special providences—something of a scientific character it was to be, containing a classification of their phenomena, perhaps a theory of their connection with revealed religion. The natural laws by which they are ruled, he could not, of course, have sought to discover, since the principle on which he set out predicated the non-existence of such laws. The advantage of the peep enjoyed into his private note-book is, that we have his incomplete inquiries, containing the stories as to which even he—a very poor adept at scepticism—required some confirmation. It is quite evident that we thus have something more valuable to philosophy,

and infinitely more amusing, than his completed labours would have been. Here, for instance, is one of his breakdowns—an interesting phenomenon, but not irrefragably proved:—

“This day I have an accoutpt from Marion Steventon, who says she had it from one who was witness to it, that near Dunglass there was a child found upon the highway by some shearers, to their uptaking lately born; and they brought it to the next house, where the woman putting on the pan to make some meat for it, the pan filled full of corn; and when she turned it out and put it on the second time, it filled full of bear; and when put on the third time, it filled full of blood; and upon this the child began to alter its shapes some way, and to speak, and told them this year should have great plenty, and the next year also, but the third the land should be filled with blood and fire and sword! and the child desired it might be taken to the place where it was found, and left there. I hear not yet what was done with it. This is so incredible, that I set it down only for after trial and inquiry about it—no confirmation.”

His wife tells him a story which in her youth she had heard narrated by Mr Andrew Reid, minister of Kirkbean. It is a case of true love crossed by the interference of cruel relations. The swain leaves the country for several years—gets on—remembers the old love, and returns to fulfil his vows. It happens that on the day of his return the loved one dies. He is on the way to her house at the dusk of eve when he meets an old man, who tells him that he is going on a bootless errand—he will find a dead corpse for the warm living heart he expected. The stranger, however, pitying his distress, tells him there is a remedy—hands to the lover certain pills, and says, “If you will give her these, she will recover.” So it turned out, and they were happily married. A certain visitor

at the house, however, “a very eminent Christian,” refused to salute the lady with the usual courtesies. He takes the husband aside, “and tells him that he was very much persuaded his wife was a devil, and indeed he could not salute her; and after some discourse prevailed so far with him as to follow his advise, which was to go with her and take her to that room where he found her, and lay her down upon the bed where he found her, and quit her of a devil. Which he did, and immediately she became a dead corpse half consumed.” “This had need,” says cautious Wodrow, “to be weel attested, and I have writ to Mr Reid anent it.” Curiosity urged us to look for and find among Wodrow’s manuscripts Mr Reid’s answer. He says he often heard the story from his father as a truth, but had been unaccountably negligent in noting the particulars of it; and then he favours his correspondent with some special providences anent himself, which appear not to have been sufficiently pungent for Wodrow’s taste.

A philosophical investigator of the established national superstitions would find excellent types of all of them in the *Analecta*. In the department of second-sight, for instance, restricted with due observance to geographical propriety within the Highland line, a guest disturbs a convivial meeting at Blair-Athol by exclaiming that he beholds a dirk sticking in the breast of their entertainer. That night he is stabbed to the heart; and even while the seer beheld the visionary dagger, a bare-legged gilly was watching outside to execute a long-cherished Highland vengeance. The Marquess of Argyle, who was afterwards beheaded, was playing with some of his clan at bowls, or bullets, as Wodrow calls them, for he was not learned in the nomenclature of vain recreations. “One of the players, when the Marquess stooped down to lift the bullet, fell pale, and said to them about him, ‘Bless me! what is that I see?—my

Lord with the head off, and all his shoulders full of blood.”

In the matter of fairy tricks, the infant of Thomas Paton, “a very eminent Christian,” in its first use of speech, rattles out a volley of terrific oaths, then eats two cheeses, and attempts to cut its brother’s throat. This was surely sufficient evidence to satisfy the most sceptical that it was a changeling, even had it not, as the result of certain well-applied prayers, “left the house with an extraordinary howling and crying.”

Ghost and witch stories abound. We select the following, on account of the eminence of its hero, Gilbert Rule, the founder and first Principal of the University of Edinburgh: He was travelling on the dreary road across the Grampians, called the Cairn o’ Mount, on which stood a lone desolate inn. It has now disappeared, but we remember it in its dreary old age, standing alone on the moor, with its grim gables and its loupin’-on stane,—just the sort of place where, in the romances, the horrified traveller used to observe a trap-door in his bedroom floor, and at supper saw the finger of a murdered man in a mutton pie. There Rule arrived late at night, seeking accommodation, but he could get none—the house was crammed. The only alternative was to make a bed for him in an empty house close by; it had been unoccupied for thirty years, and had a bad repute. He had to sleep there alone, for his servant would not go with him. Let Wodrow himself tell what came to pass.

“He walked some time in the room, and committed himself to God’s protection, and went to bed. There were two candles left on the table, and these he put out. There was a large bright fire remaining. He had not been long in bed till the room door is opened, and an apparition, in shape of a country tradesman, came in and opened the curtains without speaking a word. Mr Rule was resolved to do nothing till it should speak or attack him,

but lay still with full composure, committing himself to the Divine protection and conduct. The apparition went to the table, lighted the two candles, brought them to the bedside, and made some steps toward the door, looking still to the bed, as if he would have Mr Rule rising and following. Mr Rule still lay still, till he should see his way further cleared. Then the apparition, who the whole time spoke none, took an effectual way to raise the doctor. He carried back the candles to the table, and went to the fire, and with the tongues took down the kindled coals, and laid them on the deal chamber floor. The doctor then thought it time to rise and put on his clothes, in the time of which the spectre laid up the coals again in the chimney, and, going to the table, lifted the candles and went to the door, opened it, still looking to the Principal as he would have him following the candles, which he now, thinking there was something extraordinary in the case, after looking to God for direction, inclined to do. The apparition went down some steps with the candles, and carried them into a long trance, at the end of which there was a stair which carried down to a low room. This the spectre went down, and stooped, and set down the lights on the lowest step of the stair, and straight disappears.”

The learned Principal, whose courage and coolness deserve the highest commendation, lighted himself back to bed with the candles, and took the remainder of his rest undisturbed. Being a man of great sagacity, on ruminating over his adventure, he informed the sheriff of the county “that he was much of the mind there was murder in the case.” The stone whereon the candles were placed was raised, and there “the plain remains of a human body were found, and bones, to the conviction of all.” It must be some very old affair, however, and no traces could be got of the murderer. Rule undertook the functions of the detective, and

pressed into the service the influence of his own profession. He preached a great sermon on the occasion, to which all the neighbouring people were summoned; and behold, "in the time of his sermon, an old man near eighty years was awakened, and fell a-weeping, and before all the whole company acknowledged that, at the building of that house, he was the murderer."

Throughout these pages the devil often cuts a humiliating figure, and is treated with a deal of rude and boisterous jeering. A certain "exercised Christian," probably during a fit of indigestion, was subjected to a heavy wrestling with doubts and irreconcilable difficulties, which raised in his mind horrible suggestions. The devil took occasion to put in a word or two for the purpose of increasing the confusion, but it had the directly opposite effect, and called forth the remark that, "on the whole, the devil is a great fool, and outshoots himself oft when he thinks he has poor believers on the haunch." On another occasion the devil performed a function of a very unusual kind, we should think. He is known to quote Scripture for his purposes, but we never elsewhere heard of his writing a sermon, and, as it appears, a sound and orthodox one. There was a youth in the University of St Andrews, who was preparing to undergo his trials as a licentiate, but had good reason to fear that he would be plucked. He found he could make nothing whatever of the trial sermon, and was wandering about by lonely ways, seeking in vain for inspiration. At last, "there came up to him a stranger, in habit like a minister, in black coat and band, and who addressed the youth very courteously." He was mighty inquisitive, and at length wormed out the secret grief. "I have got a text from the Presbytery. I cannot for my life compose a discourse on it, so I shall be affronted." The stranger replied—"Sir, I am a minister; let me hear the text." He told him. "Oh,

then, I have an excellent sermon on that text in my pocket, which you may peruse and commit to your memory. I engage, after you have delivered it before the Presbytery, you will be greatly approved and applauded." The youth received it thankfully; but one good turn deserves another. The stranger had an eccentric fancy that he should have a written promise from the youth to do him afterwards any favour in his power; and there being no other liquid conveniently at hand for the signature of the document, a drop of the young man's blood was drawn for the purpose. Note now what followed. "Upon the Presbytery day the youth delivered an excellent sermon upon the text appointed him, which pleased and amazed the Presbytery to a degree; only Mr Blair smelt out something in it which made him call the youth aside to the corner of the church, and thus he began with him: "Sir, you have delivered a nate sermon, every way well pointed. The matter was profound, or rather sublime; your style was fine and your method clear; and, no doubt, young men at the beginning must make use of helps, which I doubt not you have done." So beginning, Blair, who was a man of mighty gifts and repute, pressed him so close with repeated questions that the awful truth at last came out. There was nothing for it but that the Presbytery must engage in special exercise for the penitent youth. They prayed each in succession to no purpose, till it came to Blair's turn. "In time of his prayer there came a violent rushing of wind upon the church—so great that they thought the church should have fallen down about their ears—and with that the youth's paper and covenant drops down from the roof of the church among the ministers."

We leave with reluctance this tempting deposit, and again shift our ground.

Perhaps the most remarkable and emphatic contributions to the historical literature of these Clubs have

come from Ireland. Archæology has there blazed out in a revival exceedingly interesting, and but too feebly acknowledged on our side of the water. In fact, in history, as in other things, our neighbours had got a very bad name, and people were loth to believe that any good thing, except potatoes, potheen, and poplins, could come out of Ireland. For some time the three kingdoms now forming the Union were engaged in a competition which of them could carry its annals farthest back through the darkness of unknown history; and this being in reality a rivalry in blarney and humbug, Ireland distanced her competitors entirely. When England went back to Brutus as giving his name to Britain, Scotland sought refuge in a Trojan prince called Gathelus, married to Scota, a daughter of Pharaoh. Behind this epoch, Ireland, marching at the head of her Milesians, Tuath de Danaam and Firbolgs, found Patholus, a grandson or some other near descendant of Japheth, of whose doings and those of his family we have a very instructive account. The other countries must now needs pull up, and Ireland being very closely pressed upon the flood, fairly took the leap, and cleared that gulf, leaving it, however, a matter of dispute whether the race was saved by an arrangement with Noah for a corner of the ark, or through the establishment of an opposition vessel, navigated by a patriarchal commander named Bith—it is just as well to be particular in such statements. This was the climax, and Irish antiquities became a byword for folly and mendacity. Down to the time when Moore wrote his History in 1835, no one could venture to look another in the face when speaking of the early Irish annals, and the consequence was that that accomplished author wilfully shut his eyes to the rich supply of historical materials in which he might have worked to brilliant effect.

There was, in fact, no country in the north of Europe so well adapted as Ireland for leaving us—what she

actually has done—the earliest accounts of the northern Christians. Just converted before the breaking up of the Roman Empire, but not politically incorporated among its provinces, she was not swept by the storm of invasion in which these were desolated. It is evident, indeed, that priests and students near the borders of the desolated districts found a refuge in that quiet corner, where they preserved at any rate, if they did not improve, or even very successfully cultivate, the religion and the literature of the Empire. Hence there arose there a sort of ecclesiastical hierarchy, separate from that of Rome, which ramified itself into Britain, and became an important element in our own history—and, indeed, this history itself, next to what Bede has left us, acquires the earliest of its valuable and distinct lights from the records of the Irish Church, some of which have been edited for the Irish Archæological Society.

We took occasion not long ago to bestow a good deal of special attention on the wonderfully learned edition of Adamnan's *Life of St Columba*, edited by Dr Reeves; and we propose at present to amuse ourselves with a lighter volume, called "The Banquet of Dun na n-Gedh and the Battle of Magh Rath, an Ancient Historical Tale, now first published from a Manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, with a Translation and Notes, by John O'Donovan." The battle of Magh Rath—though some of our readers may be so grossly ignorant as never to have heard of it, and the place where it was fought, now called Moira, is better known as the title of one of George IV.'s courtiers—deserves to be counted one of the decisive battles of the world. It was the Thermopylæ and Bannockburn of Ireland, the question at issue in it being whether the King of the Scoto-Irish—in other words, of the Scotch Highlanders—was to rule Ireland. St Columba's name is associated with two great battles—

that of Culdruihm and that of Magh Rath. It is true that nearly a century lies between them, but for all that Columba was concerned in both; he was present at the one, and he prophesied the other. What one of the Irish saints of that day chose to prophesy was in itself matter of substantial history. He was something more than a prophet according to the restrictive explanation of Balaam, who could not go beyond the commandment to do either good or bad of his own mind, but what the Lord said, that must he speak. The Irish saint partook somewhat of the nature of a deity, who can bring about what he prophesies. Power invariably brings responsibility with it; and the saint, as we shall see, was often subjected to evil usage for the things he prophesied, much like any other human being. The Irish monarch could not prevent the saint from prophesying, but he could make the saint catch it for prophesying mischief; and even Columba got into a scrape occasionally. Nor was it wonderful that the wielder of the temporal power sometimes thought of making the prophet responsible in the flesh, since some of his vaticinations had a signally strong resemblance to the course which any ordinary human being, selfish and malignant, would pursue in furthering his own interests and avenging his own wrongs. In this special instance, indeed, Columba was championing his own party in Ireland; for he told his patron, King Aidan, that on its coming to pass that any descendant of his should meddle with them, the intermeddler would be defeated in a bloody battle. The Irish king or chief was thus sometimes more fortunate than Balak in the use of secular influences. But the prophecy, once made, must be fulfilled; and so the great battle of Magh Rath having been prophesied, the fighting of it was but an affair of time. It came about in this fashion:—

Domhnall, or Donald, the lineal descendant of Nial of the nine

hostages, king of Erin, gave a grand banquet to all his royal relations, and all the princes of the land, in celebration of his accession to the throne, and the completion of his palace. An extensive foraging was carried on around to provide goose eggs, which, it seems, were to be the standing delicacy of the banquet. The emissaries found a considerable nest of the commodity in the possession of an old woman, and carried them off, although she told them that they were the property of a saint—"namely, Bishop Érc of Slaine;—and his custom is to remain immersed in the Boyne, up to his two armpits, from morning till evening, having his psalter before him on the strand, constantly engaged in prayer; and his dinner every evening, on returning home, is an egg and a half and three sprigs of the cresses of the Boyne." The purveyors, however, who seem to have had no more veneration for the Boyne Water than many of their countrymen at the present day, desolated the saint's larder. When he returned and found himself eggless, he had recourse to the usual weapons of his order. In the words of the chronicle, "The righteous man then became wroth," and "he cursed the banquet as bitterly as he was able to curse it."

This affair, following upon the back of Columba's old prophecy, brought matters to an alarming crisis. The outward and visible portents through which the curse began to work have a certain wild and eldritch picturesqueness. Thus, for instance:—

"As the king's people were afterwards at the assembly, they saw a couple approaching them—namely, a woman and a man. Larger than the summit of a rock on a mountain was each member of their members; sharper than a shaving-knife the edge of their shins; their heels and hams in front of them. Should a sackful of apples be thrown upon their heads, no one of them would fall to the ground, but would stick on the

points of the strong bristly hair which grew out of their heads. Blacker than the coal, or darker than the smoke, was each of their members; whiter than snow their eyes. A lock of the lower beard was carried round the back of the head, and a lock of the upper beard descended so as to cover the knees. The woman had whiskers, but the man was without whiskers. They carried a tub between them, which was full of *goose eggs*. In this plight they saluted the king. 'What is that?' said the king. 'It is plain,' said they, 'the men of Erin are making a banquet for thee, and each brings what he can to that banquet; and our mite is the quantity of eggs we are carrying.'—'I am thankful for it,' said the king. They were conducted into the palace, and a dinner sufficient for a hundred was given to them of meat and ale. This did not content them. On asking for more, however, they were informed by Casciabhach the butler that they should have nothing more till the men of Erin had feasted; so they told him that the banquet was doomed to be a banquet of strife; for they were 'the people of infernus,' and thereupon they 'rushed out and vanished into nothing.'

Thus driven to extremities, King Donald did his best. He resolved that the twelve chief saints, called the Twelve Apostles of Ireland, should partake of the feast before it was touched by the kings and nobles, and leave on it the type of their sanctity. The twelve came, each with a hundred hungry followers; but all was of no avail, on account of a little incident that preceded and counteracted their mission. Congal Claen, king of Ulster, King Donald's foster-son, had, according to a not uncommon weakness of the flesh, taken a private peep at the good things in store for the banquet before the revered guests arrived. As will happen, too, in such cases, he could not entirely resist the tempting sight. "He laid his eye upon the goose-eggs he

saw there, for he marvelled at them, and he ate a part of one of them, and took a drink after it." This decided the destiny of Congal and of Ireland. The first alarming symptom of its approach was, that at the banquet he did not occupy the place proper to his rank. When all were seated, and the banquet begun, the curse manifested itself in an appalling phenomenon. "Meat and drink were afterwards distributed to them, until they became inebriated and cheerful; and a goose-egg was brought on a silver dish before every king in the house; and when the dish and the egg were placed before Congal Claen, *the silver dish was transformed into a wooden one, and the goose-egg into the egg of a red-feathered hen.*"

It was of the essence of the curse that Congal and his followers should be unable to perceive the supernatural nature of this metamorphosis, but should take the red hen's egg as a specific and deliberate affront offered to the Ultonians and their king. "So fury entered the cavity of his heart to suggest every evil council to him." "He then stood up, assumed his bravery. His heroic fury rose, and his bird of valour fluttered over him, and he distinguished not friend from foe at that time, as was natural for him as a descendant of his ancestor Conall Cearnach, the son of Amergin. He afterwards rushed into the presence of the king, but Casciabhach the king's rechteaire came up to him, not knowing it was Congal who was there, and told him to sit in another place, and that he would get food and drink as well as the rest. But when Congal heard this he dealt Casciabhach a blow, and divided him in two parts in the presence of all." Thus having displaced the mirth and broke the good meeting with most admired disorder, Congal stalked away in a towering passion.

Donald told the apostles to go after him and bring him back—a rather subordinate duty for persons so eminent; but they complied, with

what effect is rather picturesquely told : "The saints went after him, and threatened to curse him with their bells and croziers unless he would return with them. 'I swear by my valour,' said Congal, 'that not one cleric of you shall reach the king's house alive, if I or any Ultonian be cursed by you.' Terror then seized the saints, whereupon Congal went far away from them, *and they cursed him afterwards.*" This vividly illustrates an advantage enjoyed by the wielders of spiritual weapons in such contests. Corporeal injuries could be inflicted only by personal contact, but *they* could speed the arrow that was to wound afar off, or even, like Columba's, prophecy in a distant age.

Eochaidh Buidhe, King of Alba—in other words, of the Scottish Highlands—had designs on the crown of Ireland, as representative of one of the numerous royal families of the island—that, namely, which, nearly three centuries earlier, had led a body of Dalriads or Irish Scots over to Argyle, where they spread, and finally gave their name to Scotland. To this monarch, then, who was his near relation, Congal naturally went to tell the insult he had suffered, and offer his services in an invasion of the territory of the enemy. The King of Alba was a politic king. He received his indignant relation with open arms, and offered him all sympathy. He could not make war upon the King of Erin, for they had come under a solemn compact never to draw sword against each other, but his five sons would be delighted to lead the warriors of Alba to do battle in the cause of Congal.

Meanwhile, among these five sons, or rather among their wives, a great contest arose as to which should have the honour of housing and entertaining the interesting stranger. Among primitive heroes, whether on the banks of the Scamander or those of the Boyne and the Clyde, feeding is ever a matter the importance of which no bard with

an eye to nature fails to dwell on distinctly and practically. Congal seeks advice of a wise Druid, who says, "Go now to them, and tell them that thou wilt stop with that one of them who shall obtain the regal caldron which is in the king's house, to prepare food for thee, and that the person who will not get the caldron is not to be displeased with thee in consequence, but with the king."

This caldron was called Caire Ainsicen. "Why was it called Caire Ainsicen? It is not difficult to tell," says the chronicler. May be so; but it is rather difficult to read, in the following tough and thorny definition:—

"It was the 'caire' or caldron which was used to return his own proper share to each, and no party ever went away from it unsatisfied, for whatever quantity was put into it, there was never boiled of it but what was sufficient for the company, according to their grade and rank. It was a caldron of this description that was at Bruighin hua Derga, where Conaire the son of Meisi Buachalla was slain; and at Bruighin Blai Bruga, where the wife of Celtchair, the son of Uithir, was; and at Bruighin Forgaill Monach alongside Lusca; and at Bruighin Mic Cecht, on Sliabh Fuirri; and at Bruichin Mic Dathó, where the Connacians and Ultonians were slaughtered, contending about the celebrated pig."

In the days of the great contest about the authenticity of Ossian's poems, it was usual on the Celtic side to assert that Macpherson's translation was in every respect accurate save in its immeasurable inferiority to the original, in comparison wherewith it was harsh and bald; there being in Celtic poetry a breadth of grandeur and a subtle depth of pathos which Macpherson, with all his genius, was unable to render. The use that may be made of such quotations as the last is to consider whether the translator in hand has been any more successful than Macpherson in imparting to

us the native graces of the original, which, there is reason to suppose, had a considerable general resemblance to such Celtic literature as fell into Macpherson's hands.

There is an amusing enough competition for the caldron, each wife striving to outblarney her sister-in-law in describing the vastness of her husband's hospitality; but we pass this over, and follow Congal in his farther motions, and through a marked change in the tone and spirit of the epic. Still more to strengthen his cause, Congal passes on to seek aid in his quarrel from the King of Britain or Wales. At the court of this king Congal makes acquaintance with a hero. The description given of him is the masterpiece of the bard or annalist:—

"When they were assembled at the meeting, they saw one great hero approaching them; fairest of the heroes of the world; larger and taller than any man; bluer than ice his eye; redder than the fresh rowan berries his lips; whiter than showers of pearls his teeth; fairer than the snow of one night his skin; a protecting shield with a golden border was upon him; two battle-lances in his hand; a sword with knobs of ivory, and ornamented with gold, at his side; he had no other accoutrements of a hero besides these; he had golden hair on his head, and had a fair ruddy countenance."

This remarkable young gentleman stepped into the assembly and took his seat between the King of Britain and Congal. When called to account for his presumption, he said, "I was not ordered to remain anywhere else; and because it was I myself that selected the place, if there had been a better place than this, it is there I would stay." This did not diminish the curiosity naturally excited by his appearance, but when pushed hard with questions, and called on for references as to his rank and respectability, "he replied that he was not accustomed to tell his name to any one,

and that he would not tell them his tribe or surname."

All this occurred while the assembly were in the open air, on the hill-side. Presently they adjourned to the palace, leaving the audacious youth behind. This is an old expedient for getting rid of intruders by a kind of negative process when the positive is dangerous or inexpedient. It was in some such way that the first gentle precedent for a distinction of ranks among the French citizens was made during the Consulate. The subtle skill of Talleyrand was employed for the purpose, and he performed the feat with his usual dexterity, in his own house, on a conspicuous yet feeble victim. It was Vestris, the god of Dance, who, when about to head the procession to the supper table, was left where he stood, with information that provisions would be separately supplied to the dancers and musicians. It was practised again on a humbler occasion, when a party of Communists took possession of the carriages of a railway train, and were quietly taken on, till, at a suitable point, their carriages were unhooked and they were left behind on the line with information that the express was coming up. The hero, slighted by the British court, showed his magnanimity. He saw a man coming towards the hill, whom he knew to be a bard or poet, and gave him a courteous welcome. "A heavy shower then fell, consisting of intermingled rain and snow, and he put his shield between the poet and the shower, and left his own arms and battle-dress exposed to the snow. 'What is this for?' said the poet. 'I say unto thee,' replied he, 'that I am more fit to bear rain than one who has learning.'"

A friendship is immediately struck up between them. The poet asks the youthful stranger to his snugery. "I think well of it," he said, with dignified brevity, and they set off. While they were enjoying themselves, a message came from the Palace requiring the presence of

the poet. He proposed to return for answer that he was engaged, but the unknown would not let it be so—he remembered that the poor poet's interests were deeply staked in the matter, and proposed to go with him, though he must take his place among the hangers-on and inferior persons. On the way the poet warned him of a danger. There was a certain perquisite out of the materials of such feasts arrogated by a follower of the court, who was fierce and violent, and revenged himself terribly on all who infringed on his privileges. The youth thanked the poet for his information, and said, when the proper time came he would do his duty. He took occasion as the viands were distributed conspicuously to invade the monopoly. The monopolist thereon "rose up in great anger, and his heroic fury was stirred up to be revenged of the person who had violated his privilege, and ate what to him was due. When the other had perceived this he flung the bone at him, and it passed through his forehead and pierced his brain, even to the centre of his head." There then arose a general row, in which all the followers of the king were dispersed or slain by the stranger youth. He himself, with grand calmness, "came again, and sat at the same poet's shoulder, and the king and the queen were seized with awe of him, when they had seen his warlike feats and his heroic rage and champion fury roused. But he told them that they had no cause to fear him unless the household should again return into the house. The king said that they should not return. He then took his golden helmet off his head, and fair were his visage and countenance, after his blood had been excited by the fury of the battle."

The queen's eye, meanwhile, catches at a ring upon the stranger's hand. Even such an one had been put upon the youthful heir of the throne—her only son—when, years before, he had gone forth to

learn feats of arms throughout the world, and had not since been heard of. The more she gazes on it the more the certainty of its identity comes into her memory. "And she proceeded after this to wring her hands so violently that they thought she would die unless she should get immediate relief." Even so Tennyson in his *Princess*, "She must weep or she will die." After a deal of exciting work the heroic youth proves himself to be the long lost heir of the throne of Britain.

This episode is a cut above the goose eggs, the caldron, and the quarrel about "the remarkable pig." It might be valuable to those of our men of genius who seek to restore to interest the bygone literature of chivalry, by decorating it with the cadence and phraseology which they have made fashionable. It has the combination of heroism and gentleness which these efforts effect, and is a good example of the ruling spirit of chivalrous romance, which makes blood show itself through all difficulties and disadvantages. It involves the practical anachronism common to these productions, which carry back to the fifth or sixth centuries—to the period, for instance, attributed to Fingal or King Arthur—the spirit of chivalry and the feudal usages which did not come into existence until several centuries later.

The unconformity of this episode with the tone of the other portions of the narrative shows that, like other and greater tales of heroism, this is not a uniform work written by one author, but a conglomerate of traditions put together at a period long after the events they refer to. The character of the young prince's adventure, indeed, should have made it the great plot of a romance instead of a mere by-story, which interrupts the general tenor of the narrative. It ends entirely in the wrong way for such a beginning, for the recovered prince, instead of fulfilling a glorious destiny, goes and gets killed with the ordinary rank and file at the battle of Magh Rath.

How many fine descriptions there are of peace, plenty, and prosperity in Ireland! Here follows one, and not the worst, describing the condition of the country just before the battle :—

“Ah me! it were easy for one acquainted or unacquainted with Erin to travel and frequent her at this period, in consequence of the goodness of her laws, the tranquillity of her hosts, the serenity of her seasons, the splendour of her chieftains, the justice of her Brehons, the regularity of her troops, the talents of her Olaves, the genius of her poets, the various musical powers of her minstrels, the botanical skill of her physicians, the art of her braziers, the useful workmanship of her smiths, and the handicraft of her carpenters; in consequence of the mild bashfulness of her maidens, the strength and prowess of her lords, the generosity and hospitality of her good Brughaidhs; for her Brughaidhs were generous, and had abundance of food and kine; her habitations were hospitable, spacious, and open for company and entertainment, to remove the hunger and gloom of guests; so that authors record that one woman might travel Erin alone without fear of being violated or molested, though there should be no witnesses to guard her (if she were not afraid of the imputations of slander), from the well-known Osgleann in Umhall, in the west of the province of Connaught, to the celebrated remarkable rock of Carraic Eoghain in the east; and from the fair-surfaced, woody, grassy-green island of Inis Fail, exactly in the south of Banba of the fair margin, to the furious, headlong, foaming, boisterous cascade of Buadh, which is the same as the clear-watered, snowy-foamed, ever-roaring, particoloured, bellowing, in-salmon-abounding, beautiful old torrent, whose celebrated well-known name is the lofty-great, clear-landed, contentious, precipitate, loud-roaring, headstrong, rapid, salmon-ful, sea-monster-ful, varying, in-large-fish-abounding,

rapid-flooded, furious-streamed, whirling, in-seal-abounding, royal, and prosperous cataract of Eas Ruaidh.”

Those who can recall to memory Moore's melody of

“Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore,”

will find here a lively instance of the same thing being said in two ways. The cataract of Eas Ruaidh is on the river Erin at Ballyshannon. The editor calls attention to the bard's description of it as a specimen of the kind of raw material in which Macpherson worked, and an evidence of the success with which, in adopting their wild imagery, he “chastened the language of the old Gaelic bards.” Such a passage is calculated overwhelmingly to contradict the notion,—sometimes adopted on account of the partiality of the Highlander of the present day for good rich arable soil, when he can get it,—that the Celt is indifferent to wild scenery. Whatever may be said for its good taste, the earnestness of the description is unmistakable. It might serve, too, as evidence that the sons and daughters of Erin were addicted to that practice of touring believed to be a specialty of the present generation; for the damsel who trusts to Erin's honour and Erin's pride is supposed to be taking a lonely walk of several hundred miles for the purpose of seeing a remarkable rock at one end of the island, and a waterfall at the other.

The battle of Magh Rath lasted during seven days, and the description of it, filling a hundred quarto pages, furnishes rather dry reading. Much after the fashion of some accounts of modern campaigns, the host that appears to be utterly extinguished, and the leader who has got his death-wound, reappear at the next turn as fresh as ever, and continue to revive over and over again. The monotony of the narrative is, however, relieved at one point by the following account of the exceedingly eccentric conduct

of a certain Suibhne, a grandson of a king of Dal Araidhe, who "made a supple very light leap, and where he alighted was the fine boss of the shield of the hero next him; and he made a second leap, and perched on the vertex of the crest of the helmet of the same hero, who, however, did not feel him, though the chair on which he rested was an uneasy one; wherefore he came to an imbecile, irrational determination, namely, to turn his back on mankind and to herd with deer, run along with the showers, and flee with the birds, and to feast in wildernesses. Accordingly he made a third active very light leap, and perched on the top of the sacred tree which grew on the smooth surface of the plain, in which tree the inferior people and the debilitated of the men of Erin were seated looking on at the battle. These screamed at him from every direction as they saw him, to press and drive him into the same battle again; and he, in consequence, made three furious bounces to shun the battle, but it happened that, instead of avoiding it, he went back into the same field of conflict through the giddiness and imbecility of his hallucination; but it was not the earth he reached, but alighted on the shoulders of men and the tops of their helmets.

"In this manner the attention and vigilance of all in general were fixed on Suibhne, so that the conversation of the heroes among each other was—'Let not,' said they, 'let not the man with the wonderful gold-embroidered tunic pass from you without capture and revenge.' He had the tunic of the monarch, the grandson of Ainmire, upon him on that day, which had been presented by Domhnall to Congal, and by Congal to Suibhne. . . . His giddiness and hallucination of imbecility become greater in consequence of all having thus recognised him, and he continued in this terrible confusion until a hard quick shower of hailstones—an omen of slaughter to the men of Erin—began

to fall, and with this shower he passed away like every bird of prey."

These, then, are specimens of an ancient Irish historical romance, rendered through a translation, of the accuracy of which we have not the faintest doubt, though totally unable to test it by the original Celtic text which all along accompanies it on the opposite page. The labour and the merit of editing such a work in this fashion, accompanied, as it is, with abundant notes and dissertations, are almost beyond practical appreciation. Of course, no one takes all the book for authentic history. Besides its marvels, it is full of anachronisms and confusion of persons. Especially there is a complexity of kings not to be unravelled—a peculiarity of all that portion of Irish historical literature which was either composed or meddled with after the English conquest. It proceeded from a desire to represent Ireland as possessing a distinct autonomy under one monarch and government, and to conceal the fact, that though an occasional ruler, like the great Niall of the Nine Hostages, achieved a predominant influence, the normal condition of the island was a collection of petty kingdoms or chiefships, each rivalling and bitterly hating its fellows.

The battle around which the minor incidents of the story cluster was a real event of great import to Ireland. It was fought in the year 637, and proved the extinction, for the time, of the expectations entertained by those kings of Irish race, who were gradually becoming kings of Scotland, to rule over the country from which their ancestors had come. The persistency with which this claim was nourished is an incidental branch of history not yet explored. It would probably be found to connect itself with that singular invasion of Ireland by the Bruces,—on which, by the way, some light is thrown in another of the Archæological Society's valuable books—*The Annals of Ireland*, by Friar Clyn and Thady Dowling,

edited by Dean Butler. The Macdonalds of the Scottish Isles, who considered that they had a claim to represent the old kings of the western Scots, invaded Ulster in the sixteenth century, and took possession of a portion of the Irish Dalriada, from which their ancestors had migrated. They settled a colony there, the head of which received afterwards the title of Earl of Antrim.

The chief services of the book-clubs have no doubt been devoted to historical materials, but they have done something also for pure literature, especially for poetry, for which they should be thanked. We all know what every finished gentleman legitimately trained to a knowledge of the *belles-lettres*, as our fathers called them, will say to such revivals. Pedagogus, whose profession it is to train the rising generation in a course of select reading from the best authors, ancient and modern, is just repeating it over to us in those neatly-turned sentences which he was taught to compose forty years ago, when the Blair school predominated. "In cultivating the human intellect so as to attain the highest development of taste and refinement, it is desirable that we should avoid the perusal of those works which, by their depraved taste or merely subordinate merits, tend to depress, or only slightly to elevate, the intellect of the reader, and that he should be induced to devote his attention solely to those masterpieces of genius and refinement which have from time to time appeared in various parts of the world. When writings have been permitted to pass into oblivion, it may be legitimately inferred that they are not entitled to that high appreciation which we bestow on the works of illustrious authors. Their resuscitation, therefore, from merited obscurity, tends only to overburden the literature of the day with useless lumber; and the collection and perusal of such works must necessarily serve to distract the

mind from worthier and more elevating pursuits." Our friend on the other side, Bubuleus, puts the argument fully as strongly, and more to our taste, when he exclaims—"Pooh! stuff and nonsense! too much rubbishy literature in the world already. What's the use of raking up mire? Let bygones be bygones."

For all this, we love these recovered relics of ancestral literature, and are prepared to give reasons for our attachment. In the first place, and apart from their purely literary merits, they are records of the intellect and manners of their age. Whoever desires really to be acquainted with the condition of a nation at any particular time—say with that of England during Elizabeth's reign, or the Commonwealth—will not attain his object by merely reading the most approved histories of the period. He must endeavour as far as he can to live back into the times, and to do this most effectually he had better saturate himself as much as he can with its fugitive literature, reading every scrap he may lay hand on until he can find no more.

Looking at these relics, on the other hand, as pure literature, no doubt, as we already remarked about jests and witticisms, what is recalled out of the past loses the freshness and the fitness to surrounding conditions which gave it pungency and emphasis in its own day, while it has not that hold on our sympathies and attachment possessed by the household literature which generation after generation has been educated to admire, and which, indeed, has made itself a part of our method of thought, and our form of language. But precisely because it wants this qualification has resuscitated literature a peculiar value of its own. It breaks in with a new light upon the intellect of the day. There is not in the intellectual history of mankind any so effective and brilliant an awakening as the resuscitation of classical

literature. It was not one solitary star arising after another at long intervals and far apart in space, but a sudden blazing forth of a whole horizon of light. Hence our friend the book-hunter's devotion to his *editio princeps* is founded on something higher than the possession of a chattel which is rare and quaint and old. He sees in it the visible type and memorial of the occasion when the long-hidden intellectual treasures of a mighty and ruling intellect first burst upon the modern world. "All honour," says Mr Botfield, in his prefaces to the first editions of the Greek and Roman classics, "is due to those pioneers of literature, who, when grammars and dictionaries were not only scarce but imperfect, and indexes unknown, dug deep into the mine of ancient learning, and disclosed those treasures which were then, as now, so highly prized. Veneration for antiquity, combined with the charm of novelty, gave a zest to the revival of letters, which we, accustomed to the most gigantic efforts of the press as matters of familiar occurrence, can hardly appreciate."

No. It is not for our generation to realise such a revival. Its like, according to anything we know and can anticipate, will never be experienced in the world again; nor are we likely, in antiquarian researches among charter-chests or record-offices, to find a *Paradise Lost* or a *Hudibras*. But still relics are found not quite valueless, and to the extent to which there is true poetry in them, they break in with something of a fresh spirit both upon the conventional literature which we are imbibing from the standard works of our fathers, and the conventional literature which our contemporary authors, who have fed upon these, are giving out in their turn.

It is pleasant to find the eldest-born of the Clubs presenting the latest contribution to resuscitated poetry. Last year the Roxburghe

renewed its youth by issuing a volume called "Songs and Ballads, with other Short Poems, chiefly of the Reign of Philip and Mary, edited from a Manuscript in the Ashmolean Museum by Thomas Wryght, Esq." Mr Wryght, by the way, is great in song. He edited a curious collection of Political Songs and Ballads for the Camden, and is occupied in preparing another of the same for the great collection of old British literature and records, published by the Government under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls. Surely that man excels Orpheus who has so softened the stony heart of the Master of the Rolls as to make that great officer print songs for him. In this volume there is what we presume to be the most authentic version of "Chevy Chase"—that epic of our Border wars which Sir Philip Sydney said he never heard but his heart moved more than with a trumpet. Its authorship is now pretty firmly fixed on Richard Sheale, who "was a professed minstrel, and tells us that he lived at Tamworth, and that he was a retainer or dependant of the Earl of Derby." Of Sheale little is known except that he got into debt, which would have been too ordinary a phenomenon to be recorded, had it not been for the remarkable counter-phenomenon that he, a veritable minstrel, saved sixty pounds to pay his debts withal. Sheale, though an adherent of a princely house, wandered like the rest of his tribe, and, trusting too implicitly to the current belief that none of them were worth robbing, was relieved of his savings by some footpads on Dunsmore heath.

The version of "Chevy Chase" does not differ so materially from Percy's as to call for criticism, and we prefer offering a specimen or two from entirely fresh pieces. The following commencement of an advice to parents, if it may be said not to be poetry, is yet well expressed and well cadenced. We modernise the spelling.

" I will not paint to purchase praise,
Nor ope my lips in leasings vain,
But temper still my tongue always
The truth to talk, and sooth to say,
As Conscience shall my witness be,
For flattering fraud be far from me.

Attend and hark, all you, I say,
To whom the Lord hath children sent,
And, look you, mark my words alway,
With full accord and whole intent ;
Print this for aye on mind and thought,
Unborn is better than untaught.

In youth first them instruct and teach,
God and themselves that they may know,
And that this rule they may once reach,
Their duties in all points to show,
To this parents are justly bound,
As in God's book is to be found."

In reading these lines and the following, which are more sweet and quaint, it must be kept in view that they are sixteenth-century works by contemporaries of Spenser.

" After midnight when dreams doth fall,
Somewhat before the morning grey,
Methought a voice thus did me call,
' O lusty youth, arise, I say.

O youth,' he said, ' lift up thy head,
Awake, awake, it is fair day ;
How canst thou sleep or keep thy bed,
This fair morning !—arise, I say.

The sun is up with his bright beams,
As though he would with thee no fray,
But beat thee up out of thy dreams,
And raise thee up—arise, I say.

Hark how the birds all with one voice,
With one concord their chords they lay,
With joyful tune thus to rejoice,
And stir thee up—arise, I say.

Behold the field now in like form,
Furnished with flowers both fresh and gay,
It saith to thee, Thou slothful worm,
Come, walk in me—arise, I say.

The day, the sun, the bird, the field,
Since all these call, thou lump of clay,
Unless shameless now be thy shield,
For very shame, arise, I say."

This is a foreshadowing of the fine objugation of Beattie embodied in the lines—

" O how canst thou renounce the bound-
less store
Of charms which nature to her votary
yields—
The warbling woodland, the resounding
shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning yields,

And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom
yields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven—
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to
be forgiven ?"

We shall pluck the next flower from Alexander Hume's " Hymns or Sacred Songs, wherein the right use of Poesie may be espied : whereunto are added the experience of the author's youth, and certain precepts, serving to the practice of sanctification." Of Alexander Hume scarcely anything is known, except that he was born near the middle of the sixteenth century, studied, like many of his countrymen, in France, and aimed at the bar, but ended in the Church, becoming minister of the parish of Logie. His pious poetry, though it failed to obtain notice in its own day, has a double interest in the present, resting not only on its own merits, but on the curious literature it was designed to supersede. The early Reformers of Scotland devised a plan for turning the thoughts of the careless and vicious portion of the population into pious channels, more preposterous than perhaps was ever devised by any other bookish men utterly ignorant of practical human nature. Finding certain ribald songs and ballads highly in favour with the populace, and ever scandalising their own pious ears wherever they wended their way, they be thought them that if they parodied these favourite lyrics, substituting pious for ribald words, and holy personages for the mere human creatures, or worse than human creatures, referred to in them, the populace would readily accept the substitution, sing the pious strains instead of the old favourites, and in the end become the children of that grace and acceptance whereof they so sang. As the travestier knows, it is easy to convert the solemn into the ridiculous by a parody, but there has not yet been exhibited the ingenuity that can render the ridiculous solemn through the same process. Thus the most sacred

words and mysteries of Scripture were stuck into the places in which other names and things had wont to be mentioned for ludicrous or licentious purposes. Suppose, for instance, one of the following familiar specimens of the modern lyre, "Nix my dolly pals, fake away," "It was all to astonish the Browns," "All round my hat"—suppose these or any other of the distinguished lyrics which from time to time have had their run upon the streets, and become a dire nuisance, to be so slightly altered in the leading terms as to contain instead of them some of the most sacred names and mysteries in the holy Scripture, the whole framework of the song remaining as it originally was—we would possess something resembling the "spiritual and godly songs" of the sixteenth century, but something not quite so bad, since the productions which these superseded were not only ludicrous, but often licentious. The results of the peculiar process so exhibited—at least, the more characteristic and telling passages—are quite unpresentable to good society. Mr Buckle, we are sure, would not have ventured to quote them after his solemn misgivings about the anthology—far less pungent—which he has culled from the prose writings of the Covenanters.

Hume was among the first who tried to infuse a simple feeling of piety into poetry, as more instructive than these grotesque efforts, but he seems to have been too pious a writer for the taste of his age. His volume of hymns, printed by Waldegrave in 1599, was totally unnoticed until Leyden spoke of it as worthy of revival, and it was afterwards reprinted for the Bannatyne Club. We select for our purpose the "Day Estival, or Thanks for a Summer Day," which, if it be rounded off with a few established pastoralities, yet shows a keen observation of pleasing natural objects, and a ready capacity for describing them. After a short peroration we have the morning twilight announced.

"The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and draws by,
Then in the east, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky."

Then the sunrise—

"The golden globe incontinent
Sets up his shining head,
And o'er the earth and firmament
Displays his beams abroad.

For joy the birds with bolden throats,
Against his visage sheen,
Take up their kindly music notes
In woods and gardens green.

Up braids the careful husbandman,
His corns and vines to see,
And every timeous artisan
In booth works busily.

The pastor quits the slothful sleep,
And passes forth with speed,
His little camow-nosed sheep
And rowting kie to feed."

And so the day goes on until we have this pleasant picture of a sultry noon :—

"The time so tranquil is and still,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on an high and barren hill,
The air of peeping wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Nor they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or stir.

Calm is the deep and purple see,
Yea, smoother than the sand ;
The wells that weltering wont to be
Are stable like the land.

So silent is cessile air,
That every cry and call
The hills and dails and forest fair
Again repeats them all.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams,
Doun rocks can softly rin,
The water clear like crystal seems,
And makes a pleasant din."

Then follow a variety of sketches of still and active life, appropriate to the several periods of the day's progress ; and at last evening brings its own peculiar beauties :—

"The gloaming comes, the day is spent,
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With purpour sanguine bright.

The scarlet nor the golden thread,
Who would their beauties tri,
And are nothing like the colour red
And beauty of the sky.

Our west horizon circular,
Fra time the sun be set,
Is all with rubies, as it were,
Or roses red, o'er set.

What pleasure were to walk and see,
Endlong a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear !

The salmon out of cruives and creels,
Upballed into skoutts,
The bells and circles on the wells
Through louping of the trouts.

O then it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With cornet and with pscham."

A poet so affluent as Coleridge required no assistance from the obscure author of the "Day Estival," even had he ever heard of such a writer ; but it is curious in itself as a slight coincidence, that there is something in the cadence, and even in the imagery of these passages, reminding one of the *Ancient Mariner*.

Such are a few scattered morsels taken from the club books—taken, not selected, for they are not offered as the choice result of a general survey—they are not even presented as the pick of the stores of a desultory reader—they follow each other with no better connection than the capricious spirit of association has bestowed on them. In the same way we might go on almost indefinitely ; but the patience of readers is not possessed of a corresponding expansive power.

Were we to record a just appreciation of the services of those who have put the club books in their present condition, we might be drawn into another long story, leading through extensive tracts of literary biography. As we may have hinted once or twice, the editors of club books are not mere dreary drudges, seeing the works of others accurately through the press, and attending to dates and headings. Around and throughout the large library of volumes issued by these institutions, there run prolific veins of fresh literature pregnant with learning and ability. The style of

work thus set agoing has indeed just the other day been incorporated into a sort of department of state literature, since the great collection called "The Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages," of which the Master of the Rolls accepts the responsibility, is carried out in the very spirit of the book clubs, in which indeed most of the editors of the Chronicles have been trained.

Without prejudice to others, let us here, before parting, just name a few of those to whom the world is under obligation for the services we have been commenting on. For England, there are James Orchard Halliwell, Sir Frederic Madden, Beriah Botfield, Sir Henry Ellis, Alexander Dyce, Thomas Stapleton, William J. Thoms, Crofton Croker, Albert Way, Joseph Hunter, John Bruce, Thomas Wright, John Gough Nichols, Payne Collier, Joseph Stevenson, and George Watson Taylor, who edited that curious and melancholy book of poems, composed by the Duke of Orleans while he was a prisoner in England after the battle of Agincourt—poems composed, singularly enough, in the English language, and at a period extremely scarce in native vernacular literature.

In Scotland, it was in the earlier issues of the Bannatyne that Thomas Thomson, too indolent or fastidious to commit himself to the writing of a book, has left the most accessible vestiges of that power of practically grasping historical facts and conditions, which Scott admired so much, and acknowledged so much benefit from. He was followed by Professor Innes, who found and taught the secret of extracting from ecclesiastical chartularies, and other early records, the light they throw upon the social condition of their times, and thus extracted matter for the two pleasant volumes which have become so popular. The Bannatyne Club, lately finding no more to do, wound

up with a graceful compliment to David Laing, the man to whom, after Scott, it has been most indebted. And, lastly, it is in the Scotch book-clubs that Joseph Robertson has had the opportunity of exercising those subtle powers of investigation and critical acumen, peculiarly his own, which have had a perceptible and substantial effect in raising archæology out of that quackish repute which it had long to endure under the name of antiquarianism. For Ireland,—having already said a good deal about the services of her peculiarly national book-clubs, we merely recall the names of Dean Butler, Dr Reeves, Mr O'Donovan, Mr Eugene Curry, and Dr Henthorn Todd.

There is another and distinct class of services which have been performed through the medium of the club books. The Roxburghe having been founded on the principle that each member should print a volume, to be distributed among his colleagues, an example was thus set to men of easy fortune and scholarly tastes, which has been followed with a large liberality, of

which the public have probably but a faint idea. Not only in those clubs founded on the reciprocity system of each member distributing and receiving, but in those where the ordinary members pay an annual sum, to be expended in the printing of these books, have individual gentlemen come forward and borne the expense of printing and distributing costly volumes. In some instances valuable works have thus been presented to the members at the cost of those who have also undergone the literary labour of editing them.

There is something extremely refined and gentlemanlike in this form of liberality. The recipient of the bounty becomes the possessor of a handsome costly book without being subjected in any way to the obligation of receiving a direct gift at the hands of the munificent donor; for the recipient is a sort of corporation—a thing which the lawyers say has no personal responsibility and no conscience, and which all the world knows to have no gratitude.

LORD CASTLEREAGH.

"THERE is a time for everything;" and every time is good in its way. The present is but a poor time for party politics. The "political lull," of which we wrote four years ago, and our diagnosis of which we find no reason to alter, has spread a lethargy over the action of the rival parties in the State. The old colours have temporarily faded—indeed are almost lost sight of, in the broad neutral tint which has overspread domestic politics. Except the official men, who lead the game of "ins and outs," there are comparatively few who care much at present whether the Government is carried on by Lord Palmerston or Lord Derby; and both in Parliament and in the country are to be witnessed those hesitations and oscillations of political opinion which must precede, and which apparently prognosticate, a reorganisation of parties. If we confine our thought to the immediate present, we must regard such a position of affairs as eminently unsatisfactory. Party-life is the very salt of a constitutional government. It is the abnegation of individual interests in pursuit of a great object. And when it does not exist, Parliamentary government becomes a mere scramble of individuals for place, for pay—each playing his own game with a view to further his own interests. For our own part, we take no desponding view of the position. It has its disadvantages; it is disheartening to every one engaged in leading or influencing the important combats of party. But it indicates good. When all England is of one mind, England must in fact, if not in name, be Conservative. And we undoubt-

ingly look forward to the time, not far distant, when the balance of power, at present oscillating, will turn in favour of the Conservative party for a longer term of years and office than has fallen to their lot since the now completed work of reform and innovation began by the passing of the Reform Bill.

One good result of this political lull is, that people are revising their opinions. Or, more correctly, we should say that it is this tendency to reflect, and to reconsider old and stereotyped opinions, that has produced the present truce of parties. We know no healthier sign of national life than this. The nation that can pause, lay to heart the lessons of the past, and recast its political opinions according to the circumstances of the times, is one which thereby gives the most indubitable proof of its capacity for self-government. If, then, the present abeyance of party-spirit be disheartening to the leaders of political opinion, it at least gives to English statesmen and public men of all parties the gratifying assurance that a time comes when patriotic conduct and statesmanlike ability, on whichever side of politics these may be displayed, will meet with a due acknowledgment from their fellow-countrymen. The Duke of Wellington was a remarkable example of this honourable trait of British character. For years he was the most unpopular man in England. Reviled as an absolutist, as a rank political despot, by a great majority of the middle-classes,—the incarnation of tyrannical military force in the eyes of all the lower masses of the population; mobbed and all but

Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart, Second and Third Marquesses of Londonderry, with Annals of Contemporary Events in which they bore a part. From the Original Papers of the Family. By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L., LL.D., &c.; Author of the "History of Europe," &c. In three volumes. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1861.

murdered in the streets of London, even on the anniversary of Waterloo; he lived through it all, once more to be loved and respected by the entire nation, and to win for himself a new honour in the Senate as the Nestor of the House of Peers. He never sulked, or became embittered under the base and pitiless storm of misrepresentation and invective with which he was assailed; he never withdrew from his post in the arena of politics, but resolutely and calmly went about the discharge of those duties of public life which he so venerated, and quietly waited for the time when his countrymen would do him justice — content, we doubt not, even though that time should never come in his day, or at all. Who, that has read his life, has forgotten the anecdote of the old warrior and statesman—for by that time he had turned sixty—returning one day from the hunting-field with a look of quiet glee or pleasure, so that a friend, divining the cause, said, “What has happened? have they cheered you?” “No,” said the Duke, with his usual predilection for acts over professions, “they did better than that; they opened the gates for me, and every one seemed willing to do me a service.” There is a great virtue in long life. The English people like old statesmen; indeed, political distinction under our slow but steady-going Government is a thing of such gradual growth that, since the Reform Bill widened the area and lowered the level of the franchise, no statesman need hope to possess the general confidence of the country until he is past sixty. He will be fortunate if he possess it then. Lord Palmerston is another example of the natural predilection for old statesmen. Long life, giving fuller scope for his abilities, enables a man to outlive prejudice, and to listen, as it were, by anticipation, to the verdict of posterity.

But how many men, who play a great part in their day, die “without their fame,”—fall in the *mêlée*

of combat, and with the cries of the foemen loudest in their ears! Such was the fate of Lord Castlereagh. Yet, happily, there is a future for every reputation. So that if a man is sufficiently eminent not to be forgotten, his reward comes at last without fail. The present is an age of biographies. Private correspondence, public documents, personal reminiscences, are diligently ransacked or carefully treasured; and we can now view the conduct of the leading men of the past generation in a fuller light, and through a less distorted medium, than it was seen by their contemporaries. The present also, as we have said, is a time when the old feud of parties is dead, and when the public is willing to reconsider the opinions or prejudices which it acquired or inherited from a turbulent political past. Lord Castlereagh’s memory can stand the ordeal, and will benefit by the appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

When Castlereagh, arm in arm with Sidmouth, bold-hearted men both, walked along Piccadilly amidst the hooting of the mob, conversing with cool and even cheerful composure, he probably little thought that forty years afterwards the great chief of the very party which then so bitterly assailed him would, as the Foreign Minister of England, seek refuge under the ægis of his reputation. Yet such has been the case. Scarce a year has passed, since the singular scene was witnessed in the House of Commons of Lord John Russell defending his foreign policy against an attack of Mr Disraeli’s, by maintaining that he had only acted in accordance with the principles of Lord Castlereagh, and quoting in his justification the despatches of his great Tory predecessor! We cannot admit that the quotation was quite to the point. Lord Castlereagh was too shrewd and experienced a Minister ever to write so injudicious a despatch as Lord Russell’s memorable one of 30th October 1860. In practice, doubt-

less, he would have adopted the same policy, but he would not have committed himself by enunciating it in terms indiscreetly wide in their application, and which are as efficacious against the cause which he had at heart as for it. Nevertheless, this defensive appeal of the great Whig statesman to the authority of Lord Castlereagh was a most significant incident. It showed that the lapse of forty years had sufficed—as surely it ought ever to suffice—to clear away the mists of party-misrepresentation that once obscured the renown of a great Minister, and that parties were beginning to do justice to their political antagonists of the past generation. Sir Archibald Alison's *Lives of Lord Castlereagh* and his brother, therefore, appear at a propitious time. And the contents of the work cannot fail to place the reputation of the heroes of the biography on a higher pedestal and on a more secure foundation.

The whole career of Lord Castlereagh was passed in troublous times. At the age of twenty-one he entered the Irish Parliament in 1790, and from that time till the day of his death, thirty-two years afterwards, England was menaced by a ceaseless succession of foreign and domestic perils. It will appear strange to those who have taken their opinion of Lord Castlereagh from the misrepresentation of his political opponents, that on his first entry into public life, at the Downshire election in 1790, he should have professed himself in favour of Parliamentary Reform in Ireland,—still more, perhaps, that he was the earliest and most strenuous supporter of Catholic emancipation,—nay, that he even went so far as to advise that the Catholic priesthood should in some form be recognised by and taken into connection with the State. To him also, more than to any other, we owe the union between Ireland and England. As a member of the Irish Parliament, the young statesman beheld with pain and disquietude the organ-

ised system of corruption which prevailed, and by which alone—such was the demoralised state of parties—government could be carried on. Religious and political animosities, intensified by the feelings of traditional antagonism, were ruining the country. Lord Castlereagh saw that it was vain to look for moderation from the Protestant minority, then in possession of dominant power in the Irish Legislature. He saw that Catholic emancipation was alike called for by justice and by political expedience. But to enact such a measure as long as Ireland was governed by an Irish Parliament, would only have been to produce a still worse state of matters—it would have been simply to exchange Protestant domination for Catholic tyranny. But if Ireland could be induced to give up her separate Parliament, and merge her political representation in that of the United Kingdom, the danger would be avoided and the benefit reaped. Justice could then be done to the Catholic majority of the Irish nation, without handing over to them the dangerous gift of uncontrolled power. They would have their fair share in the representation,—they would have their full and just weight in the counsels of the whole empire,—while they would be prevented tyrannising over Ireland. Accordingly, in 1796, when Lord Castlereagh became acting Chief Secretary for Ireland—an office which became wholly his in the following year—he bent his whole energies to carry out his favourite project of the Union. How stormy that period was needs not be told. French invasion, Irish rebellion, and the vehement opposition made to the proposal for a Union, surrounded the youthful Chief Secretary with a sea of difficulties. Backed by Mr Pitt, who heartily shared his views both as to the Union and as to Catholic emancipation, he at length succeeded. But both he and his great chief lost office from the very consequences of their triumph. The emancipation of the Catholics, which

both Ministers had given pledges to the Irish nation to carry out, the King, on conscientious principle, would not concede. And in consequence Mr Pitt retired from office, and Lord Castlereagh with him.

A new era in Lord Castlereagh's career opened when he was called upon to resume office as War Minister in 1805. His courage, promptitude of decision, and administrative energy during the trying time of the Irish Rebellion and French invasion, marked him out as the best man for directing the military power of England in the contest, then assuming tremendous proportions, with the great Napoleon. He amply justified the expectations which had been formed of him. His first term of office as War Minister lasted only six months—the Whig party succeeding to office under Fox on the death of Pitt. But in the spring of 1807, on the failure of that short-lived Ministry, Lord Castlereagh resumed his post at the War Office, and in this capacity became the originator of that policy, on the part of this country, which French writers style *la grande guerre*. Discarding Mr Pitt's policy of fitting out small expeditions, to pick up sugar islands, or make fruitless descents on the Continent, Lord Castlereagh resolved to take advantage of our insular position and maritime superiority, to make our land forces descend into the contest with that weight and power which hitherto had only been manifested in the operations of our navy. He resolved to employ our troops in masses of from twenty to sixty thousand men, to be directed against vital points of the enemy's power,—rightly calculating that such a force, movable to any point by sea, was equal to treble their number of mere land forces, uncertain where the blow would fall, and obliged to toil round by long marches to meet the attack of their sea-conveyed opponents.

Lord Castlereagh had not long resumed his post as War Minister, when events occurred which tested his capacity to the full. The defeat

at Trafalgar had rendered hopeless Napoleon's project of destroying our supremacy at sea by the combined action of the maritime power of France and Spain; but the victory of Friedland revived his hopes, by giving him the means of uniting against us the whole fleets of continental Europe. By the secret articles of the Treaty of Tilsit, it was agreed not only that Russia should ally herself with France and Spain against England, but also that the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Lisbon should be invited to co-operate with their fleets, and, if they refused, should be compelled to do so by force. The right wing of this great naval confederacy was to consist of the united Russian, Swedish, and Danish fleets, estimated at forty sail of the line; the centre would be composed of the French and Dutch squadrons from Antwerp, Cherbourg, and Brest, numbering about fifty sail of the line; and the left of the Spanish and Portuguese navies, the Russian Black Sea fleet, and the French squadron from Toulon, numbering forty sail of the line: in all, 130 sail—while we had only 101 in commission. Fortunately a secret agent procured and communicated to the British Government the terms of these secret articles of the Treaty; and with that boldness and promptitude of decision which characterised him, Lord Castlereagh, justifiably disregarding established rule in so exceptional an emergency, without giving the enemy warning by a formal declaration of war, despatched a powerful fleet and thirty thousand land troops to invest Copenhagen, and carry off the Danish fleet before it could be seized by or yielded to the enemy. Thereafter the transference of a great portion of our sea and land forces to Sweden secured to our alliance the navy of that country, and enabled us, with a small squadron of five sail of the line, to blockade the Russian fleet in Cronstadt. Thus the left wing of the projected naval confederacy against us was annihilated

or paralysed. Desirous of anticipating a similar blow against the Portuguese squadron, Napoleon despatched Junot by forced marches across Spain to seize Lisbon: but Lord Castlereagh was again before him. Stimulated by British advice and assisted by the sailors of our fleet, the Royal family of Portugal fitted out their squadron and resolved to embark for Brazil rather than fall under the domination of Napoleon; and when Junot's army arrived at Lisbon, the sails of their fleet were vanishing in the distance. Though the Portuguese squadron was thus lost to the confederacy, the navy of Spain remained; and, acting on the arranged plan of operation, the Russian Black Sea fleet arrived in the Tagus, where it lay secure under the protection of Junot's army. Just at this time, however, the Spanish revolt took place, the nation everywhere rising against the tyranny of the French invaders; and as the Spanish fleet shared in the general sentiment of resistance, it also was lost to Napoleon. But Lord Castlereagh, not satisfied as long as further success was possible, resolved to give the finishing-stroke to Napoleon's project by despatching an army of thirty-five thousand men to Portugal, to capture the Russian squadron in the Tagus, and also, if possible, to cut off Junot, whose retreat through insurgent Spain had become well-nigh impossible. On the 31st of July 1808, Wellington landed in Portugal. Within three weeks the French were twice defeated, at Rolica and Vimeira; and if Wellington's plan had not been thwarted by Sir Harry Burrard, Junot would have been shut up in Lisbon, and forced to surrender. As it was, by the convention of Cintra, Portugal was evacuated by the French, and the Russian squadron fell into our hands. Thus ended the great naval confederacy against England, projected at Tilsit. Thus also commenced the Peninsular war, the most glorious in our annals, which, sweeping across Spain, did not

cease till our standards had surmounted the rocky barrier of the Pyrenees, and advanced in triumph to Bordeaux and Toulouse. To Wellington alone belong the special glories of that war; but we must not forget that it was Castlereagh who selected the scene of operations, supported him in the Cabinet, and provided him with troops, and that Moore and Wellington owed their appointments to his discerning judgment.

Mr Pitt, as Napoleon has said, had no talent for military combinations. Lord Castlereagh as War Minister was a great success. The combined series of blows which he thus directed like so many broadsides against Napoleon's power, staving in his grand project of a naval confederacy of all Europe against us, constitute a masterpiece of administrative strategy, remarkable alike for boldness and skill. The Walcheren expedition was another enterprise of his, and we do not hesitate to say that its conception was marked by equal ability. It failed, and failed notably, simply because the King insisted upon the command being given to Lord Chatham. The disastrous issue of the expedition has made Englishmen shut their eyes to the ability with which it was conceived; but foreign military historians, and Napoleon himself, have appreciated it at its true value. Napoleon, beaten at Aspern by the Austrians, was struggling to maintain himself in an island of the Danube, with eight hundred miles of semi-hostile country between him and France, when the English Minister launched against him this expedition—the most powerful that had ever sailed from our shores—the object of which was to capture Antwerp, and, operating from that basis, to raise Germany on his rear. When the expedition reached the mouth of the Scheldt, only two thousand men were in Antwerp, a force hardly sufficient to man one-fourth of the fortifications, and the fortifications themselves were in utter disrepair.

Lord Chatham, like an incapable as he was, procrastinated for a month, till the hour for success had gone by,—and so the expedition failed. But a general of even moderate capacity, aided by the fleet, would have carried Antwerp by a *coup-de-main*, and have either neutralised Napoleon's subsequent victory at Wagram, or converted the defeat at Aspern into a fatal overthrow.

In 1812, on the resignation of Lord Wellesley, Lord Castlereagh was raised to the office of Foreign Minister, at that time the most important in the Cabinet; and in this office he began another and not less successful career. Indeed, his achievements as a diplomatist have almost thrown into the shade his success as a military administrator. In truth, for four years afterwards he may be said to have been War Minister and Foreign Minister in one,—having almost as much to do in planning campaigns as in influencing the councils of the European Powers. And in his half-brother, the gallant Sir Charles Stewart, he found a most efficient agent and co-operator, especially during the momentous campaigns of 1813 and 1814. In the spring of the latter year, the long war against Napoleon had evidently approached its climax. If the Allied Powers held together, Napoleon was doomed; if they parted asunder, the work of years would be undone, and the task of curbing the ambition, and opposing the military genius, of the French Emperor, would become a hopeless one. And the Grand Alliance was very frail. Every Power, naturally enough, had different views; and every little reverse seemed on the point of breaking up the Alliance altogether. In this emergency the British Government took a wise though unprecedented course, in despatching their distinguished Foreign Minister to the ever-shifting head-quarters of the Allied Sovereigns, commissioned with full powers to bind his Government to whatever course he thought best, either

of war or peace. Lord Castlereagh successfully opposed the desire of the Emperor Alexander to break off all negotiations with Napoleon; but with equal steadiness he resisted the proposal of the French Emperor, that he should be left in possession of the frontier of the Alps, the Rhine, and the Meuse,—which, by preserving to him Chambery, Mayence, and Antwerp, would have afforded to him at any favourable moment the means of resuming his scheme of European conquest or domination. As to what was to be done if Napoleon were overthrown, Lord Castlereagh's private opinion was, that Europe would not be safe if the Buonaparte dynasty were left on the throne—an opinion certainly confirmed by recent events; but, at the same time, in accordance with the principle of the British Government throughout the whole contest, he entirely repudiated the idea of making any attempt to force a change of government upon the French people. They were to be left free to choose their own ruler and form of government; and it was not until after the return of Napoleon from Elba, and the dreadful struggle of the Hundred Days, that the Allied Powers finally agreed to proscribe the dynasty whose ambition had inflicted such calamities upon Europe. It must be added, that the final success of the Allies in the checkered campaign of 1814, was mainly due to the bold course adopted by Lord Castlereagh in depriving the backward Bernadotte of the command of two corps of his army, and bringing them to the front to reinforce Blücher. Without the aid of these two corps, the Allied Sovereigns, disheartened by the defeats at Champaubert, Montmirail, Nangis, and Montereau, despaired of success; and as even the Emperor Alexander declared that it was impracticable to take those corps from the command of the jealous King of Sweden, a general retreat had actually been determined on. To prevent so great a disaster, Lord Castlereagh, taking

upon himself the entire responsibility, declared he would insist upon Bernadotte giving up the two corps, threatening at once to stop his subsidy from England if he should refuse. Bernadotte gave way,—the reinforcements came up,—the retreat was stopped, and the advance resumed,—and Paris fell.

Having played so important a part in accomplishing the first necessity for Europe, the overthrow of Napoleon, Lord Castlereagh was next called upon to occupy a not less conspicuous position in the councils of Europe, at that greatest and most memorable of all congresses—the Congress of Vienna. The old landmarks of Europe had been submerged or washed away by the great flood of Gallic conquest; and now that the Continent had been freed, and reappeared from the subsided billows, the vital question arose, how far the old boundaries could or ought to be restored. Of all the potentates or plenipotentiaries who met at Vienna, Lord Castlereagh displayed the most liberal sentiments, and demanded the most radical reforms. France had been compelled to relinquish her conquests; Russia, Prussia, and Austria, he thought, ought equally to abandon their unjust acquisitions, which they had made by the destruction of the kingdom of Poland. He proposed, therefore, that the dismemberment of Poland should be annulled,—that the three Powers which had taken part in the final partition of that kingdom should give up the provinces which they had thereby acquired,—and that a united Poland should be re-erected as an independent kingdom. The Czar Alexander had no objection to the reunion of the Polish provinces of Austria and Prussia to the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw, and to the re-creation of a kingdom of Poland; but he strenuously resisted Lord Castlereagh's proposal that Poland should be independent, and maintained that it must exist as an integral part of his empire, with himself for King, and his successors

after him. By either plan Prussia was to be compensated for the loss of Posen, by acquiring the forfeited sovereignty of Saxony. Such were the counter-projects upon which the Congress had to decide. Prussia sided with Russia. Austria approved of Lord Castlereagh's proposal for a united and independent Poland, and as resolutely opposed the project of the Czar for a united and dependent Poland; but she resisted (what both projects involved) the cession of Saxony to her Germanic rival, Prussia. France was utterly indifferent about Poland,—she cared little about the aggrandisement of the power of distant Russia; but she was violently opposed to the annexation of Saxony, as that would strengthen her own immediate neighbour, Prussia. Bavaria and all the lesser German Powers were equally indifferent about Poland, but, furious at the idea of one German sovereign being dispossessed of his whole dominions in favour of another, sided with Austria and France in resisting the cession of Saxony to Prussia.

The two Northern Powers were in perfect accord; and, cordially supported by Prussia, and elated with his military power and renown, the Russian Alexander was resolved to carry his point by force of arms. The other Powers were disunited,—England and Austria alone being earnest in their opposition to the Czar's scheme of reuniting all the Polish provinces under the Russian crown; and even these two Powers were at variance on the question of Saxony. War was on the point of breaking out. In this emergency, Lord Castlereagh, in order to escape the difficulty about Saxony, had to give up his plan for a united and independent Poland, on condition that Austria, France, and the lesser German Powers should unite with England in opposing the Prusso-Russian scheme of a united Poland under the crown of the Czars, and should consent to such a small cession of territory to Prussia (retain-

ing her Polish province of Posen) as would raise her to the position she held before the campaign of Jena. In the face of this confederacy, and when the armies had been mustered and the plans of campaign arranged on both sides, the Emperor Alexander at the last moment gave way, and abandoned his project of reuniting all the Polish provinces into a kingdom of which he was to be the head. In the final settlement, the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw was made a separate kingdom, with a constitution of its own, but with the Czar for king; Prussia retained the province of Posen, with its population of a million souls, and was compensated for the loss of territory inflicted on her by Napoleon by receiving a portion of Saxony containing eight hundred thousand inhabitants,—the remainder of Saxony being given back to its captive king. Of the other details of the treaty of Vienna—namely, the confirmation of the annexation of Norway to Sweden, and of Genoa to Piedmont, the recognition of the Italian provinces of Austria between the Po and the Ticino, and the formation of the Germanic Confederacy—we need not speak. But assuredly, at the present time, when Europe is again about to be confronted by the Polish question, we have every reason to be proud of the part which Lord Castlereagh took on that question in 1815, and very sincerely to regret that the circumstances of that time did not permit of his accomplishing his bold, statesman-like, and liberal project of restoring Poland to a united and independent position among the Powers of Europe.

The very different opinions which prevailed in this country in regard to the policy of the British Government from 1792 to 1815 were owing partly to party-spirit, partly to the double aspect presented by the French Revolution. At first it was simply a domestic event: a very dreadful one indeed, but still affecting only France herself. But by-and-by, and very quickly, it be-

came a policy of military propaganda, and this in turn gave way to an epoch of purely military conquest. England abstained from taking any part against the Revolution when in its first stage; she resolutely opposed it in those which followed. But the mere fact that the Tory Government went to war with France when in a revolutionary state was misrepresented by Mr Fox and his party, then out of office, as a proof that the Tories were opposed to all movements in favour of liberty in other countries. Nothing could be more false and unfounded. Before war was declared against France, the principles on which it was commenced were clearly stated by Lord Grenville, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in a State-paper dated 29th December 1792, in which the British Government fully acknowledged the right of the French people to choose any form of government and rulers they pleased, and expressed itself ready and willing to conclude a treaty of amity with the existing Government of France, if that Government would abandon the war of aggression upon other States which it had commenced. Before taking part in the war, Lord Grenville proposed to the other Powers then actually engaged in hostilities with France, that they should "propose to that country terms of peace. These terms," said the English Minister, "should be the withdrawing their arms within the limits of the French territory, the abandoning their conquests, and rescinding any acts injurious to the sovereignty or rights of any other nation, and the giving in some unequivocal manner a pledge of their intention no longer to foment troubles, or to excite disturbances against other Governments. In return for these stipulations, the different Powers of Europe who should be parties to this measure, should engage to abandon all measures or views of hostility against France, or interference in her internal affairs, and to maintain a correspondence and

intercourse of amity with the existing Powers in that country with whom the treaty might be concluded." These principles were never departed from by the British Government even when Napoleon, the incarnation of military ambition, was upon his last legs in 1814. Castlereagh at Chatillon, and Wellington at Bordeaux, steadily refused to countenance the claims of the Bourbon family, and adhered to the principle that the French people should be left to manage their domestic affairs as they pleased.

The Continental Powers who had been our allies in the great war had never heartily recognised this principle, though, out of deference to the value of the English alliance in that stupendous contest, they latterly abstained from asserting the right of intervention. But after the Peace of 1815, when the great enemy was removed, and when events arose which tempted them to exercise the right of intervening in the domestic affairs of other countries, the divergence of opinion between England and her old allies instantly became apparent. Despite the natural predilections of any man or Government for those with whom they had long been allied throughout a desperate war, Lord Castlereagh did not hesitate a moment to part company with his old friends. There was no change of view on his part; he simply continued to act upon the principles which from the first had been adopted by the Tory Government.

The revolution in Naples was the first event after the Peace which elicited this conflict of opinion between the English and Continental Governments. Lord Castlereagh, as the Foreign Minister of England, declined to join in the Holy Alliance, and endeavoured to dissuade Austria, Russia, and Prussia from taking measures of repression against the revolution in the Neapolitan dominions. It would have been an act of absurdity for England to engage in a hopeless contest to oppose the military intervention of

these Powers in such a case; but Lord Castlereagh formally expressed his dissent from their policy in a circular to the European Powers, which produced a great sensation on the Continent. In that circular he said: "The system of the proposed measures is diametrically opposed to the fundamental laws of Great Britain; and even if this decisive objection did not exist, the British Government would not the less judge that the principles which form the basis of these measures cannot be admitted with any degree of safety as principles of international law." A month afterwards (February 21, 1821), Lord Castlereagh spoke to the same effect in his place in Parliament. "I am certainly of opinion," he said "that if the principle be once admitted that one Government has a right to interfere in the domestic economy of another whenever a revolution has been effected which is displeasing to it, the principle must apply to this country as well as to any other; and as I cannot admit the right of any foreign country to interfere with the administration of this country, I apprehend that the principle asserted in the paper of the Allied sovereigns has been carried further than is consistent with principle or with sound policy."

But events of the same kind thickened. The revolutions in Spain, Sardinia, Greece, and the Spanish Colonies in South America, created a crisis so serious that the Allied Sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia deemed it advisable that a congress of the Great Powers should be held at Verona. Lord Castlereagh, overworked at home, harassed alike by the cares of his own department as Foreign Minister, and burdened with the additional duty, as leader of the House of Commons, of explaining and defending the policy of the Government at the time when rebellion and conspiracy were rife in England, had to forego his intention of proceeding in person to Verona; but the instructions which he drew

up for the Duke of Wellington, who was deputed in his stead to represent England at the Congress, are a masterpiece of statesmanlike wisdom, and deserve attention as a memorable exposition of his principles of policy. They are as applicable at present as they were forty years ago; and no one who reads them now will withhold from the framer the credit which was so scantily accorded to him in his own lifetime. The subjects of general discussion at the Congress were to be these:—First, the Turkish question, external and internal; secondly, the Spanish question, European and American; thirdly, the affairs of Italy. On these points the instructions of Lord Castlereagh to the Duke of Wellington were as follows:—

“With regard to the Turkish question, as well external as internal, the course to be pursued is this: All possible measures are in the first instance to be tried to reconcile the differences between Russia and Turkey. These connect themselves partly with the right of protection, which by treaty Russia is authorised to afford to Christianity in Turkey, and partly with certain restrictions which the Porte has recently imposed upon the navigation of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. When this object has been so far attained as to avert the risk of actual collision between the two Powers, *then, and not till then*, the condition of Greece is to be considered. Now, Greece has gained of late so much in the contest that it is not easy to avoid dealing with the government which she has set up, as with a government *de facto*. Still you will, as British plenipotentiary, be cautious to act with great circumspection in the matter; and, above all, stand aloof from any engagement with the Allies, either to accept the Greek Government as that of an independent State, or to compel the submission of Greece herself to the Porte by force of arms.

“But by far the most tangled web of the whole is that in which Spain and her affairs are wrapped up; and not the least so, in that portion of it which embraces her relations with the revolted colonies, and the effect thereby produced upon the commerce of the world. As to the form of government which she has of late established for herself in Europe,

that is a matter with which, in the opinion of the English Cabinet, no foreign Power has the smallest right to interfere. It rests entirely with the King of Spain and his subjects to settle their differences, if they have any, between themselves. And this important truth you will urge with all your influence upon the Allies, and especially upon France. But the case of the revolted colonies is different. It is evident, from the course which events have taken, that *their recognition as independent States has become merely a question of time.* Over by far the greater part of them Spain has lost all hold: and it has been found necessary, in order to admit their merchant vessels into English ports, to alter the navigation laws, both of England and Spain. You will accordingly advocate a removal of the difficulty on this principle: that every province which has actually established its independence should be recognised; that with provinces in which the war still went on, no relation should be established; and that where negotiations are in progress between a revolted colony and the mother country, relations with the colony should be suspended till the results of such negotiations are known. All this, however, is to be brought about only after a full explanation with Spain herself, and entirely by independent action. There is to be no concert with France or Russia or any other extraneous Power in order to effect it. The policy projected is exclusively English and Spanish, and between England and Spain, and between them alone its course is to be settled. Other nations may or may not come into the views which England entertains; but upon their approval or disapproval of her views, England is not in any way to shape her conduct.

“Besides these more general questions, England has some of her own, which the statesman who is to represent her at the Congress will bring forward. Foremost among them all is the suppression of the slave trade, either by a general declaration from the Allies that it should be treated as piracy, or by obtaining from them an engagement that they would not admit into their markets any article of colonial produce which was the result of slave labour.”

Nothing can show more convincingly how baseless and base were the misrepresentations to which Lord Castlereagh's policy was subjected during his lifetime than this important document. It demonstrates, too, in a very striking man-

ner, how essentially identical have been the principles of English foreign policy for the last seventy years. Our Foreign Ministers have differed in ability—they have often differed also as to the best means of carrying out the national policy,—but no substantial difference has existed as to the principles upon which that policy was to be conducted. Earl Russell praises Lord Malmesbury, and appeals, in justification of his own acts, to the example of Lord Castlereagh. But there is one difference between the great Liberal Foreign Minister and his still greater—far greater—Tory predecessor. Taught wisdom and circumspection by a long experience of diplomatic life, in the most momentous period of our national history, Lord Castlereagh displayed in all his acts and despatches a masterly tact and a power of conciliation which we seek for in vain in the acts and despatches of our present Foreign Minister. In his instructions to Lord Stewart, previous to the Congress at Troppau, he laid down the maxim which cannot be too much observed by diplomatists, “that whatever is done *shall be upon the particular case*, without hazarding general declarations, containing universal pledges that cannot be redeemed.” The wisdom of this maxim is obvious; but what a striking illustration of its importance was supplied by the error of Earl Russell fourteen months ago, when in dealing with the Italian question he propounded that famous declaration in favour alike of revolution and intervention, which may any day be turned against ourselves, and which may be employed against liberty quite as much as for it.

Imperturbably calm and placid in his demeanour—no emotion ever seeming strong enough to impress itself upon his eminently handsome and marble-like countenance, staid and unruffled like the face of a mask,—Lord Castlereagh’s was one of those natures where an imperial will restrains the manifestation of emotion and disquiet, yet cannot

prevent their pressure upon the springs of life. As is often seen in high natures, although perfectly unexcitable, he was deeply impressionable. At the close of the great contest regarding the Irish Union in 1801, the fatigue and anxiety of mind with which he was oppressed threw him into a fever of several weeks’ continuance; and in the latter part of the session of 1822 a similar state of febrile excitement began to manifest itself, deepening into that delirium or temporary insanity which preceded suicide :—

“Towards the end of the session of 1822 Lord Castlereagh’s mind became evidently affected, and he was much occupied with the prospect of his mission to Verona, where at that time it was intended he should be plenipotentiary. The first symptoms of aberration appeared in the House of Commons, when he professed ignorance of a despatch which was lying before him; and was also displayed in a nervous state of anxiety on the subject of his journey, and a sort of superstitious fear lest some unforeseen incident should interfere to prevent it. His family, however, did not apprehend any danger, and ascribed it to the fatigue and excitement consequent on the close of an arduous session, and a severe attack of gout which he had had in the preceding spring. The excitement, however, by degrees became such that, for some days prior to the fatal event, the scrolls of despatches which he wrote were illegible, though his handwriting was in general singularly clear and distinct. His nature seemed changed: instead of his usual gentleness of manner and placidity of demeanour, he became querulous and suspicious. The King was the first to observe a decided alteration; and after one of the last Cabinet councils at which Lord Castlereagh was present before his departure for Scotland, his Majesty was so much struck with it, that he wrote to Lord Liverpool, mentioning the circumstance, and urging the necessity of immediate precaution and medical advice. The Duke of Wellington, too, who was warmly attached to Lord Castlereagh, and entertained the highest respect for his character, as well as affection for his person, soon after observed it. He spoke to his Lordship on the subject, and tried to combat the delusions in regard to difficulties on the subject of the

journey to Verona with which he saw he was beset. He advised him to send for his family physician, which he promised to do, but did not. At length, on the 9th August, the Duke was so much struck with his manner, that, after walking with him to the Foreign Office, he went to his medical attendant, Dr Bankhead, and not finding him at home, wrote a letter expressing his apprehensions, and not obscurely hinting at mental delusion. Dr Bankhead no sooner received this alarming intelligence than he went out to Cray Farm, Lord Castlereagh's seat in Kent, and, seeing the Duke of Wellington's fears too well founded, he slept in the house the next two nights, and gave orders to his valet to remove the razors from his Lordship's dressing-case, and take other precautions against self-destruction. He did so without being observed; but unfortunately, not recollecting that there was a penknife belonging to the case in one of the drawers of the washing-stand, he neglected to secure it. The consequences were fatal. During the 10th and 11th of August he remained in bed, wandering, but expressing no alarming intentions. On the morning of the 12th August, Lady Londonderry, who was with him, reported that he had passed a restless night, and that he wished to see Dr Bankhead, who was in an adjoining apartment. When Dr Bankhead went into his dressing-room, he found him standing opposite the window looking out, with his hands above his head, with his throat cut, and bleeding profusely. Consciousness, as is often the case, returned with the flow of blood. He threw his arms round the doctor's neck, and, saying in a feeble voice, 'Bankhead, let me fall on your arm; I have opened my neck; it is all over,' sank on the ground and expired."

We do not hesitate to affirm that Lord Castlereagh was the greatest Foreign Minister that England ever had. No Minister ever had to confront greater perils and difficulties—none ever accomplished such great results. His fame has been long obscured by the unscrupulous antagonism of party, but these volumes of the distinguished historian of Europe come at the right time, and will not fail successfully to establish the noble patriotism and transcendent statesmanship of the great Minister. It has become

somewhat of a fashion with literary men to extol Canning to the disparagement of Castlereagh. But the comparison is not only unjust—it is absurd. Canning sailed in smooth waters—Castlereagh had to face, and ruled, the storm. Canning was a matchless talker, a splendid orator; but as a practical administrator of foreign affairs he was never to be compared to his great predecessor. The recognition of the independence of the South American republics, as we have seen, was not his doing, but Castlereagh's. The British Government stood pledged to that measure before he ever became Foreign Minister. But the fame and popularity of Canning, compared with the hitherto narrow renown of Castlereagh, is typical of the lot of English statesmen. One who is an accomplished orator always gets his due—generally a great deal more; and if he is more studious of Parliamentary applause than of the real interests of his country, he will become a more popular man than another who, as an administrator and diplomatist, is infinitely his superior. Lord Russell's high-sounding enunciation of what Castlereagh rightly called "hazardous general declarations," and the occasional patriotic bluster of Lord Palmerston, win for these statesmen more popularity than would otherwise fall to their lot as practical diplomatists. Their words always go far beyond their deeds. If a Castlereagh, an Aberdeen, or a Malmesbury fail in their efforts, their objects and intentions go for nought, for they say little about them. But a Canning and a Russell proclaim their principles so loudly that their failures are overlooked in the blaze of their professions. This is a natural and unavoidable result of our Parliamentary institutions, and Ministers are perhaps right to reckon upon it; but the verdict of history and of political criticism must not be so led astray, and must ever award the palm of statesmanship to the doers rather than to the

talkers—to the able administrators rather than to the popular orators.

The statesman who accomplished the Irish Union, and first advocated the Catholic emancipation,—the War Minister who destroyed by mighty strokes the great naval confederacy against this country,—the Foreign Minister who was the soul and guiding spirit of the Grand Alliance which overthrew Napoleon—the champion of restored unity and independence for Poland, and the powerful opponent of every State which strove to interfere with the right of self-government in its neighbours, needs no formal tribute of praise from us. The deeds and triumphs of Lord Castlereagh are part of our national history; and we rejoice that in these volumes the public career of so distinguished a statesman and so noble-hearted a patriot has at length been set forth with a clearness, interest, and impartiality which alone were wanting to win for the noble object of the biography the long-deferred homage and admiration of his countrymen.

This biography, as is apparent from the sketch which we have given of its contents, may be regarded as a pendant to the great History by which Sir Archibald Alison attained his fame, and which will descend as a monument of his genius and his industry to future times. Among the many criticisms, the offspring of political antagonism, or of natural diversity of opinion, which have been passed upon that great work, and indeed upon all the works of Sir Archibald Alison, it is remarkable that not even critics the most hostile have ever brought against him a charge of unfair statement of facts. His honourable impartiality of narrative is conceded by all; and this is the more remarkable, inasmuch as his history embraces a period which is contentious with, indeed comes down to, our own times, and records a strife of parties and of principles in which the present generation has taken an active part. It is no small honour to the integrity of Sir Archi-

bald that he should have scrupulously desired, it is no light tribute to his genius that he should have been able, thus to narrate a history almost contemporaneous with a candour and impartiality of statement which is rare even in circumstances the most favourable. Strong opinions, indeed, on all the debated questions of those times Sir Archibald has, and he expresses them strongly; and thereby he has challenged opposition in its most virulent form. But on some of the most important of these questions, and those upon which he has been most loudly assailed, he has lived to see a change of public sentiment in favour of his opinions. Upon no two questions has Sir Archibald written with so much earnestness and iteration of opinion as upon the questions of Reform and the National Defences. And upon both of these questions, has not the opinion of the country come round to his views? Were not the disasters at the commencement of the Russian war an exact fulfilment of the warning predictions which he had so often made in the pages of this Magazine? and is not the now powerful military organisation of the country the most convincing and gratifying proof, that on this vital point the nation now heartily embraces his opinions? We may say the same of Reform. And we unhesitatingly refer back to the powerful articles from his pen which appeared in the Magazine, to prove that the principles of Parliamentary Reform, which more and more every day are being recognised as the soundest and wisest, were anticipated and advocated by him at a time when their advocacy was most unpopular, and when the principles themselves were but little understood even by the foremost statesmen of the Conservative party.

It would ill become us to close our review of this last work of Sir Archibald Alison, without a warm and well-earned tribute to the man who is now the last survivor of the galaxy of writers who contributed

to the early numbers of the Magazine. Wilson, Lockhart, Hamilton, Galt, Croly, Hogg, Delta, De Quincey—those old familiar faces, who still look down upon us from the picture-frames in Ebony's saloon—have all passed to their rest. Sir Archibald alone is left—still strong and vigorous, we are happy to say, and strong and vigorous may he long remain! Forty-three years have passed since, whilst a youth, his literary talent sufficed to enrol him among the contributors to *Maga*. Since then, *Maga* and he have grown old together—the mutual friendship has stood the strain alike of time and circumstances—and we rejoice to see the victor's wreath encircling the brows of one who

first won his spurs in the service of *Maga*. As we turn over the pages of past volumes, we recognise the "Roman hand" of Sir Archibald with a frequency second only to that of our venerated "Christopher North" himself. The last of a goodly race, we greet him. And with natural pride we love to recognise in the veteran historian of Europe a life-long contributor to these pages, and the youth who, three-and-forty years ago, commenced his literary career and his connection with *Maga* with articles on the National Monument and Robert the Bruce, in which the style of the now distinguished historian may be seen already formed in the *coups-d'essai* of the youthfulessayist.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE Oxford Professor of Poetry had surely read the omens wrong, when he foreboded to his eager audience that "the study of Classical Literature" was "probably on the decline." If he meant thereby merely to allude, in delicate and professional language, to the notorious fact, that the proportion of "plucks" amongst the junior class of his listeners had alarmingly increased of late years—or even that accurate scholarship was rarer than of old in certain of our great public schools—he was undoubtedly right. But if he meant that the study of Latin and Greek was becoming unpopular, that there was any present probability of such a change in the higher public educational course, as to make a competent knowledge of the classics no longer indispensable for a gentleman, we really believe he made a great mistake. To most observers the wonder probably is, that in this utilitarian age, when

men live fast and work hard, the old belief in the infallibility of the classics should be almost the only one which has remained unshaken. True, there are people who cry now, as in past generations, "What is the use of all this Latin and Greek?" But the practical answer seems to be, that, whether useful or not, we cannot get on without it. We are not going to attempt to discuss here for the hundredth time the utility of classical learning; we merely point to the fact that, whatever its rightful claims may be, its prestige is as great as ever. Men, whom of all others the practical life would seem to absorb most entirely—whose whole time and thoughts might appear necessarily taken up with the prosaic realities of the present—are seen devoting their few and precious moments of leisure to this literature of the past, and going back again, as it were, to school for a holiday. Chancel-

The Odyssey of Homer. Translated into English verse in the Spenserian stanza. By PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY, M.A., Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Vol. I., Books I.-XII. W. Blackwood & Sons.

The Odyssey of Homer, in English hendecasyllable verse. By HENRY ALFORD, Dean of Canterbury. Longman.

lors of the Exchequer burrow in these fields of ancient lore, as diligently as if they expected to find something there to stop a deficit. Mr Gladstone must have bestowed at least as much pains upon Homer as upon his budget; and Sir Cornwall Lewis will perhaps live as a scholar when he is forgotten as a politician. The facts of Roman history, the fables of Babrius, the astronomy of the Egyptians, are in his eyes as important as the bills of the current session. Plato has lately found three competent translators of the sex which alone he would have recognised as competent, and would be startled to find a fourth now announced in the person of a lady. Young ladies were very lately seen with brooches of the severest classical type—like those with which the Athenian fashionables pricked the man to death—bearing Greek mottoes which must occasionally have puzzled an admiring cornet who had left Eton early; and young gentlemen who have forgotten their Horace, will hardly appreciate Mr Thackeray. The study of Latin and Greek “on the decline?” We look in vain for the symptoms.

Homer, at any rate, is in no present danger of neglect. If seven Greek cities quarrelled over his imaginary bones, not less than six English scholars are now trying their hands in (we hope) amicable rivalry in translating him. Mr Wright, Mr F. Newman, and Mr Landon, have chosen the *Iliad*; Dean Alford and Mr Worsley have employed themselves upon the *Odyssey*. We add Mr Arnold to the number, because, though he has not given us a translation of his own, he has told us, *ex cathedra*, what he conceives to be the true principles upon which such translations should be made, and has even furnished us with some slight specimens of what he would make them. Of what may be distinguished from these as amateur translators of the Prince of Poets—who have exercised their taste and fancy in occasional versions into

English of some detached passages of his poems—the name is Legion. The late Dr Maginn, Professor Aytoun, and Dr Hawtrey of Eton, may be mentioned as amongst the most successful; but the happy treatment of some tempting and favourite passage is a very different thing from the careful and continuous labour required for a complete translation, in which not only the “telling” scenes, which are pretty sure, in able hands, to “bring down the house,” are to be reproduced, but all the more level passages, comparatively prosaic (to English ears at least) have to be rendered as best they may, painfully and conscientiously, where the poetic fire flags in the translator, and he becomes utterly a captive chained to the car of the ancient conqueror of hearts. Some of the translations first enumerated are indeed at present incomplete; and we have only included them in the same list because they seem to imply an intention on the part of their authors to proceed continuously with their work.

We believe, in spite of Mr Arnold, that the critical canons of poetical translation are still wholly unfixed. We much doubt if a successful or unsuccessful attempt can be accounted for under any canons at all, except those of general taste and language. Nor can we agree altogether with the Professor's dictum, “that the proper aim of the translator is to reproduce on the intelligent scholar the general effect of Homer.” In the first place, because, happily or unhappily, the thing is impossible. Only Homer himself—or a Greek poet who was equal to Homer—could reproduce the effect of Homer on the scholar who understands and appreciates Greek heroic verse. Its effect depends as much upon the grand simplicity of the diction, as upon the beauty of the thought. If you put Homer into English prose—which is the only way to retain the simplicity of the original—then the poetic element is lost; and if you

put him into English verse, the change, though of another kind, is quite as great to the ear and fancy of the scholar. Who could so translate Shakespeare into any other language as to reproduce the effect of Shakespeare upon the intelligent English scholar? and the modern Greek student, it must be remembered, understands Homer, if not quite as an old Greek would have understood him, still in a totally different way from what any one besides a classical scholar can understand him now. The fact is, that the scholar will not thank you for even the best possible translation. True, he alone can recognise its excellences; but he will be painfully sensible of its defects. To him the best version will seem inadequate; in the passages which charm him most, the sound is so perfectly wedded to the sense that man cannot put them asunder. He would tell the unlearned reader who wishes to enter into and share his admiration, that the thing is simply impossible, unless you first gain that additional *sensé* by which alone he has become capable of this enjoyment—the knowledge of the language in which the poet wrote. If Mr Arnold had said that the scholar alone could judge of the faithfulness of any translation from a classic author, he would have been right; but there are many other qualities in a good translator besides that of fidelity to the word and sense, and qualities quite as important to his real success. His audience, whom he is bound to do his best to satisfy, for himself and for his original, is the general public—not the scholar. He has to produce upon them, as far as he may, something of the effect which the original produces on the mind of scholars. He has to choose, amongst the varieties of English poetical diction, that which may best correspond with the poetical diction of the original. The literal version, which would in some sense reproduce Homer's idea to the scholar who has the original in his

mind, would sound exceedingly bald and poor to the unlearned reader, who listens anxiously for the sound of the music which charmed all hearts so long. We very much fear that this will be the effect both of Mr Newman's *Iliad* and Dean Alford's *Odyssey*. In both, the melody of the poet's strain is gone; and it is not replaced, as in the case of Pope's version, by a melody of another kind. They have given the sense of Homer faithfully enough; but there must be something besides sense in poetry. They will interest the scholar as ingenious scholastic performances; they might greatly assist a learner in understanding the text; but will they win for themselves readers, as Pope's version with all its defects does still, among those who can only make acquaintance with a Greek poet through the medium of an English translation?

We believe, then, that Mr Worsley has judged rightly, in presenting Homer to English readers, to endeavour at "a version free enough to avoid harshness," as well as to choose a metre familiar to the ears of all readers of the *Faery Queen* as already consecrated to the English Epic. We agree with him, that the summary way in which Mr Arnold disposes of the claims of the Spenserian stanza as a vehicle of translation for the Prince of Poets, because it does not admit of "the grand style," is not warranted either in theory or by facts, and could be refuted by a score of examples which any reader of taste could produce from Spenser himself, from Byron's *Childe Harold* (as Mr Worsley remarks), and even from Fairfax's translation of Tasso. It has, besides, the double advantage, that while admirably suited for the grand and sublime, it adapts itself with almost equal felicity to those simple details of ordinary domestic life which the poets of a ruder age thought not unworthy of their song, and which, long discarded as too mean and trivial for

the more fastidious modern audience, are once more making their appearance in English poetry. The late Dr Maginn, in an article in *Fraser's Magazine* some years ago, pointed out the Spenserian stanza as "the only metre in which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, as whole poems, can be adequately translated. I have made," he goes on to say, "considerable progress in such a translation, and sometimes I think I may finish it. Why I am not sure of so doing will be found out by any one who will take the trouble of consulting the seventh Satire of Juvenal." Spenser's measure seems to possess, next to the ballad, most of that "fluid and rapid style" which Mr Arnold himself demands in such a translation. The heroic verse of Pope might have rendered the more stirring portions of the Homeric epic adequately enough to an English reader, had the translator been more careful to preserve the genius of his author, and less ambitious to display his own; but the more homely scenes with which the *Odyssey* abounds are travestied rather than translated through such a medium: such passages as Nausicaa's washing-day, for instance, become, in the hands of Pope and his assistants, little better than senseless bombast.

The *Odyssey* has been considered, by very good authority, as a ladies' book. "The *Iliad*," says Bentley, "Homer made for men, and the *Odyssey* for the other sex."* This opinion is somewhat contradictory of the great authority of Aristotle, who defines the *Odyssey* as "ethic and complex," while the *Iliad* is "pathetic and simple." Yet some such notion of the fitness of things it must have been which led Fénélon to choose for the subject of his prose poem (as French critics loved to call it) the adventures of Telemachus in search of Ulysses—a classical epic as well known to most of those who were the young

ladies of the past generation, as the Greek prototype ought to be to their fathers and brothers. Calypso, and Circe, and the Sirens, were old acquaintances of our respectable grandmothers, whatever they might have thought of them. Whether this is the explanation or not, it is certain that popular allusions in our literature, and popular pictures, have the *Odyssey* for their subject more frequently than the *Iliad*, though the former has never been so commonly read in our schools and colleges. Nausicaa and her Maidens, the Gardens of Alcinous, the Cyclops addressed by Ulysses, the Song of the Sirens—all well known amongst our national heirlooms of art—assume a considerable knowledge of the Homeric fable on the part of the public for whom they were painted. Possibly the secret of this greater popularity lies in the fact, that while the adventures in the *Odyssey* have more of the imaginative and the marvellous, the heroes are less heroic—have more of the common human type—than those of the *Iliad*. There was a free poetical version of the *Odyssey* which we remember to have heard in our younger days (we wonder whether any precious MS. still exists of it?), which represented Ulysses as one

"Who rather desired to see cities and men,
Than go home to his farm and converse
with old Pen."

Really, though this forgotten poet aimed probably at amusement rather than accuracy, there was a vein of truth in his estimate of the ἥθος of the hero. His love of adventure was at least as remarkable as his domestic virtue. He might perhaps have got home to Ithaca sooner than he did. His lieutenant, Eurylochus, was not far wrong when he complained of him—almost in the very words of Sir Dinadan to Tristram in the *Morte d'Arthur*—that he was tired of his company, for that he was "like a man that was

* Remarks upon a late Discourse of Freethinking, vii.

out of his mind, that *would* cast himself away." Telemachus was no hero at all; and if the French Archbishop's version, which used to be such a favourite ladies' classic, is to be trusted, Mentor had much to do to keep him straight. And for Penelope—what shall we say? It was unjustifiable in any husband, no doubt, to be from home so many years. Few modern ladies would have waited so long. If she had received him, when he came at last, as Clytemnestra did Agamemnon,

"Who, like a stalled ox, smote him while he fed"

—as Mr Worsley admirably turns it—she would at least have had more excuse. Perhaps she found it pleasant to be wooed, if not won. We fear she must have been "talked about." We should like to know what the old ladies of Ithaca said of her. Antinous might possibly have had some foundation for his assertion,

"Since with vain hopes she hath our hearts undone,
For, bent on endless wiles, she promises each one."

The two last translators and their publishers have done their best, at least, to present the poem in perfect drawing-room costume. Two prettier books than Dean Alford's and Mr Worsley's no lady need desire. Both have distinctly claimed—we think wisely—that their labours should be mainly judged by their effect upon "the mere English reader," however certain they may be (as the Dean says in his preface) "that scholars will read and criticise it." Dr Alford, giving his reasons for rejecting the various metres in which Homer has hitherto been attempted, has chosen one not only untried as yet by translators of his author, but never used, so far as we are aware, by any English poet as a continuous metre. It is the eleven-syllabled verse ("hendecasyllabics" he prefers to call it—name known and dreaded by fourth-form boys in our public-school days), the heroic verse with

a short syllable added on, introduced frequently in Shakespeare, and still more frequently in some of our other old dramatists, either for the sake of convenience, or to give variety to their longer passages. It was a measure which caught the fancy of Charles Lamb; but then it was only an occasional passage, in which one of his favourite playwrights had indulged in this measure, which pleased him,—perhaps because it was a variation from the ordinary measure of the play. Its main fault is that which the Dean himself has admitted—its monotony; and a very serious fault most readers will find it. He has himself burdened it with another element of weakness; he has imposed upon himself the task of rendering each of Homer's lines by one of his own, and has sometimes found his own "hendecasyllable" too short for the purpose. He conceives, however, that it in some measure reproduces the "cadences" of Homer. We cannot say that it succeeds in this, to our ear, better than some of those more familiar forms of verse which he has rejected. But the metre itself, and the manner in which the translator handles it, will be best understood by an extract—not an unfavourable specimen. Telemachus, voyaging in quest of tidings of his father, has reached the court of Menelaus at Sparta, and thus declares his errand:—

"Menelaus, care of Heaven, the people's leader,
I came, if of my sire thou news couldst furnish.
My house is wasted—spent my rich possessions:
Full are my halls of hostile men, who ever
Slay my fat sheep and slowly-wending oxen,
In insolence unmatched—my mother's suitors.
Wherefore I seek thy knees, if thou wilt haply
His bitter end relate me, if thou saw'st it
With thine own eyes, or hast from other heard it
On travel;—to ill fate his mother bore him.
Smooth not the tale for my sake, nor for pity,

But tell me plainly as thyself hast witnessed.

I pray thee, if my noble sire Odysseus
In word or deed at any time hath helped thee

In Troy, where ye, Achæians, toiled and suffered,

Be mindful now, and all the truth declare me."—Book iv. l. 316-331.

This is a very close translation, even to the arrangement of the words; almost as literal as prose could be; and—shall we say it?—almost as prosaic. This seems the fatal error in translations on this principle; they are neither fair to the poet, nor fair to the English reader. Even such a reckless paraphrase as Pope's gives more of the spirit of the original.

But this conscientious attempt to follow his author "line for line," and often word for word, has led Dean Alford occasionally into other offences against ordinary poetical taste, than even the generally prosaic cast of his version. When, within a few lines of the passage just quoted, he has to introduce Proteus counting his seals, we find the following strange pair of lines:—

"At noon the *Old-One* came, and found assembled

His *blubbery* flock; inspected them, and counted."

It is quite true that Homer's word for the ancient sea-god is *ὁ γέγων*, of which the English expression selected by the Dean is certainly one form of equivalent; whether a happy one or not, the most unlearned reader can judge as well as the most accomplished scholar. So again Homer's epithet for the seals is "well-fed;" and there is no doubt that those animals are "blubbery;" but why a translator should travel beyond his text to select, out of the half-dozen that were at hand, such a very ugly adjective, is hard to understand. Homer uses an epithet which describes the sea as having fish in it; but the recurrence of "fishy ocean" in English verse, however literal, is disagreeable. "Fish-teeming"—Mr Worsley's rendering—is close enough, and

much better. The Dean makes the princess Nausicaa address her father as "dearest papa"—remarking in a note, with perfect truth, "the word is Homer's, not mine;" but the question is, does the appellation, as used in English speech, convey to the reader the notion of a simple mode of address, characteristic of patriarchal times like Homer's, or of something exceedingly modern and young-lady-like? To apply to it the test which Professor Arnold rightly suggests to translators of Homer, what should we think of such an emendation if proposed by some of the modern improvers of our English Bible? There are many renderings, too, in this translation, which show that faithfulness to the letter of the original does not always consist with an appreciation of its spirit. When Nausicaa, in this same passage, is represented as "*fearing* to name her nuptials to her sire," though a schoolboy might be excused for what he would perhaps intend for a literal translation, it gives a very wrong notion of that young lady's character and family relations; in fact, she does not seem to have been much afraid of anything: but there was a very proper delicacy on her part in making direct allusion to that interesting event, which, we fear, is not always a characteristic of modern domestic conversations on such subjects. She was only, as Mr Worsley more correctly renders it,

"shamed to hint in her sire's ear
Her marriage-hour."

Again, when the princess, not troubled with nerves or prudery, but strong in the fearless innocence which makes her character so charming, rallies her more timorous hand-maidens (who had been startled to flight by Ulysses's appearance in his very slight extemporised costume of an olive-bough), and reminds them of the duties of humanity towards the shipwrecked stranger, it is surely not translating Homer (except in the sense in which Bottom the weaver was translated)

to make her utter such a meaningless remark as this—"small are gifts, and precious." It is better to expand Homer's sense by the largest poetical licence, than to render him word by word into no sense at all. If we wanted to put two styles of translation into the strongest contrast, we could not do it better than by asking the reader to compare Mr Worsley's rendering of these few words—

"And love can make a little gift excel."

This is Homer; and this is also English poetry. True, Homer gives but half a line to the phrase, and the Dean follows him exactly, while Mr Worsley cannot do with less than a whole one; and if any critic considers that this strict "measure for measure" compensates for a defect both of sense and melody, his canons of translation must be so diametrically opposite to our own, that there can be no ground of discussion in common. So, when Epicasta's unwitting incest is called "a bold deed" (she married her son by mistake—that was all), the scholar may recognise something like a literal translation of Homer's words—*μείγα ἔργον*; but to the English reader, even in this age of rather "bold deeds" in the conjugal relationship, the expression must seem scarcely strong enough to meet the case. In the interests of Homer, as well as of morality, we must prefer to call it, with Mr Worsley, "a fact most dread;" though we do not defend that translation as one of the most poetical. In the same way there is no denying that, in describing the feasting of heroes in Homer's well-known formula, to say that they "the inwards ate," is a literal enough version of *σπλάγχν' ἐπάσαντο*, but it is anything but a pleasant one; and the repeated phrase, "complic'd my pliant mind within me" (*ἔμοιγ' ἐπεπείθετο θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ*), is not even literal enough to excuse its roughness, and is a phrase which no repetition can make melodious. Here, at the

same time, it is but justice to Dr Alford to remark, that he adopts in his translation a principle which we hold to be sound: he always, so far as we have observed, repeats Homer's often-recurring formulas, long or short, by the same passage in English; whereas Mr Worsley varies his translation more or less with each repetition, thus diluting and weakening his own verse without any adequate advantage; for the effect of sameness is not avoided by this kind of half disguise. It is simply so much ingenuity wasted. Sometimes Mr Worsley appears to disadvantage by a sudden determination to be literal; as where he calls *Ægisthus*, the murderer of Agamemnon and seducer of his wife, "blameless"—which is not, after all, the meaning of *ἀμύμων* in the passage: even the Dean, who is more excusable on his own principle, thinks it needful to apologise for his own rendering of the word—"unblamed"—by the absurd explanation of Eustathius, that the epithet "is due to the previous character of *Ægisthus*." "Much revered" is a term which Mr Worsley will never persuade us an English traveller would have applied to Calypso, whatever force *πότνια* may have had in the mouth of a Greek; "goddess divine"—which is the Dean's version—is a formula common enough in such addresses, though it may not always bear a too literal scrutiny, and has often enough been used, no doubt, by lovers in all ages, even in Ulysses's position—when the love is in the past tense. *Κλυτὸς* means "noble" sometimes; but when we have it so applied to the Læstrygonian chief, who eats up one of Ulysses's companions raw for his supper, we demur to such an unnecessary compliment. On the other hand, the Dean occasionally foregoes his determination to be literally correct without any apparent reason at all—where neither sense nor metre presents the slightest difficulty. For instance, where the shade of his

mother Anticleia reveals to Ulysses how the old man Laertes mourns at home for his son's return—

“ And, leaving evermore the town unsought,
Lone in his farm abideth still thy sire,
Nor of rich coverlet nor couch takes thought.
In winter he *in ashes near the fire*
Sleeps with his servants, *clothed in mean attire;*
Through summer and the golden harvesting
Nought save a lair of leaves doth he require,
Where for thy sake he lies down sorrowing,
While grief a hard old age upon his bones doth bring.”—B. xi. st. 28.

So says Mr Worsley, prettily enough; and so says Homer; but not so the Dean: he strangely renders the passage in italics thus,
“ In corner, by the fire, in warmest garments.”

In taking the *Odyssey* rather than the *Iliad* for translation, Mr Worsley seems to have chosen wisely, and with a just appreciation of his own powers. His muse finds her natural vocation, not in the stir and pomp of battle—

“ The glorious strife which is the joy of men ”—

but rather in the scenes of peaceful life, the imagery of nature, and the appeals to the gentler human affections, with which the *Odyssey* abounds. There are passages in this translation which cannot fail to strike even the purely English reader as genuine poetry, in which the beauty of the original is admirably transfused into the richest English diction, and, though necessarily somewhat changed in type by the process, loses nothing in the exchange. They are passages which would be read with admiration if they were found in an original poem, and yet they are honest and faithful versions of the Greek poet. And these are generally descriptive either of that rich and fantastic natural scenery with which Homer loves to surround his more mysterious actors, or of those episodes of quiet pathos which, even in the

grand stir and bustle of the *Iliad*, impress upon the reader the deepest conviction that the harp is in a master's hand; which, after all, are read and quoted and remembered more than the deeds and death of heroes; and which strike us less perhaps in the *Odyssey*, because there they have less of the beauty of contrast with the key-note of the whole. Let us take, for instance, the description of Calypso's cave:—

“ There dwelt the fair-haired nymph, and her he found
Within. Bright flames, that on the hearth did play,
Fragrance of burning cedar breathed around,
And fume of incense wafted every way.
There her melodious voice the livelong day,
Timing the golden shuttle, rose and fell.
And round the cave a leafy wood there lay,
Where green trees waved o'er many a shady dell,
Alder and poplar black, and cypress sweet of smell.

Thither the long-winged birds retired to sleep,
Falcon and owl and sea-crow loud of tongue,
Who plies her business in the watery deep;
And round the hollow cave her tendrils flung
A healthy vine, with purpling clusters hung;
And fountains four, in even order set,
Near one another, from the stone out-sprung,
Streaming four ways their crystal-showery jet
Through meads of parsley soft and breathing violet.”

—Book v. st. 9, 10.

That these stanzas have great beauty of their own, few readers will dispute. Whether they are or are not so far a fair reproduction of the idea of Homer as to deserve, as their author claims for them, “ the name of a translation rather than a paraphrase,” we will give the general reader an opportunity of judging, not by a quotation of the Greek original, but by presenting the Dean's version of the same passage, which here as elsewhere has at least the merit of being sufficiently literal, line for line, and almost word for word:—

"He walked, till a vast cave he reached,
 where sojourned
 The fair-haired goddess: her he found
 within it.
 Blazed on the hearth a fire, and far the
 odour
 Of fissile cedar and of pine the island
 Perfumed. Within, the nymph, with clear
 voice singing,
 Speeding the loom-work, wove with golden
 shuttle.
 High waved in air around the cave a forest,
 Alder, and poplar, and the scented cypress.
 There birds of ample wing their eyries
 builded,
 Both owls and kites and long-tongued
 daws, by nature
 Marine, whose work is in the ocean waters.
 Round the smooth cavern's mouth its arms
 extended
 A vine luxuriant hung with goodly
 clusters;
 And four trim fountains gushed with lim-
 pid water,
 Each near the rest its devious way pursu-
 ing.
 Rich meads around, with violets rank, and
 parsley,
 Flourished."

The only idea which Mr Worsley has introduced for which the original gives no authority, is the "rise and fall" of the singer's voice, "timing the golden shuttle." Homer's words are as nearly as possible those of Dean Alford; but inasmuch as a singer at work would surely keep some sort of time with the movement of the hands, the additional touch to the description is one which suggests itself in the most natural manner, and seems rather a liberal rendering of the poet's intention, than an overlaying it with extraneous and fanciful ornament. Though we have said that the second version is the more literal on the whole, there are portions in which it is by no means so. Homer's word is *incense*, as Mr Worsley has it in his fourth line, and not *pine* wood, as the Dean translates it. So again, the Greek says simply that the "birds went to sleep" in the cave, and has nothing about "building eyries;" and the expression in the last line, "with violets rank," which might have found good excuse in fidelity to the original, is scarcely an improvement when introduced by the translator. Mr Worsley, on the other hand, keeps

the Homeric epithet, "soft," though he transfers it, by a very allowable licence, from the meadows to the flowers that grew there.

There is a stanza of similar character which we select, not only as a good specimen of Mr Worsley's powers, but because it has a familiar interest, for other reasons, to English readers. It is from Proteus's forced prophecy to Menelaus (iv. 561).

"But thou, Zeus-nurtured one, by will
 supreme,
 Never in knight-famed Argos shalt see
 death.
 Thee to Elysian fields, at earth's ex-
 treme,
 The gods shall convoy, *so the high fate*
said,
 Where Rhadamanthus aye inhabiteth,
 And life runs smoothest; whither storm,
 rain, snow,
 Come never; but the ocean-zephyr's
 breath,
 Winged with cool ease, o'er happy men
 doth blow;
 Because thou Helen hast, and child of
 Zeus art so."—B. iv. st. 71.

Here is the Dean's translation of the passage:—

"Thine own lot is not, heav'n-cared Mene-
 laüs,
 To die and bow to fate in pastoral
 Argos:
 But to th' Elysian plain, and earth's far
 limits,
 Shall the gods send thee, where dwells
 Rhadamanthus,
 The golden-haired: there life of man is
 sweetest;
 There never snow, nor winter comes, nor
 tempest;
 But the sweet music of the breathing
 zephyr,
 Ever from ocean rising, brings refresh-
 ment;
 Because thou Helen hast, and art to
 heav'n related."

Both are good versions; in the latter there is scarcely a word introduced or omitted; in the former the few words in italics are almost the only amplification which the exigencies of a difficult metre have forced upon the translator. But what the Dean's gains in closeness of rendering it certainly loses in melody; and "pastoral" does not express the Homeric epithet of Argos—"feeder of horses"—nearly so well as "knight-famed," which at least conveys an equivalent to

the characteristic which the poet intended.

But we have quoted this passage, because the latter part of it is already familiar, in another shape, to all readers of English poetry, though all will not have been aware of the source from which the Laureate drew his conception of "the island-valley of Avilion"—

"Where falls not rain, or hail, or any
snow,
Or ever wind blows loudly; but it lies,
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard
lawns
And bowery hollows, crowned with summer
sea."*

The calm sweet music of those lines has charmed many an ear which never knew that the strain had held all Greece enchanted two thousand years ago. But Homer has long been recognised as *publica materies*; and none have borrowed from him more gracefully than Mr Tennyson, who enshrines the foreign jewel in a rich setting, little less precious, of his own. Nay, he repays the obligation in kind: in Homer's case, as in the case of the Arthurian legends, he has built upon the Greek poet's slight sketch of the "Lotos-eaters"—a mere glimpse, which leaves the imaginative reader rather disappointed than gratified—one of the most perfect fairy palaces of fancy that ever architect of thoughts and words conceived, and has made Ulysses, in his grand unrest after all his toils, something of the hero which, to our modern ideas and associations, the *Odyssey* fails to make him in spite of all its charms.

It has been said, both by Mr Arnold and by others, that of all English metres perhaps the heroic couplet chosen by Pope and Sotheby is least adapted for rendering the verse of Homer. Certainly, as Pope used it, the second verse nearly always completing the sense and rhythm of the first, its structure is as positively un-Homeric as can well be conceived. Still, what may

be done with skilful hands will be seen from two translations of the two passages which we have just been considering. The first is by Abraham Moore, the translator of Pindar's *Odes*. He gives Homer's picture of the fate of Menelaus as follows:—

"Thee to Elysian fields, earth's furthest
end,
Where Rhadamanthus dwells, the gods
shall send;
Where mortals easiest pass the careless
hour;
No lingering winters there, nor snow,
nor shower;
But ocean ever, to refresh mankind,
Breathes the shrill spirit of the western
wind."

These lines are scarcely less close to the original than Dean Alford's. Whether they reproduce Homer's melody to the scholar we will not inquire, but they are surely an exceedingly beautiful translation; and while they preserve every shade of the poet's meaning, and are indebted for their charm to no imported ornament on the translator's part, they fall upon the English ear with all the musical sweetness of an original. Very different, in everything but in the metre, is the version of the same passage by Pope, or whoever the workman was whom Pope employed:—

"Elysium shall be thine; the blissful
plains
Of utmost earth, where Rhadamanthus
reigns;
Joys ever young, unmixed with pain or
fear,
Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year.
Stern winter smiles on that auspicious
clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime;
From the bleak pole no winds inclement
blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy
snow.
But from the breezy deep the blest in-
hale
The fragrant murmurs of the western
gale."

Not to speak of general looseness of rendering, of the four lines italicised scarcely one word is Homer's. But here is the version, in the same metre, of the picture of Calypso's grotto which has been already pre-

* TENNYSON, *Morte d'Arthur*.

sented in Dean Alford's and Mr Worsley's language. This is from Leigh Hunt's *Foliage*. If not quite so literal as either of the later translators, Mr Hunt's is very graceful and melodious, and the trammels of the rhyming couplet sit easily enough upon his muse.

" And now, arriving at the isle, he springs
Oblique, and, landing with subsided
wings,
Walks to the cavern 'twixt the tall green
rocks,
Where dwelt the goddess with the lovely
locks ;
He paused ; and there came on him as he
stood,
A smell of citron and of cedar wood,
That threw a perfume all about the isle :
And she within sate spinning all the
while,
And sang a lovely song that made him
hark and smile.
A silvan nook it was, grown round with
trees,
Poplars, and elms, and odorous cypresses,
In which all birds of ample wing, the
owl
And hawk, had nests, and broad-tongued
waterfowl ;
The cave in front was spread with a
green vine,
Whose dark round bunches almost burst
with wine ;
And from four springs, running a sprightly
race,
Four fountains, clear and crisp, refreshed
the place ;
While all about a meadowy ground was
seen,
Of violets mingling with the parsley
green."

These extracts, so various in their excellences, will serve at least to show that the success of a translation from Homer depends far less upon the metre than upon the spirit and skill of the artist who adapts it to his purpose. Even the ballad metre, against which the Oxford Professor pronounces so decidedly, is not unsuitable, in many of its peculiarities, to convey to an English ear something of the roughness and simplicity, the homely pathos, and the frequent repetitions, which mark the poetry of Homer, as they do more or less the early poetry of every nation. For rendering detached passages, it has been, and may be again, as successful as any form that can be chosen ; its chief defect is, that its structure is

unsuitable for a continuous poem. The characteristic address of Nestor to Telemachus, where—quite in the spirit of our own northern ancestors, to whom such a vocation appeared quite natural and highly respectable—he inquires whether his guests were pirates, has never been put into English shape more happily than in Maginn's ballad :—

" Strangers, who are ye ? whence and why
Sail ye along the sea ?
Do ye ply your course as the merchants
ply,
Or as roving wanderers free ?
As pirates who o'er the waters spread,
On desperate venture boune,
Putting other men's lives in peril and
dread,
All careless of their own !"

As to conveying to English ears anything like the rhythm of Homer, there is but one mode in which it can be done. Heroic couplets, blank verse, Spenserian stanza, loose ballad-metre, or even the Dean's hendecasyllables, are all alike in this—that they are totally unlike Homer's verse. This makes it quite a secondary consideration which the translator uses, provided he uses it with skill and taste. But if he is determined to give sound as well as sense, there is only one way to do it, and this is by the use of the actual Greek measure—the hexameter line. To this there can be only one objection, but that is a most important one, if not wholly fatal. The hexameter is not an English measure at all. It has, no doubt, a melody of its own to the ear of the classical student, already trained by long practice to the stately flow of Homer and Virgil ; but it is safe to say that not one reader in a hundred, to whom classical poetry is not in some degree familiar, sees anything in English hexameters but a sort of measured prose, exceedingly difficult to read, and whose cadence is rather ludicrous than pleasant, even when the difficulty is mastered. The English muse in this antique guise is, as Longfellow says, "like a prisoner dancing in his chains." Most readers will be inclined to endorse the emphatic

verdict which the Dean pronounces upon it in his preface, when he passes the several possible metres in review: "It is *not an English metre*, and it *never will be*." Mr Clough's delightful pastoral, *The Bothie of Toper-na-fuisoich* (which we are glad to see republished), is charming to Oxford men; but ladies will not take to it, in spite of its playful elegance and novelty of subject; the unaccustomed cadences (often, indeed, far rougher than the original type) are a stumblingblock at the outset, which makes most of them shut up the book in despair. Such is the metre, nevertheless, which Mr Arnold recommends in his lectures, and of which he even proceeds to give specimens of his own. He does this with great modesty; but still, he supplies an additional proof how much the best critic risks in offering himself as the subject of criticism, when he gives as a specimen ending of a hexameter such a dactyle and spondee as "Nūmērouſ fi-rēs;" when, after complaining of the words "responsive" and "celestial" in Mr Newman's translation as "too bookish," he himself calls Hector (though not without an apology of compunction) the "great pre-eminent captain,"* and after his just criticism upon "trailing-robed" (τρανώπεπλος), as "bringing to one's mind long petticoats sweeping a dirty pavement," he quietly shirks an exactly similar difficulty by leaving ἡλκεσίπεπλος untranslated altogether. But, to let the hexameters have their fair-play, we will give half-a-dozen from Mr Landon's translation of the first book of the *Iliad*—an experimental instalment for which we are probably indebted to this very recommendation of the Professor's. We choose purposely the opening lines of the book, as being familiar even to those whose residuum of Greek is but small. They are very literal,

and as good, perhaps, as English hexameters can be.

"Sing thou, goddess, the wrath of Peleus'
scion Achilles,
Fatal strife, that entailed ten thousand
woes on Achaia.
Many the soul of the brave that it hurled
to the darkness of Hades,
Leaving the corse for a prey to be torn by
the dog and the vulture."

Or again, still better, the disembarkation of Chryseis:—

"Out were the anchors cast, and the ropes
made fast to the steerage;
Out did the sailors leap on the foaming
beach of the ocean;
Out was the hecatomb led for the skilful
marksman Apollo;
Out Chryseis arose from the ship that sped
through the waters.
Then the crafty Odysseus, leading her up
to the altar,
Placed her there in the hands of her father
dear, and addressed him."

—*Il.* i. 436-441.†

Still, even if you translate a Latin and Greek poet into the cleverest possible English hexameters, it is only the classical scholar who can appreciate them; he will admire them, no doubt, as an ingenious and successful exercise, just as the master of a public school admires a good copy of Latin verse, but beyond this they have no value in his eyes: your hexameters are scarcely so good as Homer's or Virgil's, and he is quite content with *them*. Your mere English reader, on the other hand, who knows nothing of classical poetry, is rather scared than otherwise at the strange rhythm. You have produced something clever enough, it may be, as a literary exercise, and faithful as a translation, but upon which, after all, Charles Lamb's uncomplimentary verdict will be too probably that of general readers,—

"O begone, measure, half-Latin, half-English, then!"

We will give one or two more extracts from both the versions before us, which may serve as fair specimens of the kind of success

* ARNOLD's *Lectures on Translating Homer*, p. 98.

† HOMER, *Iliad*, A. Literally translated into English hexameters by J. T. B. LANDON, M.A. 1862.

which each has aimed at and attained, and enable our readers to judge how far our estimate is likely to be a just one. They shall be detached passages, not weakened by separation from their context. Here is the description of Tantalus's punishment in the shades. Dean Alford shall be heard first.

"Tantalus too I saw, in torments grievous:
Fixed in a pool, close to his beard up-floating;
Thirsting he longed, but might not reach
and drink it:
Oft as the old man stooped, a draught
desiring,
So oft absorbed, the water sunk, and round
him
Dark earth appeared: so wrath divine
appointed.
Above him bent high-branching trees fruit-
laden,
Rich with pomegranates, pears, and apples
splendid,
And luscious figs were there, and verdant
olives.
But when the old man stretched his hand
to grasp them,
Up to the dusky clouds a tempest whirled
them."—Book xi. l. 582-592.

This is a good translation, and very literal indeed: scarcely a word of the original omitted, and scarcely a new one inserted. We think Dean Alford might be well content to be judged by it. There is no need to quote the Greek, for the learned or unlearned reader may be assured that he has here pretty nearly the phrases of Homer, and much of the order of his words. The question is, Does the following version by Mr Worsley help towards putting the Greek poet's thoughts and words into the equivalent English poetical language—or so far equivalent as the different structure of both verse and language may well allow—or does it merely introduce adventitious beauties of its own, changing, not translating, Homer's idea?

"There also Tantalus in anguish stood,
Plunged in the stream of a translucent
lake;
And to his chin welled ever the cold
flood.
But when he rushed, in fierce desire to
break
His torment, not one drop could he
partake.
For as the old man, stooping, seems to
meet

That water with his fiery lips, and slake
The frenzy of wild thirst, around his feet,
Leaving the dark earth dry, the shuddering
waves retreat.

Also the thick-leaved arches overhead
Fruit of all savour in profusion flung,
And in his clasp rich clusters seemed to
shed.
There citrons waved, with shining fruit-
age hung,
Pears and pomegranates, olive ever
young,
And the sweet-mellowing fig: but when-
soever
The old man, fain to cool his burning
tongue,
Clutched with his fingers at the branches
fair,
Came a strong wind, and whirled them sky-
ward through the air."

—Book xi. st. 80, 81.

We are quite sure that this is vigorous poetry of a high order; we think that it represents truthfully what Homer intended, in a form very pleasant to the English reader, and affects him in something of the same manner as the original affects the classical scholar. The last pair of extracts shall be short. Here are the rival versions of the Song of the Sirens:—

"Come, famed Odysseus, come, Achæa's
glory,
Thy vessel stay, and to our singing hearken:
Never hath any in dark ship gone by us,
But staid, sweet melody from our lips to
listen;
Then went his way with joy, increased in
wisdom.
For all we know, whate'er in Troy the
Argives
And Trojans too by heaven's appointment
suffered,
And all that on the peopled earth hath
happened."—ALFORD, Book xii. l. 184.,

"Hither, Odysseus, great Achaian name,
Turn thy swift keel and listen to our lay;
Since never pilgrim near these regions
came
In black ship, on the azure fields astray,
But heard our sweet voice ere he sailed
away,
And in his joy passed on, with ampler
mind.
We know what labours were in ancient
day
Wrought in wide Troia, as the gods as-
signed;
We know from land to land all toils of all
mankind."

—WORSLEY, Book xii. st. 27.

These are favourable specimens of both our translators; the Sirens'

"soul-piercing strain" evidently rings in the ears of both. Dean Alford is here more poetical, Mr Worsley more literal, than his wont. The former gives us line for line, as usual; and the necessities of his stanza have only forced upon the latter the single interpolation of the few words in italics. We leave both versions to the kindly criticism of our readers: it is quite possible to prefer the one without being insensible to the merits of the other; but if Homer is ever to be read with pleasure in a translation by those who cannot understand the original, it must bear the mark, as Mr Worsley's does, of the poet's hand as well as the scholar's.

No one can rise from a reperusal of the wondrous poems which bear the name of Homer, without feeling how much mystery hangs over them, which all the speculations of scholars have served rather to complicate than to clear away. To resolve the personality of the old blind bard into a motley band of rhapsodists, is so repugnant to all genuine poetic feeling, that we are thankful to find both our present translators assuming as a fact an identity of authorship for the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, of which Mr Newman has confessed that he feels "no conviction." It is much harder, and less delightful, to believe in twenty-four Homers than in one. But who the poet was, whence he drew his subjects, and where he sang, are questions which recur again and again, in spite of the hopelessness of an answer. Is this combination of the simplest patriarchal manners with traces of a high civilisation, a real picture of Greece before the Dorian migration, or is it an adaptation of Eastern legend? Is it, in some of its features, a picture painted from the life at all? The resemblance of the Homeric poems, in many remarkable features, to the tales of medieval chivalry, has been noticed by more than one writer. The peculiar *caste* of kings and chiefs—kings and knights they are called in the Arthurian stories—before

whom the "churls" tremble and fly like sheep, are common to both; their superhuman prowess in the battle, and their doughty performances at the banquet, are of precisely the same type; the special protection accorded to some favourite hero by a supernatural guardian; the entire freedom of the legends from any licentious sentiment; their purity of *tone*, in spite of a good deal of plain-speaking on subjects where the moderns are reticent;—all have a very remarkable resemblance. Helen is very like Guinevere, and even Arthur's death at the hands of Mordred—his illegitimate son—coincides curiously with the later legend of Ulysses slain by Telegonus, the fruit of his amour with Calypso. In both these cycles of fiction a state of things is represented—whether we call it the "heroic age," or the "age of chivalry"—which surely never existed in actual life, as the writers present it to us; and in both, the phase of civilisation—the *magnificence* of the properties and the scenery—is far beyond what the narrators could have seen and known in their own days. It would not be fair to take from the Homeric poems such instances as the gardens of Alcinous, and his palace with its "doors of gold" and "posts of silver;" these descriptions may fairly be set down to the poet's imagination, since the whole episode is imaginative—though we cannot subscribe to Mr Mure's theory of its being a burlesque; or, again, the Shield of Achilles, which is an exceptional production of divine workmanship; but let any reader compare the details of Menelaus's palace at Sparta, as visited by Telemachus (iv. 73, 121, &c.), "the gold, the electrum, the silver, and the ivory"—the high-roofed chambers, the golden distaff, the silver baths—with what Sparta or even Athens was in the historical days long after, and then explain to us, if this is only the natural licence of a poet's imagination, what had that imagination to draw from? Such ideas of

definite tangible splendour are not spontaneous to the poet of a rude and simple age, however much of the divine *afflatus* he may have within him. If Helen's use of the *nepenthes*, "that brings forgetfulness of all ills," be not in itself a reminiscence of the Eastern *haschish*, there is something strongly Oriental in the whole picture. If it be nothing more than a poet's exaggerated and idealised view of an actual state of higher civilisation, which did really exist in the old Greek kingdoms, and disappeared under the Dorian Heraclids, it is a very singular record of a backward step in a nation's history, and the Homeric poems are especially valuable for having preserved to us the memorials of a state of society which would otherwise have passed altogether into oblivion. But it is singular that in the ancient Welsh poem *Y Gododin*, by Aneurin Owen, of which the date is said to be about A.D. 570, there are very similar properties and scenery: "knights in armour of gold" and "purple plumes," riding on "thick-maned chargers," with "golden spurs," who must—if ever they rode the Cambrian mountains—have been a very different race from the wild Welsh who held Edward Longshanks at bay. Is this merely the common language of all poets? If so, how comes it to be common to all? Were the Welsh who fought at the Cattraeth as superior in the scale of civilisation to their successors who fought at Conway, as the Spartans under Menelaus were to the Spartans under Leonidas? or was there some remote original, Oriental or other, whence this ornate military imagery passed into the poetry of so many different nations?

These seem questions of more interest than discussions as to the

geography of what is, at the best, but a Greek romance. Whether Calypso's isle was Malta,—whether Alcinous's gardens were at Corfu,—whether *Æolia* might or might not have been "Stromboli misplaced,"—whether the gulf of the Læstrygonians has become famous again for a scene almost as murderous as Homer's, in the modern Balacava,—these are speculations almost as fanciful as to seek to identify the localities in Sinbad's remarkable voyages. So it is with the allegory, or supposed allegory, contained in the wanderings of the Ithacan pilgrim. Critics, from Eustathius downwards, have busied themselves in discovering, or inventing, some hidden meaning in every scene and character. They have dealt with the *Odyssey* as a certain school of patristic theology dealt with the Old Testament; they so busied themselves with parabolical interpretations, that they lost their sense of the simple meaning of the text. Calypso, and Circe, and the Sirens, may typify Pleasure; Minerva may be "the reasoning faculty;" the fetters which bound Ulysses may be Duty and Self-control; the wondrous herb Moly may mean either "instruction," or "temperance," or anything else; or the Lotophagi may be the Lutherans, and Antinous Doctor Martin himself, in a prophetic sense, as the worthy Jacobus Hugo suggested; but in the one case as much as in the other, Bacon's brief criticism would truly apply—"I do rather think the fable was first, and the exposition devised after." These things are not Homer; they are but the mists which the Homerists have thrown round him. He moves among them all, a dark mysterious figure—*μυρτὶ ἐοικώς*—but nothing less than divine.

CHARACTERISTICS OF LANGUAGE.

IN the month of September 1861 there was a great gathering of philologists, etymologists, grammarians, and antiquarians, collected by railroad from all the ends of Deutschland into the central and convenient city of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. This was the twentieth meeting of the kind. Such meetings are becoming popular now, for travelling is cheap and swift, and they are resorted to by workers and amateurs in different branches of knowledge, as a means of comparing notes, taking stock of progress, and communicating ideas; and they are combined with gastronomic and other facilities. Papers are read, speeches made, and dinners eaten, with occasional excursions into the country as an appetiser. Many pleasant remembrances will dwell in the mind of the writer of this article from the expedition to see the Pompeian villa of King Ludwig of Bavaria at Aschaffenburg-on-the-Maine. It was a glorious autumn afternoon, preceded by a pleasant *table-d'hôte* at the Ostendhall, a practical joke having been played at the threshold of the garden by some waggish savant, who had chalked the image of a huge carnivorous dog, with "*Cave canem*," on the pavement, which set off every one in good-humour. There was none of the bustle of ticket-taking, for a special train had been secured. Arrived in the land of beer, a long jocose procession wound its way to the facsimile of the House of Pansa, standing on a rock at a bend of the Maine, commanding lovely views on each side, and landward the lower slopes of the Spessart-Gebirge. The house, inside and outside, was very perfect of its kind, and from the terrace was a fine look-out over the meadows opposite, with a squadron of sky-blue Bavarian soldiers exer-

cising on the greensward, as if they had been placed there to compliment our visit. Unfortunately, the German climate is spoiling the delicate frescoes which imitate those with which the Roman house was embellished, illustrating in every room the domestic life, poetry, and mythology of classical times. However, there was enough left of the human forms portrayed to show us degenerate sedentary moderns how fallen we are from that type of human grace and beauty brought to perfection by the bath, the gymnasium, and the free-and-easy clothing in which the ancients rejoiced. They were not afraid of bright colours, for life was all brightness to them, and they did no more work than they could help. Godlike they certainly were, but like the gods of Epicurus. Our sober-hued philologists felt their spirits a little damped by the contrast, but this did not prevent them from thoroughly enjoying the festival with which the committee had provided them at "Die Harmonie," and harmoniously consuming a fabulous number of bottles of so-called champagne, which, as they were really a kind of Hochheimer, were appropriately drunk to the accompaniment of the German "Hoch!" which, being interpreted, is in English "Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Simultaneously with the meeting of the jolly philologists at Frankfort was also a monster-meeting of jolly naturalists at Speyer, on the Upper Rhine. It was observed by some one that the meetings ought to have been combined, for that philology is one kind of natural history, a higher branch of that ethnology which takes note of the physical qualities of the human race. Certainly a great revolution has lately come to pass in the science of language, if science it is still in strict-

ness to be called. Etymology has ceased to be guess-work, as it was in the time of Plato, and as it still remained in the time of Voltaire, who defined it as a science where the consonant was of little consequence, and the vowel of none at all. It now belongs to those branches of knowledge in which, as is the case with geology, the ascertained facts depend on Baconian induction, and are ascertained in proportion to the strength of the induction. The division of dead and living languages has ceased to be, for no language has ever died in the sense that an individual dies; though its elements die and are born again, every one is continuous and perpetual as the human race itself. The Anglo-Saxon may appear to us moderns as a dead language, but this is only because we do not see without much research the stream of changes by which it has passed into the modern English. Or if it be necessary to modify this statement, we may say that a language is only liable to that sort of accidental and violent death to which a race of men is occasionally liable. The red men of the West India Islands have been exterminated, and if they spoke a different language from the North American Indians, which is probably not the fact, their language would have died with them, but still not completely so. Language possesses even more vitality than any given race of men, for as long as places and things in America are called by Indian names, such as Mississippi, Susquehanna, Toronto, it cannot be said the Indian language is dead. The Hebrew certainly is a case where the race may be said to possess more vitality than the language, for the Jews are all over the world, and retain everywhere their distinctive features, manners, customs, and religion, while their language in each case is that of the people amongst whom they live. But the Jews are a nation of mysterious and miraculous history, and the very way in which they speak other languages

may be cited in support of this indestructibility of speech; for on their words, as on their features, whatever be the tongue they speak, there is an undeniable Hebrew impress. The study of Sanscrit and other Oriental languages has not only set the science of language on its proper footing, by opening a wide field for induction, but enables us to get hold of some infallible facts with regard to the history of prehistoric times, and furnishes us with a most valuable text of the reliability of the actual records that have come down to us. The first of these great gains is an insight into the original unity of language. If it is pretty well established that all the European languages of our day, with the exception of one or two curious specimens spoken in odd corners, emanated from one original tongue, which philologists have agreed to call that of the Arians, or rather Aryans (to distinguish them from the followers of the great heresiarch), the same may be inferred with regard to the classes of languages which have not been as yet so thoroughly examined; nay more, it may be inferred that the Aryan language itself was but a branch of a common original world-wide mother-tongue. Not that this is a new fact, for we find it recorded in Genesis; but it is now placed on the footing of those scientific facts which have been put to the test of experience. The springs of the mystic river were declared to us before; and we were before able to watch the portion of the course of the stream by which we are standing, but the intermediate lands through which it flows were unexamined until now. As an example of the light which language throws on early history, we may cite the correction of the account of the first ages of Rome which is due to comparative grammar. The verification of Niebuhr's conjectures has been brought about by a science which was in its infancy in Niebuhr's time, and even

Niebuhr is likely himself to undergo a process of correction from the same source.

Now, however prone we may be, on conservative grounds, to look askance at that German system of analysing and raising objections which tends to dislocate all primeval records, sacred and profane, we cannot stifle a secret rejoicing that the Roman historians who so sedulously cooked the bulletins of the early struggles of their nation should be taken down from the very high horse which they rode. The Romans, with all their grandeur, are by no means a lovable people. With regard to all the fine arts, they were Puritans minus religion. And one of the heaviest imputations under which they now lie, is that of having suppressed and ignored the Etruscans, a people of Greek-like character, to whom they owed all the early culture they possessed. The examination of newly-discovered Tuscan memorials, and the labours of comparative grammarians, have doubtless to a certain extent been successful in exposing the arrogant boastfulness of Roman annals in reference to the early times of their republic. Niebuhr established satisfactorily, on the whole, that the so-called magnanimity of Lars Porsena of Clusium, who withdrew his troops out of intense admiration of the people he was invading, resolved itself into mulcting them of a large portion of their territory, and introducing a strong Etruscan element into the senate. And now it turns out that the so-called Celeres, "fast men" or "knights," were an Etruscan body, the word being a Latin translation of Luceres or *ῥαυροῖς* (the Greek and Etruscan languages having a common Pelasgic origin); that Servius Tullius was an Etruscan prince, and not a slave, as his name seems to denote; that Lucumo was a title, and not a proper name (*ἡγεμῶν*, Greek; Herzog,

German; Duke, English), and Lucius a Latin adaptation of the same; that Lars being the Etruscan for *ἥρως*, Hero, the Dii Lares of the Romans were but the canonised souls of Etruscan ancestors; that Lartius the dictator was a temporary Etruscan king, his master of the horse being the commander of the Luceres, a Tuscan official; that Jupiter Optimus Maximus was himself an Etruscan god, being, in the Etrurian mythology, Tina or Tinia (*Ζήν*, *Ζηνός*, Greek); and thus that the Romans borrowed from the Etruscans the most imposing part of their religion, the Latin tutelary deity being Mamers or Mars, whose symbol was the wolf, and that of the Sabines, Quirinus;—in fact, that the whole of the politer elements of Roman strength were of Etruscan origin, though the Romans had not the grace to acknowledge it.* It is impossible to overrate the value of the historical study of language as a method of detecting ancient impostors, who must have lain down to die with the secret satisfaction that all evidence of their falsehoods had perished with them.

It was an old notion that language was conventional, that people had put their heads together, and agreed to give things and their relations certain names by a vote of the majority, founded on the principle of universal suffrage. But it is more consistent with probability to suppose that language is a growth of the human race—that it sprang out of its organisation and brain, just as the hair of the European and the wool of the negro spring out of their respective scalps; and that not only the languages of men, but the imperfect dialects of the inferior animals, spring out of their organisation, perfect and imperfect in exact proportion to the physical organisation itself.

Consistently with this view, we

* See *Revue des Deux Mondes*, November 1861.

find language literally articulate—that is, forming itself into head and body and members, organs of digestion, respiration, locomotion, &c.—in nouns and verbs and particles, till the complete sentence or period represents the complicated structure of the human body or soul from which it proceeds;* and in proportion to the subordinated structure of the inferior animals is the subordination of the speech which is respectively current among them. Not that we are able to take the full measure of this language of beasts, any more than we can realise the keenness of the fox-hound's scent or the eagle's vision, for they somehow or other manage by sounds, apparently simple to us, to communicate complex ideas to each other; while we seem to hear but one sound—just as all sheep appear to every one not a shepherd to have one face—their ears can perhaps detect not only shades of meaning, but individual voices. Lords as we are of the creation, we can neither fly with the bird, nor dive with the fish, and in some respects the mind of our daily brute companions is as much a sealed book to our ken, as even the world of higher intelligences than our own. When we talk of animals speaking, we may seem to be thinking of the fables of Æsop, or the charming tales of Hans Christian Andersen. These fables, indeed, are not so entirely fabulous; if they were so, they would not be so interesting to children. Animals have doubtless their loves and quarrels, their social and political questions, as well as we have, and they discuss them in languages perfectly intelligible to each other. Our fable-writers only force the truth by translating the supposed ideas of beasts into our languages, and making their relations somewhat too complicated and human. On the whole, all the definitions of Man must be taken with a qualification. He is the

“rational animal,” say the logicians; but the dog draws syllogistic conclusions, and man does some things more irrational than any other animal in the creation. Is he “the cooking animal?” Only the Frenchman; and other animals wait till their food gets high, and nature cooks it for them. Is he the bread-making animal? Bees do the same. The paper-making animal? Wasps do the same. The slave-holding animal? A tribe of ants was found by Dr Livingstone which enslave another tribe. Is he the drunken animal? Pigs get drunk when they have an opportunity. Is he the animal with hands? Gorillas have four. Perhaps he is the animal with two hands and two feet, and this is the nearest approach to a physical definition which we can arrive at. But this takes no hold on his higher nature. Other animals are masons, upholsterers, carpenters—to wit, solitary bees. Other animals build tents, if not houses—to wit, our friends the African apes; bowers and playgrounds—to wit, the bower-birds. Other animals can speak articulately by force of imitation—to wit, the parrots, those monkeys of birds; so that even Homer's *μέροπες ἀνθρώποις* falls to the ground. Is “the writing animal” a safe definition? The wasps may possibly write on their paper in ink invisible to us. But we have it at last: *Man is an animal that writes articles.* To this definition we feel pretty sure that no exception can be made; and having established this, we plume our especial selves on the fact that we have obtained a stand-point, as the Germans say, which the brute creation cannot reach. After all, old Homer may have had a prophetic insight into the truth, and we have only to translate *μέροψ* into “article-writing,” instead of articulately speaking, to make his definition tally with our own.

The nearest known language in

* BEKKER, *Organismus der Sprache.*

importance to that of man is that of the dog, expressing itself in the different modulations of barking, howling, and whining. Barking is said to be an attribute of the civilised dog alone, as the upward curl of the tail is supposed to belong to him alone. If so, it is perhaps an imitation of human language. The bark of a dog is so expressive even to us, that we know from the tone of it pretty well his general meaning; nor is it less expressive to other animals who are nearly his equals in intelligence. The horse, with whom he has a peculiar sympathy, knows whether the bark be a canine "Good morning" or a declaration of war, and prepares his lips to kiss or his heels to kick accordingly. But the bark, the howl, and the whine, taken together, fully correspond with the ascertained character of the dog. The gameness of a little dog is tested by fanciers by holding him up by his tail or paw. If he does not whine, he is pronounced to be of a good pluck.

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark

Bay deep-mouthed welcome when we draw near home;

"'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark

Our coming, and look brighter when we come"—

the dog's bark and the human look heralding the same greeting. How very musical, all sportsmen know, is the voice of the hounds when hunting on a good scent, or gaining on the game!—how intelligent the speaking of the one old hound who has really found the fox! The huntsman well knows his decided "I have it" from the undecided "I think I have it" of the conceited young beginners. And how dreadfully unmusical is the monotonous bark of a chained-up dog, when he wants to bore you into letting him loose! The different voices of the dog, taken together, express the character of him given by Aristotle,

as being a creature passionate, affectionate, and wheedling.* The horse, though less demonstrative, is no less expressive when he likes; but he is an actor rather than a talker, and expresses his emotion by his muscular movements quite as much as by his voice. And how noble is his neighing in comparison with the nasal vulgarity of the ass's bray! In every animal, the voice it utters is as an emanation of its whole nature. The ancients were so impressed with the correspondence of the voice with the whole nature of the animal, that they ascribed a song to the dying swan. It was not possible, they thought, that a creature so magnificent should not make a music on the waters equal to the harmony of its motions. In the different classes of the animal kingdom, animals corresponding in habits and physical nature have corresponding voices. The cat hisses when it is angry and frightened at the same time; so does the owl, the cat of birds. The monkey screams and mocks, so do the whole family of parrots and their congeners, the monkeys of birds. The note of the duck is not much unlike the grunt of the hog, with a modification in a hollow-roofed mouth; they are creatures of like habits. If we descend lower in creation, animals of less perfect organisation have no voice at all, or a voice merely external and mechanical, like the chirping of the cricket or the hum of the bee. The animal then has become a kind of locomotive machine of nature, without individuality, and merges at last into the polype, and that fixed machine, the plant.

With regard to the names of animals, it is not impossible that in some cases we accidentally use the name that was given to them in the primeval language, when "Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field." Such

* See ARISTOT., *Hist. Ani.*, lib. i. chap. i.

names would be those that imitate most nearly the voice of the animal itself, such as cuckoo, pee-wit, *paon* (French), dog, hog, pig. We used the word 'accidentally advisedly, because in some cases, in a secondary and derived language, the name has come round again to an imitation of the animal's voice, having previously diverged. *Paon*, for instance, represents the note of the peacock more truly than the German *Pfau*, the Latin *pavo*, or the Greek *παῶς*, though they are all manifestly derived from the note of the bird. With regard to our familiar substantives, dog, hog, pig, they seem among the very oldest words of the English language. They may have come from the very first inhabitants of our islands, even those who preceded the Celts. Dog is a word which approaches to an imitation of the bark of the animal, while *pig* and *hog* perhaps represent a squeak and a grunt respectively. The names of animals are of different derivation in different languages, according to the temperament of the nomenclators and that quality of the animal that happened to impress itself most forcibly on their attention. In the Oriental languages a well-known animal has as many names as a well-known divinity, according to his qualities or attributes. Our Saxon ancestors, or rather their forefathers, appeared to be struck with the dog's power of seizing; they therefore called him "the Seizer" (not *Cæsar*), and it is expressed by a root which we find in the Latin "prehendo" and our "hand" under the names of *cyan*, Sanscr. ; *κύων*, Greek ; *canis*, Latin ; *chien*, French ; *hund*, German ; *hound*, English. The horse, the mutual friend of the dog and ourselves, seems amongst his many names to have received one from his neigh, that represented by *equus*, Latin ; *ἵππος* (*ἵννος*, *γίννος*), Greek (compare

ἵννος), and probably by some very simple root in the common original language ; while other designations of him are *ceff*, Welsh ; * whence *caballus*, Latin ; *cheval*, French ; *gaul*? German, and *ross*, German ; *horse*, English ; *pferd*, German ; *prad*, English.

The respective dispositions of the naming races are indicated by the names they gave to natural, and especially living, objects. The Greeks seem to have possessed above all other nations a feeling for physical beauty and harmony. They called the world *ὁ κόσμος*, or the Beauty emphatically ; and the highest principle of virtue *τὸ καλόν*, or *fairness*, a word by which we ourselves not ungracefully designate the more mathematical *equity* which we get from the Latins. It has been said by shortsighted moderns that the ancients had little feeling for beautiful scenery. It is true they did not anatomise it, and praise its several parts, like our descriptive poets and others. They loved it and revered it too much for that ; every beautiful object of nature was the dwelling of a divinity, or the body of which a divinity was the soul ; every river came out of the urn of a river-god ; every mountain was alive with Oreads, every fountain had its Naiad, every tree its Dryad. The sky was burning with deity, the earth wasteming with deity, the sea was bounding with gods, and even the regions of everlasting night were the kingdom of gloomy Dis. The characteristic of the Greek nomenclature was pre-eminently picturesqueness. For instance, the animal called by us "serpent," "the creeper" (from Latin *serpens* ; Greek, *ἑρπων*), and by the Germans "schlange," the twiner, they called *ὄφεις* or *δράκων*, "the creature that sees or looks." And why ? Because they were fascinated by its dreadful gaze, and connected it with the power of the evil eye. And

* See Mr F. NEWMAN'S *Intrusive Elements of Latin*.

they called the antelope also *δορυχάς*, from its lovely eyes. From the sharpness of his sight they named the Lynx, as Lynceus, the Homeric hero; and from his steadfast waiting gaze perhaps the lion himself. Philoctetes in his desert island, in the midst of his agonies of pain, finds a pleasure in the tribes of "joy-eyed beasts." The favourite epithet of the favourite goddess of Athens was *γλαυκῶπις*, Athene, the bright-eyed (not blue-eyed), and from this epithet, in all probability, the *γλαυῦξ*, or owl, was attached to her as a satellite, being so called from his sharp-sightedness in the night. The Greeks are called by Homer "the quick-glancing," *ἑλικῶπις* (compare the "Swinden Blicken" of Hagene in the *Nibelungen Lied*), since the eye was to them especially the light of the body and the window of the soul. Even so did they call the lightning *ἀστραπή*, from the zigzag flash; while our word and the Latin "*fulgur*," and the French "*éclair*," are less graphic. The orb of the sun was to them the great eye that looked from heaven, and the sea lying calm in his gaze was called *γαλήνη*, *γλήνη*, or the *sheen*. Thus Anacreon tells the painter to paint the eyes of his mistress "suffused with calm sheen." Next to brightness, colour seems to have impressed the Greek imagination. Their word for man, *ἄνθρωπος*, may possibly mean the "blooming-faced." Homer always speaks of the youthful love-mate of Achilles as Briseis with the beautiful cheeks, and Sophocles addresses Eros as "thou that dost hold thy night-watch in the delicate cheeks of a damsel." They had one word, *πορφύρεος*, which we translate "purple," which signified at once brightness and that rich red colour which is the king of colours as well as the colour of kings. No word in any other language will exactly hit it. Sometimes it even signifies the deep rich hue of the sea under

a storm-cloud, which the "bruno bruno" of Dante would most aptly express. One of the Latin elegiac poets applies it to snow when describing a lady's bosom,

"Pectora purpureâ candidiora nive;"

which, unless it were for the epithet "candidus," "glancing-white," we might suppose was a simile taken from the rosy flush on the Alpine summits, with which all Swiss tourists are so well acquainted. The climax of all beauty to the Greek mind was the goddess Aphrodite, the "foam-born," called simply by the Romans or Etruscans "Venus," *Vana*, Sanscrit, the "fair one." This goddess almost always has the epithet *golden*. Why, it is hard to say, except for general reasons. Yet by the old Norsemen gold was called the fire of the sea.* Some primeval legend may have ascribed its origin to the luminous froth of the waves at night. The Greeks and Norsemen were alike in their love of yachting and cruising. Now, of all scenes on the face of God's earth none is more beautiful than a deeply-quiet creek between rocks when the storm has blown over, the sun has set, the moon has come out, and the sea is just breaking with a heavy swell, every ripple throwing back circles and wavy lines of phosphorescent gold. The Greek sailor, as he felt the influence of the scene, always rather sensuously inclined, thought that something must be born of it, and his imagination conjured up Aphrodite, the daughter of the golden foam, in aerial fairness relieved against the dusky headland, and he said his evening prayer to her and slept in peace. It is easy from the Greek language to divine that the Greeks would be a nation of poets, painters, and sculptors, and also that they delighted in the sea. Their language is full of marine metaphors, the similes of their poets are in a great measure fished

* See Dr DASENT'S *Story of Burnt Njal*.

up from the deep. In this latter particular they resemble ourselves, or rather the Danish element in our nationality, which is in fact the noble and poetical element in our life, as opposed to the prosaic, ignoble, and commercial. Of all languages existent, the ancient Greek is the most plastic and versatile, equally adapted both for poetry and for prose, the most finely balanced and euphonious, the most subtle and searching, the most transparently clear as well as the most mysteriously profound. That the Greeks were the fathers of Art and Science, we bear witness by borrowing from them our best artistic and scientific terms. There is, however, a sterner strength in the Roman language. With the Greeks knowledge was power, and wisdom was goodness; with the Romans power was knowledge, and goodness was wisdom. The Greek idea of virtue was ἀρετή, "fittingness," "harmony;" the Roman "virtus," manhood. Their very countenances spoke their respective languages. The Greek's face was perfect; straight nose and forehead, angles of eyes elevated, the Apollo Belvidere being his archetype. On the Roman's face was—

"The eagle's beak between the eyes,
That never saw a conqueror."

There was want of harmony in his proportions, but an excess of strength; and in consistency with his character, his language is terse and stern. The words obey the word of command, keep their time—are all obedient, as it were, to martial law. The rhythmic flow of the sentences is like the even tramp of the legions. Rome got her words for the objects of peace from Greeks and Etruscans; her words for war and law she carved herself out of her Latin heart-of-oak. The language of a country will thus tell which of the races composing it was the conquering race, or, if there was more than one, in what order. In the French and Italian lan-

guages the martial words are of German origin, which indicates a German conquest; while in latter days the compliment has been returned, and the Germans and others have adopted from the French a military nomenclature, paying an unconscious tribute to their superior cultivation of the art of war, if not to their conquests, in modern times. It is singular to see how, with the decadence of the Roman empire, the Roman language declined. Tacitus made an indignant attempt to brace it up, but overdid his work, and found few imitators. As the Romans and their language got weaker, the barbarians got stronger, and their grand rugged Gothic tongues took the same place with respect to the Roman that the Latin did of old with respect to the Greek. The mother tongue of Rome, in passing to her children, has lost her strength while gaining other qualities. What the French language has lost in power it has gained in neatness and superficial brilliancy; it is "simplex munditiis," like Horace's Pyrrha. What the Italian has lost in power, it has gained in grace and that peculiar euphony which renders it the fittest of all languages for singing. What the Spanish has lost in power it has gained in pomp and that peculiar euphony which makes it sound perhaps more finely than any other when simply spoken; but it has attracted to itself other elements of power from the Arabic, so that, on the whole, with its Portuguese sister, it is perhaps the fittest living representative of the language of Latium. Italian and Spanish both betoken nations who are not in a hurry with their lives, who take them on the whole quietly and gracefully. French tells of a people all excitement, who rush from one idea to another, and, if not perpetually amused with some new toy, will make mischief in the world. The relations of German and English are much the same. The German language is circumstantial and

long-winded—in fact, button-holding. Ours is terse, swift, compact, straight to the point, fitted to be said or sung at sea, where a minute in a movement makes all the difference of life or death. So it is the most monosyllabic of the German tongues. We are in a desperate hurry to live, even more so than the French, because we want to do some new business just as they want some new pleasure, and business is greedier even than pleasure. How irreverent both of us are with some ancient names! we call *Martius Tullius Cicero Tully*, *Marcus Antonius Mark Antony*, *Titus Livius Livy* and *Tite Live*. We English call *Aristoteles Aristotle*, while our gallant allies dock him down into *Aristote*.

One observation cannot fail to strike those who compare the ancient classical languages with the modern, and that is the entire absence of what we call vulgarity in the ancients. And this is because wealth-worship was comparatively unknown to them. We serve either God or Mammon, while with them *Plutus* was a very subordinate sort of divinity. The gentleman of the Greek was the *καλοκάγαθος*, “the man beautiful and good;” of the Romans, the “*vir factus ad unguem*,” the “perfectly-finished man,” *homme comme il faut*; he was formerly even with us the gentile man, or “man of good family;” he is now, with the mass of the people, “the well-off man, who does not externally disgrace his position.” The Greeks and Romans had no name for “snob” or “roturier,” which showed that the thing itself, though it must have existed among them, had not become one of the powers that be. Their great authors were never vulgar, though there are few of them without an element of blackguardism. As for the rich, they disliked them politically as likely to become oligarchs, but spoke of them derisively as *οι παχέες*, “the thick,” or “the warm.” In all the Greek and Latin authors there are no such self-damnatory idioms as “*how much*

is he worth ?” and “*combien épousez-vous ?*” between which it is hard to assign the palm of baseness. We believe it is Grimm who gives the preference to the English among modern languages, because, like the Duke of Wellington’s army in Spain, it can go anywhere and do anything. There is no purpose to which it cannot turn its hand. Like the German, it is good for poetry; like the French, it is good for prose; if the words are well picked and chosen, as by Burns and Moore, it is even good for song. Of all modern languages, it is probably the most hardy, because it clips its words close to the root, and can live and thrive in all climates. When mixed with other tongues—as French in Canada, and French and German in the United States—it has a knack of superseding them. And yet it is a language in which the original structural beauty has been sacrificed more than perhaps any other. It is a thoroughly unprincipled language; not in the sense that the French say “*perfidie Albion*,” but in having no fixed principles of grammar. It is not a dainty feeder, but derives words and phrases from all sources, and digests them into its own body, only requiring that they should be available for expressing its meanings. Those who look at it all round may find fault, but they cannot deny that it works well and wears well. It is like the English Constitution in this respect, and perhaps also the English Church, full of inconsistencies and anomalies, yet flourishing in defiance of theory. It is like the English nation, the most oddly governed in the world, but withal the most loyal, orderly, and free. It has this great advantage over its more symmetrical High German sister, that when it wished to vary an idea, or describe the species of a genus, it is not obliged to make a compound from a single source, but can vary a Saxon word with a Latin or French, a Welsh or a Greek. For instance, a dog is the

genus, and hound is the species. The Germans must say "jagt-hund." We have "needle" and "pin"—the Germans, sewing-needle and sticking-needle. For glove the Germans say hand-shoe, when they might as well say foot-glove. We say *feather* and *pen*, the Germans *writing-feather*. In science the German puritanism is most unhandy; we go at once to the Greek spring, and while they say "water-stuff-gas," we quietly reply "hydrogen." When we want picturesque words, we use Anglo-Saxon or Norse, especially when we wish to describe outward things; when we want words to tell our own impressions or feelings, we generally use Latin ones—our Saxon language being objective, and our Latin subjective. Thus, in good English, our meaning is generally seen from the language from which we draw our words. We speak of swiftness of foot and rapidity of intelligence. The more select form is supposed to be that of Latin origin, and thus it is that, used to denote logical second intentions—for instance, "manuscript" as compared with "handwriting"—it is ridiculous when any pedant tries to curb this versatility of our language, and make its Anglo-Saxon element do all the work, as some author is said to have done, who, wishing to write an essay "on the impenetrability of matter," headed it "on the unthoroughfaresomeness of stuff." The English language is the great Scriptural drag-net, which takes up of all kinds, selects and keeps the good, and throws away the useless. Practical application is its constant object. And here the people are as the language. Napoleon was never so illogical as when he called us a nation of shopkeepers, though we are in truth a shopkeeping nation. Our common slang would tell that tale, when we talk of being *posted up* in a subject, of *shutting up*, of *taking stock*, of *striking a balance*, of being *up to the mark* (though this may be a term of the ring).

In every department we have produced what Emerson calls Representative Men. We have men of war—Wellingtons and Nelsons; men of peace—Messrs Pease, Sturge, and Co., and John Bright (though he seems to be forgetting himself in the matter of America); poets—Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Scott, Tennyson, &c.; painters—Reynolds, Hogarth, Turner; men of science and philosophers—Newton, Bacon, and a hundred others; historians, orators, politicians, cotton-lords, and railway kings. The list is endless. But all these men used the words of the English language for their purposes, and the English language to a great extent engendered them, and made them what they have been. The crop of general intellect has reached quite as high an average in France; but France cannot point to such a race of Titans as these, and this is perhaps owing to the trammels imposed on her by her stereotyped and intractable language. The same may be said with even more truth of Germany. Germany is the great European *φροντιστήριον*, or thought-factory. She makes thoughts and theories for the world as Manchester does printed calicoes, and other nations wear them.

There is no European language so perfect in itself as the German. Although it borrows foreign words, it marks them in such a manner that they ever remain distinct; it relies on its own resources to express every idea, and in this its success is marvellous. It resembles Greek especially in its power of composition and variety of inflexion. It has the double advantage of inflexion and construction by particles, and as it keeps the meaning of its roots clear throughout, it hugs the idea more closely, and is more logical and distinctive than any other modern language. It is thus able to dive into speculative depths where no translation can follow it, and is thus emphatically the language of philosophy. Unlike the

French, which glides over the surface, it turns the soul of thought inside out. It possesses an infinite within it, where the mind is free to lose itself in its own labyrinths and obscurities, as the language never departs from the side of the thought. It is the language of sentiment and romance, as its quaint old-fashioned characters denote, and thus adapts itself as well to songs of sentiment and melancholy longing as the Italian does to songs of passion and present enjoyment. But it has, withal, the disadvantage of being unpractical, like the people that speak it. Theorising more upon government than any other in the world, they have not yet learnt the art of governing themselves, or even of coalescing into a State. They remain still a nation of splendid dreamers, and have not yet become a people of doers. German, as might be expected, is more suitable to poetry than to ordinary prose. The words, with their double endings and rhythmic cadences, fall as naturally into metres as the ancient Greek, though from the greater number of consonants they are not quite sufficiently agile to dance in the identical measures of the Greeks. While the most natural measure to the Greeks appears to have been the dactylic, anapaestic, or the iambic of six feet, the German seems to run more easily in the iambic of five feet, or Miltonian metre; while English appears to be most itself in the octosyllabic, iambic, or trochaic. The more delicate metres, indeed, like the dactylic, do not seem to suit languages which have substituted accent in a great measure for quantity. It is hard to translate German into English poetry without inserting more words, as the poetical word in English is generally a shorter one—that is, if the metres are to be strictly observed; and the poverty of English in double-ending rhymes adds to this difficulty. And, *vice versâ*, a corresponding difficulty exists in translating English

poetry into German. It would be hard to say whether English or German in itself is the more fit for poetry; but no doubt the kind of poetry that has been written in each has been affected by the nature of the vehicle. Shakespeare, had he written in German, would probably have written more like Goethe and Schiller; and they, had they written in English, would have written more like Shakespeare, allowing for the differences of dates. Had Tennyson written in German, being, as he is, the most German of our poets, he might not have possessed the objective element in his writings which assimilates him to Wordsworth, keeping his eye always open to external nature.

In some respects, that of ability to portray the inner man, and the shades or rather *nuances* (for we want the French word) of thoughts and feelings, English may be pronounced inferior to German for purposes of poetry; but, on the other hand, we are enriched with a store of words pregnant with meaning and beauty, and chiefly applicable to description, which we derive from the non-German sources of our language, and a variety of words to express the same thing, by which we get rid of unpleasant reiterations. For instance, how many words we have for *colour*! Our painters have a fund of materials in colours, tints, hues, dyes, and pigments. Byron thus avoids reiteration:—

“Where the *tints* of the earth, and the
hues of the sky,
 In *colour* though varied in beauty may vie,
 And the purple of ocean is deepest in *dye*.”

The Germans have only “*farbe*” for all this. And indeed their language seems to want eyes for natural objects, else why have they no word for *pink*? They call it *blass-roth*, pale-red, which it is not, or *nelkenfärbig*; but *nelke* is as much a carnation as a pink, whereas we make a difference between the colours. Nor have they specialised a word corresponding to

russet. "Reddish," no doubt, was its French derivation, but we were able to specialise by borrowing a new word. What weighty monosyllables are *dusk*, and *dun*, and *dank*, and *damp*, and *dim*! While there are "sumpfe," or swamps, in Germany, there are in the British Isles also morasses, marshes, and mosses, and bogs and fens. While the Germans have only land-seas, we have lakes and tarns and meres, though the latter word, as "meer," is certainly applied by them to the sea at large. Then again, while they have the "*Thal*" and the "*Schlucht*," we have valleys, vales, dales, dells, ravines, gorges, glens, and coombs—a treasure of poetic words, of Latin, German, and Celtic origin. While they have winds, we have also breezes, and blasts, and gales, and gusts. In the nomenclature of natural history our language is the richer. The Germans give the common name of "weiss-fisch" to our dace and chub, and other species. They have the common name of "brunnen" for our springs and fountains, the latter word in English signifying a spring in a more or less artificial state.

When we step across the Channel, we find the French language richer than either the English or the German in all words significative of the relations of social life. French is *par excellence* the language of small-talk. What a host of words there are for small-talk itself! *Causar*, *jaser*, *babiller*, *jaboter*, *bavarder*, *caqueter*, *dégoiser*, *jaspiner*! And what a wealth of expressions for all social relations, pains, and pleasures! For pleasure the French have *plaisir*, *agrément*, *délices*, *divertissement*, *amusement*, *jouissance*, *récréation*, *joie*, *volupté*, *bonheur*; for roguery and mischief-making, *ruse*, *fourberie*, *friponnerie*, *espèglerie*, *perfidie*, *chicane*, *cabale*, *intrigue*, *liaison*, *clique*, *coterie*, some of which words we are, to the credit of our language, obliged to borrow. And how peculiarly polite the

French are in glossing over what is unpleasant to be said! There is no language in which a deadly insult may be so delicately conveyed as in French. It is like the prick of a fine rapier in a vital part, not so wide as a church-door, as Mercutio says, but enough to make one a grave man. It is rude to tell a constable to keep an eye on a man, courteously severe to put a gentleman under the surveillance of the police. It is a solemn thing to warn an editor, but friendly to give him an "avertissement." On the whole, it is a language which drops oil on the wheels of society, and makes them turn without grating or creaking, so that it is especially adapted for diplomacy, in which difficult and disagreeable things have to be said with every show of courtesy. It is a language of doing rather than of suffering; with us *it is cold*, with the French *il fait froid*; with us a man *suffers shipwreck*, with the French *il fait naufrage*. The French are a social people, while we are solitary savages. We stand on our own legs and the broad basis of our several individualities. "An Englishman's house is his castle"—chateau would not render the word. An English lady is "at home," a French lady *reçoit*. When we want to make ourselves attended to, we call out, "I say;" the French say, "*Dites-donc*," as the Germans say, "Hören Sie." The Germans have, in one respect, overdone French politeness. We have a common mode of address for every one in the second person plural. The French keep the first person singular for their intimates, and so do the Germans; while the Germans use the third person plural as a polite address, and the third person singular when they wish to be rude, reserving the second person plural as honorific, or as the exact plural of the second person singular. The Spaniards and Italians, however, even descend to fawning civility, the former addressing you as "*vues-*

tra merced," and the latter as "eccellenza," or its equivalent "ella," as if you were an archbishop or a plenipotentiary. But the Spaniard overdoes it, for his hospitality more often consists in telling you that his house is yours than in really making you at home in it. If we come to the comparison of the structure of sentences, each of the three great languages of Europe maintains its character. French tells its story clearly and shortly throughout; English demands some attention to the meanings in which words are used; but German keeps the attention suspended to the end, requiring you to keep step throughout, the *dénouement* of the sentence being often entirely unexpected. A German, it is said, will spin a long yarn, give a puff of smoke with his pipe, and then add an "aus," or an "ab," or an "über," which is the key of the whole grammatical structure. You cannot see his drift till he has finished. The characteristics of the three great languages of modern Europe—English, French, and German—are at present very distinct and separate. As time goes on, it may be expected that they will assimilate more and more. All educated people in either country will feel themselves under the necessity of becoming more or less acquainted with the languages and literature of the other two, until, like a sculptured group of graces, the three throw their arms over each other's shoulders, and stand together, each equally beautiful—beautiful each with an individual beauty, yet having in each case a sisterly resemblance to that of the remaining pair.

It is impossible to overrate the value of the study of language in the spirit of patient investigation and comparison,—comparison not only of one language with another, but of the different dialects of the same language, and of different periods in the development of a language. Through language, contrasts and likenesses are discovered

in contemporaneous nations which would never have struck the superficial observer, and through language studied historically a series of photographic pictures is brought to light, representing the mind and manners of bygone ages, stamped by a natural process far more faithfully—if not so flatteringly in some cases—than in the pictures which men have painted, and in the accounts which men have written. In fact, such information reaches beyond any written or traditional records into the night of the past.

The earliest known records, if we except those that refer to the origin of man, tell us of Jews and Arabs, Greeks and Egyptians and Hindoos; whereas we possess in language tolerable evidence of the existence of the common forefathers of all the Indo-Germanic or Japhetic tribes as one nation before that time when "by these were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands; every one after his tongue, after their families, in their nations." To this common nation it has been proposed to give the name of Aryans, or Iranians. It seems that their habits were much the same as those of the patriarchal tribes of the Semitic race described in the Bible. They were a pastoral people, and the head of the family was the king. Highlanders no doubt delight in the proofs of the antiquity of their own system of clans, by finding how finely divided and how much respected were collateral relationships in that early age. We might have heard more about them from the Hebrew records, if they, like the Israelites, had preserved a monotheistic tradition. Their idolatry appears to have proceeded, according to Dr Max Müller, from the original poverty of language. They were fain to describe the changes in the phenomena of nature by human relations, and thus they came to personification of those phenomena. With them night brought forth the dawn, and thus night became at once a mother, and in time was deified.

The Greeks, from their vivid imaginations, became the most arrant idolaters of the family. The Persians, on the other hand, preserved a greater simplicity of religion; and while the Jews clung to the tradition of a God who "made man in His own image," they adhered, with a grand erroneousness, to the worship of the pure element of fire. We probably find traces of this worship even in the multiplicity of the religion of the Pelasgians—in the worship of Vesta or Hestia, that ancient and respectable divinity who required a sisterhood of pre-Christian nuns to administer her rites and sacrifices. As the characters of the diverging tribes developed, their gods developed also, and we may read off history from mythology. With the Greeks the rule of life was physical beauty, and the full exercise of physical and intellectual vigour; and their gods abundantly reflected this rule of life. With the Goths and Norsemen strength was the rule of life, and a moral element was added, that of valour. They were at all events brave, and, because brave, true; for falsehood is the vice of the coward and the slave. The Berserker must fear nothing—not even Odin himself. There is a terrific grandeur in that conduct of the northern Viking, who, when told that he must go to hell if he would not be baptised, and as a reply to the question where his ancestors were, was told they were in hell, said, "Then I elect to go to my ancestors." Christianised, this Viking valour takes the shape of duty. No power, no circumstances, can take from a man the power to be true and fearless; and in this spirit it is written round the wheel of the British war-ship, "England expects every man to do his duty." If Nelson had been that heathen Viking, we doubt if the missionary would have frightened him into baptism, though he might have persuaded him by the argument of love. In the British Islands the history of the several races that peopled them

is written in the several languages and dialects. The Celts are still pastoral, the Anglo-Saxons agricultural, the Norsemen maritime; the Normans, the Romans of the north, still bind all together by their laws, and gracefully bear the principal burden of government. Happily for our safety, we are fringed and fenced with a Norse population, who take to the sea like ducks. Our Lowlanders, both English and Scottish, are Anglo-Saxon; our Highlanders are Celts. Of course, intermarriages have produced a general mixture; but the mixture does not even now descend to the roots of society. There is still a distinction of features and of dialects, though the general language of all, like the general physiognomy, is an amalgam. Of all the races, the Welsh are, perhaps, the most pure, which is a doubtful advantage to them, as power, both in man and animal, is the result of the mixing of breeds. On the whole, it may be said that two languages only prevail in the British Islands—the Celtic and the Teutonic; the Welsh, Irish, and Gael being subdivisions of the former, and the Danish and Anglo-Saxon of the latter. But it is as difficult to classify languages as it is to classify the animal kingdom; all the species run into one another with imperceptible *nuances*. For instance, the Lowland Scottish has a much stronger admixture of Teutonic words, German and Norse, than the general English, and is freer from the ingrafted words of Norman or Latin origin. And we know as a matter of history, that the influence of the Norman conquest was only partially felt in the south of Scotland, and did not extend itself to the north at all. We are all aware that both Northmen and Saxons had one favourite beverage for the people, which the Northmen called ale, and the Saxons beer. We also know that the two names coexist; but it is said that where the stronger liquor is called ale, the Danish element is the stronger in the population, and

where beer is honoured and ale held in comparative contempt, the Anglo-Saxon. So that Christopher Sly, when he called for a cup of the *smallest ale*, betrayed his Saxon origin, or perhaps that of the great Shakespeare himself, as, indeed, might be expected in the midland locality of Stratford-upon-Avon. Stratford-upon-Avon! How much of English history is in this single word! we see in it the Roman *strat*, the Teutonic *ford*, and the British river or *avon*! We know not how many elements of race—added to the Anglo-Saxon—may have gone to form the grand composite called Shakespeare.

One must be careful, in using these great family names, not to assign them, as we would to a parish pauper, too circumscribed a settlement. Our Saxons did not live, as do their present namesakes, in the north of Germany; but they passed over it, whence no one knows, but from the East somewhere. It is said that their name is identical with that of the Sace, who alone, beside the Persian knights, fought valorously at Plataea. The present kingdom of Saxony has received a Slavonic population; while the present Thuringians are a high German race of later comers. Our Saxons were low Germans. But they doubtless abode in Thuringia once, since skeletons have been lately exhumed there with the buckets beside them in which they used to carry their mead or hydromel, and other implements, the patterns of which have been found in Britain. And the Danes or Northmen were a very vague population. In general they doubtless came from the fiords of Norway, the islands of Denmark, and the south shore of the Baltic, and attacked the nearest land; so that Worsaae has supposed that England was chiefly settled by Danes, and Scotland by Norwegians. But even now Norsemen and Danes speak the same language with a slight dialectic difference, and the distinction is rather

local than ethnic. In those early times, until they came to some final land, all mankind were rolling stones, and as such they gathered no moss, but came hungry as hunters, devouring all before them.

One of the strangest phenomena connected with the history of language, is the prevalence of two characters in the same language side by side, like the major and minor keys in music. These characters have received the names of High and Low. They appear to belong to all the languages of the highly-organised races. We have high Celtic in the Welsh, Breton, and extinct Cumbrian and Cornish languages; low Celtic in the Irish, Gaelic, and Manx. We have the old high German and the Gothic, the mother of the Scandinavian, Anglo-Saxon, and present Platt-Deutsch, Dutch, and Flemish. We have high Pelasgian in the Hellenic language; low Pelasgian in the Latin and Etruscan; and we have bifurcate subdivisions of these branches, one dialect of the same language more approaching the high, and the other the low key. In the languages derived from the Latin, we have high Latin in French and Italian, low Latin in Spanish and Portuguese—the Portuguese being pitched still lower than the Spanish. In Greek we have high Hellenic in the Ionian and Attic dialects, low Hellenic in the Dorian and Æolic. And then, again, we have high French in the *Langue d'oï*, low French in the *Langue d'oc*; high Anglo-Saxon in English, and low Anglo-Saxon in Lowland Scottish. The general features are not easy to define, but the low languages love the broad vowel sounds better than the fine; and of the consonants, prefer medials to termines. There is a greater richness and fulness in the low languages—a greater precision and expressiveness in the high, though it is difficult to say, on the whole, which has the advantage in euphony.

Some philologists have fancied that they discover gender in this difference, and that one type may have sprung from the language of the fathers of the human race, and the other from the mothers. But it is difficult to say which is the more masculine or the more feminine. If we compare Italian with Spanish, Italian appears the more easy to articulate, and therefore the more adapted for song, while Spanish is fuller and grander, and more sonorous. The beauty of the Spanish does certainly appear of a more masculine order than that of the Italian. And where the two types conflict—and it is a question of the weaker giving way—it seems as if the low language is apt to get the upper hand; as, for instance, in America, where the high German comes in contact with the English. And high languages appear to have a tendency to become low; for instance, the Attic variety of Ionic Greek, in which, as time went on, contractions of vowels supervened, and the double τ was substituted for the double ς — $\pi\rho\acute{\alpha}\sigma\sigma\epsilon\iota\nu$ and $\pi\rho\alpha\tau\tau\epsilon\iota\nu$ would correspond to “besser” in German, as compared with “better” in English. Thus we are inclined to think that if there is any foundation of truth for this fancy

of sex in language, that the high type represents the feminine, and the low type the masculine element. The words high and low themselves would be perhaps as well rendered by sharp and flat, as their signification has a musical analogy. The high type may be more feminine than the low or bass, as the voices of women are higher than those of men. Perhaps time will unravel this strange riddle of language. It will be indeed marvellous if it be discovered that language reflects man, not only in his organisation generally, but in his sexual relationship; and that the study of language is thus in all completeness the study of the mental history of man, making the complement to ethnology or the study of his physical history, and both together comprising the natural history of the highest of God's creatures. History, commonly so called, is a record only of the actions and conscious words of men, and may itself be coloured according to the writer's bias or mannerism. Language is a history of the thoughts and unconscious words of men, and must be a true record, because, like the facts of nature, its characters have been traced by the finger of the Creator.

DAVID WINGATE'S POEMS AND SONGS.

[THE following are Preface and some specimens from a forthcoming volume containing Poems and Songs which have been sent to us from Lanarkshire.—ED. B. M.]

PREFACE.

I confess that I see no reason why I should write a preface, and, unadvised, would probably have left it unwritten. But some friends—men of learning and taste—assure me it is absolutely necessary. What can I say? Shall I tell you I have no learning? The book itself will tell you that. Shall I whine, and say to my critic, “Have mercy on me!—think of my position in life?” No, indeed! On the contrary, I say, Weigh the book alone. My peculiar circumstances (if they be peculiar) have no right to go in with it. If I have sung badly or thought sillily, let it be no excuse for me that I am, and have been, a collier since my ninth year. Probably the fact of my being a collier should have been suppressed altogether; but I thought, if any reader wishes to know what I am, the information is here for him. If the book has any merit apart from whatever that fact may suggest, it may live; if not, it deserves to die. If a groundless vanity has given birth to and sustained my long-cherished dream of something better than the pit, do not hesitate to tell me so. It may serve to convince me that I am in my proper place, and teach me to be content. God save me from that charity which refrains from calling me a blockhead because my face is covered with coal-gum! To those who have aided and encouraged me in putting my thoughts into this form, I can only say—Thank you most sincerely!

DAVID WINGATE.

WINDMILLHILL, NEAR MOTHERWELL, *Feb.* 1862.

A MINER'S MORNING SONG.

Awake, brother miner! The stars have grown dim,
 'Tis time to be stirring the sleep-strengthened limb;
 The lark is saluting the regions of love,
 And soon will the sun flash the grey mists above:
 Prepare thee to sink, though the fancy should soar;
 We must to the dark scenes of labour once more.

Come! rise, brother, rise! and from grumbling refrain;
 He who murmurs in idleness, murmurs in vain;
 A sweet slumber hangs on thy little ones' brows,
 A love-hallow'd prayer's in the heart of thy spouse:
 She pleads where thou know'st she has pled well before,
 That angels may guard thee to safety once more.

Arise! brother miner! 'Twas only a dream,
 That hum of green woodlands, that stroll by the stream;
 Some joy-loving fairy, in portraiture gay,
 Hath shown thee by night what thou seest not by day.
 Yet, brother, despair not, the hours will pass o'er;
 We'll rise, as the day wanes, to gladness once more.

Suppress those deep sighs, brother, though it may be
 The fate of thy kinsman is waiting for thee;

O'er sorrows untasted 'tis folly to brood ;
 We must, like thy kinsman, brave danger for food.
 Then up and be stirring ; like serf-men of yore,
 We'll rest when we've plodded our portion once more.

Be cheerful, poor brother ! I've heard of a land
 Where no over-labour e'er blisters the hand ;—
 A land where no fetters of slavery are seen,
 Where the grindstone of tyranny never hath been.
 Perhaps we'll go there when our ploddings are o'er,
 And then we'll be weary-bon'd miners no more.

FIRE !

[The late melancholy accident at the Dykehead Pit, near Larkhall, Hamilton, suggested the following Poem. The incidents are, I think, nearly real.]

It was the corning-time—the hour
 Of rest, but new begun ;
 The ponies had their rakes * brought in,
 And been stabled one by one :
 Some lucky miners had been sent
 To the regions of the sun.

The " oncost " near the bottom sat,
 With napkins spread on knee,
 Taking their humble mid-day bite,
 Drinking the twice-warm'd tea ;
 Eating their labour-season'd meal
 In thankfulness and glee :

When, lo ! they heard a sound, that made
 Their breath for a time retire—
 A strange alarming sound—and still
 Its note of alarm rose higher.
 " Let's see what's wrong," said one : " my God !
 There drops the signal-wire ;
 The lining-deals are glowing red,
 And the shaft's ablaze with fire ! "

" What's to be done ! " thought every one,
 As they gaz'd, with fear aghast,
 And felt the air around them rush
 With a strong and strengthening blast.
 " What's to be done ! " What could they do ?
 For the burning wood fell fast,
 And the roar of the fire above proclaim'd
 Life's chances hastening past.

The growing heap of embers red
 There helplessly they watch'd,
 And they saw the cage drop hissing hot,
 With the sever'd rope attach'd.

Then thicker fell the burning shower,
 And the air-rush ceas'd anon,
 While a thick white cloud—the breath of Death—
 Began to gather down.

* Rake—load.

Fast spread the news, and from the face
 The miners, hurrying, throng ;
 They see the smoking wreck, but scarce
 Conjecture all that's wrong.
 And loud and wildly rose their cry
 Up through the smoke and flame,
 " Good God ! are we to die like dogs ?"
 But still no answer came.

And oh ! the torture of their thoughts,
 As there they sat or stood,
 And saw the stifling, thickening cloud
 Still closer o'er them brood.
 Oft as the long, long hours crept past,
 And no relief seem'd near,
 Despair assum'd the voice of Hope,
 A neighbour's heart to cheer ;
 And when the deadly damp had come,
 When Death was present there,
 Religion with her solace came,
 And breath'd the fervent prayer.
 The dead and dying, huddled close,
 In groups together lie ;
 Some from the crowd apart have crept,
 In peace alone to die.
 And Memory and Affection stood
 Their closing eyes before,
 And spoke of those they lov'd, whose smile
 Would never greet them more.
 And when at last the rope came down,
 To grasp it some would leap,
 While some in apathy turn'd o'er,
 The sleep of Death to sleep !

Meanwhile, above, a mighty crowd
 Has come from far and near ;
 A few to lend their aid have come,
 The rest to see and hear.

And sad indeed is the sight they see,
 For ruin rules the scene ;
 Yon heap of ashes tells where once
 The scaffolding had been ;
 Yonder the naked engine stands,
 And the pit's somewhere between.

And fathers, mothers, wives, around,
 Wait for their own dear dead,
 Whose winding-sheets at home are out,
 And ready to be spread.

And has there nought been done, the fate
 Of those dear friends to know ?
 Oh, yes ! the mining chiefs have long
 Been hurrying to and fro.

Their hundred plans confusion breed,
 For each his skill must show ;
 Meantime the precious hours haste on,
 And the poor men die below.

Die ? No, not all—for, hark ! a voice
 Is heard from the ruin'd pit,
 A desperate human wail. "Oh, haste,
 They may all be living yet !"
 And the angel Hope comes down among
 The mourning ones to sit.

A rope was lower'd ; but how describe
 The agony of thought
 That chill'd the hearts of those who ne'er
 Could find the friends they sought,
 As one by one the living, dead,
 And dying, up were brought ?

And still the tumult louder grows ;
 Here some for whisky cry ;
 There brutes endow'd with speech crack jokes
 As the dead are carried by ;
 And curses, bandied to and fro,
 'Mid jests and laughter fly—
 What cares the thoughtless crowd for those
 Poor mourners listening nigh ?

At length the last of all the dead
 Is from the ruins borne
 As stars begin to fade, and night
 Gives place to smiling morn.
 And miners, as they hurry home,
 Thus musing, sadly say,
 "Their turn was yesterday, and ours
 Perhaps will come to-day :"
 And the desponding answer is,
 "God knows ! perhaps it may."

MY LITTLE WIFE.

My little wife has two merry black eyes,
 Sweet little, dear little, daisy-fac'd Jane ;
 And fifty young lads always deem'd her a prize,
 And blam'd the kind creature for causing them pain.
 They all knew her pretty,
 And some thought her witty,
 But sware of sound sense she was faultless and free,
 Because the fair scoffer
 Refus'd every offer,
 And secretly cherish'd affection for me.

My little wife has a cheek-dimpling smile,
 Sweet little, dear little, lily-brow'd Jane ;
 A blythe buoyant nature that cares not for toil,
 So how could the poor lads from loving refrain ?

In spite of her scorning,
 They woo'd night and morning.
 "The wild little coquette," they cried, "is heart-free!"
 Nor dream'd that she weeping,
 While others were sleeping,
 Oft hopelessly cherished affection for me.

My little wife weekly to the church came,
 Sweet little, dear little, mellow-voic'd Jane,
 Where I, fill'd with equal devotional flame,
 Would glance at her fair face again and again.
 Sometimes an emotion,
 Not wholly devotion,
 A dim nameless thrill, o'er my senses would flee,
 And then, growing bolder,
 I dar'd to behold her,
 And wish that such sweetness would once think of me.

My little wife often round the church hill,
 Sweet little, dear little, neat-footed Jane,
 Walked slowly, and lonely, and thoughtful, until
 The afternoon bell chim'd its call o'er the plain.
 And nothing seem'd sweeter
 To me than to meet her,
 And tell her what weather 'twas likely to be,
 My heart the while glowing,
 The selfish wish growing,
 That all her affections were centred in me.

My little wife once ('tis strange, but 'tis true),
 Sweet little, dear little, love-troubled Jane,
 So deeply absorbed in her day-dreaming grew,
 The bell chim'd and ceas'd, yet she heard not its strain;
 And I, walking near her
 (May love ever cheer her,
 Who thinks all such wandering of sin void and free),
 Strove hard to persuade her,
 That He who had made her
 Had destined her heart-love for no one but me.

My little wife—well, perhaps this was wrong—
 Sweet little, dear little, warm-hearted Jane,
 Sat on the hill-side till her shadow grew long,
 Nor tired of the preacher that thus could detain.
 I argued so neatly,
 And proved so completely
 That none but poor Andrew her husband could be,
 She smil'd when I bless'd her,
 And blush'd when I kiss'd her,
 And own'd that she lov'd and would wed none but me.

My little wife is not always quite sure,
 Sweet little, dear little, hearth-cheering Jane,
 That joy will not tarry where people are poor,
 But only where Wealth and her satellites reign.
 In each baby-treasure
 She finds a new pleasure :

If purse and demand should by chance disagree,
 She smiles, bravely humming,
 "A better time's coming,"
 And trusts in good health, in the future, and me !

THE DEEIN' FISHER.

Gang, Jenny, bring my fishing-book,
 And lay't doon by my side,
 That I ance mair may view the lines
 And flees that were my pride ;
 I'll spread them out upon the mat,
 And sort them ane by ane,
 And think I'm on some burnie's bank,
 Some cloudy day in June.

And have I on ye spent, my flees,
 Sae mony hours in vain ?
 And will ye ne'er in hauns o' mine
 Deceive a troot again ?
 Maun I ne'er mair in Avon drook
 Your wings, my bonny flees,
 Nor fin' the caller water plash
 Sae kindly owre my knees ?

There, Jenny, lay them by again,
 I'm jist like ony wean,
 Wi' trifles for a moment pleas'd,
 Wi' trifles fill'd wi' pain.
 Oh, Sirs ! but they've a weary time
 On creeping Doom wha wait,
 Expectin' morn and e'en to hear
 His trumpet at the gate.

Dear Jenny ! we in wedlock's yoke
 Hae drawn thegither weel,
 Though ae trout meltit* frae a tak,†
 Ye didna often squeel.‡
 Ye ne'er wi' gloomy looks against
 My only pleasure stood,
 Nor grudg'd an antrin idle day
 When streams were in the tid.§

In vain the shirra warnt me, Jen',
 In vain he fin't me sair ;
 To hae oor hard-won siller back
 I us't my rod the mair.
 I ken I should the salmon spar't
 That socht oor streams to spawn ;
 But them that law forbids to fish
 Maun tak jist when they can.

* *Meltit*—exchanged for whisky.

† *Tak*—the fishes caught on one excursion.

‡ *Squeel*—grumble, scold.

§ *Tid*—season.

But, Jenny, noo it's owre ; nae mair
 I'll paidle in the Clyde,
 Nae mair my rod owre Avon wave
 Wi' a' a fisher's pride.
 Thy stream, Carbarns, I'll roop nae mair,
 Nor up the water steer,
 And frae thy dark deep pools, Dalserf,
 The pike in triumph bear.

This worl' is jist a river, Jen',
 Wi' human shoals aye thrang ;
 Some strugglin' aye against the stream,
 Some cannie borne along.
 And Death stauns owre't wi' otter-line,
 Oot liftin' ten by ten,
 Syne whare we're taen, or hoo we're us't,
 We guess, but naething ken.

And I am jist a puir lean troot
 That in the pan wad burn,
 And, strugglin' past the otter-line,
 Am liftit in my turn.
 Oh ! but to leeve, and shield the bairns
 When want or winter ca's,
 I wad gie a' that ever swam
 'Tween Ailsa and the Fa's.

Ay, Jenny, weel the tear o' grief
 May shimmer in thy ee ;
 Though wee and feckless, I hae been
 A kin' guidman to thee.
 He's comin' fast that creditor
 Wha maun hae a' that's awn ;
 I see the settin' sun, but when
 Or whare will come the dawn ?

Oh, Jenny, when the time comes roun'
 To lay me 'neath the swaird,
 Say, will ye try and get me laid
 In auld Cam'nethan yaird,
 Sae, when the last lood trumpet-note
 Frae Death's grip sets me free,
 How sweet 'twill be the bonny stream,
 Sae lang my joy, to see !

SPAE CRAFT.*

My bairn, while thy mither rests tir'd wi' her toil,
 While the pan's chirmin' sweetly its promise to boil,
 While nae neebor draps in the "wee stranger to see,"
 Or to "taste," and foretell what a beauty thou'lt be,
 Shall I play the warlock wi' nae evil ee,
 And glint at the future that's waiting on thee ?

* *Spae craft*—the art of foretelling.

Come, let thy wee haun lie sae gently on mine,
And let me peer into ilk curve, cross, and line :
This shows where prosperity's pathway runs clear,
And *these* where the crosses o' life interfere.
Alas ! thy wee haun seems o' crosses fill'd fou,
But surely, oh, surely, I dinna read true !

Can it be that in scorn thou withdraw'st thus thy haun ?
Ye canna sae soon earthly sounds un'erstaun :
But maybe the soul frae its first hour below
Instinctively shrinks frae the shadow o' woe ;
And has thy ain faither, while o' thee sae faim,
In daffin' thus caus'd thee thy first thrill o' pain ?

I see thee, sweet bairnie, a bud on life's tree,
Wi' twa shelterin' leafs in thy mither and me ;
I see thee, while sweeps the blight blast o'er the field,
Cour cozie and trustfully under thy bield ;
But twa bonnie buds o' mair promise than thee
Hae shrunk 'neath that shelter, and faun on the lea.

Alas ! I had better the spae-trade let be,—
Already a heart-mist cluds up o'er my ee ;
For, lo ! on the first arch o' life's brig, wi' pain,
I see a sweet, cherub-fac'd, todlin' wee wean,
An orphan—the features I canna discern,
But surely they canna be thine, my ain bairn.

Oh, no ! noo the heart-mist is dichtit awa,
And, rosy and curly, and hearty and braw,
I see oor ain Agnes, nae orphan, I ween,
Dance o'er a' life's arches frae ane to eighteen ;
And then—the dark future's nae mair my concern—
Heaven best kens the lad that were worth sic a bairn.

Richt puirly, I trow, wi' thy haun hae I sped ;
Let's see what grand things in thy face may be read :
Thou smil'st, and what merry cheek-dimples are seen !
And heaven's ain blue's in thy twa blinkin' een.
Cauld, cauld were the heart, and far harder than airn,
Could o' thee say waur than " God bless thee, my bairn ! "

O ! what gars me sigh as I gaze on thy face,
And graces to come in its lineaments trace ?
O' dangers to thee which nae love can avert,
What gars this vague fear creep sae cauld o'er my heart ?
I'm thinking, my bairn, on the battle o' life,
And wond'ring what skaith waits for thee in strife.

Oh, never again, while thy weal is my care,
The dark, sinfu' regions o' spaedom I'll dare.
'Twere vain to expect thou wilt cost us nae tears
In our toil-wearied way through the dim hop'd-for years ;
But aye we'll see in thee, as sweet and as dear,
The Agnes awa in the Agnes that's here.

LITTLE BROTHER.—A SONG FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Oh ! come, let us lay all our playthings aside,
 And sing of our brother again ;
 We will sing how he once in our games join'd with pride,
 Forgetting his cough and his pain.

But he's gone far away to the land of the stars—
 All his moaning and weeping are o'er ;
 And till death the bright portals of glory unbars,
 We shall see little brother no more.

Little brother was kind, with a manner so sweet,
 And his ringlets so fairylike fell ;
 Oh ! we always were happy together to meet,
 For we lov'd little brother so well.
 But he's gone far away, &c.

Little brother could sing, and 'twas pleasant to hear
 Him join in the hymn or the song ;
 Ah ! we never once deem'd his departure so near,
 Nor thought he'd be absent so long.
 But he's gone far away, &c.

No more we'll for him gather primroses gay—
 Little brother of flowers was so fond ;
 Now, he's gathering bright flowers that will ne'er fade away,
 Yonder hills of white clouds far beyond.
 For he's gone far away, &c.

No more shall he gaze on the far-flying kite,
 Whose string to his carriage was bound ;
 Nor smile in his chair, on the long winter night,
 When the guess or the story goes round.
 For he's gone far away, &c.

We must all be good children, and swear not, nor lie,
 And always from quarrelling refrain,
 And so, one by one, to the star-land we'll fly,
 And meet little brother again.

For he's gone far away to the land of the stars,
 He has passed through the valley of pain ;
 And when death the bright portals of glory unbars,
 We shall meet little brother again.

THE FACES IN THE FIRE.

In langsome nichts o' winter, when frost is unco keen,
 When snaw is skinklin' on the streams, and stars are scantily seen ;
 When gantin' in the ingle-neuk, oppress'd by vague desire,
 Wha hasna gaz'd wi' wonder at the faces in the fire ?
 The reek may swither, and at last refuse to tak the lum ;
 Ae bairn may fiddle on the tangs, ane on the server drum ;
 Confusion owre the hoose may reign, but o't they dinna tire,
 Wha 'mang the glowin' aizles see the faces in the fire ?

Frae 'tween the ribs they're keekin' oot, we ken them every ane,
 E'en though there should be naething left except a nose and chin ;
 The fashion o' some unco mooth we see and brawly min',
 And on some braid and manly broo yet trace the sorrow-line.
 What happy memories some recall ! and when we ithers see,
 A something for a moment dims the dazzled burning ee ;
 Some wear the smile o' heaven itsel', and some a frown sae dire ;
 Ah, sirs ! there's something unco in the faces in the fire.

Whiles bye in hurryin' groups they pass, whiles lingerin' ane by ane,
 As if they each in memory's ha' some honoured place wad win ;
 Some tell o' nichts when social joy and mirth appear'd supreme,
 Some help us owre to dream again some early passion-dream.
 Oh ! dootless 'tis for some wise end they gaze upon us there—
 To warm affections chilling fast, or chase tormentin' care ;
 Or gar us bound through life again unclogg'd by age's mire :
 Ah ! vile's the wretch wha joyless sees the faces in the fire.

The faces o' neglected freens we're sure to see them there ;
 There o' impatient creditors we'll meet the angry stare.
 If e'er, wi' mean unmanly art, ye plann'd a lassie's wrang,
 Ye'll see her pale despairin' face the glowin' coal amang.
 Ye may frae hunger's deadly haun hae saved a wanderin' wean—
 Its features, for a moment seen, ye ne'er may mind again ;
 But, ah ! the face o' her ye wrang'd, in hopes 'twad ne'er transpire,
 Is ever, ever present 'mang the faces in the fire.

There's ane that was a freen langsyne—alas ! where is he noo ?—
 Fu' mony a year aboon his grave has fa'en the summer dew.
 There's ane that was a crabbit wicht—we min' his spitefu' girn,
 And there's the happy lassie's face that leev'd beside the burn.
 And whase is yon ? We mind it noo—ah ! Willie, wanderin' still ;
 Soon may ye hae a safe return, wi' health and wealth your fill ;
 And then (for to your freenship we shall ance again aspire)
 We'll tell ye hoo we saw ye 'mang the faces in the fire.

ELEGY.

NOT WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Nature's robe was autumn-tinted,
 Golden tints that poets lo'e ;
 Rain to scanty showers was stinted,
 Richly fell the needfu' dew.
 Bloomin' on the ryegrass meadows
 Babs of clover-flowers were seen ;
 Darker grew the woodland shadows,
 Darker grew the swellin' bean.

Brooding by the forest fountains,
 Blackbirds sat, nae mair embower'd ;
 Mistier 'mang their brother mountains
 Tintoc and Benlomond tower'd.
 Summer's hopes had grown maturer,
 O'er despair the day seem'd won ;
 For the farmer's wealth grew surer
 With each settin' of the sun.

But the autumn hopes and beauty
 Couldna tether wanderin' Death ;
 Grim and stern he did his duty—
 "Nickin' thread" and "chokin' breath."
 And without a scythe or lister
 (Baith in vain were tried before),
 But wi' alcohol and blister
 He had stricken Willie M——e.

Willie was nae "freak of nature ;"
 Strappin', straucht, and strong was he ;
 But, devoted to the creature,
 Willie's sin was barley-bree !
 Thochtless as an unshod fillie,
 He had leev'd through sun and storm,
 And had been the drouthiest billie
 Ever patronis'd a worm.

Sairly Willie's comrades miss't him,
 For his jokes were rich and rare ;
 Aften owre their drams they bless'd him—
 Drams they could but barely spare.
 Aft (for lees are deem'd nae sinnin'
 When the dram ca's round the crack)
 They had sworn they saw him grinnin',
 Cauld and ghastly, at their back.

See them on a winter e'enin',
 While the sleet is fa'in' fast,
 And the beeches, northward leanin',
 Sway like willows in the blast.
 See them from their ingles venturin',
 Scornfu' of their temptsome glouff,
 And, defyin' tempest, saunterin'
 Slowly to their whisky-houff.

Blest wi' boxfu's of tobacco,
 Owre and owre their pipes they fill,
 Round they drive the burnin' aqua,
 And the red deceivin' yill.
 Each displays, nae gesture lackin',
 A' his wisdom and his lore ;
 Till at last they fell a-crackin'
 Of their comrade, Willie M——.

Loudly they declar'd his praises,
 Willie's was an honoured name—
 Fair and fresh as summer daisies,
 Lang wad last his fisher fame.
 "But," quoth ane, wi' whisky flurried,
 "Curse me, callans, whare I sit,
 But oor comrade should been buried,
 Whare he wished, at Waterfit.

"Aft amang the hazel bushes,
 Dippin' down in purlin' Cart,
 He has tell't me a' the wishes
 Of his warm and honest heart.

'Here,' quoth he, 'when Death wins ower me,
When I'm heukit, stiff, and dead,
'Neath thae brackens straught afore ye
Lay my auld grey frostit head.

" 'Let my rod be buried wi' me,
Wi' my flees that ocht could kill ;
Syne, when mortals canna see me,
Up I'll get and fish my fill.
Lang e'er cock-crow or hen-cackle
I'll be stannin' on yon stane ;
Man ! what glorious fish I'll tackle,
Jist to let awa again !

" 'Or, when tir'd of rod and ripple,
When the stars wink in the burn,
When auld neebors meet to tipple,
To a spirit-fish I'll turn.
See me then wi' rapture playin'
In the skinkle of the moon,
Or by haughs and holmlands strayin',
Fear't for neither dam nor linn.

" 'Aft when lint-pow'd W—e M—h—n
Whips the stream wi' a' his skill,
I, unseen, ahint him splauchin',
Sair will tease my comrade Will.
Whiles, a flashin' braw four-pounder,
I will frae the stream be drawn ;
Losh ! how cheatit Will will wonder
As I, slippin', leave his haun !

" 'Whiles, in pebbly shallows strandit,
In I'll tempt him, shoon and a' ;
Syne, while on his back he's landit,
Down the stream I'll scour awa :
Whiles, amang the boulders hidin',
I will jouk him for an hour,
Then, in fifty fish dividin',
Frae his claspit fingers scour.

" 'Clarkston chiels, and chaps frae Thorny,*
To some ither stream micht flit,
For, by a' the imps of Horny,†
Nocht they get at Waterfit.‡
Ginlers‡ there wad get their farin'—
Deil nor they were a' defunck!—
And the otter, pike, and heron,
Meet wi' mony a sair begunk.'

" 'Thus were Willie's wishes spoken,
Ere he dee'd but twa short weeks,
And though whiles I thocht him jokin',
Tears were trintlin' doon his cheeks.

* *Thorny*—Thornliebank.

† *Horny*—Satan.

‡ *Waterfit*—Waterfoot ; a village on the White Cart.

‡ *Ginlers*—from ginlin' ; to catch fish with the hand.

Oh ! that he had langer tarriet,
 To be wi' us whare we sit ;
 Or that he had jist been buried,
 As he wished, at Waterfit."

Need I tell how the replenish'd
 Gill-stoup round the board had flown,
 Ere the mist of sorrow vanish'd,
 And the sun of pleasure shone ;
 How ilk pouch of cash was emptied,
 How they lingered, drouthy still—
 How wi' promis'd trout they temptit
 In the grudg'd and tickit gill ?

Need I tell ye Will's connection
 Wi' their toasts, though could he lay ;
 How they plann'd his resurrection,
 And his second burial-day ;
 How of fishin' feats they swagger'd,
 As they drank, and drier grew ;
 Till at early morn they stagger'd
 Homeward, brethren sworn—but fou !

THE DOMINIE'S OE.*

The Dominie's sel',
 He was grey, thin, and bel',†
 And lang frae his cheek had fled youth's rosy glow ;
 A dark sparkling ee,
 Like the robin's, had he,
 And like him in this was the Dominie's Oe.
 But she had saft locks o' the hazel's ain broom,
 That ne'er in forc'd ringlets wav'd wantonly roon,
 But aye in smooth braids, that fu' brawly could show
 How humble and mild was the Dominie's Oe.

The Dominie's voice
 Had nae need to sound twice
 To lay the air-castles o' schule-callans low,
 Sae sonorous and stern—
 'Twas the dread o' ilk bairn—
 Far different frae that o' the Dominie's Oe.
 Her voice was as sweet as the lav'rock's at dawn,
 That through the grey mist cheers his mate on the lawn ;
 Sae rich when she sang—when she spak aye sae low—
 Ilk bairn lik'd to crack wi' the Dominie's Oe.

In the Dominie's life
 Ups and downs had been rife,
 Romance circling round him wi' strange checkering flow ;
 Better times he had seen,
 And far puirer had been,
 Though nane heard the tale but the Dominie's Oe.
 She kent in what fancies the auld man took pride,
 What memories to harp on, what themes to avoid,

* Oe—grandchild.

† Bel'—bald.

To chase away sadness and charm away woe ;
And sweet was the task to the Dominie's Oe.

In the Dominie's chair,
When at e'en he sat there,
Enjoying the bliss slipper'd ease can bestow,
On the lines of his face
Sober lair had chief place,
As learn'dly and kindly he crack'd wi' his Oe.
How happy was she when a blythe thing he said !
How sweet were the smiles round her dimples that play'd !
But fast fell her tears when he spak o' *that* woe
That left him alane in the world wi' his Oe.

In the Dominie's heart
Prey'd ae care which nae art,
Nae wiles o' the maiden could soothe or o'erthrow,
" Life's sand's running fast—
When the last grain hath past,
In a' the wide worl' wha'll befriend my sweet Oe ?"
Puir man ! he ne'er dream'd that a secret she had—
That far owre the sea thrave her ain faithfu' lad—
Until his return brang a love-worthy jo,
Wi' comfort for life, to the Dominie's Oe !

THAT GLOAMIN' LANGSYNE.

The westlin' sky's glowing
With June's parting smile,
The collier is thinking
Of morn's irksome toil :
O'er woodland and meadow
Yon rain-cloud hath pass'd,
And now from its bosom
The bow's fading fast :
Sae faded Hope's bow on that gloamin' langsyne,
When deeply ye lee'd, May, and wadnae be mine.

Since then, oh ! how slowly
Time's creepit awa !
How scantly life's joy-gleams
Hae fa'en round us twa !
Ae weary wish wrinkling
Our brows day by day ;
And ae regret robing
Our thoughts a' in grey.
Oh ! what had we dune to be parted sae lang ?
While loving sae fondly, May, what led us wrang ?

Away o'er the ocean,
Where lang I sojourn'd,
Of growing wealth careless,
Our parting I mourn'd.
I fancied ye happy,
Wi' bairns but and ben,
Ae blythe blooming lassie,
And lads growing men :

Love-glances I saw that I thoct wad been mine,
But for the cauld words on that gloamin' langsyne.

Ah, May ! how I envied
Your love and your smile,
And grudg'd that anither
Should aye for ye toil !
Alas ! never dreaming
That, bairnless and lane,
Ye focht your ain battle,
And help socht frae nane ;
And nurs'd the sweet hope that ere life ye should tyne,
Ye'd richt a' the wrangs o' that gloamin' langsyne.

Oh ! had some kind angel
But whisper'd, " She's free,
And wishing and wearying
And waiting for thee !"
Had Hope ever whisper'd
A dream half sae sweet,
How fast o'er the ocean
I'd flown to thy feet !
But how could I think ye for me e'er would pine,
Or fancy ye mourn'd o'er that gloamin' langsyne ?

But farewell repining !
False pride's left us noo ;
Lang, lang's been the trial,
But safe we've won through.
Though worn and sair shaken
Wi' tempests blawn past,
Our barks in love's haven
Hae anchor'd at last.
My joys shall be yours, May, your cares shall be mine,
And pleasure will spring from that gloamin' langsyne !

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By the Author of "The Caxton Family."

PART III.

NO. IV.—ON INTELLECTUAL CONDUCT AS DISTINCT FROM MORAL—
THE "SUPERIOR MAN."

NOT unfrequently we find the world according high position to some man in whom we recognise no merits commensurate with that superiority which we are called upon to confess ; no just claims to unwonted deference, whether in majestic genius or heroic virtue ; no titles even to that conventional homage which civilised societies have agreed to render to patrician ancestry or to plebeian wealth. The moral character, the mental attributes, of this Superior Man, adorned by no pomp of heraldic blazonry, no profusion of costly gilding, seem to us passably mediocre ; yet mediocrity, so wont to be envious, acknowledges his eminence, and sets him up as an authority. He is considered more safe than genius ; more practical than virtue. Princes, orators, authors, yield to his mysterious ascendancy. He imposes himself on gods and men, quiet and inexorable as

the Necessity of the Greek poets. Why or wherefore the Olympians should take for granted his right to the place he assumes, we know not, we humbler mortals ; but we yield, where they yield ;—idle to contend against Necessity.

Yet there is a cause for every effect ; and a cause there must be for the superiority of this Superior Man, in whom there is nothing astonishing except his success.

Examined closely, the cause may be found in this. True that his intellectual stature is no higher than ours, but, whether from art or from nature, it has got a portlier demeanour and a statelier gait. We do not measure its inches—we are so struck by the way it carries itself.

In a word, there is an intellectual conduct as well as a moral conduct ; and as a fellow-mortal, in whom the gross proportions of good or evil are much about the average, may so

conduct himself morally, that somehow or other his faults are always in the shade, and his merits always in the sunlight, so a fellow-mortal may conduct himself intellectually; taking care that such mind as he has is never surprised in unfavourable positions. There are various secrets for that exaltation of mediocrity which is so felicitously illustrated in the repute of "the Superior Man."

Perhaps the secret most efficacious is to be found in judicious parsimony of speech. The less said the better. "*Facunda silentia linguæ*," as Gray expresses it, with all his characteristic happiness of epithet. If the exigencies of social life would allow of rigid silence, I do not doubt that rigid silence, with a practised discipline of countenance, and a significant diplomacy of gesture, would be esteemed the special indication of wisdom. For as every man has a right to be considered innocent till he be proved guilty, so every man has a right to be considered exempt from folly till he be proved foolish. It would be difficult to prove a man foolish who keeps himself to himself, and never commits his tongue to the risk of an opinion.

A certain nobleman, some years ago, was conspicuous for his success in the world. He had been employed in the highest situations at home and abroad, without one discoverable reason for his selection, and without justifying the selection by one proof of administrative ability. Yet at each appointment, the public said—"A great gain to the Government! Superior man!" And when from each office he passed away, or rather passed imperceptibly onward towards office still more exalted, the public said—"A great loss to the Government! Superior man!" He was the most silent person I ever met. But when the first reasoners of the age would argue some knotty point in his presence, he would, from time to time, slightly elevate his eyebrows, gently shake his head, or, by a dexterous smile of significant complacency,

impress on you the notion how easily he could set those babblers right, if he would but condescend to give voice to the wisdom within him.

I was very young when I first met this Superior Man; and chancing the next day to call on the late Lord Durham, I said, in the presumption of early years, "I passed six mortal hours last evening in company with Lord ——. I don't think there is much in him!"

"Good heavens," cried Lord Durham, "how did you find that out? Is it possible that he could have—talked?"

The Pythagorean example set by the fortunate peer I have referred to, few can emulate to an equal abnegation of the hazardous faculty of speech. But the more a man, desirous to pass at a value above his worth, can contrast by dignified silence the garrulity of trivial minds, the more the world will give him credit for the wealth which he does not possess. When we see a dumb strong-box with its lid braced down in iron clasps, and secured by a jealous padlock, involuntarily we suppose that its contents must be infinitely more precious than the gauds and nicknacks which are unguardedly scattered about a lady's drawing-room. Who could believe that a box so rigidly locked had nothing in it but odds and ends, which would be just as safe in a handbox? When we analyse the virtue of a prudent silence, we gain a clue to other valuable secrets in the mystery of intellectual conduct. The main reason why silence is so efficacious an element of repute, is—1st, because of that magnification which proverbially belongs to the unknown; and, 2dly, because silence provokes no man's envy, and wounds no man's self-love. Hence the gifts congruous to, and concomitant with, the genius of taciturnity are—1st, that general gravity of demeanour which Rochefoucauld happily terms "the mystery of the body;" and, 2dly, an abstinence from all the shows and pretences by which one

man provokes the self-love of others in the arrogant parade of his own self-esteem.

He who, seeing how much Appearances govern the world, desires himself to achieve the rank of an Appearance, and obtain, as such, the credit that is accorded to the substance of merit, yet be as safe as a phantom against the assaults to which the substance is unavoidably exposed, will be duly mindful of the rules thus prescribed to his conduct of himself. His life will be as void as his talk of all aggressive brilliancy. His dress will be decorous—for a sloven invites ridicule; but studious of that plainness which disarms the jealousy of fops. His entertainments will be hospitable, his table good—for civilised man has the gratitude of the palate; but he will shun the ostentation which wounds the pride of the poor, and irritates the vanity of the rich. The guest should carry away with him the benignant reminiscence of a courteous reception and a savoury repast, with a heart unaggrieved by a mortifying pomp, and a digestion unspoilt by splenetic envy. Dante says of the valley in which his pilgrimage commences, *Dove il sol tace*—"Where the sun is silent." The sun of the Man superior to his deserts is always silent.

In his intellectual conduct, this admirable Personage thus on principle avoids making enemies. Extreme in nothing, and neutral whenever he can be so without giving offence, he is no violent party-man. Violent party-men are always ill-used by the chiefs of party; it is the moderate men whom the chiefs desire to secure; and even the antagonistic journals do not blame the Minister who rewards the seasonable vote of a judicious temporiser by the place he is not so rashly grateful as to bestow on a supporter indiscreetly enthusiastic. On the other hand, the Superior Man steers as clear from inconvenient friendships as from vindictive enmities. He confides to no one his infirmities or his sorrows; in his intervals of

bodily sickness he only complains to his physician; for infirmity and sorrow are indisputable evidences of our frail mortality, and as such they *deconsider* (may the Gallicism be pardoned) the idealised Appearance to which the mortal is refined. The sham or eidolon of a Superior Man cannot afford to be convicted of a weakness. He puts it into the power of no Pylades to say, "Poor Orestes, what a pity he should be so fond of that baggage Hermione!" The Superior Man sows only a plentiful crop of useful acquaintances. He is as much bound by his tenure of position to avoid sowing friends as the farmer was bound in old leases to abstain from sowing flax. Flax and friendship draw from the soil more nutriment than they give back to it.

The Superior Man is not one with whom you would take a liberty. You do not expect from him those trifling services which you ask from the man who permits you to consider him your friend; you do not write to him to hire you a house or engage you a servant; you never say of him, "The best creature alive!" Consequently he escapes all the taxes which social intercourse levies on the man who is weak enough to pay them. He is asked for nothing; so that when he gives something, unsolicited and of his own accord, his generosity is in all men's mouths.

To preserve this sublime independence from the claims of others, it is essential that the Superior Man should never be known to ask for anything for himself. Nor does he; he gets what he wants without asking: offers are made to him; the things he desires are pressed upon him; he accepts them—from a sense of duty! He is fond of the word Duty; it is often in his mouth; it is a word that offends nobody, and has in this an advantage over significants of merit more high sounding—such as Honour, Virtue, Morality, Religion. He owes a duty to himself—to make

the most of himself that he possibly can do. He discharges that duty—as if he were a martyr to the public.

The Superior Man never calumniates, never wantonly slanders another; but he never provokes hostility by admiring or by defending another. All men worthy of praise are sure to have powerful antagonists to whom the praise of them is offensive. To praise a great man is a challenge and an insult to those who decry. But why go out of one's way to take his part? Is he a great man? Then Posterity will do him justice; leave him to Posterity; Posterity can do you no harm. Besides, admiration of another is a half confession of inferiority in yourself. Who admires that which he possesses in a superior degree? The Superior Man, so long as he maintains himself an Appearance, possesses everything to a degree superior to those by whom anything is indiscreetly adventured. If he do not do so, it is for you to discover it, not for him to confess it. Usually, therefore, when the Superior Man speaks of a great man, it is with a delicate kindness, an exquisite indulgent compassion, that attests his own superiority. The veteran hero is "my poor old friend;" the rising statesman is "that clever young fellow—as times go!" The Superior man, whatever his birth, is in one respect at least always a

gentleman—in appearance. He is not cringing to the lofty—he is not rude to the lowly. He knows that the real Great World, with all its disparities, has at heart much of the democracy of a public school; and he avails himself of that truth to obtain, in a general well-bred way, the privileges of equality with all whom he shakes by the hand. This is to his advantage; for he so contrives it that those whose hands are of no use to him are contented with his gracious and cordial nod. The hands he shakes are the hands that help him to rise.

He is what the world calls "an Enlightened Man;" but, practical as well as enlightened, while he keeps up with his own time he never goes beyond it. What to him is all time after he shall have gone to his grave? "Me dead, the world is dead," saith the Italian proverb. Nor are his opinions known till as a Superior Man he is sure to be in his right place with the superior party. If this Christian people were to turn Mohammedan, so long as they were in a state of transition, the Superior Man would slip out of sight. You would hear nothing of him while saints were fighting and martyrs burning. But when the crisis was over, and St Paul's Cathedral was converted into the Grand Mosque, you would see him walking down the street, on his way to the temple, arm in arm with the Prime Minister.

NO. V.—ON SHYNESS.

Plutarch has an essay upon that defect which he calls *Dusopia* (*δυσωπία*)—a word signifying an unhappy facility of being put out of countenance—viz., shamefacedness—shyness. Plutarch seems to consider that *Dusopia* consisted chiefly in the difficulty of saying No; and has a stock of anecdotes illustrating the tragic consequences which may result from that pusillanimous characteristic of Shyness. It not only subjects us to the loss of our money

when a slippery acquaintance asks us for a loan which we are perfectly aware he never intends to repay, but sometimes life itself is the penalty of that cowardly shyness which cannot say No to a disagreeable invitation. Antipater was invited to an entertainment by Demetrius, and, feeling ashamed to evince distrust of a man whom he himself had entertained the day before, went forebodingly to the shambles. Polysperchon had been

bribed by Cassander to make away with Hercules, the young son whom Barsina bore to Alexander. Accordingly he invited Hercules to supper. So long as Hercules could get off the invitation by note or message, he valiantly excused himself; but when Polysperchon called in person, and said, burlily, "Why do you refuse my invitation?—Gods! can you suspect me of any design against your life?" poor Hercules was too shy to imply, by continued refusal, that such design was exactly what he suspected. Accordingly he suffered himself to be carried away, and in the midst of the supper was murdered.

Nowadays, Shyness does not entail on us a fate so lugubriously tragic. True, that a perfidious host does his best to poison us by a villanous *entrée*, or "the pure beverage" secured to us, by commercial treaty, at a shilling a bottle; still the effect is not usually mortal. Permitted to return home, we have a fair chance of recovery. The poison may be neutralised by sable antidotes, combining salts with senna; or scientifically withdrawn from the system, by applying an instrument, constructed on hydraulic principles, to the cavity assigned to digestive operations.

I do not, therefore, cite from Plutarch the fate of Hercules as a fair instance of the danger we may anticipate, if too shy to say No to an invitation which it oppresses the spirits to accept; but rather to notice, with a certain consolatory pride (being myself somewhat shy by original constitution), how much, in one peculiar development of Shyness, I resemble the son of Alexander the Great. That unfortunate prince could excuse himself from Polysperchon's odious invitation so long as Polysperchon did not urge it in person. Just like me! Send me an invitation to dinner to which I can reply by note or message, and if I wish to say "No," I can say it like a man; but invaded in my own house, or waylaid in the street, clapped on

the shoulder, accosted vigorously, with a hypocritical frankness, "Fie, my dear sir—not dine with me? What are you afraid of? Do you think I shall give you the Gladstone claret?"—then Dusopia seizes me at once; I succumb like the son of Alexander. And every man entitled to call himself Shy, would, if similarly pressed, prove as weak as Hercules and me.

Whole communities have been enslaved by Shyness. Plutarch quotes the saying that the people of Asia only submitted to a single despot because they were too bashful to pronounce the word No.

We ourselves, we sturdy English, were seized with that cowardly but well-bred Dusopia on the Restoration of Charles II. We became, all at once, too shy to ask for the smallest of those safeguards against absolute rule, for which we had just before been shedding our life-blood. It seemed so unmannerly to pester that pleasant young prince with the very business which would annoy him the most; it was so much more polite to trust our freedom to a man of such station, as a debt of honour between gentleman and gentleman, than to vulgarise a generous confidence to the mercantile formalities of a legal security. It was Shyness, and nothing else, that made the bashful conquerors in the Great Rebellion so delicately silent about themselves in the welcome they gave to the courteous and elegant exile. In fact, they have no other excuse; they were shy, and they shied away their liberties.

But the difficulty of saying No is not the only characteristic of Shyness, though it is, perhaps, of all characteristics, that which the Shy have most in common.

The shy man *par excellence*—the man inveterately, idiosyncratically shy—is exposed to perils at every angle of his sensitive many-sided conformation. His servants disregard him—he is too shy to tell them of their faults. His very friendships wound him—the very benefits he confers are so awkwardly given that

they are resented as injuries. He loses the object of his affection because he is too bashful to woo. He is snapt up by a masculine shrew, who insists upon having him because she foresees she can rule him. As soon as he is married, he is at his wife's mercy—a woman is seldom merciful to the man who is timid.

If he ever shine in a career, it is by sheer merit of so rare an order that it lights up its owner in spite of himself. But whether in the world or in his household, he weaves a solitude round him. He is shy to his very children. His new-born babe stares him out of countenance.

Providence, so mindful of all its creatures, bestows on the shy man two properties for self-defence. The first is dissimulation. As frankness is the very reverse of shyness, so to be uniformly shy is to be habitually secret. The poor wretch does not mean to be deceitful, but he cannot help it. He sometimes astounds those who think they know him best by what appears at the surface to be the blackest perfidy. He suffers annoyances to accumulate without implying by a word that he even feels them, until he can bear them no longer. Then suddenly he absconds, shuts himself up in some inaccessible fortress, and has recourse to his pen, with which, safe at distance, his shyness corrupts into ferocity. It was but the other day that a shy acquaintance of mine threw his family into consternation, by going off, none knew whither, and sending his lawyer with a deed of separation to the unsuspecting wife, who for ten years had tormented him without provoking a syllable of complaint.

Another safeguard to the shy man, is in the contagion of Shyness that he communicates to others. It is difficult not to feel shy, when brought in contact with the shy. They give you no opening to the business which you wish to transact with them. As Plutarch says, "they will not look you in the face." It seems, while you talk, as

if they suspected you to be a pick-pocket. Therefore, unconsciously to yourself, but from your natural desire to prove yourself an honest man, you soften in their favour the terms you would otherwise have proposed. Nor is this all: for if they have certain claims to respect, natural or acquired, such as high birth, superior wealth, reputation for learning, sanctity, or genius, their timidity inspires you with awe. You mistake it for pride. The atmosphere around them, if withering to cordial friendship, is equally repellant of intrusive presumption. They take liberties with no one; it would be a monstrous impertinence to take liberties with them. These, unquestionably, are safeguards to a creature otherwise helpless. The self-conservation of bold animals is in boldness; of timid, in timidity.

I have been treating here of the man incorrigibly, permanently shy. But a large proportion of us are shy in early life, and cease to be so as we live on; and many of us remain, to a certain degree, shy to the last, but not so shy as to be emphatically shy.

In youth our individual position is uncertain and dubious. Be our birth ever so ancient, our fortune ever so large, still our own personal merit remains to be assessed, and a proud or sensitive nature will be desirous of an approbation for something distinct from a pedigree or a rent-roll. Nay, amongst the young, in England especially, Shyness will be found more prevalent with the high-born than the plebeian. The plebeian, who has in him the force and desire to shoulder his own way through the crowd, more often errs by the rude eagerness to combat, than the refining anxiety to please.

Vigorous competition is the best cure for a morbid excess of Shyness. Thus, it is noticeable that the eldest sons of good family are generally more shy than the younger—and probably shy in proportion as they feel within themselves merits distinct from their social advantages,

but which they are not compelled to test betimes like their younger brothers. But high rank is in England so generally associated with the discharge of public duties, that if these elder sons be born to pre-eminent stations, their shyness will often wear away, when their faculties are called into exercise by the very inheritance which deprives them of the stimulus of gain, but, bringing them at once before the criticism of public opinion, supplies a motive for coveting public esteem. A great proprietor doubles his influence in his county if he be active or beloved. In the House of Lords itself, a baron and a duke meet foot to foot upon equal terms; and if the baron prove himself the better man of the two, he will be the weightier peer. Thus many a young noble, oppressively shy while he is nothing but a young noble, becomes self-composed and self-confident when he succeeds to his inheritance, and has to show what there is in him, not as noble alone, but as man.

To come back to Plutarch—Shyness has its good qualities, and has only its bad when it is *Dusopia* in excess. "We must prune it with care," says our philosopher, "so as only to remove the redundant branches, and not injure the stem, which has its root in the generous sensitiveness to shame."

A certain degree of shyness in early life is, indeed, not the invariable, but still the most frequent, concomitant of that desire of esteem which is jealous of honour, or that love of glory which concentrates genius on objects worthy of renown.

I grant, indeed, that merit is not always modest. When a man has unmistakably done a something that is meritorious, he must know it; and he cannot in his heart undervalue that something, otherwise he would never have strained all his energies to do it. But till he has done it, it is not sure that he can do it; and if, relying upon what he fancies to be genius, he does not take as much pains as if he were dull, the probability is that he will not do it

at all. Therefore merit not proved is modest; it covets approbation, but is not sure that it can win it. And while thus eager for its object, and secretly strengthening all its powers to achieve it by a wise distrust of unproved capacities, and a fervent admiration for the highest models, merit is tremulously shy.

Akin, indeed, with Shyness, more lasting—often as strong in the zenith of a career as at its commencement—is a certain nervous susceptibility,—a perpetual comparison between one's own powers and some ideal standard of excellence which one can never wholly attain, but towards which one is always striving. "Every wyse man," says Roger Ascham, with a meaning not less profound for the paradox that appears on the surface—"every wyse man that wysely would learn anything, shall chiefly go about that whereunto he knoweth well that he shall never come." And the old scholar explains his dogma thus:—

"In every crafte there is a perfect excellency, which may be better known in a man's mind than followed in a man's dede. This perfectnesse, because it is generally layed as a broad wyde example afore all men, no one particular man is able to compasse; and as it is general to all men, so it is perpetual for all time, which proveth it a thing for man impossible,—although not for the capacities of his thinking, which is heavenleye, yet surely for the ability of our workings, which is worldly." And this quaint precursor and foreshadower of the German philosopher's æsthetic archetype, proceeds to argue that this ideal "perfectnesse" prevents despair; "for no man being so perfect but what another may be better, every man may be encouraged to take more pains than his fellows."

Now, I apprehend that the ideal excellence thus admirably described is always present to the contemplation of the highest order of genius, and tends to quicken and perpetu-

ate the nervous susceptibility, which inspires courage while it seems like fear.

Nervousness, to give the susceptibility I speak of its familiar name, is perhaps the quality which great orators have the most in common. I doubt whether there has been any public speaker of the highest order of eloquence who has not felt an anxiety or apprehension, more or less actually painful, before rising to address an audience upon any very important subject on which he has meditated beforehand. This nervousness will, indeed, probably be proportioned to the amount of previous preparation, even though the necessities of reply or the changeful temperament which characterises public assemblies may compel the orator to modify, alter, perhaps wholly reject, what, in previous preparation, he had designed to say. The fact of preparation itself had impressed him with the dignity of the subject—with the responsibilities that devolve on an advocate from whom much is expected, on whose individual utterance results affecting the interests of many may depend. His imagination had been roused and warmed, and there is no imagination where there is no sensibility. Thus the orator had mentally surveyed, as it were, at a distance, the loftiest height of his argument; and now, when he is about to ascend to it, the awe of the altitude is felt.

According to traditions, despite the majestic self-possession Lord Macaulay truly ascribes to the tenor of his life, Mr Pitt was nervous before rising to speak; hence, perhaps, his recourse to stimulants. A surgeon, eminent in Brighton, some years ago told me that when he was a shopboy in London, he used to bring to Mr Pitt the dose of laudanum and sal-volatile which the great statesman habitually took before speaking. The laudanum perhaps hurt his constitution more than the port wine, which he drank by the bottle; the wine might be necessary to sustain the physical

spirits lowered by the laudanum. Mr Fox was nervous before speaking; so, I have heard, was Lord Plunket. A distinguished member of the Whig party, now no more, and who was himself one of the most sensitive of men and one of the most attractive of orators, told me that once in the House of Commons, he had crossed over to speak to Mr Canning on some question of public business, a little time before the latter delivered one of his most remarkable speeches; and on taking the hand Mr Canning extended to him, he exclaimed, "I fear you are ill, your hand is so cold and damp." "Is it?" answered Canning, smiling; "so much the better: that shows how nervous I am; I shall speak well to-night." Mr Stapylton remarks how perceptible to those familiar with Mr Canning was the difference in his aspect and manner before and after one of his great orations; and a very clever French writer upon the Art of Oratory compares the anguish (*angoisse*) which oppresses the mind of a public speaker while burdened with the sense of some great truth that he is charged to utter, with the joyous elation of spirit that follows the relief from the load.

The truth is, that nervousness is sympathetic. It imparts a strange magnetic affinity with the audience; it redoubles the orator's attention to the effect he is producing on his audience; it quickens his self-possession, it stimulates his genius, it impresses on those around him a fellow-feeling, for it evinces earnestness, and earnestness is the soul of oratory—the link between the lips of one and the hearts of many. Round an orb that is self-luminous the atmosphere always quivers. When a man does not feel nervous before rising, he may certainly make an excellent sensible speech, but let him not count on realising the higher success which belongs to great orators alone.

In speeches thoroughly impromptu, in which the mind of the

speaker has not had leisure to brood over what he is called upon suddenly to say, the nervousness either does not exist or is much less painfully felt; because then the speaker has not set before his imagination some ideal perfection to which he desires to attain, and of which he fears to fall short. And this I take to be the main reason why speakers who so value themselves on readiness that they never revolve beforehand what they can glibly utter, do not rise beyond mediocrity. To no such speaker has posterity accorded the name of orator. The extempore speaker is not an orator, though the orator must of necessity be, whenever occasion calls for it, an extempore speaker. Extemporaneous speaking is, indeed, the groundwork of the orator's art; preparation is the last finish, and the most difficult of all his accomplishments. To learn by heart as a schoolboy, or to prepare as an orator, are two things not only essentially different, but essentially antagonistic to each other; for the work most opposed to an effective oration is an elegant essay.

As with the orator, so, though in a less degree, it is with the writer—indeed, with all intellectual aspirants. The author, whatever he attempts, from an epic to an epigram, should set before his ambition that “perfect excellency which is better known in a man's mind than followed in a man's dede.” Aim at the highest, and at least you soar; but the moment you set before yourself an ideal of excellence, you are as subject to diffidence as, according to Roger Ascham, you are freed from despair. Emulation, even in the brutes, is sensitively “nervous.” See the tremor of the thoroughbred racer before he starts. The dray-horse does not tremble, but he does not emulate. It is not his work to win a race. Says Marcus Antoninus, “It is all one to a stone whether it be thrown upwards or downwards.” Yet the emulation of a man of genius is seldom with his contemporaries,—that is, in-

wardly in his mind—although outwardly, in his acts, it would seem so. The competitors with whom his secret ambition seeks to vie are the dead. Before his vision rise all the masters of the past in the art to which he devotes his labour. If he forget them to study his contemporaries, he is undone—he becomes a plagiarist. From that which time has made classical we cannot plagiarise. The spirit of our own age compels us to be original, even where we imitate the forms of an age gone by. Molière cannot plagiarise from Terence and Plautus, nor Racine from Euripides, nor Pope from Horace, nor Walter Scott from the old Border Minstrels. Where they imitate they reproduce. But we cannot reproduce what is actually living. We cannot reproduce our contemporaries; we can but copy them if we take them as our models. The desire of excellence is the necessary attribute of those who excel. We work little for a thing unless we wish for it. But we cannot of ourselves estimate the degree of our success in what we strive for—that task is left to others. With the desire for excellence comes, therefore, the desire for approbation. And this distinguishes intellectual excellence from moral excellence; for the latter has no necessity of human tribunal; it is more inclined to shrink from the public than to invite the public to be its judge. To the aspirants to moral good the *vox populi* is not the *vox Dei*. The Capitol has no laurel crowns for their brows; enough for them if they pass over earth unobserved, silently educating themselves for heaven. There are natures so happily constituted that they are moved irresistibly to good by an inborn affinity to goodness; for some souls, like some forms, are born into the world, beautiful, and take as little apparent pains as do beautiful forms to increase or preserve beauty. They have but to maintain health by the way of life most in harmony with their organisation, and their beauty endures to

the last ; for old age has a beauty of its own, even in the physical form ; and the Moral Beautiful gradually becomes venerable without even losing its bloom.

But these natures are exceptions to the ordinary law of our race, which proportions the moral worth of a man, as it does the worth of a work from his hand, to the degree of skilled labour by which he has transformed into new shapes the original raw material. And labour needs motive ; and motive implies reward.

To moral excellence there are two rewards, neither of which is bestowed by the loud huzzas of the populace ; one within the conscience—one far out of reach, beyond the stars.

But for intellectual excellence, man asks first a test, and next a reward, in the praise of his fellow-men.

Therefore the love of human approbation is at the root of all those sustained labours by which man works out his ideal of intellectual excellence ; at least so generally, that we need not care to count the exceptions. During the later stages of a great career, that love of approbation, in a mind well disciplined, often ceases to be perceptible, chiefly because it has become too habitually familiar to retain distinctness. We are, then, as little acutely sensible of the pervading force of the motive, as, while in health, we are sensible of the beats of our pulse and the circulation of our blood. But there it still is, no less ;—*there*, in the pulse, in the blood. A cynic or a misanthrope may disown it ; but if he have genius, and the genius urge him to address men even in vindication of misanthropy and cynicism, he is inevitably courting the approbation which he pretends to scorn. As Cicero says with quiet irony, "The authors who affect contempt for a name in the world, put their names to the books which they invite the world to read." But to return to my starting-point—The desire of approbation will be accom-

panied by that nervous susceptibility which, however well disguised, is inseparable from the vibrating oscillation between hope and fear. And this nervousness in things not made mechanically familiar by long practice, will be in proportion to the height of a man's own standard of excellence, and the care with which he measures the difficulties that interpose between a cherished conception and a worthy execution of design.

Out of this nervousness comes the Shyness common to all youth, where it aspires to excel and fears to fail.

It follows, from what I have said, that those races are the most active, have accomplished the greatest marvels of energy, and, on the whole, exhibit the highest standard of public honesty in administrative departments, to which the national character of Shyness is generally accorded, distinct from its false counterfeit—Pride.

For the best guarantee for honesty is a constant sense of responsibility, and that sense is rendered lively and acute by a certain anxious diffidence of self—which is—Shyness. And again, it is that diffidence which makes men take pains to win and deserve success—stimulates energy and sustains perseverance.

The Turk is proud, not shy ; he walks the world, or rather lets the world walk by him, serene in his self-esteem. The Red Indian is proud, not shy ; his dignity admits of no *Dusopia*—is never embarrassed nor taken by surprise. But the Turk and the Red Indian do not improve ; and when civilisation approaches them, it is rather to corrupt than enlighten. The British race are shy, to a proverb. And what shore does not bear the stamp of their footstep ? What boundary in the regions of intellect has yet satisfied their ardour of progress ? Ascham's ideal of perfectness is in the mind of the whole nation.

To desire to do something, not only as well as it can be done, but

better than we can do it—to feel to exaggeration all our own natural deficiencies towards the doing of it—to resolve by redoubled energy and perseverance to extract from art whatever may supply those deficiencies in nature—this is the surest way to become great—this is the character of the English race—this should be the character of an English genius.

But he who thus feels, thus desires, and thus resolves, will keep free from rust those mainsprings of action—the sensibility to shame, and the yearning towards perfection. It is the elasticity of the watch-spring that renders it the essential principle to the mechanism of the watch; but elasticity is only the property of solid bodies to recover, after yielding to pressure, their former shape. The mind which retains to the last youth's quick sus-

ceptibility to disgrace and to glory, retains to the last the power to resume the shape that it wore in youth. Cynicism is old at twenty. Impudence has no elasticity. If you care no more than the grasshopper for the favour of gods and the reverence of men, your heart has the age of Tithonus, though your cheek have the bloom of Achilles. But if, even alone in your room or a desert, you could still blush or turn pale at the thought of a stain on your honour—if your crest still could rise, your pulse quicken, at the flash of some noble thought or brave deed—then you have the heart of Achilles, though at the age of Tithonus. There is a certain august shamefacedness—the Romans called it *PUDOR*—which, under hairs white as snow, preserves the aspect of youth to all personations of honour, of valour, of genius.

THE LIVES OF TWO LADIES.

Few questions, incapable of direct demonstration, have given the world so much trouble, or, at least, have occasioned so much discussion and expenditure of words, as that most evident, yet most subtle difference between men and women, which most rational people are thoroughly conscious of, but which very few, on either side, have managed to define without rising into arbitrary judgment or falling into misty vagueness. To discriminate the real difference which lies between them, yet to acknowledge and allow for the broader human identity which often temporarily confounds that difference, is matter apparently too difficult for ordinary observers. A distinction so delicate, so important, so apparent, yet so indescribable, is precisely such as tempts the superficial philosopher into making sharp lines of division which have no existence in nature. All of us know very well by actual experience that

there are women whose hard lot lies in the heat of the life-battle, and whose hands are burdened with the heaviest labours and responsibilities proper to a man's career in the world—all of us know that there are men almost more tender, charitable, and beneficent than it is a woman's vocation to prove herself. The line of separation is confused by many an anomaly, and often lost, not only in the contradictoriness of life, but in the sweeping tide of universal human nature which by times floods over all distinctions. Nevertheless, there it remains, always reasserting itself. We are aware of a different atmosphere when we step out of that world of men where popular admiration finds its heroes, into the smaller and daintier hemisphere where—altogether independent of act and deed, possessors of a more ethereal reputation—are congregated those women who have

outlived contemporary applauses, and received enfeoffment into the homage of the world.

Of such, yet of the very opposite extremities of such, as different from each other as it is possible to imagine two human creatures living at the same time to be, are the two women, Mrs Delany and Mrs Thrale, who have lately been represented to the public. Whether we are ever likely to come to an end of the domestic and personal records of their long-winded century, it seems impossible to predict; but here, out of that age, so short a way removed from us in reality, but so utterly far off—further off than the Gothic distances of medieval times—have just arisen, in a clearer personality than before, these two recognisable figures, already by name and character as well known to us as if they had been country-neighbours or fellow-townfolk of our immediate sphere. Many an English family which lives in contented and total ignorance of its neighbour family next door, knows Mrs Delany almost as well as if she had been gossip at its christenings, and lent her authority to its social ambitions; and scores of persons, ignorant enough of their own kith and kin, would blush to be supposed unacquainted with the lady of Streatham, the afflicted wife and gay widow, whose second marriage still awakens among us almost as keen a discussion as though we had all entered personally into the squabble, and warned and denounced the culprit. If this intimate acquaintance with posterity is in any sense to be called fame, it has come to these two ladies without any special effort on their part. They were not women of genius; they were not “working” women; they neither wrote books nor organised public movements. On the face of things they had no personal claim whatever to the recognition of any, even the contemporary age which enjoyed their sprightly conversations, admired their good looks, and criti-

cised their follies. It is not even enough to say that it was their association with distinguished men which brought them out so clearly before the eyes of the world, for others of the same circle have passed out of human ken, and even Fanny Burney, whose history helps to throw light upon theirs, has not been able to interest the world in her own personal chronicle, and becomes unrecognisable under the name of her marriage, to know the particulars of which no human creature cares two straws. But we were all born into acquaintance with those two other women who were not authoresses. We have all known from our cradle the benign old lady at Windsor with whom old King George and his virtuous Queen drank tea, and heard the echoes of that hubbub through which the brewer's widow hastened to her second nuptials. It would be difficult to tell upon what grounds this permanent reputation has been built. But the fact is undeniable; and it forms a remarkable illustration of the nature of female fame. Nobody will deny that women have now and then, especially within the last hundred years, snatched scanty bays out of the hands of time. But it is not greatness of intellect, nor power of production, nor genius in any demonstration, which raises such a star as that of Mrs Delany into the historical firmament. She did nothing but pretty efforts of female ingenuity—said nothing very distinctly brilliant—yet there she shines calmly over the heads of the Carters, Rowes, and Montagus, in tender, individual celebrity. Is it that some natural instinct of humanity points out as the perfection of her sex, the appreciative sympathetic woman, whose business it is to comprehend, to perceive, to quicken the eye and ear of society with that bright and sweet intelligence which, in the most subtle, imperceptible way, leads, and forms, and refines public opinion, and brings genius and excellence into fashion? or is it, as

some fond female fanatics would have us believe, that the jealousy of man, which keeps down the gifted among women, gladly compounds by elevating now and then a feminine celebrity whose claims can never come into rivalry with his own? Most people will believe the first solution of the mystery to be the true one, though it is somewhat at war with modern conclusions; and to make the problem the clearer, here stands forth Lady Llanover* to convince us, once for all, that the reputation of her venerable relative sprang, not from genius or commanding gifts of any kind, but was the spontaneous tribute of one generation's love, admiration, and homage, handed down to posterity with a certain indescribable independence of any actual foundation—differing in some ineffable fashion not to be put into words from the hard-earned renown of heroes and great men, yet warm with a tender personal sentiment beyond the reach of loftier laurels, the quintessence of female fame.

Mrs Delany was born with the eighteenth century, a penniless but high-descended maiden, by name Mary Granville, the child of a younger son, and member of a family affectionate and faithful to each other, but forced, like other unendowed families, to consider each their own interests, and early to set about the difficult business of providing for themselves. That grievance which still afflicts woman-kind, and of which so many voices now make their complaint, the hard fate which limits a young woman of condition to the sole profession of marriage as a means of making her fortune, was treated with much less squeamishness in Mary Granville's days, when the matter was publicly recognised and acknowledged, and good matches were sought, not by insidious wiles of female fascination, but by honest and unconcealed arrangement. Hard

and dismal, however, was the experience of this young daughter of the eighteenth century. In the innocent family home which she describes with much quaint grace and simplicity in an autobiographical sketch which reads like so many chapters from the *Spectator*, following the common usage of unsophisticated girlhood, she found her first love in another girl a little older than herself, afterwards distinguished for her mental powers and gift of letterwriting, and who came to bear the ominous name of Mrs Chapone, although only the mother-in-law of the fatal Mrs Chapone whose letters have aggravated so many generations of luckless maidens. It was in Gloucestershire, in the quiet of a country house, which at first dismayed the young exile of fifteen, who had been brought there from an early initiation into the delights of London, that Mary Granville found this congenial spirit in a neighbouring parsonage; and in the friendship of Sally, afterwards dignified by the title of Sappho, found solace in her rural life. "We wrote to one another every day," says the old lady, recalling with fresh heart the days of her youth, "and met in the fields between our fathers' houses as often as we had an opportunity, thought that day tedious that we did not meet, and had many stolen interviews." "By the improvement she has since made," adds the autobiographer, with old-fashioned courtliness, "I see she was not, at my first acquaintance, the perfect creature I thought her then." Here, in the two sweet years between fifteen and seventeen, in the society of this perfectly approved companion, in a home refined by high-breeding and courtly knowledge, looking out from embowered windows which commanded "a very advantageous view of the finest vale in England—the Vale of Evesham"—a scene than which "nothing could be more fra-

* *Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs Delany.* Edited by the Right Hon. LADY LLANOVER, Bentley.

grant and rural," the girl spent her innocent life. She had an arbour in "a copse of young elms (the resort of many warbling birds)," through which "a little clear brook ran winding, and fell with a cascade into the garden, completing the concert." A little Watteau sketch, or rather a sketch worthy of a tenderer pencil, in its sweet naturalness, just dashed with a quaint fashion and conventionality like a vignette from Stothard. The young creature had her lover, too, as was natural—her lover, a young country squire, whom she did not love, but smiles upon out of her old age with a certain tenderness, such as women never fail to bestow, when they are old, upon their early worshippers. Out of this sweet early idyll, with all its quaint accessories—the artificial Arcadian accompaniments which, in the copse of young elms with the sixteen-year-old heroine must have made very near as true an Arcadia, in spite of powder and patches, as can easily be found in this commonplace world—poor Mary Granville was plucked suddenly into all the horrors of her fate.

She was but seventeen when her father's elder brother, the head of the family, Lord Lansdowne, sent an invitation to his pretty niece. She was received at his country-house with all the affectionate compliments of the time; and in the company of her uncle and his wife, a handsome and gay woman of fashion, in a house where there was "a great deal of company—we danced every night, and had a very good band of music in the house"—the girl naturally enough came to believe that "my present state and future prospects were as happy as the world could make them." But soon a dreadful light of reality was to dispel the mists of that youthful delusion. When the gay party were at dinner one rainy day, a sudden visitor was announced, whom the bland diplomatist uncle hailed with delighted surprise as an unexpected guest.

"I expected to have seen somebody with the appearance of a gentleman," writes the victim, looking back over a lifetime with a shudder of natural horror at that unlooked-for crisis of her fate, "when the poor, old, dripping, almost drowned Gromio was brought into the room, like Hob out of the well, his wig, his coat, his dirty boots, his large unwieldy person, and his crimson countenance, were all subjects of great mirth and observation to me." She "diverted" herself at his expense, as was natural, and was assisted by the young gallants of the party, unsuspecting of the doom which impended over her head; but that doom became too apparent to be long laughed at. The frightened creature saw at last that this rustical old clown was the husband whom her kind relatives had chosen for her. She tried all her girlish wiles in vain to disgust the man for whom she had formed "an invincible aversion," was rude to him, made no secret of her repugnance, and attempted pitiful appeals to the hard-hearted well-meaning friends who were imposing upon her a destiny so horrible. "I passed two months with dreadful apprehensions—apprehensions too well grounded. I assure you the recollection of this part of my life makes me tremble at this day," cries the old lady, looking across a life, which had, nevertheless, had its full share of happiness, at the forlorn young thing, seventeen years old, making her little stand of desperation in that hopeless battle. But it was all in vain. Such things happen still, no doubt, perhaps will happen always, as long as marrying and giving in marriage is the rule of the world; but the high ground taken up by poor Mary Granville's relations is a greater novelty than her sacrifice. Her uncle rounded his arguments in favour of the fat and gouty bridegroom by declaring, "how despicable I should be if I could refuse him because he was not young and handsome;" while on every side it

seemed to be admitted that a young woman who refused a good match on the score of "unsurmountable dislike" and total incompatibility, was in fact an indelicate and forward young person, knowing a great deal more about the subject than an innocent girl had any right to know. Thus bullied, the poor child of course gave way, as most girls not possessed of invincible patience and inveterate honesty would do. Her tender father and mother came to the marriage, and benignly shut their eyes to the utter wretchedness of the unfortunate bride. She, poor soul, telling the story long after this melancholy phase of her life was over, is quietly apologetic of her misery, as if it were in itself something to be ashamed of, and evidently feels that she did her duty, though at the cost of everything that made life agreeable, in submitting to this revolting marriage. She went to the country in despairing resignation with the old man, who, like Robin Gray, was, to start with, "a good man" to the melancholy girl. And the young Mrs Pendarves was better off than her homely prototype in the ballad. There was fortunately no Jamie in the case; she had not the sharper anguish of a living love to aggravate her disgust and weariness through the irksome years that followed; when she walked like a pensive young Diana, keeping her spotless garments from the soils of that gay world. Alarmed by an early ebullition of the old man's jealousy, and fortified by the purity of youth, that sweet, unpassionate, unawakened calm—which perhaps makes such a lot less horrible at seventeen than it would be at five-and-twenty—she came through some of the strange encounters in which old novels abound, and which sound so apocryphal nowadays, with faith and fame unblemished,—a model wife and woman. But perhaps Mrs Pendarves does not dislike to tell what tricks were resorted to, to obtain an interview with her, nor how steadily she held her way

through the flatteries and blandishments of that intriguing and corrupt society. But though she remembers and chronicles the vain suits addressed to her, it is evident that the heart of the sad young wife remained untouched in that sweet youthful severity with which she moved along the encumbered way—not always by the side of her hideous husband, who had returned, as she says, to other society than hers, and lived a life of alternate dissipation and illness. It is a pretty sight to see the pretty young creature in her pensive matron dignity, all alone and unprotected, keeping her heart pure through the disgusts and the temptations of such a life. But the picture is fortunately one which belongs to her century, and not to ours. We will not fly in Mr Thackeray's face so far as to say that such connections exist no longer, and that no noble lord or needy gentleman exacts such a sacrifice of his daughter. But, happily, that pale wife, placed in so many exciting *situations*, beset with temptation and flattery, with always an implication of the possibility of fall, and the climax of female shame and dishonour shadowing upon her martyr path, is not a heroine of ours. We leave the piquant charms of such a position to the fancy of our neighbours across the Channel. Its dangers are too startling, its dismal desecration of the sanctuary of existence too hideous, to please the wholesome English appetite. We have given over inventing such stories; here the tale is true, and told by the delicate voice of the sufferer after she has long escaped from those degrading perils. But to say that it reads like so many chapters out of the *Spectator*, with its quaint Gromios, Alcanders, and Germanicos, is to speak its full excuse and justification. An Englishwoman, born in 1800 instead of 1700, could not, or would not, have chronicled such a history; but for a contemporary and correspondent of Swift, it is natural; and it throws another distinct personal

light upon the Frenchest of all English ages—the grand epoch of gossip and scandal, of fineness and of brutality.

Curious lights gleam on every side from this female book, upon the questions in which women have the strongest interest. Here love—which is the chief business of a woman's life, according to most modern authorities—has scarcely a recognised place at all amid the crowd of gaieties and festive assemblies supposed to be most conducive to it. When it appears at all in honour, it is when some mad boy of twenty sets his foolish heart upon a full-blown beauty old enough to be his mother, or when some old man, equally mad, mumbles adoration to a reluctant girl. These fair, virtuous, cultivated women, the flower of their generation, have little to say to the doubtful divinity. When they are suitably married, it is with a mild equanimity and friendship that they regard the partner of their life. He is *mon ami* to his calm consort. She addresses her female friends with passionate regard, but composes herself in the presence of her lord. It is true that the young widow, when she has escaped the loathsome bonds of her first marriage, implies with delicate touches a silent preference for a certain dangle lord, who haunts her steps for a number of years, and keeps her on that tiptoe of expectation for the always deferred *eclaircissement*, which has lately been found of so much use in the construction of three-volume novels. But it is with the most fastidious reticence that Mrs Delany tells the story of this unlucky and protracted flirtation, which never came to anything; and she is the only one of her virtuous and amiable coterie who owns to any such weakness. In those loving letters which continually pass among them, the *grande passion* is clearly at a discount. Amid unlimited gossip, and talk about a crowd of personages often disguised in nicknames, not one of all these female letterwriters

divulges any tender secret to the ear of her bosom friend. When Anne Granville, Mrs Delany's sister, begins to think of changing her condition, she writes, with laudable prudence and good sense, to inquire into the character and estate of the bridegroom who has been recommended to her, and at no time professes to expect more than an *equality of sentiments and mutual good opinion* between herself and her future husband. This lady, evidently a woman of sense and spirit, calmly declares that she "thinks a *chez nous* with a man of sense and worth preferable to the unsettled life she now leads, and being continually divided in her heart what friend to remain with;" and on this placid basis, being at the time unacquainted with the equally calm candidate for her hand, proceeds to build her domestic happiness. Such were the sentiments a hundred years ago of the innermost heart of society. Yet the good people seem to have been happy in their way—happy enough to bear banishment into the country, and absence from all the drums, ridottos, and other fashionable diversions to which, under other circumstances, they honestly, and without any affectation of indifference, devoted themselves. Kindness, mild friendship, and affection, equality of sentiments, whatever that may signify, and mutual good opinion, reigned between the placid pairs; while the wife, whom modern ideas and interpreters would represent as wretched in this meagre union—the wife found in a circle of enthusiastic female friends, that passionate and tender love which had nothing to do with those commonplace matrimonial bonds. What, on the other hand, the husband might do for the refreshment of his heart, is not entered upon in this book, which is essentially a female book, the record not of one, but of several lives of women. No fictitious representation of the age, no mere general history, could give so fair an insight into that world

within the world, that secret influence and impulse of society. In these early volumes there rises before us a female clique, not to be despised in any point of view; some five or six women, the best of their age, unblamable, sweethearted, students and scholars in their way, full in the current of life, knowing and meeting on equal terms the leading spirits of the time. They rise distinct, one by one, in Lady Llanover's gatherings; their letters now and then dignified by quaint artificial reflections, by far the most part filled, like the park, or one of their own assembly rooms, with crowds of passing figures—my lord this and my lady that; or, more quaintly still, with mysterious nummers, under incomprehensible names, moving in inarticulate dumb show across the crowded canvass, communicating nothing except the general scope of the writer's mind and fashion of the time to the bewildered reader. The correspondence of a couple of schoolgirls writing harmless secrets to each other of their own friends and lovers, under childish nicknames, would, it is impossible to deny, be quite as edifying and as intelligible as many of the Duchess of Portland's affectionate epistles, which perhaps Lady Llanover had some occult reason, not visible to the ordinary reader, for dragging into unprovoked print. But these innocent communications, as well as the more characteristic letters of Mrs Delany and her sister, open out the detail of the astonishing picture. It is not scandal which circulates among the gentle sisterhood; it is *news*, genuine and undiluted—news such as, alas! with newspaper correspondents in every region of the world, and a *Times* every morning to breakfast, has become an impossible and unlooked-for luxury. And it is wonderful to look out of this rude human atmosphere, thrilling with troubles and momentary joys, into that calm cheerful old world, where passion and agony are unknown, and where gentle emotions, too well

bred to disturb any existing decorum, go velvet shod over the carpeted universe. The Duchess and her ladies are far from being hard-hearted. They are, on the contrary, Lady Bountifuls, each in her sphere; good wives, good mothers, loving friends; but the composure of the gentle souls is exemplary. Few tears gleam through those records of years; when they lose the dearest of their relations, they write that they have too much confidence in each other's reason to doubt a speedy recovery of the disturbed tranquillity. The sorest disappointment that afflicts them is when their Kitty's letters do not turn up on the appointed morning; the warmest delight they feel is when that beloved Kitty herself is likely to visit her longing friends. Few motherly raptures break into those mild epistles, and no foolish wifely triumph in public success or domestic tenderness ever lights them up. Friendship alone attunes their placid voices to a warmer strain; and when vulgar love is to be represented in the best light, it is the perfect friendship to be found in marriage upon which the writer insists; though that perfect friendship seems a matter-of-fact affair enough in comparison with the tender passion which every Kitty lavishes upon her Nanelia, the friend of her bosom. How they praise each other, that fair female band! how they live in each other's smiles! how they communicate patterns and sentiments, and the news, which is so honestly dear to all!

The correspondence in Lady Llanover's first series of vast volumes, concentrates in the communications which pass between Mrs Pendarves, her sister, Mrs Dewes, the Duchess of Portland, and Lady Throckmorton, all of them at the height of life and apparent happiness, and as little abstract or philosophical as could be desired. Their lively talk, their perpetual occupation, the crowd of gentle interests and ingenious labours

which keep them happy, might be studied with advantage by the morbid heroines of modern days; but admirable and exemplary as is the whole, it is impossible to restrain a little wonder at the amazing tranquillity of these gentle lives.

The special subject of this biography—if biography it can be called—was not yet, however, done with the more ordinary vicissitudes of human existence. Mrs Pendarves in her lively middle age, amid her sweet circle of friends, her perpetual engagements, and pretty incessant industry, was addressed by a courtly and delicate old lover, whose letter, containing his proposal of marriage, puts a climax upon all the quaint half-conventional, yet altogether real enthusiasms of friendship, in which the solace of her life had been. The “perfect friendship” which Dr Delany offers to the fair, but no longer young widow, is pleasantly enlivened with a little loverlike anxiety and solicitude to know “his fate,” a matter which at fifty-nine could scarcely be in any very alarming uncertainty; and conveys, besides, an impression of real tenderness, almost as interesting in its way as more youthful passion. Nothing in the book is better than this love-letter of old age, which we quote in its integrity. The acquaintance between the two had been made on the occasion of a long visit paid by Mrs Pendarves to Ireland, during the lifetime of Dr Delany’s first wife.

“DUNSTABLE, April 23, 1743.

“MADAM,—I am thus far on my way to wait on my friends in London. I hoped to have reached St Alban’s to-night, and Sir Clement Cottrel Dormer’s (who has kindly invited me to reside with him) on Monday at noon; but am prevented, partly by the badness of the weather, and partly by the spleen of an humorist—a valetudinarian fellow-traveller. You, madam, are not a stranger to my present unhappy situation, and that it pleased God to desolate my dwelling: I flatter myself that I have still a heart turned to social delights, and not estranged either from the tenderness of true affection, or the refinement of friendship. I feel a sad

void in my breast, and am reduced to the necessity of wishing to fill it. I have lost a friend that was as my own soul, and nothing is more natural than to desire to supply that loss by the person in the world, that friend most esteemed and honoured; and as I have been long persuaded that perfect friendship is nowhere to be found but in marriage, I wish to perfect mine in that state. I know it is late in life to think of engaging anew in that state in the beginning of my fifty-ninth year. I am old, and I appear older than I am; but, thank God, I am still in health, though not bettered by years; and however the vigour of life may be over, and with that *vigour of vanity* and the flutter of passion, I find myself not less fitted for all that is solid happiness in the wedded state—the tenderness of affection and the faith of friendship.

“I have a good clear income for my life: a trifle to settle, which I am only ashamed to offer; a good house (as houses go in our part of the world) moderately furnished, a good many books, a pleasant garden (better, I believe, than when you saw it), &c. Would to God I might have leave to lay them all at your feet.

“You will, I hope, pardon me the presumption of this wish when I assure you it is noway blemished by the vanity of thinking them worthy of your acceptance; but as you have seen the vanities of the world to satiety, I allowed myself to indulge a hope that a retirement at this time of life, with a man whose turn of mind is not foreign from your own (and for that *only* reason not unworthy of you)—a man who knows your worth, and honours you as much as he is capable of honouring anything that is mortal—might not be altogether abhorrent from the views of your humble and unearthly wisdom. This I am sure of, that if you reject my humble and unworthy offering, your humility will not let you do it with disdain; and if you condescend to accept it, the goodness of your nature, and generosity of your heart, will prompt you to do it in a way most becoming your own dignity, and the security of my eternal esteem and inexpressible gratitude; at all events, let me not be impaired in the honour of your friendship, since it is impossible I can cease to be, with the truest veneration and esteem, Madam, your most humble and most obedient servant,

“PAT. DELANY.”

To this gentle and tender invitation to re-enter the state which had

been worse than purgatory to her own experience, and of which she had been hitherto anything but an advocate, Mrs Pendarves seems to have replied favourably on her own part; but it was not without some opposition from her friends that the marriage was at last accomplished. It took place, however, three or four months later. Lady Llanover, who occasionally pauses to mount a little pulpit of her own, and intersperse the letters of her progenitrix and friends with vehement feminine criticisms on affairs in general, here comes in with amusing grandeur in her own person to explain the reluctance with which these elegant Granvilles regarded the entrance of Dr Delany into their kindred. "It certainly was a rare exception to the general order of things," says Mrs Delany's editress, "that any person who had been born in so different a sphere from that which Mary Granville and her ancestors had occupied for centuries, should have been so endowed as to be a suitable companion for one who stood pre-eminent amongst her own contemporaries for taste, tact, talent, and refinement of manners; and it would have been in vain for her to attempt by reasoning to convince her family and friends that the Chancellor of St Patrick's, however great his learning, or however virtuous his life and character, could possess those requisites which were necessary to secure her daily and hourly comfort and happiness, setting aside all feelings of family pride."

On the whole, however, Lady Llanover does not find fault with her great aunt for this marriage. Dr Delany was the "rare exception" who proved fit to mate with a Granville. The new married pair went to Ireland, where they seem to have had society much to their taste, and an abundant amount of it, and where Mrs Delany beautified and decorated the already pretty Delville, which for twenty-five years after was her very happy home. Almost immediately after

their marriage, Dr Delany became Dean of Down; and during the whole quarter of a century which they spent together, never seems to have failed of the same tender gallantry and loverlike admiration for his wife, which gives grace to his proposal. A dozen years later, the excellent Dean projected a periodical called the *Humanist*—a moral and improving publication, which only seems to have survived for a few numbers. For this attempt to edify and benefit his time he wrote a character of his wife, under the title of Maria, in which all her virtues are set forth with the quaint superlatives common to the age, and herself propounded as a model to her sex. He here describes her as employing the interval between her first widowhood and her second marriage "in various works of genius, particularly in the study and practice of painting, in which she singularly excelled, insomuch that she never copied a picture from any master in which she did not equal, and often outdo, the original." High praise, considering that many of her copies are from Raphael. "During this space," continues the Dean, "she received the addresses of men of various characters, titles, honours, and fortunes, and gave herself in the end to a man of a very private condition, and a very moderate fortune, but whose understanding she honoured, in whose virtue and good treatment she fully confided, and with whom she is thought to live happily, and I hope she does. That *he hath the highest honour and esteem* for her is out of all doubt, having ever given the fullest proofs of it that were in his power to bestow, one of which was a compliment paid to her in the description of a rose, her favourite flower—

Oh fairest emblem of the fair,
My pride, my life, my bliss, my care!
Where all the lovelinesses meet
Beauty and grace both bright and sweet!
Emblem of Mary, gift divine!
Blest be the hour that made her mine;
So let me live, so let me die,
That she may bless as well as I!"

This tender old lover died at last in extreme old age, after having brightened with "perfect friendship" and delicate regard the whole twenty-five years of their union, during which time it would be difficult to enumerate—though Lady Llanover has done it—how many graceful pieces of industry went through his wife's hands. She hung his chapel with wreaths of flowers made in shells. She decorated their pretty house with pictures, needlework, shellwork, every kind of decoration. So busy was she, as he also records, that she "finds full employment for her hands even between the *coolings of her cups of tea*." Nor were these labours the mere work of the copyist. Her embroideries, according to Lady Llanover's account, were unique and unrivalled. She designed all she did herself, and from nature, and appeared at court in such petticoats and aprons as won the applause of royalty itself—yet, withal, found time for her full share of all the "diversions" with which the air of that social century always tingled, and gave dinners and dances in her own person, chronicling the bills of fare in the one case, and in the other not despising to join the merry "couples" whom the cheerful old lady of sixty loved to see about her. Dr Delany's death again changed the scene, and made a difference, gently sad, but not heartbreaking, in her life. After that Mrs Delany returned to London, and to the friendly correspondences and pleasant works which, indeed, she had never intermitted. A generation has passed in the mean time—the children of Mrs Pendarves's time are married with children of their own—many contemporaries, among them her dear sister, are swept away; but the dear Duchess of Portland still lives, and other ladies have come into the vacant places. Mrs Delany makes long visits to Bulstrode, Welsbourn, Calwich, houses of her kindred. She goes unaffectedly into society as before, giving Lady Llanover a

pretty little opportunity to launch a passing thunderbolt at mourning in general, and widow's mourning in particular, of which that lady takes hot advantage; and altogether conducts herself as calm old age, serious but cheerful, makes itself beautiful in doing. Then follows a last little episode, evidently rather calculated upon for giving effect and dignity to the work, of which, no doubt, it is quite natural for Mrs Delany's relations to be proud.

This is her intimacy with King George and Queen Charlotte. These good royal people, anxious for the comfort of the sweet old lady, who had become by this time a kind of mother of society, came to her rescue when the death of her best and dearest friend, the Duchess of Portland, left her bereft of all the long companions of her life. They gave her a house at Windsor, which they furnished for her with tender care, and in which the kind King himself received her. They made her a necessary member of their little society—that dread royal domestic circle, quintessence of dullness and propriety—where a chair was always placed for her at the Queen's left hand, and where the poor good princesses at their knotting were, in the pauses of the perennial concert, affectionately civil to the sprightly old lady. Indeed, though nothing can be more appalling than the picture of these royal domesticities—the Queen and her daughters seated round a large table working, with some unfortunate ladies of honour added to the circle, and a band of musicians in the next room, which the fidgety King, who scarcely ever sits down, directs what to play—dreadful unvarying routine, which almost tempts one to excuse the early wickedness of the unlucky sons of this too-virtuous family—they all seem to have been very good to Mrs Delany; kind with a kindness beyond the usual manifestations of royal favour, considerate, and full of individual affection. Mary Granville, how-

ever, half a century earlier, would, we are sadly afraid, have shown much less appreciation of the preference which tied her to such a humdrum household society; but the distinction and the kindness were very comforting in the old age which was indeed still sweetened with love, but from which all her ancient companions had passed away.

Respecting this period of Mrs Delany's life, Lady Llanover makes a passing onslaught upon poor Fanny Burney, that unlucky autobiographer whom recent critics have cut to pieces so unsparingly, that it is to be hoped a reaction of charity will shortly take place in her favour. The Duchess of Portland, whom the clever self-admiring authoress had declared *very anxious to see her*, had, on the contrary, as Lady Llanover informs us, "a prejudice against female novel-writers which almost amounted to a *horror of them*," and the poor author of *Evelina* was presented to her benevolently by Mrs Delany by way of "diminishing the prejudice of her friend against the class which she then considered so undesirable as acquaintance in private life;" an opinion which her ladyship states with so much warmth that, alas for female authors! one almost fears Lady Llanover herself, notwithstanding the honour she has done the sisterhood by almost joining it, must concur in her Grace's sentiments; which, considering how universal female authorship is nowadays, would be a sad thing for literature. Miss Burney's misstatements otherwise, though enough to rouse a good deal of family indignation, seem to convey nothing but a false impression that Mrs Delany was, in some respects, dependant upon her dear Duchess, and to ignore partially her own obligation to Mrs Delany for the countenance and patronage which that lady afforded her. Mrs Delany herself, however, seems to have had no fault to find with the grateful and pretty-behaved Fanny, whose

personal bearing was always as respectful and affectionate as any patroness could desire, and who, after all, correct or incorrect, gives a more lively and attractive picture of the delightful old lady than is conveyed even by her own letters, or by the world of letters addressed to her, here laboriously collected by Lady Llanover. This autobiography, so called, is indeed entirely marred by over-doing. The interest is frittered away from Mrs Delany upon a crowd of other personages, two or three generations in fact, who throng into the well-filled pages in groups, appearing for a vivacious moment, as young ladies will, in exuberant letters and affectionate good offices, but vanishing thereafter into such change of name and circumstance, as totally puzzles and puts out the most conscientious reader. With much trouble and difficulty we indeed drive into our memory the fact that the "Sally" of one volume is the Mrs Sandford of the next, and that these are the Lady Harriets and Bettys of the Bulstrode nursery, who appear afterwards communicating details of their daughters' marriages to the long-lived woman who connects so many generations. But the marriages of these daughters have nothing in the world to do with Mrs Delany's history. Scores of letters in which she is scarcely mentioned occur throughout the book; and not content with the introduction of half of the veritable persons of the day, Lady Llanover takes the most conscientious pains to make us acquainted at least with the birth, marriage, and death of every individual name which appears during the course of that world of antiquated gossip which she has given to the public, —even going so far as to identify Sebastian Bourdon and other painters whose works had the honour and happiness of being copied by Mrs Delany. The passion for big books never had a more remarkable development. This story of the life of a most good and pure English gentlewoman, to whom in all

her long existence nothing particular ever happened, who was entirely unconnected with the great events of the day, and did nothing more remarkable than exquisite needlework, occupies *six* huge volumes, the index to which alone takes up nearly a hundred pages! Perhaps, had they been condensed into one by skilful hands, the result might have been a biography not much less exquisite than one of Mrs Delany's embroideries; as it is, we fish up the relics of her life from an engulfing ocean, and have to set the fragments in order for ourselves.

She died in her old age at eighty-eight, among ministrations of love and universal lamentation, having loved, consulted, amused, and protected three or four generations of kindred and friends, and accomplished her fair career in all that delicate honour and causeless celebrity which is the highest tribute that can be paid to a woman. She did nothing all her blameless days to conquer the applause of the world, and left no result behind her on which to challenge the admiration of posterity, which does not care two straws for the Granvilles, nor reckon the distinguished place they have held for centuries as any prognostic of personal fame. But while nobody could tell how she came by it, the spotless gentlewoman takes her sweet place in history, and so far justifies the evident sentiment of superiority, with which her biographer proves her to have kept herself detached from all the literary coteries of the time, as character is ever superior even to genius. The feminine world has its own rules, different from, yet not inharmonious with, the wider laws of the universe; and we are content to agree with Lady Llanover that Mrs Delany's reputation possesses a sweeter charm than if she had worked for her laurels and won them. On her and such as her

the world bestows spontaneously, and of grace, such tender myrtle crowns as neither toil nor talent can win.

As far removed as can possibly be conceived from the dignified yet lively decorum of Mrs Delany and her circle of friends, Mrs Thrale discloses a development of character still more entirely feminine according to the common understanding of the word. We descend out of the high places of Bulstrode and Windsor when we come to the vivacious heroine, whose middle-aged love-story kept the highest of contemporary intelligences in commotion, and disputed the interest of the public with wars and revolutions. To think of any Mrs Foker now, however brilliant or interesting, rousing the common mass of her countryfolk into excitement and vituperation, because she chose to bestow herself in the ripe maturity of her charms upon anybody whatsoever, had it been her butler, or his assistant greengrocer, is simply inconceivable. The time when such a thing was possible proves itself a time when public opinion was in the hands of a much limited circle, and when, in fact, the bulk of the people who read newspapers were still in society, or lingering on its outskirts, competent to, or ambitious of, taking a part in its decisions. The book* in which a vindication of this lady's character and revival of her pretensions, if not to fame, at least to the position of a celebrity, is attempted, is, like Lady Llanover's, a volunteer production, uncalled for by any special curiosity or access of interest on the part of the public; but though in much more moderate limits, and containing much less superfluous matter than the six vast volumes by which Mrs Delany's relation asserts her claim to the continued recollection of the world, wants the excuse of family enthusiasm and the pardonable weakness

* *Autobiography and Literary Remains of Mrs Piozzi.* Edited by A. HAYWARD, Esq., Q.C. Longmans.

which tempts a noble author to believe that the gossip interesting to the much connected mass of aristocratic families must necessarily be as interesting to the world in general. Mr Hayward does not pretend to any family feeling or enthusiasm of kindred. A quantity of interesting papers have come into his hands for publication, as they might have come into any other man's, and with some thoughts of taking down the excessive estimation into which Dr Johnson has re-risen of late years, and some other thoughts of setting Lord Macaulay right, and doing justice upon the statements of that most brilliant but hasty critic, he undertakes this appeal to the justice of posterity on behalf of the gay widow whom both these high authorities have so summarily condemned. The injured innocence of a woman over forty, whose violent falling in love is naturally resented by her children and friends, does not, even although she may have got rather hard measure in the conflict, make any very strong appeal to our feelings. But altogether irrespective of Macaulay and Johnson, Mrs Thrale herself makes no bad illustration of feminine nature and English womankind under the influences of the last age of English history, and exhibits plainly that contrast, violent yet delicate, which can exist between people surrounded by very similar circumstances, and to whom the conditions of life are as near as possible alike, which is a perennial wonder of humanity. Through all Mrs Delany's gently checkered career, even through the agony of her early marriage, she appears in all the sweet severity of her womanhood—those "white heights" on which the lightest cloud of suspicion or doubtfulness could not breathe—a spotless figure, incapable of doing anything to which the least soil of levity could attach. Though as far as possible from being what is called a prude, or making any rigid pretensions of extreme propriety, her delicate per-

fection exists, as it were, by instinct, a natural property. Against such a woman—against such women—no rules can stand. Whatever they do becomes invested with a natural sweet decorum and propriety above all rules. They are in themselves, in all freedom and gaiety, a natural unchangeable standard, and by means of the examples continually recurring through all ages, the invariable consistence of the type might be traced back to the farthest verge of history. Not so much above suspicion, as beyond the very possibility of it, out of its range, creatures exempted by privilege of nature from the merest hypothesis of doubt. Such was the young widow of the Cornish squire, the Irish dean's bright middle-aged wife, the old lady of Bulstrode and Windsor. But such was not Hester Thrale, the friend of Johnson, the patroness of Fanny Burney, the Italian musician's passionate and despairing lover. From Mary Granville's sweet perfection the character of the nation itself gains purity and steadfastness; but at the very antipodes of life stands the other woman, for whom, notwithstanding, tears flow and passions rise.

The difference is marked and notable from the earliest development. The moment we glance at this other strain of life, we become aware of the impulsive, inconsequent, generous, injudicious, hasty creature, who in perfect honour, and much amiability, is still never correct, never proper, and lays herself open to perpetual misrepresentation, doubt, and censure. What Mary Granville would do with such an entire fitness and feminine grace, that one would have her do that for ever, Hester Thrale shall so manage to do as to compromise herself, shock her friends, and accumulate a store of doubts and unfavourable opinions for her future discomfiture; and yet the act shall be equally innocent in both. The one woman is probably as pure in heart, certainly as innocent in deed as the other; yet while the first

walks through the crowd above the reach of malice, the other, all unconsciously, invites its assaults at every step she makes, and scatters challenges round her. A certain presumption of recklessness, imprudence, perennial ill-luck, accompanies her career; when she actually commits a blunder, or makes a false step, nobody is surprised. It is only what all the world expected from a character which implies everything that is rash and unthoughtful, just as the opposite picture implies the sweetest decorums of a spotless life. And yet the faulty woman who weeps and laughs and loves and hates, and scarcely knows a medium, makes in her impulsive way such sacrifices, such generous exertions, as never suggest themselves to the other placid life; and getting little credit, has her good deeds and her evil slumped into one dreadful catalogue of imprudence and temerity in which the hasty virtue counts for as little as the unpremeditated foolishness. Such have been many of the most brilliant women whose stories have interested the world; and such was the sprightly mistress of Streatham Park, the much-loved and hotly denounced hostess of Johnson, the wife of Thrale the brewer, and Piozzi the singer; the gay octogenarian, who at the furthest limit of life must needs still commit herself, and bequeath a little legacy of posthumous ridicule to her own memory.

Hester Salusbury was the daughter of a Welsh spendthrift and prodigal, born after her father had wasted all his means and left a skeleton of a hereditary estate in the hands of mortgagees. No sweet girl-friendships or Arcadian bowers of contemplation subdued the audacious vigour of the child who had to lead a shifty life with her parents from one uncle's house to another, always somebody's darling, encouraged in all the precocities and daring exploits natural to her, celebrated as a prodigy of learning and genius, and startling with unac-

customed outbreaks of wit and laughter, the dull houses of the Welsh fox-hunters, upon whose hospitalities, half expectant-heiress, half dependent-pensioner, she was cast. In this irregular uncertain life, she seems to have picked up some learning and many accomplishments; one of them the rather unusual faculty of driving four in hand, which was, however, summarily prohibited as soon as found out. This youthful life of vicissitude shone with a momentary brilliant promise, when one of the good aunts, dying childless, "told her husband she should die more happily, persuaded that he would not marry, as he was so attached to the good girl she now considered as her own." "Poor Lady Salusbury died at forty-one years old," writes Mrs Piozzi, "and uncle *said* he had no kindness but for me. I think I did share his fondness with his stud; our stable was the first for hunters of enormous value; for racers too; and our house after my aunt's death was even *haunted* by young men, who made court to the niece, and expressed admiration of the horses. Every suitor was made to understand my extraordinary value. Those who could read were shown my verses; those who could not, were judges of my prowess in the field. It was my sport to mimic some, and drive others back in order to make Dr Collier laugh, who did not perhaps *wish* to see me give a heart away which he held completely in his hands, since he kindly became my preceptor in Latin, Logic, Rhetoric, &c."

The uncle, however, began to entertain different projects, and—these hopes falling to nothing in prospect of his second marriage, out of vexation and disappointment about which, Hester's prodigal father suddenly died—the girl with her changed prospects was abruptly married to Mr Thrale, the handsome but indifferent suitor, who had been for some time paying court to her mother on her account. She describes this marriage, if not with

the same shuddering horror which runs through Mrs Delany's recollections, yet with a mortified resentment as distinct from any expectation of happiness in the union—describing herself as “a plain girl who had not one attraction in his eyes, and on whom he never had thrown five minutes of his time away in any interview unwitnessed by company, even till our wedding-day was done.” The contrast between her former regnant position, and all the indulgence and applause which partial relations had so long accorded to the clever and sprightly girl, and the cold, careless, and impartial criticism and custody of the new husband, who never pretended to be in love with her, seems actually to have silenced Hester for a year or two, and crushed her spirits. In the depths of her mortification, she even made secret inquiry, not without a certain scorn of herself for doing so much, into the reasons “which had determined my husband's choice to me, till then a standing wonder”—and found the cause of her election to be that several other women to whom Mr Thrale had offered himself, declined to live in the Borough—a necessity to which she had not objected. The wife, however, chosen for this reason was neither taken into the brewer's confidence nor his heart, but studiously placed in a position of insignificance doubly galling, there can be little doubt, to her hasty and impulsive temper. “We kept a famous pack of fox-hounds, but it was masculine for ladies to ride,” says with suppressed bitterness the vivacious impatient creature, so lately renowned for her “prowess in the field.” “We kept the finest table possible at Streatham Park, but *his* wife was not to think of the kitchen.” In short, the high-spirited Welsh girl, hitherto spoiled and served by everybody about her, was to sink into a nullity if no happy accident occurred to release her. Gromio himself, if more positively repulsive, was less killing than the handsome careless

husband who did his best to extinguish Hester Salusbury—and who certainly seems to have established little claim for himself upon the gratitude or fidelity of his widow.

Better days, however, dawned.—Mr Thrale grew ambitious, and was glad to avail himself of the help of his clever wife. Johnson became first a friend and then a member of the household; and Johnson, with all his rudeness, loved the society of women, and was not the man to assist in keeping down a bright and lively intelligence, or condemning to insignificance the gay and daring spirit which cheered and provoked, and became necessary to himself. No doubt, he liked and esteemed, and found very serviceable to him, the master of the household; but its mistress—“My mistress,” as he calls her, whom he could snub, and praise, and encourage, and be indulgent to—who minded his comforts and made his tea, and was pleasant to his eyes—was an accessory to the delights of Streatham, still more important than her careless lord. As soon as the picture grows into light and reality by the appearance of that great figure, rolling heavily into the dim domestic world and scattering the shadows, Mrs Thrale appears resuscitated. So far as the house has any independent standing ground, she is the centre of all those scenes with which we are so familiar—those dialogues so often repeated and recorded, at which we have all been present; and it is the name of the sprightly young woman to whom he wrote affectionate verses and addressed affectionate rebukes, and whose light interpolations gleam about his ponderous talk with sparkling female effervescence and impertinence, which naturally occurs to anybody's mind when we think of Johnson and Streatham. Then Mr Thrale got into sudden embarrassments and difficulties, and fell ill of the emergency; whereupon Hester rose to the crisis, forgot all her wrongs, forgot the delicate

health and maternal hopes which excuse a young wife from so many exertions, put aside even her female incapacities, and went forth impulsive and generous to the rescue of the brewhouse and her husband's credit. All the savings of the immediate kindred on both sides were brought in to fill up the gap, and at some moment of special pressure, hasty Hester, troubling herself with no vain scruples, drove all the way to Brighthelmstone, to extract a loan of £6000 from an old friend of her husband's family, "a gouty old solicitor," who did not resist the courageous but rash messenger. The brave, imprudent heart leaped up to such a call with all the sudden force which counts no consequences, and is refreshed and exhilarated by the breathless impulse of an emergency. After this storm was weathered, it is to be presumed that Mr Thrale at least felt the value of such a dauntless assistant, to whom adversity itself, which frightens faint hearts, was only a spur and quickener. She canvassed for him more than once with all the zeal of a female politician; and was, as by some mysterious possibility women often are, without any profession of affection on either side, a most faithful helpmate and laborious assistant to him, whenever any call was made upon her ready services. To gain such a faithful partisan and eager supporter, a man, it appears, does not always need either to give or to obtain love. No union, except the mere external bond, seems to have existed between these two, and the wife had the deepest of female mortifications to avenge; yet, such is the power over a good woman of the mere fact of her marriage, that no adoring wife could have stood by her husband with more faithfulness and courage, nor helped him with greater devotion than did the impetuous Welsh Hester, chafing at other times so bitterly against the loveless bondage, in which she had lost all the

admiration and applause of her youth.

Everybody knows the aspect of that house at Streatham, at once enlightened and overshadowed by the big luminary whose presence distinguishes the little brilliant social circle into individuality, but dwarfs the figures which naturally look frivolous and tiny beside his vast bulk and clumsy splendour. In the company, where all are more or less sycophantish, and all more or less spiteful, Mrs Thrale herself, gay, kind, and vivacious, is by much the most agreeable interlocutor. Looking into the lavish wealthy house, where the master looks but a taciturn and uninteresting figure at the head of affairs, and where the attendant personages jostle and scowl at each other as they pay their homage, it is refreshing to turn to the high-spirited woman, full of talk and animation and cleverness, scorching her light wings now and then in rash circling round the solemn light of learning, often enough committing herself, most likely incorrect in half of her "classical allusions" and sparkling philosophies, but able, when occasion calls, to rise into generousities just as rash, and never tamed down out of the piquancy of nature. Now and then she falls into a vehement friendship, equally often into a warm and hearty repugnance, and, in one case at least, overpowered by a natural impulse of mortification and injured feeling, fairly makes a "scene," that bugbear of English domestic life, and goes off hysterically from the table where her husband has calmly insulted her by ostentatious demonstration of his regard for her beautiful guest Sophy Streatfield. This little episode is one of the most striking new points in the well-known picture. When the gentlemen came up to the drawing-room, the impulsive and imprudent wife, committing a breach of domestic decorum still more marked than her husband's brutality, assailed Johnson and Burke, the

principal guests, with hasty anger, scornfully suggesting to the former that he would have interfered in any other case in behalf of a woman so outraged, but that "towards a man who gives good dinners he was sweetness itself!" "Johnson coloured, and Burke, I thought, looked foolish," says the impetuous creature who had just outraged all the *convenances* by this unpardonable outburst, and who does not seem capable of perceiving, in the passion of the moment, that no sensible man could do otherwise than look foolish when appealed to in a sudden quarrel between husband and wife. Mary Granville would have borne any torture sooner than have descended from her white heights to such a self-humiliation. It cost Hester some passionate tears and an intolerable sting of resentment and injury; but evidently no self-reproach or feeling of having compromised herself. On the other hand, while, heedless of all the consequences, and indifferent or unconscious of the confusion in which she must have left her female guests, she could thus rush from the table and expose to rude scrutiny the secret troubles of the house, her careless husband is no sooner in trouble than his generous foolish wife flies to the very extreme of self-forgetfulness, heroically rushes into his counting-house, manages his business, and even canvasses his beer-house customers with a zeal which love itself could scarcely surpass. Such is the inconsistent soul—self-willed, warm-hearted, full of haste and impulse, bright wit, scorn, enthusiasm, and intelligence, whose very devotion is out of the way, and lays her open to wonder and remark. Though nobody has proved any falsehood against her, her rash hasty sayings have gained the reputation of "white lies," one of the winged epithets altogether independent of truth, which stick fast and do equal harm whether true or false; and while, according to all recorded facts, her husband's indifference and hardness goaded her now and

then past bearing, common opinion decided that Thrale's steadiness alone kept her restless propensities in control, and congratulated itself on its own clear-sightedness when, freed from that bond, she justified all that had been said of her by falling in love with Piozzi. The presumption of recklessness, imprudence, and hasty impulse being so strong in everything she said and did, that it was only natural, before inquiring into anything so commonplace as facts, to conclude her in the wrong.

Thrale died in 1781, when his wife was about forty, and left, as was natural, a not inconsolable widow. Strangely enough, with a character so apparently lovable, notwithstanding its faultiness, her children were not affectionate—the eldest daughter especially appearing, as the clever daughter of a demonstrative mother often does, to have set up an independent standard of quiet rebellion, and organised an opposition of blank reserve and passive resistance almost as soon as she was able to think for herself. "My five fair daughters! they are lovely creatures to be sure, but they love not me. Is it my fault or theirs?" asks the new-made widow in her journal six months after an event which might have been supposed to bind mother and children closer together in the atmosphere which death had at least shadowed and softened; but the year is scarcely out when Mrs Thrale acknowledges to herself that she has not done with life on her own account, and that pleasant possibilities still flush the sky which is scarcely post-meridian. After recording the expectations which "all the world" entertain of her speedy marriage, with a protestation against the gossip which does not betray any very serious dislike to it, she thus sums up her own advantages and perception of what "would be rational" in her circumstances. "A woman of passable person, ancient family, respectable character, uncommon talents, and

three thousand a-year," says the autobiographer in those confidential self-communings which are not clouded by the bashfulness of youth, "has a right to think herself any man's equal, and has nothing to seek but return of affection from whatever partner she pitches on. To marry for love would therefore be rational for one who wants no advancement of birth or fortune, and *till I am in love* I will not marry, nor perhaps then."

This hopeful state of readiness for impression soon found development. She resolved first to go to Italy with her daughters to see the world, after a lapse of some years; then made up her mind to go at once for economy; then propounded the plan to Dr Johnson, who seemed the only drawback, and was deeply piqued and mortified to find him indifferent to the intimation. "I fancied Dr Johnson could not have existed without me, forsooth," she says, hotly, "as we have now lived together for above eighteen years. I have so fondled him in sickness and health. Not a bit of it. He feels nothing in parting with me—nothing in the least; but thinks it a prudent scheme, and goes to his books as usual." Whether she really felt this mortification beyond the moment of expressing it, or whether she half-consciously persuaded herself into passion and a determination that nobody cared for her, it is difficult to decide; however, the next intimation in the diary is, that "Piozzi thinks, still more than he says, that I shall give him up; and if Queeney (her daughter) made herself more amiable to me," writes the poor lady, who begins to waver between the ties of motherhood and the opinions of her friends on the one hand, and dawning love on the other, "and took the proper methods, I suppose I should." But Queeney neither showed herself amiable nor took the proper methods, and the most wonderful tragi-comedy of middle-aged passion, despair, and constancy, was

enacted before the much-interested world. The whole course of this true love, which ran so rudely, is revealed to us by the person most interested, who is sometimes indignant, sometimes tragical; now wilful and bent on her own way; now all resignation, yet not without a touch of bitterness; sacrificing herself, but taking care that the full amount of her sacrifice should be known. She argues Piozzi's claims with herself, with all that transparent show of impartiality which is so usual among people whose feelings are strongly biassed, and who delight in convincing themselves, if not other people, how entirely reason seconds inclination. "If he is ever so worthy, so lovely, he is *below* me, forsooth!" she writes, with indignation. "In what is he below me? In virtue? I would I were above him. In understanding? I would mine were from this instant under the guardianship of his. In birth? To be sure he is below me in birth, and so is almost every man I know, or have a chance to know. But he is below me in fortune; is mine sufficient for both? More than amply so. Does he deserve it by his conduct, in which he has always united warm notions of honour with cool attention to economy—the spirit of a gentleman with the talents of a professor? How shall any man deserve fortune if he does not? But I am the guardian of five daughters by Mr Thrale, and must not disgrace *their* name and family. Was, then, the man my mother chose for me, of higher extraction than him I have chosen for myself? No; but his fortune was higher. . . . I wanted fortune then, perhaps, but do I want it now? Not at all; but I am not to think about myself. I married the first time to please my mother, I must marry the second time to please my daughter." The poor lady continues this strain of argument at some length, and concludes, worn out, with an irritated despondency. "I live a quiet life,

but not a pleasant one. My children govern without loving me ; my servants devour and despise me ; my friends caress and censure me ; my money wastes in expenses I do not enjoy, and my time in trifles I do not approve. Every one is made insolent, and no one comfortable ; my reputation unprotected, my heart unsatisfied, my health unsettled." But this was only the first and mildest stage. Almost immediately the pallor of love-sickness on the mother's face attracts the notice of her daughter, who seems to give a conditional consent to the engagement at the first confession. Matters, however, go very badly afterwards. The young lady becomes restive when Piozzi, who had once given her lessons, comes to the house as her mother's lover, and communicates her aversion to the other daughters, who "treated *me* insolently, and him very strangely," added the luckless widow, whose heart and happiness are thus rent. Then the affair gets wind, friends interfere, and Mrs Thrale becomes distracted. "I actually groaned with anguish, threw myself on the bed in an agony, which my fair daughter beheld with frigid indifference," she continues. "She had, indeed, never by one tender word endeavoured to dissuade me from the match, but said, coldly, that if I *would* abandon my children, I *must*." The sky grows darker and darker. Poor Piozzi is sent for, delivers up all the love-letters that have passed between them into Miss Thrale's hands, and finally, after many fluctuations of hope and fear, and with vows "renewed with fervour, and which we will keep sacred in absence, adversity, and age," was dismissed, and left England, while the despairing lady of his love went to Bath with her three eldest daughters to economise, according to her own account, but most probably to get away from the inspection of her friends, and specially from Johnson, whose society was naturally not very desirable for a woman in so tempestuous and un-

regulated a condition of mind, swept by continual conflicts of passion, deeply mortified by the unkindness of her daughters, and irritated against all her friends by their united opposition to the marriage on which she had set her heart. "Mr Thrale had not much heart, but his fair daughters have none at all," cries the mother, with hot tears of wounded love and pride, balked of her will, and reduced in her own estimation ; yet setting out with the three half-affronted, half-sullen, unsympathetic girls, to live in hollow household quiet and external amity. "The two youngest have, for ought I see, hearts as impenetrable as their sister," she writes, when settled in this dreary retirement. "They will all starve a favourite animal—all see with unconcern the affliction of a friend ; and when the anguish I suffered on their account last winter nearly took away my life and reason, the younger ridiculed as a jest those agonies which the eldest despised as a philosopher. When all is said, they are exceeding valuable girls,—beautiful in person, cultivated in understanding, and well principled in religion, . . . and superior to any feelings of tenderness that might clog the wheels of ambition. What, however, is my state, who am compelled to live with girls of this disposition? to teach without authority—to be heard without esteem ; . . . oh, 'tis a pleasant situation ; and whoever would wish, as the Greek lady phrased it, to tease himself and repent of his sins, let him borrow his children's money, be in love against their interest and prejudice, forbear to marry by their advice, and then shut himself up and live with them !"

The picture, it must be admitted, is doleful enough. Under any circumstances, these cool, clear-headed, strong-minded daughters, quite unimpassioned and critical, observing with all their clever eyes the unguarded behaviour of their hasty, warm-hearted, and impulsive mother, and by their very superiority

of numbers, impressing her imagination with the semblance of a conspiracy against her, must have been sufficiently likely to provoke the never unimpeachable temper of a woman still capable of inspiring regard and admiration in her own person, and newly emancipated from the loveless bonds which had oppressed her for nearly half her life. That she fretted herself into illness and desperation was, considering all things, scarcely to be wondered at; nor that she identified freedom, peace, domestic happiness, and most things that made life desirable, with the image of the absent Piozzi, who never appears otherwise than as an honourable, affectionate, and simple-minded man might, and, indeed, seems a type of the perfectly virtuous, inoffensive, and respectable foreign *artiste*, a little confused about English laws and customs, and not without a simple idea that to make a fortune by matrimony comes in the course of nature, who so often occurs to perplex our received ideas of the romantic irregularities native to the name of Italian and musician. Through the record of this melancholy blank in Mrs Thrale's life—while she, a soul incapable of patience, is falling out of one illness into another, and chafing away the "iron constitution," of which, when only the brew-house and her first husband's fortune were concerned, she had boasted—the editor of her biography carries the thread of correspondence between her and Dr Johnson, with an endeavour to prove that no kind of alienation had taken place between them; which, indeed, the correspondence would seem to demonstrate. However, with all indulgence for Mrs Thrale, and consideration of the hardships she had to contend with, her position was so painfully undignified and unbecoming that it is impossible to imagine a very cordial feeling between her and her old friends. The *young* victims of what ladies technically call "a disappointment," in most cases command general sympathy;

but a woman who is known to be dying of love at forty need not lay her account with receiving much of that generous consolation. To half of the world she is inevitably making a fool of herself; and the other half, though perfectly willing to forgive her marriage, will not excuse the second spring which comes untimely, when sober autumn should have toned down such impertinences. The least that is said about her passion the better for her credit. Nobody can, for a moment, wonder that the three girls were disgusted with their mother's love-making; and though the outcry against Piozzi was totally absurd, and Mrs Thrale had a perfect right to her own will, and had no bonds of special love or gratitude to the dead brewer, nothing could possibly be more undignified, and, indeed, humiliating, than her agonies—these fits of vacillation which placed her in so false a position with her children, and exposed her love-sickness for a year or more to the impertinent observation of all the large, impertinent, chattering "circles," of which she had once been a centre. Here again, however, it is the poor lady's very amiability that exposes her to a double amount of gossip, denunciation, and ridicule. She is for ever obeying those rapid, generous, foolish impulses which sway her like sudden winds. After she has made up her mind to marry Piozzi, a sudden compunction seizes her, she gets up and rushes to her daughter's bedside, and declares her determination to relinquish her love for her children's interest. Grave Miss Thrale, waking surprised, always a generation older than her mother, receives the unexpected renunciation with no great enthusiasm, and wisely tells the excited penitent that a word from the lover she has so hurriedly given up will change her resolution. But even that word does not seem necessary. As soon as the sacrifice is really made, the victim repents, and throws herself headlong into the indulgence of her misery. And little enough comfort

could have been in the economical house in Bath, where the hard-hearted sisters had their mother's distress continually before their eyes, and knew how entirely she considered them the causes of it. Had the inevitable marriage on which she had set her heart taken place at once, the business would have been twenty times less disagreeable and harassing to all concerned.

Miss Thrale at last gave way—the lover was sent for—the three young ladies went off “to their own house in Brighthelmstone;” their mother being but too impatient to accomplish the parting which was to clear the way for her Piozzi; and at length, with an exuberance not to be expected from a younger voice, the lady records her entire felicity. “I am returned from church the happy wife of my lovely faithful Piozzi, subject of my prayers, object of my wishes, my sighs, my reverence, my esteem,” cries the joyful elderly bride, after all her convulsions and struggles. She had got her will for the first time in her life. She who, so freeborn and uncontrolled in youth, had gone for all the best years of her life in painful harness, and whom her husband's death had only handed over into harder bonds, to struggle against nature and public opinion for that beloved “way” which most people get more easily, had at length accomplished her desire; and the joy with which she exults over it would, but for the three young women left to their own guidance, and the old life thrown to the winds, be not unreasonable nor without claims upon our sympathy. But no life can go through such a disruption without suffering for it. Almost every voice that could get public utterance added a word to the general denunciation—everybody threw a spiteful pebble at Thrale's widow; and, acknowledging all the favourable evidence which Mr Hayward has brought together, all her hardships, generosities, and the meagre amount of affection on which her warm

heart had been kept at starvation point for many years, it is yet undeniable that she deserved her punishment. Society is nowise constructed for the benefit of those people who *will* be happy in their own way at any risk or cost. They accept the risk when they choose the felicity; and if the gain is not worth the penalty, that is their concern, and not the world's.

We have not entered into the merits of the quarrel with Johnson, which it is in some sort the object of this book to set to rights, and which has been too often and too largely discussed to leave much to be said on the subject. The conclusion, however, of the long friendship between the philosopher and his “mistress,” though doubtless involving much pain to both, appears really by no means so tragical as it has been represented, and comes to a period not without dignity on both sides, and with no perceptible acerbity on either. Johnson, it is true, writes a very harsh, almost insulting letter, on receiving the first formal intimation of the step she was about to take. “If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief!” he exclaims hotly, and begs to be permitted an interview before her fate is irrevocable. But this irritation calms into common sense when the spirited reply of her whom he had “long thought the first of woman-kind” recalled him to a due sense of their mutual position. The two letters are well worthy of quotation. Mrs Piozzi writes with womanly dignity as follows:—

“July 4, 1784.

“SIR,—I have this morning received from you so rough a letter in reply to one which was both tender and respectfully written, that I am forced to desire the conclusion of a correspondence which I can bear to continue no longer. The birth of my second husband is not meaner than that of my first—his sentiments are not meaner—his profession is not meaner—and his superiority in

what he professes, acknowledged by all mankind. It is want of fortune, then, that is ignominious; the character of the man I have chosen has no other claim to such an epithet. The religion to which he has been always a faithful adherent will, I hope, teach him to forgive insults he has not deserved; mine will, I hope, enable me to bear them at once with dignity and patience. To know that I have forfeited my fame is indeed the greatest insult I have ever yet received. My fame is as unsullied as snow, or I should think it unworthy of him who must henceforth protect it. . . . Farewell, dear sir, and accept my best wishes. You have always commanded my esteem, and long enjoyed the fruits of a friendship, never infringed by one harsh* expression on my part, during twenty years of familiar talk. Never did I oppose your will or control your wish; nor can your unmerited severity itself lessen my regard; but till you have changed your opinion of Mr Piozzi let us converse no more. God bless you!"

To which Johnson replied:—

"DEAR MADAM,—What you have done, however I may lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not been injurious to me: I therefore breathe out one sigh of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere.

"I wish that God may grant you every blessing; that you may be happy in this world for its short continuance, and eternally happy in a better state; and whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am very ready to repay for that kindness which soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched. Do not think slightly of the advice which I now presume to offer. Prevail upon M. Piozzi to settle in England; you may live here with more dignity than in Italy, and with more security; your rank will be higher, and your fortune more under your own eye. I desire not to detail all my reasons; but every argument of prudence and reason is for England, and only some phantoms of imagination seduce you to Italy. I am afraid, however, that my counsel is vain, yet I have eased my heart by giving it.

"When Queen Mary took the resolution of sheltering herself in England, the Archbishop of St Andrews, attempt-

ing to dissuade her, attended her on her journey; and when they came to the irremovable stream that separated the two kingdoms, walked by her side into the water, in the middle of which he seized the bride, and with earnestness proportioned to her danger and his own affection, pressed her to return. The Queen went forward.—If the parallel reaches thus far, may it go no farther. The tears stand in my eyes.

"I am going into Derbyshire, and hope to be followed by your good wishes, for I am, with great affection, yours, &c."

A more affectionate communication could scarcely have been, coming from a man thoroughly used to be autocrat wherever he moved, and accustomed for so long to the dutiful homage and love of the woman, much his junior, long his disciple, nurse, and tender attendant, who had at last done something of which he thoroughly disapproved. She went to Italy, of course, in spite of his warning, and nothing at all tragical, or worthy of that solemn historical parallel, came of it, as, indeed, it is difficult to see how anything could. But the conclusion of their long friendship contains nothing discreditable to either, but, on the contrary, is honourable to both; and though full of tender regret, and on Johnson's side of unmitigated disapprobation, betrays no bitterness, nor, indeed, shows any black shades of that

"Wrath with those we love,
Which works like madness in the brain."

Through the excitement of the time, indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the non-result of all the dreadful prophecies which everybody seems to have made touching this marriage. Mrs Piozzi goes to Italy, enjoys herself, comes back again, and sets up as country gentlewoman, with evident comfort and success; her daughters come to no harm, and are, after all, very friendly with their mother; and the

* Mr Haywood makes a good deal of this expression, and declares it to "speak volumes;" but it is clearly, by Mrs Piozzi's own evidence, a figure of speech, since she herself reports a very injurious speech of her own to Johnson respecting the Sophy Streatfield affair, which he might very well have resented.

world goes on just as safely as though the brewer's widow had never stirred from Streatham. So the little tempest in that little lake of society, which imagines itself the ocean, goes off in harmless thunder, and all the dreadful prognostications explode like squibs, leaving only a little smoke and smell of gunpowder; and there are as few irremediable blunders as there are infinite joys in this strange, self-important, self-conscious existence, which can scarcely with its biggest agonies disturb the common composure of nature for one day.

After this mighty matter is completed, however, the special interest departs out of the life of Mrs Piozzi. Happiness and content reduce her to the level of other ordinary people, and there is no second Dr Johnson to illuminate the scene and circumstances of her after life. At eighty, long after good Piozzi has followed Thrale to the grave, the vivacious old woman lives, as generous, as rash, as imprudent, as ever; getting in debt herself, but settling her little paternal estate, with the Italian villa which her Lombard husband had built, and which the two had christened, with an affectionate jumble of her Welsh and his Italian, Brynbella, upon her husband's nephew and adopted son, that the young man might be able to marry without waiting for her death; and rushing into correspondence full of the affectionate superlatives permitted by her age, becoming sufficiently fantastic now and then almost to warrant the silly imputation of renewed love-making, with the handsome young actor Conway. Her latest freak was a public ball given to celebrate her eightieth birthday, which she herself opened; and died not long thereafter, not without a cheerful seriousness and composure, having re-conquered a great part of the love and interest

which attended her early years, as perhaps indeed most people do who, with any genial spark in them at all, live till eighty, an age which at once disarms criticism, and leaves few contemporaries able to criticise.

To this great pre-eminence of years lived both these women, so strangely unlike each other, yet living in the same century, to a certain extent contemporaries, and belonging to phases of society which, though most distinct, touched each other. These outside circumstances are all that Mary Granville and Hester Thrale have in common. The one is the spotless princess of English domestic life, a woman whom we could scarcely believe to do wrong even if our eyes saw her do it; the other all imperfect and reprehensible, naturally to be found in all kinds of mistakes and mishaps, a universal woman of every country, possessing no such exemption. Neither of them have done anything worth preserving for half a century, for Mrs Piozzi's publications count for little more than Mrs Delany's wonderful embroideries and shell decorations; but their names and characters, their fresh and distinct individuality, are likely to exist until the eighteenth century is too far sunk in the mists of ages to leave any intelligence in its obsolete traditions. As yet they are only of the age of our grandmothers; and few of us know the venerable progenitrixes of our own blood half as well. We can produce no rule of fame as that which has sufficed to raise to this elevation these two characteristic women; yet there they shine, bright non-productives, possessors of a celebrity which neither genius nor labour has purchased. We do not venture to explain, but only to point out this female pre-eminence, which is in its way something more ethereal than actual fame.

POLITICAL TRAGEDIES IN JAPAN.

THE accounts that more than three years ago reached England, describing the first experiences of the European missions which visited Japan, took the public completely by surprise. They would not have done so had the world generally been addicted to antiquarian research; for any one curious in early geographical discovery might have found every feature described by recent visitors accurately portrayed in the pages of Kamper, Siebold, Thunberg, and many other Dutch writers, to say nothing of a whole library of Jesuit fathers. Since Lord Elgin's visit to Yeddo we have had a fair sprinkling of works on Japan; almost everybody who goes there writes a book: but as these travellers' observations are necessarily confined within the same limited range, and their experiences are almost identical, there is a monotony in their productions which is apt to become wearisome; and we are almost inclined to turn with relief to writers of the Kinahan Cornwallis school, whose minute accounts of their adventures in Japan are more likely to be amusing, as they are drawn from their own fertile imaginations, and a study of the old writers on Japan prosecuted in the British Museum. But even the old writers, though they tell us far more than the new, and their information is more to be relied upon, describe comparatively little of the singular country in which some of them have spent the best years of their lives; and no sooner do they get beyond the superficial features of the social and political system of Japan than their accounts begin to differ, and the more we compare and endeavour to reason out the theories they propound, the more mystified do we become. Everybody who has visited Japan since Xavier first set his foot upon it agrees up to a certain point, and then all becomes vague

and obscure. There is no doubt that there exists a spiritual and a temporal emperor—that the population are addicted rather to cleanliness than to clothes—that the country is pretty, the tea-houses seductive, the arts and sciences advanced, and that the jugglers can do the butterfly trick—that the women blacken their teeth and pull out their eyebrows, and that the men rip themselves up;—these and other glaring characteristics, which it would be impossible to overlook, are descanted upon by every successive traveller; and excepting in the case of Mr Hodgson, whose facts are more interesting than his style, and whose actual experiences are more worthy of attention than his political opinions, we have not read a book in which the author did not, either consciously or unconsciously, repeat what had been published somewhere or other before.

We except Mr Hodgson, because he has had an opportunity of spending a year in the almost unknown northern island of Yesso, and has, moreover, picked up some information upon the state of political parties in Japan, which, if not absolutely correct, is at all events new; and which, considering the extreme difficulty of obtaining information, contains, probably, as large an admixture of truth as could reasonably be expected.

As the object of this paper is to afford some still fuller insight into the same subject, and as the writer has personally experienced the almost insurmountable obstacles which attend the pursuit of truth in Japan, it is not with any hostile spirit that these remarks are made, but rather to warn the reader against a too implicit credence in what is only given here under reserve. It is the result of much anxious investigation on the spot—the residue of a most extensive winnowing of lies—

the best product that could be arrived at from a variety of conflicting information derived from different sources.

To know how heartbreaking is the attempt to arrive at any trustworthy account of the state of politics in Japan, it is necessary to have made the attempt in the country itself. Those from whom the following information was derived had devoted upwards of two years to acquiring it; and although the writer's own residence in the island, on two separate occasions, was limited to a few months, it may help to throw some light upon the singular and complicated events which have led to the late tragical episode at Yeddo. At the same time, so much is yet wanting to enable us to fill up the *lacunæ* which still exist, in order to a complete knowledge of the political system under which Japan is governed, that this sketch of it must be considered as imperfect, and still open to correction and amplification.

Perhaps as the English reader proceeds with this article, he will be disposed to consider any such caution as that hinted at above quite unnecessary, and point to the improbability of the facts narrated as the best reason why they should not be true. In this, however, he would be quite mistaken. All our experience in Japan hitherto has led us to believe that we have only succeeded in penetrating superficially into the mysteries of its form of government; and that, as we become better acquainted with the workings of its hidden springs, we shall discover a system of statecraft and political intrigue far more incredible than anything with which we have as yet been brought into contact either here or elsewhere.

When Lord Elgin went to Japan, now nearly four years ago, he was informed that the chief power of executive government was vested in the person of the Tycoon, or Temporal Emperor; and it was not until after he had concluded his treaty

with that august personage, that he learned that the Tycoon had died prior to the date of his visit, and that his successor had not been appointed. Still it was generally understood that, had his Majesty not been dead, he would have been perfectly competent to make a treaty, and that his Government were equally bound, as though he had been alive. His rank was stated to be second only to that of the Mikado or Spiritual Emperor, and his power absolute. Subsequent investigation has, however, cast considerable doubt upon this assumption. Not only is it now stated that the Temporal Emperor ranks fourth in the empire, but there seems to be a question as to how far some of the greater nobles are bound by his acts.

In order to understand the complex theory of Japanese government, we must revert to that period in the history of the country when its disorganised condition rendered it necessary for the reigning Mikado, who then combined in himself the offices of Spiritual and Temporal Emperor, to appoint a generalissimo, who was intrusted with the task of restoring order in the Japanese empire. This generalissimo was the celebrated Taiko Sama, who not only succeeded in reducing the rebellious nobles to obedience, but in installing himself in an office which was henceforth known as that of Siogoon or Tycoon—in other words, Temporal Emperor. This work he accomplished with the assistance of twenty-four of the princes who remained loyal to the Mikado. Those who were conquered were deprived of their territories, which were subdivided into upwards of three hundred smaller principalities, and held by feudal tenure, not from the Mikado, as of old, but from the Tycoon. In the course of time these increased and multiplied, and the landed aristocracy of Japan now number over six hundred, all holding of the Temporal Emperor as their superior. In addition to these are the titular nobility, all rejoicing

in the honorific Kami, and descending in a sliding scale to the holders of small offices about the court either of the Tycoon or of the greater nobles. The *crème de la crème*, then, of the Japanese aristocracy, is limited to the Tycoon himself and those twenty-four princes, who consider themselves his equals, who receive as he does the investiture of their rank from the Mikado, and who, as a general rule, govern their principalities with very little reference to the policy which may influence the Government at Yeddo. Of these princes the wealthiest and most powerful is the Prince of Kanga. His annual revenue is upwards of £700,000 a-year. He can bring into the field an army of 30,000 fighting men, and has a spiritual office which entitles him to rank next to the Mikado. Taiko Sama, on dying, left three sons, who are the founders of the families of Owari, Kewsew, and Mito. Out of these families the Temporal Emperor must always be chosen. Hitherto, except upon one occasion when a member of the house of Owari held the Tycoonship, the office has remained permanently vested in the family of Kewsew. It is said that, upon the death of a Tycoon, his successor is chosen by the twenty-four great families; their nomination is confirmed by the Mikado, from whom he receives his investiture. It will be observed that up to this period the family of Mito has been excluded from the office; and it was understood that it was in consequence of this, and with the view of propitiating the late head of the family, that the Mikado gave him a titular rank, which, while it carried with it no executive power, placed him next to the Prince of Kanga. It would appear from this that the Tycoon is really only the fourth man in the empire, though his government exercises some semblance of authority over every one in it except the Mikado himself. The allegiance of the highest in the land to the rule

of the Temporal Emperor seems to be partly for the sake of convenience, and partly because the skilfully devised constitution which Taiko Sama grafted upon the original institutions of the country, renders it almost impossible for them to emancipate themselves from its limited authority without a civil war, which would involve the whole nobility. The government of the Tycoon at Yeddo is in fact a piece of complicated machinery, constructed for the purpose of keeping a large and powerful aristocracy upon good terms with each other, as well as with the supreme Government; and, while it administers the internal affairs of the Imperial provinces, exercises a supervision over the rulers of those which are independent, and makes use of the powers vested in it to check any aggressive designs they might entertain towards one another. Theoretically an instrument in the hands of the Mikado, it is nominally swayed by the Tycoon, while it actually derives its existence and support from those whom it is devised to control. Thus, as we have already said, the Tycoon is chosen by the twenty-four grandees, but the Gorojio, or Council of State, is chosen by an assembly of 180 nobles, whose qualification consists in the enjoyment of a revenue of 500,000 kokous of rice, or about £35,000 a-year, or any income exceeding that amount. By this body are selected thirteen second, third, or fourth class Daimios or nobles, five of whom compose the first Council, and eight the second Council of State. No first-class Daimio would condescend to take an active part in the administration of affairs; and the highest offices of the State of Japan, as in America, are left to be filled by men of the lower orders. What other function the assembly of nobles may perform beyond choosing the men who shall govern the country—how far they discuss its internal policy—to what extent they guide or direct the action of the Gorojio,—we have not

yet been able to discover. The theory is, that every noble of Japan shall visit the Tycoon's palace daily, for the purpose of giving his advice if it should be required; but this is only a theory. Many of the nobles remain for years in their principalities, merely leaving the eldest son, who may be a child, or the wife, in Yeddo in hostage. The Prince of Satsuma is in the habit of manifesting his displeasure with the Government by remaining away from the capital; and so important are the countenance and influence of this powerful prince considered, that there is a Japanese proverb signifying that affairs are looking badly for the Tycoon, when two years pass without a visit from Satsuma. This family, with many others, is connected with that of the Tycoon by marriage. As a general rule, it may be assumed that the action of the great princes upon the Government at Yeddo is not necessary. Except on the occasion of the death of a Tycoon, everything goes smoothly enough. Each prince governs his own territory without interference, and lets the Tycoon govern his. There is, in fact, nothing to quarrel about; nor can any one individual entertain views dangerous to the others without risk of immediate discovery. In order to enlist the interest of this ultra-haughty aristocracy in the proceedings of the Imperial Government, it is necessary that the latter should transgress some fundamental law of the constitution, or outrage some traditional prejudice. This has been done by the treaty admitting foreigners into Japan; and hence it arises, that, for the first time within the last two centuries, the principal nobles have become involved in political intrigues at Yeddo of so serious a character as almost to threaten the country with a civil war; and that, since Commodore Perry's treaty of 1852, a series of tragedies has occurred in Japan unparalleled in these later days in the political history of the

Western world. It is due to the majority of those nobles who take a prominent part in politics, to remember that office is not their object. We have already shown that "place" is not the ambition of a Japanese Daimio, whose almost absolute position as the ruler of his own principality is greater and more independent than any that could be offered him at Yeddo. When these grandees condescend to meddle with politics, it is because some great principle is at stake, which, upon patriotic grounds, seems to justify an extraordinary interference with the machinery of government. It remains still to see how this abnormal action on the part of one section of the aristocracy will ultimately develop itself. In the mean time it is worthy of note that the only member of the nobility who has come forward as the leader of the hostile opposition is the only one who has a definite personal object to gain, and who is the solitary exception to that disinterestedness of purpose for which we have given credit to the rest of his class. The late Prince of Mito was, as we have said, a member of the Gosanghè—in other words, he was eligible to be elected Tycoon, as being the head of one of the three royal families. The fact that none of his ancestors had ever enjoyed this distinction doubtless contributed to his natural desire for so high a dignity; and he saw in the unpopular act of the Tycoon, who had violated the most sacred law of the great founder of the dynasty by admitting the foreigner into Japan, an opportunity of appealing to the patriotic sentiment of the nobility, and of enlisting their good offices in the event of a vacancy occurring on the temporal throne. Having, we are bound to suppose, found a propitious disposition to exist among the more exalted of his order, and especially supported by the powerful Shendai, he determined on creating the much-desired vacancy; and the Tycoon, who had become odious in conse-

quence of his treaty with America, fell a victim to assassination, while several members of the Government who were parties to it atoned for their unpatriotic action by ripping themselves up. The supporters of the house of Kewsew, however, in spite of the unpopularity of its policy, were more powerful than those of Mito; and the latter had the mortification of seeing his schemes fail, and a member of the rival branch succeed to the imperial dignity. The young man who now occupied the temporal throne was of a weak and sickly disposition, subject to epileptic fits, and without force of character: he, as well as his Gorōjio, was under the influence of Ikamonokami, a noble whose political position placed him next the throne, and who was popularly considered the representative of the liberal party; at all events, his government pursued the policy of their predecessors, and with an equally fatal result. The Tycoon not merely made a treaty with Mr Harris, the U. S. Minister, in 1858, but actually so far transgressed the sacred usages as to admit him to an audience. The consequence was, that a few weeks after, he was poisoned by the Prince of Mito, and had not even been buried when Lord Elgin concluded his treaty with the recently murdered victim. Few of those who composed his Council of State survive to tell the tale; and the crisis which may have yet to burst upon Japan, very nearly culminated when the Western Powers succeeded in extracting this further concession of the national prejudice. The Prince of Mito, however, who now considered his succession to the throne a certainty—as a boy alone remained between himself and that long-coveted dignity—found in Ikamonokami a formidable opponent. In the family of this noble was vested the hereditary regency in the event of a minor succeeding to the throne. His object in thwarting the Prince of Mito, if possible, was clear, while his interest was powerful, as the

late Tycoon had married an elder sister of the Prince of Kanga, and the Prince of Satsuma was also closely allied by marriage to the reigning house. However adverse, therefore, some of these nobles may have been to the existing policy, the ties of blood induced them to rally round the young Prince of Kewsew; and Ikamonokami succeeded in once more thwarting Mito, and installing the minor as Temporal Emperor, while he assumed the regency. Exasperated by repeated failure, the ambitious Daimio vowed a dire revenge, and in March 1860 organised a most daring scheme for ridding himself of his enemy.

Seventeen of his most devoted retainers waylaid the Regent one wet day as he was entering the gate of the Tycoon's palace; and although the scene of the attack was within sight of his own door, not a hundred yards distant, and he was surrounded by five hundred of his followers, and attended by two friendly Daimios, each with an equal number, this handful of resolute men cut their way to his norimon or palanquin, decapitated its occupant before he had time to escape, or the guards by whom he was surrounded (who were encumbered by waterproof coats) could interpose, and carried off his head in triumph. The assassins were, however, so hotly pursued, that the bearer of the Regent's head would have been captured, had not one of the gang, with great presence of mind, cut off the head of a wounded comrade, and holding it aloft, led off the pursuers on a false scent. When at last overtaken, he threw the wrong head to the infuriated Yaconins who surrounded him, and ripped himself up.

Thus had perished violently, within the short space of eight years, two Tycoons and a Regent; it was now the Prince of Mito's turn to pay the penalty of his misdeeds. Outraged by an act of violence at the very gates of the palace, so desperate that even those who sym-

pathised with the anti-foreign views were unable to justify it, the Government, strongly supported by the chief nobles, notified Mito that he must immediately disband his followers and rip himself up. Neither of these injunctions, however, did the Prince see fit to obey, but openly defied the Government by decapitating the messenger and boldly raising the standard of revolt. On this Kanga professed his intention of marching in person to chastise the rebellious noble, when he was saved the trouble by one of his own followers. This man disguised himself as a carpenter, proceeded to Yokuhamu, where he procured a revolver—for no artisan is permitted to carry a sword—and with this weapon concealed upon his person, journeyed into the territory of Mito, and succeeded in obtaining employment in the palace of the Prince. One day, when his Highness is inspecting his repairs, the avenger shoots his employer, wounding him mortally, and terminates the tragedy as usual, by ripping himself up. The Prince of Mito dying, calls round him his followers, who naturally wish to testify their devotion according to the custom of the country, and following their lord and master out of this sublunary sphere in the most approved manner. Mito protests that this is not a case for the “happy despatch”—points to that series of tragedies which has culminated in his own murder—and lays the whole blame on that infraction of the most binding of the laws of his great ancestor Taiko Sama, which prohibited the foreigner from entering Japan. “Had the sacred soil of Nipon never thus been defiled, its political atmosphere would still have been unclouded. The highest nobles in the land would not have been embittered against each other until the opposing factions threatened the country with a civil war, nor would the speaker be lying upon his death-bed. To revenge that death—to carry out at once his political views and his dying request—to restore

peace to Japan and preserve the constitution of Taiko Sama—the extermination of the foreigner was essential; and those who desired to prove their devotion would bind themselves then and there to accomplish this great end;” and his followers, taking a solemn oath, vowed the destruction of the stranger, and the solution, by an act of violence, of the much-vexed question which had been the cause of so many catastrophes. Prince Mito dying, was succeeded by his nephew; and a few months after occurred that midnight attack on the British Legation, which so nearly resulted in the murder of all its occupants. There can be no doubt that the perpetrators of this assault were the retainers of the late Prince, who had disbanded themselves in the prosecution of their sworn purpose, and, lying hidden in the recesses of the vast city, had waited for a propitious moment. The absence of Mr Alcock for three months from the capital, had obliged them to defer their meditated onslaught, as they judged that the assassination of the principal foreigner would so terrify those at the ports that the country would be immediately evacuated. Fortunately they had not previously acquainted themselves with the internal economy of the Legation buildings, which might have been entered from other quarters with the utmost secrecy. These men, having arrived at a sufficient pitch of reckless daring by means of plentiful potations in one of the tea-houses in the neighbouring disreputable quarter, forced their way through the two outer gates, murdering both the porters, and finally aroused the inmates of the Temple, which forms the residence of the British Legation, by breaking in the front door. Then ensued a hot struggle in the dark passages between the leaders of the gang, who were groping their way, and two of the members of the Legation; and, finally, the rescue of all by the tardy though fortunate appearance of the guard. The gang numbered in all

fifteen, and the results of the struggle were equal to an ordinary American battle. Not less than twenty-six were killed and wounded in the affray, of whom, fortunately, only two were English. Of the assailants three were killed on the spot; one, severely wounded, captured; two ripped themselves up; one who attempted to do so and failed, was taken prisoner; three who escaped were severely wounded and traced; and, lastly, a volunteer, said to be a Yaconin of the Prince of Satsuma, was so hotly pursued by the police that, failing to find a refuge in one of the town-houses of his chief, he was compelled also to resort to the "happy despatch." One of the Japanese guard was killed and eight were wounded; while several of the servants, and one old priest in the temple adjoining, came in for a share of sword-cuts. A paper was found on one of the gang giving no clue by which to discover the immediate instigator of the attack, but their identity as Yaconins of the late Mito was pretty well established. The only question was, whether any of the higher nobles, his well-known friends and allies, were privy to or counselled the attempt. This will probably never be known; nor, in fact, is there any means of ascertaining the names of those Daimios who are the most bitterly opposed to the Foreign element. We hear rumours that the Prince of Kanga some time since, at a meeting of nobles, expressed himself in the strongest terms against foreigners. The absence of the Prince of Satsuma for the last two years from the capital, is a significant fact. It is well known that Shendai was a friend and supporter of the late Mito; but if we go through the list of great nobles, and put a black cross against every name, a still greater problem remains; for as the Tycoon is a minor, as there is now no Regent to direct a policy, and as the Council is composed of comparatively small men, we are at a loss to discover the real directing

influence. We are therefore driven to the hypothesis that some of the great nobles, if not absolutely in favour of the foreigner, are at any rate opposed to a policy of violence and bad faith, and are disposed rather to adopt one of expediency than intimidation. That this animosity is the result of prejudice and not of any well-founded complaint against the stranger, is evident from the fact, that no first-class Daimio has ever been brought into personal contact with a foreigner. All he knows of him is from tradition; and although there are, doubtless, to be found in the varied assortment of foreigners who inhabit the ports, those who would be a discredit to any community, the majority are merchants of character and respectability, who are on perfectly good terms with those of the Japanese with whom they have business or other relations. As a rule, it may be safely affirmed that those of the middle and lower classes of the Japanese who have had a personal experience of foreigners are favourably disposed towards them, and that this feeling is cordially reciprocated. Our own countrymen in Japan invariably speak in the highest terms of the Japanese, and it is impossible not to be attracted by the amiable manners and courteous bearing of all those with whom we are permitted to have intercourse. All the open ports are in Imperial and not Daimios' territory, and are not, therefore, infested by the retainers of the grandees; nor are those proud nobles disturbed by visions of the intruding foreigner anywhere but at Yeddo. Here a concentration of the aristocratic element involves the presence of thousands of feudal retainers, who swagger about the streets, armed to the teeth, in drunken gangs, or follow in solemn procession,—extending sometimes a mile,—their lord and master. Should they encounter a foreigner on such an occasion, they scowl defiantly at him, because he does not instantly dismount and humble himself in

the dust, nor can either they or their lords tolerate the idea of being treated upon equal terms. In addition to the very natural prejudice of an inveterate and most punctilious etiquette, these men remember the history of the first foreign invasion, of the dangers so narrowly escaped from Jesuit intrigue, of the violent and successful termination to the foreigner's residence in the country, which resulted in his expulsion, in the martyrdom of thousands of their countrymen, in the restoration of peace to Japan, and in the establishment of a perpetual law that the foreigner should henceforth be excluded, and the welfare of the Empire of the Sun should never again be thus risked. And so this one class, wedded to its traditions, to its exclusive power and privileges, to its system of etiquette and social polity, dreads an element which threatens to enrich the middle classes, to deprive themselves of their influence and prestige, and to create interests and sources of influence over which they can exercise no control. Meantime they are divided among themselves as to the manner in which the case is to be met. It may be that some of them are sufficiently enlightened to desire to abandon this cherished tradition, or that others may deem the evil beyond remedy, and wish only to modify and restrain it as much as possible, or that some few may actually have derived sufficient pecuniary benefit from trade to encourage its continuance. Whatever be the motives which actuate that section of the *noblesse*, whose names are unknown to us, but who are practically the governing influence, certain it is that their desire has been to restrain the more impulsive action of the hostile party, to curb their reckless violence, to counteract their schemes of destruction, and to carry out with tolerable honesty the conditions of the treaty. At the same time they lose no opportunity of restricting the liberties of the foreigner, nor have they eman-

cipated themselves from the prejudices of exclusiveness, though they have granted him certain privileges. A most strict surveillance is exercised, under the plea of necessary protection; and any person found giving him information would do so at the peril of his life. Thus the Japanese guard, in the British Legation at Yeddo, is changed once a-week, lest any member of the guard should become too intimate with any member of the Legation. At present this guard consists of about five hundred men; of these, half are in the service of the Tycoon, and half are the retainers of two Daimios whom the Government could rely upon. Whenever any member of the Legation wishes to go out for a ride, he must be accompanied by at least twenty of these men, armed and mounted: they are considered as officers, and probably rank with esquires of our own feudal times. Their costume is picturesque in the highest degree; and the bearing of those who are in the service of a Daimio is generally more independent and dashing than of those who appertain to his Majesty; but in the event of a hostile encounter in the streets, neither would probably be of much use. These men live in numerous little guard-houses, dotted about the Temple (Legation) grounds, and, like the knights of Branksome, have a certain number of horses always standing ready saddled. Though rather a guard than an escort, their manner is always remarkably civil, while their constant interference, however courteous, could not but be annoying. The present Prince of Mito, shortly after the attack, offered to furnish the Legation guard as a proof of his favourable disposition; but an inquiry into the motives which led him to make this offer were not calculated to inspire confidence. Ignoring the popular rumour, and, indeed, the avowed fact, that the perpetrators of that outrage had been his uncle's retainers, he protested that they were disbanded from the re-

tinues of eight small Daimios whose territories adjoined his own; and it was in consideration of his obtaining these territories that he was prepared to guarantee the safety of the British Legation—such at least, it was rumoured, were the terms he proposed to the Japanese Government, with the addition that if they were not acceded to he would take the coveted territory. But all information upon this head came, as usual, through an uncertain channel; though, indeed, it had been pretty well ascertained that the said Prince had visited the Tycoon's palace twelve or fourteen days in succession, significant of some mysterious transactions.

Every day in Japan is enlivened by some new report, and generally they are found to be more or less true. A few days had only elapsed after the attack on the Legation, when three men were said to have been discovered endeavouring to clamber into the Tycoon's palace, two of whom succeeded in escaping when discovered, the third fell back into the moat, and finding escape impossible, endeavoured to rip himself up. He only partially succeeded, however, and was captured. Nor were the Imperial palace and the British Legation the only places attempted; one of the ministers of foreign affairs narrowly escaped assassination: and so insecure at this period did the members of the Government consider themselves, that their own guards were doubled; they only moved about the streets with the greatest precaution, and adopted the unusual measure of leaving some of their number to pass every night within the walls of the Tycoon's palace.

From all which it will appear, that politics in Japan are conducted upon principles which, while they render the capital a somewhat unsafe place of residence, do not necessarily imply any strong national or universal antipathy to the foreigner. The foreign question is the most prominent one in the country at present; but its interest is confined

to those higher classes who carry out a political view with the edge of the sword, or mix it skilfully with a cup of poison. It is highly important that those who visit countries still in this primitive stage should make due allowance, first, for the prejudices of those amongst whom they are living; secondly, for the peculiar manner in which, according to the custom of the country, they may choose to enforce those prejudices; and, thirdly, for the difficulties which even a well-disposed government may have to contend with in restraining any such exhibition of feeling. Whatever may be the practical inconveniences of a residence in Japan, it is impossible not to feel interested in a people who, in spite of class peculiarities, possess a national character which combines so much that is both original and attractive. Where else shall we find a system of government so complicated in its machinery, but so simple in its working? where else a people so highly civilised, and yet so thoroughly primitive? That the machinery should be temporarily thrown out of gear by the intrusion of a principle so novel as the introduction of the foreigner, is not to be wondered at; that a civilisation, combining elements so opposed to that with which it is now brought into contact, should occasionally clash with it, must be expected. Time and experience can alone produce harmony, but there is no ground for supposing that this desirable result is unattainable.

A personal intercourse between the first-class Daimios and leading foreigners would do more than anything else to remove a prejudice founded upon an antiquated law; and the conciliation of a few of these grandees would remove the possibility of an external rupture or a civil war. The latter is the contingency which those most conversant with the machinery of the Government have chiefly feared; and we have in this prospect another illustration of the imperfect idea which was at first

formed of the relative positions of the Temporal and Spiritual Emperors. It was generally understood that the latter was an idea rather than an active principle, and that his sacred character deprived him of any power or influence whatever in controlling the destinies of his country. Though this is true in one sense, and the Spiritual Emperor has for centuries taken no active share in the executive, still he exists as the source of power, and as the embodiment of the laws and traditions of the Empire. Should the so-called patriotic party feel themselves powerful enough to cope with the Tycoon's Government, it is just possible they might invoke the sacred authority of the Mikado, and that he might, for once, in so exceptional a case, if successful intrigue had won his sympathies, condescend from his exalted position to sanction with his countenance those who professed to be upholding the sacred and exclusive character of that empire of which he was the sainted and sovereign lord. And there can be little doubt that the prestige of that sanction would render any hostile action on the part of the Tycoon or his Government hopeless. Rather than incur the risk of such a catastrophe, the "powers that are" at Yeddo would join in what would then become the popular policy, and adopt whatever measures they might consider palatable to so formidable a conjunction of power. But it is, on the other hand, to be remembered that the very position of the Mikado, as a part of the Government, renders him

more accessible to influence from those who are in office than from those who can only act upon him indirectly, and with the greatest difficulty and secrecy; and that the isolation of his dignity renders it very difficult for him to estimate the popular view of any question, or form any opinion whatever upon matters of state policy. Hence we may be permitted to hope that such a contingency as that here contemplated will never arise, but that an extended mutual intercourse will each year render more remote the chances of a crisis; and that, though occasional instances of political fanaticism may lead to outrages, the general feeling of the public will gradually display itself in our favour, until at last a class will be created whose wealth will give them influence, while their interests will make it their policy to encourage foreign intercourse; and a more intimate acquaintance, on our part, with the people with whom we have to deal, will render us not only more careful of offending their prejudices, but will give us such an insight into their political and social systems that our diplomatic agents will no longer be working in the dark, but will be able to steer through the intricacies of that political channel now only partially surveyed, where many hidden rocks still exist, which, when they have been marked and buoyed, will cease to present those dangers and difficulties to the adventurous explorer, with which, whether he be traveller or diplomatist, he will always have to contend.

A BOX OF BOOKS.

INCESSANT rain, a country house, no visitors, and not a book to read—surely this is as dreary a prospect as a bilious and unoccupied man can look upon?

That prospect is ours. We gaze through windows, blurred by the blubbering rain, out into the dim and misty distance, and notice the indistinct trees wearing an aspect as forlorn as that of a drenched cat, and the garden paths sloppy and uninviting as a marsh. It is not cheering. In weariness of spirit we turn into the library; not that we have much hope of finding anything there; for, as just hinted, there is not a book to read. There are plenty of books on the shelves—hundreds; and they are likely to remain there in silent eloquence. You know the kind? Classics, for the most part; works which no gentleman's library should be without, and which few gentlemen care to shake the dust off. There, for example, stand the works of Hooker, "the judicious Hooker," calf neat! 'Toplady's Works;' much obliged! 'Œuvres de Bernardin St Pierre,' *merci*! 'Tiraboschi,' *tante grazie*! 'Immanuel Kant's Werke,' *danke schönstens*! On the table lies 'Essays and Reviews'—uncut—and the last 'Edinburgh.' All these treasures are surveyed with an equanimous regard. There is no temptation in them. There is doubtless a great amount of "solid instruction" to be gained from our friend's library; but we do not happen to have a large appetite for such food; and at this moment we feel little inclined for beans and bacon.

We saunter into the inner sanctum, where our studious host is poring over some dreadful black-letter book, deluding himself with the idea that he gains nutriment from it. A collector of books, as of everything else, is only too happy

(tyrannously so) to display his treasures to any misguided mortal who, in a moment of weakness or complaisance, may have expressed a gleam of curiosity; accordingly, our suggestion that perhaps something piquant might be found in this sanctum, at once rouses our host to strew before us a variety of bibliopolic treasures. First comes the Aldine Politian, printed at Venice in 1498, in which we learn that the first printed line of Hebrew appears. Very likely; but we glance at this line without any emotion, and by no means feel that the *Panepistemon* is likely to make a rainy day pass cheerily. Then we have the 'Epigrammata' of Marullus—a small and ill-favoured volume—which we learn cost five guineas. The odd shillings seem to us more than its value. Then comes the 'Epistolarum Familiarum, libri xxxvii.' of Philephus: Venice, 1502: "tall copy." We turn over its pages languidly, curse the contractions, and find that the literary squabbles of scholars in the fifteenth century soon become as uninteresting as the literary squabbles of our own day. Next come some rare editions, and books with eagerly-desired initial letters. Then Elzevirs.

One by one our friend's treasures are produced, and tossed aside, or sprinkled with the cold water of indifference. He has mounted the library steps, and is seeking a copy of Hermolaus Barbarus, and, as we know nothing, and careless, about that once famous now forgotten scholar, we secretly hope the search will be in vain; when, lo! the sound of wheels! Is it a visitor? Better still, it is the carrier with a box from the library! Now let the rain wash, and the wind toss about the dripping branches, there is a gleam of sunshine in-doors. That box will certainly contain some volumes which one

would not read in the wettest of weather, in the dreariest of days ; volumes, in comparison with which Hooker would be entertaining and Kant lively ; but one is also certain that it must contain volumes which one wants to read, if only because "everybody" is talking of them. A box of *new* books from the library is not all bonbons. The despot of a librarian will have his way, and, Napoleon-like, is certain to fling his columns of raw conscripts upon our centre at the first onset, as mere food for powder ; but he has his *vieille garde* in reserve, which can be brought up to decide the wavering fortunes of the day. It is as we expected. Out tumble feeble novels, and watery travels ; but they are speedily dispersed, and we fall upon the small but effective reserve.

The first volume we carried away was that on the Animal Kingdom, by Professor Rymer Jones,* a work we knew well, and valued, in its earlier editions ; and as 1855 was the date of the edition preceding this, our expectations, of course, were to find the present representing the science of 1861 ; for in this study advances are rapid, and a book soon becomes out of date. Moreover, a scientific, and a literary, journal, had both complimented the author on the skill with which he had introduced the latest results of investigation into the old text. A cursory examination of the volume soon revealed that these critics were either very friendly ; or (but *that* is an improbable supposition) somewhat ignorant. It revealed that Professor Jones had only made unimportant alterations, and was very far indeed from having brought his work up to the level of our day. Nay, he has not even revised his text with decent care. He has actually retained, in 1861, the allusions to researches as "recent," which could only have been ap-

propriate in 1845 and '50. Thus, at page 99, he mentions the *recent* observations of Van Beneden respecting the generation of medusæ from polypes, those observations having been made in 1843 ; and at page 82 he refers to the "recently discovered" ova of the hydra, the date being 1850. Any one can see that these are unaltered passages of former editions ; and no one even slightly acquainted with the progress of zoology, will accept such a complete disregard of all the subsequent labours of naturalists. At page 110, reference is made to Ehrenberg's researches in 1835, and not a word is given to Ehrenberg's numerous successors ; nay, even Huxley's magnificent monograph on the Oceanic Hydrozoa, published by the Ray Society, and therefore easily accessible, receives no notice whatever. As a matter of bibliography, some mention of "recent" writers was called for. Again, there is no allusion to Stein's great work on Infusoria ; or to Van Beneden's monograph "*sur les Vers intestinaux* ;" no notice is taken of Huxley's researches on the Aphides, but the views of Owen are given as the latest and completest. A similar neglect of British investigators is seen in the absence of all notice of Professor M'Donnell's Memoir on the Habits and Anatomy of the Lepidosiren.†

We might draw up a long list of omissions inexcusable in a work which professes to represent the state of science in 1861 ; but it would be needless. Let us rather turn to the pleasanter consideration of the merits of this book, which are many. As a survey of the organisation of the animal kingdom, it is to be recommended for its clearness, and its excellent illustrations ; twenty-four new illustrations have been added to this edition, making four hundred and

* 'General Outline of the Organisation of the Animal Kingdom, and Manual of Comparative Anatomy.' By Thomas Rymer Jones. 3d Edition.

† 'Journal of the Royal Society of Dublin,' 1860.

twenty-three valuable aids to the understanding of the text. The book is not bulky; yet it contains an immense amount of information not easily to be found elsewhere; and, as the study is daily becoming more popular, the book will assuredly not fail of finding readers to profit by it.

The hours passed swiftly as we turned over the pages, dipping here, reading there, admiring, questioning, and considering. So pleasant was the book and its suggestions that it naturally determined our choice of Mr Max Müller's book,* as the second to be drawn from the box. This may possibly seem strange to you. Indeed it is not, *prima facie*, intelligible how lectures on language came to be classed with comparative anatomy, since nothing is less like science than the laborious pedantry of most philological researches. But a glance at the pages of this brilliant German will at once convince the reader that here the dry bones of erudition are clothed with the flesh and blood of eloquence and philosophy; as in the pages of a philosophical anatomist, the smallest details of form, position, and number are made the alphabet of great thoughts on Life. Nor is this the only resemblance. The science of language, unfolded in these lectures, is so singularly like that of comparative and transcendental anatomy in its laws—the principles of evolution and modification of the one are so similar to those demonstrable in the other—that the two sciences mutually assist and *collustrate* each other (to use the favourite phrase of the Florentine Platonists). Unless we are greatly mistaken, the biologist may gain new illumination from the philologist, and the philologist may learn in biology to guide his steps, and to correct some of his misconceptions. It is from this point of view we shall offer some remarks on Mr Max Müller's work, leaving to other

and more instructed critics to determine its philological value.

And, first, as to the name. Mr Max Müller confesses that the new science is anonymous at present. It has indeed been variously named—Comparative Philology, Scientific Etymology, Phonology, Glossology, and *La Linguistique*. But none of these satisfy him. "If we must have a Greek title for our science," he says, "we might derive it from *mythos*, word, or from *logos*, speech. But the title Mythology is already occupied, and Logology would jar on classical ears." What does Mr Müller say to Etymogeny? It would perfectly express the idea of genesis and development of words; as Organogeny expresses that of the genesis and development of organs. Etymogeny would thus stand in the same relation to Etymology as Organogeny does to Organology, as Histogeny does to Histology; and it would furnish all necessary derivatives.

But let us be as indifferent as Juliet herself to names, our interest in the thing cannot be tepid. If the reader takes up these 'Lectures' in a state of blank ignorance respecting all that European scholars have effected towards the establishment of a genuine science of Language, he will devour the book as we did, and undergo a succession of delighted thrills at the vistas of a new world of thought unfolding themselves before him. Much in the book must assuredly be Mr Max Müller's own; how much, we are too ignorant to guess. But of this at least we are certain, that such power of philosophic exposition, such consummate mastery as is implied in the ease and lightness of touch by which the subject is made to grow up before the eye, are rare in all departments, and rarest of all in the works of German savants. It is true that Mr Max Müller is a very exceptional German. Not only does he write English with a felicity

* 'Lectures on the Science of Language.' By Max Müller. 2d Edition.

and precision rare even among Englishmen, and perfectly marvellous in a foreigner, but he has emancipated himself from the painful minuteness and inartistic prodigality of the German, who insists on your taking with the statue all the chips and dust which his chisel has struck off. Goethe says truly, that "only the fulness of strength turns to the freedom of grace"—

"Nur die gesättigt Kraft kehret zur Anmuth zurück;"

but either the German is seldom *gesättigt*, or else he forgets to turn back. He has laboured in the production of the work, and insists on your labouring, like a galley slave, to read it.

Just as the biologist disregards every question of Medicine or Hygiene, seeking only to detect the laws of life and the development of animal forms, seeking his material in the most useless and despised creatures—the slug that crawls over his cabbages, the mite devastating his cheese, the worm burrowing in the earth, the animalcules crowding in the stagnant pool,—so likewise the etymogenist (if we may begin to use our new word) neglects the ordinary claims of language as a medium of social and literary intercourse, and seeks his material elsewhere than in classic and literary language. "Dialects which have never produced any literature at all—the jargons of savage tribes, the clicks of the Hottentots, and the vocal modulations of the Indo-Chinese—are as important, nay, for the solution of some of our problems, more important, than the poetry of Homer or the prose of Cicero. We do not want to know languages, we want to know language; we want to know its origin, its nature, its laws."

It appears that there are some nine hundred known languages. That so vast a field should never have tempted the curiosity of philosophers until the beginning of the present century, is not so surprising as Mr Müller would have us believe.

Although as old as Aristotle, Comparative Anatomy only began to be *scientifically* studied towards the end of the last century. Of it we may say what Mr Müller says of Language. "Like a veil that hung too closely over the eye of the human mind, it was hardly perceived. In an age when the study of antiquity attracted the most energetic minds, when the ashes of Pompeii were sifted for the playthings of Roman life; when parchments were made to disclose by chemical means the erased thoughts of Grecian thinkers; when the tombs of Egypt were ransacked for their sacred contents, and the palaces of Babylon and Nineveh forced to surrender the clay diaries of Nebuchadnezzar; when everything, in fact, that seemed to contain a vestige of the early life of man was anxiously searched for and carefully preserved in our libraries and museums,—language, which in itself carries us back far beyond the cuneiform literature of Assyria and Babylonia, and the hieroglyphic documents of Egypt, which connects ourselves through an unbroken chain of speech with the very first ancestors of our race, and still draws its life from the first utterances of the human mind—language, the living and speaking witness of the whole history of our race, was never cross-examined by the student of history, was never made to disclose its secrets until questioned, and, so to say, brought back to itself, within the last fifty years, by the genius of a Humboldt, Bopp, Grimm, Bunsen, and others." Among "the others" not the least eminent being Mr Max Müller.

Now that the study has commenced, its results already disclose the richness and importance of the science. In its infancy we already detect the thews and sinews of a Titan. Some of the disclosures are startling. What think you, for example, of the statement that, on any view of the origin and dispersion of language, it is demonstrable that nothing new has ever been added

to the substance of language, all its changes having been changes of form only—no new root, or radical, has been added by the countless new generations and new tribes? The assertion is so startling that many will venture to doubt its accuracy; but, on investigation, it will be found as certain as that all the numberless varieties of bone in the vertebrate skeleton are but modifications of the typical vertebra, and that, even in the complex structure of man, no new tissue has been added. It is, doubtless, surprising to hear that the language of the English soldier, learned by him in his native Dorsetshire or Devonshire, is, strictly speaking, one and the same language as that of the Sepoy learned by him among the Ghauts, or on the banks of the Ganges; both having been built up of materials definitely fixed before the Teutonic and Indic branches of the great Aryan family separated. No new root has been added to the speech of either; nay, even their modern grammatical forms are only combinations of elements which existed in the speech of their Aryan ancestors. But the same may be said of the frog and the man; widely as they seem to differ, transcendental anatomy traces the absolute identity of their tissues, their organs, the combination of these organs into systems, and the laws of development in each.

There is, no doubt, incessant change going on in language. But—and the point is important—it is not in the power of man either to produce or to prevent such changes. The ordinary belief is, that language is exceedingly arbitrary, and depends on the whim of individuals. But in truth "we might as well think of changing the laws which control the circulation of our blood, or of adding an inch to our height, as of altering the laws of speech, or inventing new words according to our own pleasure." Is there then no growth of language? In one sense, yes. And this growth comprises two processes, which Mr Max

Müller says "should be carefully distinguished, though they may be at work simultaneously. These two processes I call—1, *Dialectical Regeneration*; 2, *Phonetic Decay*."

Before proceeding to explain these processes, we must suggest our doubts as to the appropriateness of the terms chosen for them. In English, "dialectical" means "logical," and not "pertaining to dialects." Its use, therefore, in the sense of regeneration "by dialects," will be equivocal; and we happen to know that one of Mr Müller's readers was misled by the equivocation. But infinitely more misleading is the choice of "phonetic decay." We are uncertain whether the conception of death originally determined the selection of this phrase; or whether the phrase, having been chosen on account of its superficial appropriateness, suggested the profoundly erroneous conception of death. Profoundly erroneous we call it, because it implies that the process of development into a higher organism is a process of death; whereas it is only a metamorphosis into higher life. Language, in becoming capable of expressing more complex thought, may lose some of its original *sound*, but gains *power*. If, in such a phrase as "I loved," the final *d* is all that now remains of what was once an independent word, meaning *did*—if all terminations are but "the dust remaining from the wear and tear of speech"—there is, doubtless, a certain accuracy in naming the process of such changes a process of phonetic decay. But the decay is only phonetic. Sound has been sacrificed; meaning preserved; power gained. The *d* is no longer an independent word; its independence is merged in that of the verb to which it is affixed. But a similar metamorphosis takes place in the animal organism. When a simply cellular structure passes into higher development, many of the cells cease to exist as independent cells, and become fibres and tubes. Nothing now remains of the original cell except its wall, and

perhaps the nucleus. The presence of this nucleus proves that the fibre was originally a cell ; but no histogenist ever considered that such a metamorphosis from cells to fibres was a process of decay, although in that metamorphosis the cell has lost its independence and its power of reproduction. It is no longer germinal—no longer primitive. Yet it has required new properties, and has become an integral part of a more potent whole. Precisely this change takes place when independent words lose their independence to become terminations.

If this be so—and we submit our objections with all the diffidence due to Mr Max Müller's higher knowledge, taking our stand simply on the analogies of etymogeny and organogeny—we must resist the conclusion that, "as soon as phonetic corruption shows itself in a language, that language has lost what we considered to be the most essential character of human speech—namely, that every part of it should have a meaning. The people who spoke Sanskrit were as little aware that *vinsati* meant *twice ten* as a Frenchman is that *vingt* contains the remains of *deux* and *dix*. Language, therefore, has entered into a new stage as soon as it submits to the attacks of phonetic change. The life of language has become benumbed and extinct in those words, or portions of words, which show the first traces of this phonetic mould." Is he not here confounding decay of sound with decay of sense? Is not the *meaning* as perfectly preserved in *vinsati* as in *twice ten*? Phonetic decay is a process of development, not of death—of *etymogenesis*, not of *etymolysis*. "Twenty" is positively a gain; when the mind wishes to pass rapidly onward from the idea of twenty, it would be simply a retardation if the ideas of twice and ten were necessary. Such a retardation is inevitable when every word, and portion of a word, represents an idea. It is like *counting* in lieu of

calculating, or mentally dissecting an animal into its organs and tissues, when you want to think of the animal itself.

Waiving this objection, however, we find many interesting illustrations of the extent to which the whole surface of a language may be altered by phonetic change. Think that, in the French *vingt*, you have the same elements as in *deux* and *dix*: that the second part of the French *douze*, twelve, represents the Latin *decem* or *duodecim*; that the final *te* of *trente* was originally the Latin *ginta* in *triginta*, which *ginta* was again a derivation and abbreviation of the Sanskrit *dāsa* or *dāsati*, ten. Then consider how early this phonetic disease must have broken out. For in the same manner as *vingt* in French, *veinte* in Spanish, and *venti* in Italian, presuppose the more primitive *viginti* which we find in Latin, so this Latin *viginti*, together with the Greek *eikati*, and the Sanskrit *vinsati*, presuppose an earlier language from which they are in turn derived, and in which, previous to *viginti*, there must have been a more primitive form *dviginti*; and previous to this again another compound, as clear and intelligible as the Chinese *cū-shī*, consisting of the ancient Aryan names for two, *dvi*, and *ter*, *dāsati*. Such is the virulence of this phonetic change, that it will sometimes eat away the whole body of the word, and leave nothing behind but the decayed fragments. Thus, *sister*, which in Sanskrit is *vasar*, appears in Pehlvi and in Ossetian as *cho*. *Daughter*, which in Sanskrit is *duhitur*, has dwindled down in Bohemian to *dei* (pronounced *tsi*). Who would believe that *tear* and *larme* are derived from the same source; that the French *même* contains the Latin *semetipsissimus*; that in *aujourd'hui* we have the Latin *dies*, twice? Who would suppose, we may add, that the little bone at the base of the tongue (*os hyoides*) is identical with the numerous bones forming the respiratory skeleton of fishes?

Yet Geoffroy St Hilaire made this as clear as daylight.* Who would suppose that the gigantic claw of a crab was identical with the antenna of an insect, or that the jawbone of an ass was identical with its leg? Nay, if we come to phonetic corruption, who would recognise a *capitano* in *kpn*? Yet, as Alfieri, in a satirical sonnet, pointed out, the Frenchman pronounces *capitano*, *capitaine*, "as if blowing hot soup;" and the busy Englishman, economic of breath and time, reduces it to *kpn*. Omnibus rapidly became "bus," and cabriolet has long lost itself in "cab." But cab is just as expressive as cabriolet, and better adapted for the formation of derivatives, cabman, cabby, cabhorse, cabstand, cab-fares, &c. We lose nothing in *riolet* except sound.

Misled, as we cannot but think, by this notion of death, Mr Max Müller pronounces "the history of all the Aryan languages is nothing but a gradual process of decay." It is a paradox to find development dependent upon the death of that which is developed: such a contradiction to our biological conceptions requires better evidence before we can accept it. But there is no paradox in associating development with metamorphosis—with the elimination of superfluous parts; and if the term phonetic decay be replaced by one which would express such elimination—say, for example, *verbal integration* or *phonetic metamorphosis*—the equivoque would cease. But, in Mr Max Müller's view, there is the implication of death, and it is "distinguished from the dialectical process which involves a real principle of growth." We cannot see this vital distinction. The enrichment of any language by the importation of dialects is not the addition of any new roots. It is simply the reintroduction of words which had fallen into disuse by one tribe or nation, but had been preserved by others; or

the introduction of new combinations of the old roots which have been formed in one place, and not in another. It is certain that such regenerations become of the utmost importance, owing to the marked tendency which is manifest in all languages to become too generalised: and, in proportion as a language is "settled," this tendency becomes unduly predominant. There are obvious advantages in having an abstract speech, capable of indicating generalities, and of leaving details out of sight. There are also obvious disadvantages in the gradual decay of individualised expressions. "In a peasant's mouth," says Grimm, "the bearing, calving, falling, and killing of almost every animal has its own peculiar term, as the sportsman delights in calling the gait and members of game by different names." But in the mouths of cultivated men, especially in literature, these terms gradually give place to general terms, because the mind seizes on that which is common to the class, and lets drop the special and unimportant differences.

It may be admitted that "dialects have always been the feeders rather than the channels of a literary language; anyhow they are parallel streams, which existed long before one of them was raised to that temporary eminence which is the result of literary cultivation." But that "dialectical regeneration" is no process of growth to be markedly distinguished from "phonetic decay," seems manifest in the very account given of the origin of dialects and languages. The first tendency of language, we are told, must have been towards an "unbounded variety." To this there was, however, a natural check, which prepared, from the very beginning, the growth of national and literary languages. The language of the father became the language of a family, the language of a family

* Geoffroy St Hilaire, 'Philosophie Anatomique,' 1818.

that of a clan. In one and the same clan different families would preserve amongst themselves their own familiar forms and expressions. They would add new words, some so fanciful and quaint as to be hardly intelligible to other members of the same clan. Such expressions would naturally be suppressed, as we suppress provincial peculiarities and pet words of our own at large assemblies, where all clansmen meet, and are expected to take part in general discussions. But they would be cherished all the more round the fire of each tent, in proportion as the general dialect of the clan assumed a more formal character. Class dialects, too, would spring up—the dialects of servants, grooms, shepherds, and soldiers. Women would have their own household words, and the rising generation would not be long without a more racy phraseology of their own. Even we, in this literary age, and at a distance of thousands of years from those early fathers of language, do not speak at home as we speak in public. The same circumstances which gave rise to the formal language of a clan as distinguished from the dialects of families, produce, on a larger scale, the languages of a confederation of clans, of nascent colonies, of rising nationalities. Before there is a national language, there have always been hundreds of dialects in districts, towns, villages, clans, and families; and though the progress of civilisation and centralisation tends to reduce their number and to soften their features, it has not as yet annihilated them, even in our own time. In the process of “regeneration”—that is, in the introduction of words and phrases from other dialects—there is certainly a reinvigoration of the fading distinctness; the details which had slipped out of sight, or become obscured in the too generalised speech of a nation, are once more vividly presented in the dialect or speech of some other nation or district. But the importation of new phrases

is only one form of increasing the power of a language, as the “verbal integration,” or “phonetic decay,” is another form of increasing its power. In the one case there is an elimination of superfluous sounds, and the integration of two independent words into one more powerful, which is a process of generalisation; in the other case there is a process of adoption of new words having a fresher and less general signification, which is a process of individualisation. There is a marked difference between the two; but it is not the difference between growth and decay. The elimination of superfluous sounds gives greater flexibility and power to the language, and carries away none of its primitive meaning. The *d* in *loved* may no longer be recognised as *did*, except by an etymogenist; it may have lost its independent life. But language is the richer for that loss; and the original *did* still remains elsewhere in the language, ready for all independent purposes. The reinvigoration from dialects is also manifest gain. It revives the fading distinctness inseparable from generalised speech. Grammarians and purists may shudder at dialects, and at “newfangled” words, as “barbarous;” but we know how the decaying life of Europe under the Roman Empire was reinvigorated by the arrival of the barbarian hordes.

Two other topics seduce us into lingering a little longer over this fascinating book, the first being that of the origin of language. Not that we propose discussing so arduous a question here; it is enough to mention that Mr Max Müller satisfactorily disproves both the hypothesis of language having been formed by *imitative sounds*, and the hypothesis of its having arisen as a series of *interjections*. He affirms that every word is originally a *predicate*; that names, though signs of individual conceptions, are all, without exception, derived from general ideas. On this point we are dubious; yet he considers it to be one

of the most important discoveries in the science. "It was known before that language is the distinguishing characteristic of man ; it was known also that the having general ideas is that which puts a perfect distinction betwixt man and brutes ; but that these two were only different expressions of the same fact was not known till the theory of roots had been established." We may to the full admit that no animal thinks—*i. e.*, thinks connectedly—no animal speaks, except man ; and that language and thought are inseparable. "Words without thought are dead sounds ; thoughts without words are nothing. To think is to speak low ; to speak is to think aloud. The word is the thought incarnate." But this does not prove his position that all words are necessarily general expressions ; since he will scarcely maintain that all ideas are necessarily general. If thinking be silent speech, inasmuch as general ideas must have been formed from individual ideas, it will follow that the words, which are the incarnation of ideas, must have originally been individual ; unless the position be maintained that thought never becomes incarnate in language until the ideas have become general.

Before this abstruse question can be settled, the etymogenist must apply to the biologist for a scientific explanation of the physiology of language. Hitherto we believe no such explanation has been given. We are, therefore, emboldened to attempt one ; and although forced to confess that, at present, Anatomy is not able to produce the direct evidence necessary for the verification of our hypothesis, we have little doubt that, if the hypothesis itself be correct, the evidence will hereafter be disclosed.

Language is the vocal expression of thought. To understand it we must first view it in its relation to all other modes of expression—that

is to say, in relation to all other modes of muscular excitation consequent upon cerebral stimulus. It ranges with the phenomena of starting, trembling, crying, laughing, shrieking, shrinking, leaping, flying, &c., which, in man and animals, are consequent upon sensations of pain and pleasure, emotions of joy and terror. In other words, it is one of the many illustrations of that Law of Sensibility which, as has been elsewhere shown,* declares that "no sensation terminates in itself : a self-terminating sensation being as inconceivable as a self-terminating motion. Every sensation must either discharge itself in the excitation of some secondary sensation, or in some motor impulse." A sound or a touch, a sight or a smell, will discharge itself in exciting some part of the muscular apparatus of an animal, causing it to shrink or run, to bark or wag its tail. When the sun rises, the birds begin to twitter and sing ; when the gun is taken down, the dogs begin to bark and leap for joy : the vocal muscles, as well as the locomotive muscles, are stimulated. In like manner, when the child sees its nurse bringing the pap-boat, it smiles and gurgles, and kicks its legs about ; the emotion of pleasure excited by the sight exciting the muscles to these expressions. It is evident that, as regards nervous stimulus and muscular expression, the physiological law is the same in man as in animals.

The physiological, but not the psychological, law. In man a *new* psychological phenomenon appears. Like the animal, he expresses his sensations and emotions by movements, cries, inarticulate utterances ; but, unlike the animals, he also expresses, by vocal utterances, his ideas. What he has in common with animals is sensibility and emotion. These in him, as in them, express themselves by the excitation of certain muscles. But he has

* 'Physiology of Common Life,' ii. 55 *et seq.*

something more. He has not only ideas, which animals also have, but the power of spontaneous and *connected* ideation. He forms trains of thought remote from the immediate suggestions of sensation. Ideas excite other ideas continuously. Now, by the Law of Sensibility, these ideas *must* discharge themselves in some muscular action; and, by the peculiarity of man's organisation, the easiest path for this discharge happens to be that of the vocal organs, so that Speech becomes the inevitable consequent of Thought. Language is thus to ideas, what cries and other bodily movements are to emotions and sensations. The ideas being definite, articulate, and connected, the vocal movements are definite, articulate, and connected. Inarticulate emotion excites only the indefinite utterance of cries and interjections.

Thought is only silent speech. We form words, but we do not *utter* them, in thinking; that is to say, the muscular excitation is checked from its full discharge on the vocal organs; but it is always *begun*; and in some men thought habitually expresses itself in actual speech even when alone; in all men it does so under great stimulus. This shows how direct a connection exists between the vocal organs and the brain.

It has been said that the possession of vocal organs fitted for articulate and varied utterance, gives man the power of speech. But that this is not exact may be shown by simple reference to the fact that parrots and magpies have such vocal organs, and have no speech. They can utter any of our words, but they cannot speak. Their utterance is merely imitation. They imitate our sounds, as monkeys imitate our actions. Neither these sounds, nor these actions, proceed from the same cerebral stimulus as in man; that is to say, these muscular excitations are not the discharges from the ideational and emotional centres, but from the imitative centre. Such ideas and

emotions as the parrot and the monkey have, discharge themselves on other muscles and in other ways. Give the parrot the brain to form trains of thought, and you at once give him language; for these ideas must find vocal expression as his emotions now find it.

Thus it is clear, that beside the vocal organs, there is needed a peculiar nervous adjustment between these organs and the ideational centre; and it is the existence of this mechanism which makes language as natural to man as singing is to the bird; and singing, again, is as natural to birds as flying. The origin of language is, therefore, to be found in man's organisation. *In as far as* the animal thinks, he expresses his thought by some muscular action; but his thought is unconnected, limited, and finds expression in signs and cries. He has not sufficient power of thought to demand a varied and articulate expression; nor has he organs sufficiently mobile to be readily and variously excited by his ideas, so as to *react* upon them, and thus by language to increase his power of thought.

Man is the only animal that laughs. That is to say, he is the only animal whose mechanism is so adjusted that certain sensations will discharge themselves most readily on the facial and respiratory muscles, so as to produce laughter. Speak kindly to a dog, and its tail begins to wag; to a child, and its facial muscles move into a smile. Different as the phenomenon is in these cases, the physiological process is identical. Tease the dog, and it will snarl and set up the hairs of its back; tease the child, and it will frown or cry. Here, and in all other cases, the nervous stimulus discharges itself in the easiest path. Now the peculiarity of man's organisation is, first, that he has nervous centres of great activity in the formation of ideas, and next, that the easiest pathway for the discharge of such stimulus is through the vocal organs: so easy

is this discharge, that it takes precedence over all others, and ideas instantaneously incarnate themselves in words, which words may or may not be *uttered*; but, even when unuttered, the vocal mechanism is excited, though not to its most vigorous action.

Having propounded our hypothesis, we now pass to the second question on which we desired to say a word—namely, why, since language is natural to man, as the *necessary* result of his organisation, is the number of primitive roots so small, and the introduction of new roots pronounced impossible? It was noticed before that the Sepoy and the English soldier speak identically the same language, in spite of the immense historical interval which separates their races. Why is this? Mr Max Müller says, that language is an instinct, and that “man loses his instincts as he ceases to want them. His senses become fainter, when, as in the case of scent, they become useless. Thus the creative faculty which gave to each conception, as it thrilled for the first time through the brain, a phonetic expression, became extinct when its object was fulfilled. The number of these *phonetic types* must have been almost infinite in the beginning, and it was only through the same process of *natural elimination* which we observed in the early history of words, that clusters of roots, more or less synonymous, were gradually reduced to one definite type.” We feel it difficult to accept this explanation. We believe the creative *faculty* is as vigorous now as ever it was, and manifests itself in every nursery. But the very existence of a language necessarily *determines* that of all succeeding generations. It is not that no new roots are formed, or are no longer capable of being formed, but that the existing roots prevent the *continuance* of the new. The babble of the nursery, so thrill-

ling to parental ears, displays the creative faculty. But the new roots, because they are new, can only be understood in the soil of their birth. Mother, nurse, and sister understand them; but being unintelligible out of the nursery, they cannot be used elsewhere. They die out, and are replaced by the old words which are intelligible. Suppose an infant wishes to express the idea of carriage, and not having mastered the accepted words, finds an expression in *sig*. He says *sig me*. Mother and nurse soon learn to understand by his gestures that *sig* means “carry;” and, condescending to the new invention, they henceforth adopt *sig* in speaking to him. Hence *sigging*, *sigman*, *sigged*, *besigged*, may arise in turn as legitimate nursery expressions. But these will not be intellegible in any other nursery, and the old expression which *is* intellegible must also be taught, and will finally prevail. *Sig* dies, not because the phonetic instinct has become weakened, but because in the “struggle for life” *sig* finds itself unable to compete with *carry*.

With such a work in hand as this on language, a rainy day has no weariness, a country house no terrors. Unhappily, the book is soon finished, and the rain continues. Pour, pour, pour — wash, wash, wash! Was there ever such a climate? Was there ever such a winter? Buckingham meant to be very bitter when he cursed the dog that bit him, with “May you be married, and live in the country!” That was no curse. We should have envenomed it thus: “May you be *unmarried*, and live in a damp district with no library to help you!” In spite of misty wreaths without, and yawning vacantness within, have we not spent a blissful day bending over this one volume? Let us try another. It shall be one by Mr Gosse.*

This also turns out a pleasant

* ‘The Romance of Natural History.’ By Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. Second Series.

companion, and a relaxation after harder study. There is no headache in it. If there is nothing original, there is much that is amusing and instructive. Scissors and paste, rather than scalpel and pen, have been employed; but the scissors are intelligent scissors, and the paste makes the extracts cohere. Mr Gosse is a good naturalist, and being a diligent reader and book-maker, he has noted and classified many interesting extracts on Extinct Animals, on the Marvellous, on Mermaids, on the Self-Immured, on the Hybernation of Swallows, on Fascination, on Serpent-charming, &c. His appetite for the marvellous is somewhat large; but although men of science may think him rather lax in his notions of evidence, the public loves marvellous stories, and we think that his willingness to consider certain popular beliefs as open questions, not without its use. He is not disposed to reject summarily that which is in itself possible, and has personal testimony in its favour. Although little inclined ourselves to place much reliance on testimony which is merely respectable, and not scientific, we agree with him that even merely respectable testimony must not be wholly disregarded. It should be held as presumptive evidence, and weighed as such.

For example, the numerous stories of showers of fish have sometimes such testimony as to render them worthy of some attention. We do not mean newspaper paragraphs; * but the statements made in scientific journals and books of reputable authors. Mr Gosse has made a collection of several. Before raising any question as to the validity of the testimonies, it would perhaps have been as well had the debaters settled *what* it was that was actually

witnessed. That quantities of tiny fish have been *seen descending* from the atmosphere in the form of a shower, seems credible, on the evidence here furnished. In *this*, however, there is nothing marvellous. It is unusual, but not in itself more improbable than that a shower of sand and small pebbles should be flung against your windows by a violent gust from the shore. The whole of the supposed marvel lies in the supposition that the fish descended from the clouds, or from the moon—in a word, that “it rained fish.” We have heard a Frenchman gravely maintain that the ova of frogs and reptiles might be formed in the upper air—“by electricity” (that convenient cloak for all ignorance), and being there developed, would descend by their own weight in a shower. Now *this* is something like a marvel. This is what no personal testimony, be it ever so respectable, can make men of science believe. If fish *have* been seen to fall in the form of a shower, the fact is worth notice, even should the explanation be at fault. It is the *explanation*, not the fact, which should elicit our severe scepticism. Let us merely add that no such shower of fish has ever been witnessed at sea. In spite of the sailor’s fondness for yarns, this yarn has not yet been spun. Yet if fish came from the clouds, the expanse of ocean offers more opportunities for the observation of the phenomenon than the garden of a country clergyman.

Mr Gosse is so impressed by the force of personal testimony that he will not even pronounce against the existence of Mermaids. Just as in his former volume he collected stories about the sea-serpent, so in this volume he collects stories about mermaids, and thus concludes :

* No one attaches any credit to these. Only the other day the ‘Times’ printed one headed ‘Spontaneous Combustion,’ declaring that a certain Countess had just been burned to death at Cesena, in that mysterious manner so familiar to readers of such stories, and further declaring that the nephew of the Countess was then preparing a pamphlet on the subject. Unhappily this story is a very old one, and was printed in full in the article on ‘Spontaneous Combustion’ in this Magazine, April 1861.

"On a review of the whole evidence I do not judge that this single story is a sufficient foundation for believing in the existence of mermaids; but, taken into consideration with other statements, it induces a strong suspicion that the northern seas may hold forms of life as yet uncatalogued by science"—surely a very harmless and a very vague suspicion! The value of personal testimony, when uncontrolled by due scientific knowledge and caution, is seen in stories of witchcraft, clairvoyance, spirit-rapping, and every other delusion. Lord Monboddo believed as firmly in the existence of men with tails, as Mr Gosse does in the sea-serpent. "There are many I know," wrote the Scotch judge, "who will not believe that such men exist, for the same reason that they will not believe that the Oran Outan is a man; because they think the addition of a tail to the human form would be a disgrace to human nature. But in the 'Origin and Progress of Language' I have given such authorities for the fact that we cannot disbelieve it, or *even doubt of it, without rejecting all human testimony*, and refusing to believe nothing but what we have seen." * On similar authorities he believes in the existence of a nation of men with but one leg. He owns that Strabo rejects these authorities and considers the story a fable, "but I observe that a spirit of incredulity was begun as early as the days of Strabo." † In pages 254-260 of the same work he gives a collection of observations from eye-witnesses, who testify to having seen (several to having *handled*) mermaids. But there is perhaps nothing too preposterous for human credulity; and whatever is believed is believed upon some authority.

Mr Gosse has an interesting chapter respecting the power of toads to remain for years—nay, indefinitely—shut up in a block of stone without air, light, or food. His criti-

cisms on Buckland's negative experiments are so cogent as to call for re-investigation. He justly notices, that "Mr Buckland allows the circumstances of the incarceration of the toads were not natural. They were shut up while in active life, after having been confined for two months on scanty food, 'so that they were in an unhealthy and somewhat meagre state at the time of their imprisonment.' We do not know what conditions, what natural provisions, precede torpidity, and are essential to it; but possibly there are some which in these cases were compulsorily precluded by human interference. It is stated that the animals that survived to the second year were always found awake when examined, 'never in a state of torpor.' But toads that had hid themselves would have been torpid during the winter months; and thus we have a sufficient proof that a natural condition of the body had been by some means prevented."

From the Romance of Natural History it is an easy step to the Romance of Human History, and one of its most unlovely chapters is written in Mrs Lynton's 'Witch Stories.' ‡ Perhaps this was not the kind of book to dispel the gloom of a cheerless winter day, and was likely to make the dreariness out of doors seem even more drear. It tells of the darker side of human nature—the folly, the cruel credulity, and the horrible indifference to genuine evidence among legislators and magistrates. Mrs Lynton has here collected a series of witch stories out of Scottish history, and another series out of English history, presenting them in indignant eloquence as a warning to those who, in our own day, seem ready for a credulity as gross, and a fanaticism scarcely less narrow, than that of our ancestors. Whether the form chosen is the one best adapted for the purpose may be questioned.

* Monboddo, 'Ancient Metaphysics,' vol. iii., 1799, p. 250. † Ibid., 251.

‡ 'Witch Stories.' Collected by E. Lynn Lynton, authoress of 'Azeth,' &c.

A string of stories similar in character and not culminating in effect is apt to pall on the reader. But for those who relish such grim stories, and who like them to be short, the book will have its interest. We were glad enough to escape into the purer air of domestic life, invited thereto by Mr Wright's work.*

This is truly a valuable and interesting book, containing an immense mass of curious details drawn from old chronicles, fabliaux, and poems, and rendered doubly precious by three hundred and nineteen illustrations, copied by Mr Fairholt, from illuminated manuscripts and other sources. These illustrations tempt one to place the book on the drawing-room table, where it has the advantage of instructing no less than amusing the listless visitor who turns over its pages. For in those quaint representations of the life of our ancestors there is not only drollery, but also a considerable increase to the vividness of our conceptions of the past, representing, as they do, the houses, furniture, costume, implements, and amusements of our ancestors. On consulting the text we find much to ponder over.

Respecting the habits and sentiments of our ancestors, it must be confessed that Mr Wright gives a picture which is far from being always poetical or admirable. It has, however, the advantage of being more consonant with probability than the ideal picture painted by later poets and romancists. A coarse, rude, unlettered people, living in alternations of war and idleness, owning Might as their king, their principal pleasures necessarily sensual, were little disposed for the moral and intellectual refinements of our day. They had their virtues too, as we have our vices; but moral culture was not what it is now. Mr Wright quotes a contemporary historian's account

of the celebrated Earl of Shropshire, Robert de Belesme, who "impaled persons of both sexes on stakes. To butcher men in the most horrible manner was to him an agreeable feast." But we know not what guarantee there is for the truth of this. Even in our own more critical age, contemporary accounts have been sometimes slightly coloured. The same writer speaks of a French feudal chieftain of the period in this way: "Amicably addressing any one who approached him, he would plunge a sword into his side, laughing the while; and for this purpose he carried his sword naked under his cloak more frequently than sheathed. Men feared him, bowed down to him, and worshipped him." Indeed the histories of the period are full of ferocity. They tell of women as savage as the men; and, according to Mr Wright, "the relations between the sexes were marked by little delicacy or courtesy." The days of chivalry! It is piquant to compare our poetical pictures with the accounts here given of the gossiping, drinking, tavern-haunting, licentious character of the women, high and low. One begins to understand that characteristic of Shakespeare's heroines which has often pained and surprised his modern admirers; we mean the unblushing readiness with which even the "gentle Desdemona," and others not so gentle, make love to the men — no intimation being given that such advances were unbecomingly maidenly modesty. Mr Wright's selections from medieval stories make it clear that this was a common practice. In these stories the ladies in general show neither delicacy nor backwardness. When they fall in love, instead of attempting to conceal their passion, they become suitors, "and make their advances with more warmth and less delicacy than is shown by the gentlemen. Not only are their manners dissolute, but their language and conver-

* 'A History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages.' By Thomas Wright.

sation are loose beyond anything that those who have not read these interesting records of medieval life can easily conceive." *That*, however, is not much. Coarse language is an indication of coarse minds in a refined age, but not in an age when things were freely spoken of which afterwards become scrupulously avoided. The display of shoulders in a modern ball-room would, among savages, amount to concealment of the person. Mr Wright is severe, however; nor will he allow that the gallantry of the knights was more than a conventional politeness, for the wives of these chevaliers were often treated with great brutality. Men beating their wives, and even women not their wives, with whom they quarrel, is a common incident in these tales and romances. The chevalier De la Tour Landry tells his daughters the story of a woman who was in the habit of contradicting her husband in public, and replying to him ungraciously,—a habit, it must be confessed, trying to the sweetest of marital tempers, and one not yet departed from the civilised world. What did this husband? After expostulating with her in vain, he one day raised his fist and knocked her down. Unhappily for the credit of chivalry, he went even further, for he kicked her in the face when she was down, and broke her nose. "And so," adds the knight, improving the story with a moral for his daughters, "she was disfigured for life, and thus, through her ill-behaviour and bad temper, she had her nose spoiled, which was a great misfortune to her. It would have been better for her to be silent and submissive, for it is only right that words of authority should belong to her lord, and the wife's honour requires that she should listen in peace and obedience." Now, the peculiarity of this story is not that the irate husband should have been somewhat free of hand and foot; but that a knight of high repute should see nothing brutal and unknighly in the fact

of a man kicking his wife in the face. It is to be feared that even in our day husbands could be found to break the noses of contradictory wives; but it is certain that no uncontradicted man would relate the story without indignation.

Coarse, unintellectual, cruel, brutal, these Paladins certainly were. Let us get a glimpse of what they considered to be the praiseworthy characters of a Knight; and for this we go to the Carolingian cycle. The aged Count Guy sends his young son Doon into the world, and thus counsels him: "You shall always ask questions of good men, and you shall never put your trust in a stranger. Every day, fair son, you shall hear the holy mass, and give to the poor whenever you have money, for God will repay you double. Be liberal in gifts to all; for the more you give the more honour you will acquire, and the richer you will be; for a gentleman who is too sparing will lose in the end and die in wretchedness and disgrace; but give without promising whenever you can. Salute all people when you meet them, and if you owe anything pay it willingly, and if you cannot, ask for a respite. When you come to the hostelry, don't stand squabbling, but enter glad and joyously. When you enter the house cough very loud, for there may be something doing which you ought not to see, and it will cost you nothing to give this notice of your approach, while those who happen to be there will love you the better for it. Do not quarrel with your neighbour, and avoid disputing with him before other people; for if he know anything against you he will let it out, and you will have the shame of it. When you are at court play at tables, and if you have any good points of behaviour show them; you will be the more prized and gain the more advantage. Honour the clergy and speak fairly to them, but leave them as little of your goods as you can; the more they get from you the more

you will be laughed at; you will never profit by enriching them. If you should know anything that you would wish to conceal, tell it by no means to your wife, if you have one; for if you let her know it you will repent of it the first time you displease her."

Mr Wright is copious on medieval cookery, which was by no means so coarse and simple as is commonly supposed. Instead of being limited to beef and pudding, the numerous cookery-books chiefly contain directions for made dishes, many of them very complicated and apparently very delicate. The office of cook was important and well paid. The service of the table was simple enough. Until a comparatively recent date the dinner hour, even among the highest classes, was ten o'clock in the forenoon.

"Lever à six, disner à dix,
Souper à six, coucher à dix,"

was the proverb. Guests washed their hands before meals; which, considering that they ate with their fingers and from the same dish, was not more than necessary. Plates there were none; only dishes. The loaves were cut into thick slices, called *tranchoirs* (our English *trenchers*), because they were carved upon. The portions of meat were served to the guests on these slices of bread; the gravy of course sinking into the bread, which the guests sometimes (and in poor houses always) ate after the meat. At the tables of the rich there were baskets into which these *tranchoirs* were thrown and sent to be distributed among the poor at the gate. For great people a silver platter was often placed under the *tranchoir*; and these platters ultimately took the place of the *tranchoirs* altogether.

The manners at table were such as would "shock" Baker Street. In the 'Boke of Curtsaye,' directions are given as to what was *comme il faut*. The nails are to be kept clean, lest your neighbour be

disgusted; and you are cautioned against spitting on the table.

"If thou spit on the borde or elles opone
Thou shalle be holden an uncourtsaye mon."

You are not to pick your teeth with a knife, nor with a straw, or stick, nor to clean them upon the tablecloth. Directions which may still be published on the Continent.

From an ambiguous sentence, we thought at first that Mr Wright had fallen into an error unexpected in a writer so well informed. He is describing a Saxon dinner, and points out that the guests help themselves with their fingers, "forks being totally unknown to the Anglo-Saxons for the purpose of carrying food to the mouth." As forks were not used in Italy before the fifteenth century, and in England before the reign of James I., when "crudity Coryat" introduced them, we were puzzled by this remark. Towards the close of the volume, however, we found that it was not made in forgetfulness of the history of forks, since Mr Wright shows himself quite familiar with that history. In another instance, however, we think he is caught tripping. In speaking of the modes of lighting by torches, he says, "One of these was to fix up against the walls of the room frames for holding the torches, of which an example is given in the accompanying cut, representing a torch-frame still preserved in the Palazzo Strozzi in Florence." Now these said frames are not attached to the walls of a room, but to the external walls of the palace, as every one who has been at Florence may remember.

Is it fancy, is it reality? The low vaporous weight of darkness has passed away, and the sweet heavens are once more smiling with mysterious serenity upon the bright and glittering meadow-lands and hedges. The birds are twittering. The face of Nature is once more radiant and happy. We have been reading Mrs Browning's Poems, in the charming new edition,* and

* 'Poems.' By Elizabeth Barret Browning. Fifth Edition, 3 vols.

they have changed the aspect of the world to us. That deep and sensitive, that loving and thoughtful spirit, so lately taken from us, but whose utterances remain with us for evermore, will not have lived and suffered in vain, since so much of its experience has been put forth in cadences of melancholy music. She lived a dreamy, solitary life, a prisoner in the sick-chamber, till Love came to create new life within her, and draw her once more out into the world, where, as wife, mother, friend, and poet, she blessed the few, instructed and delighted the many, made England proud of her, and Italy eager to do grateful homage to her memory.* In these volumes may be read some of the episodes in that history: the sadness never without some of the far-off sunshine of hope, the joy never without a feeling of mortality. Hear how the prisoner sings on her sick couch:—

“I count the dismal time by months and
years
Since last I felt the greensward under
foot,
And the great breath of all things summer-
mute
Met mine upon my lips. Now earth appears
As strange to me as dreams of distant
spheres,
Or thoughts of heaven we weep at. Na-
ture's lute
Sounds on, behind this door so closely shut,
A strange wild music to the prisoner's ears,
Dilated by the distance, till the brain
Grows dim with fancies which it feels too
fine;
While ever, with a visionary pain,
Past the precluded senses, sweep and shine
Streams, forests, glades, and many a golden
train
Of sunlit hills transfigured to Divine.”

Then, again, what a drama is unfolded in these exquisite love-poems, veiled with intelligible modesty under the title of “Sonnets from the Portuguese,” though no poet in Portugal ever sounded such passionate and thoughtful notes. How instinct with life, and real, not feigned, emotion they are! even a subject

so commonplace as the giving a lock of hair can become thus immortalised:—

“I never gave a lock of hair away
To a man, dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I ring out to the full brown length, and
say,
“Take it.” My day of youth went yester-
day;
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's
glee,
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle tree,
As girls do, any more: it only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark
of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs
aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the
funeral-shears
Would take this first, but Love is justi-
fied—
Take it thou—finding pure, from all those
years,
The kiss my mother left here when she
died.”

Love-letters, again—old letters, read in after years—can thus move the chords:—

“My letters! all dead paper, mute and
white!
And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands, which loose
the string,
And let them drop down on my knee to-
night.
This said—he wished to have me in his
sight
Once, as a friend; this fixed a day in
spring
To come and touch my hand . . . a simple
thing,
Yet I wept for it!—this . . . the paper's
light . . .
Said, *Dear, I love thee*; and I sank and
quailed
As if God's future thundered on my past.
This said, *I am thine*—and so its ink has
paled
With lying at my heart that beat too fast.
And this . . . O Love, thy words have ill
availed,
If what this said I dared repeat at last!”

One more of these sonnets we must select, and it shall be that on the three kisses:—

“First time he kissed me, but he only
kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I
write;

* The people of Florence have placed a tablet to her memory on the Casa Guidi, where she resided, and from whose “windows” she looked with such enthusiasm on the first outbreak of Italian freedom, and with such bitter grief at its first defeat.

And ever since it grew more clean and white,
 Slow to world-greetings, quick with its
 'Oh list,'
 When the angels speak. The second passed
 in height
 The first, and sought the forehead, and
 half missed,
 Half-falling on the hair. O beyond need !
 That was the chrism of love, which love's
 own crown,
 With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
 The third upon my lips was folded down
 In perfect, purple state ; since when, indeed,
 I have been proud and said, ' My love, my
 own.' "

It may seem idle to be thus quoting poems well known ; but we who knew them, have been reading them again with fresh pleasure, and wish to make our readers sharers in it. This is no time for any critical estimate of Mrs Browning's genius, nor for any enumeration of the many and obvious defects which accompanied, and sometimes marred, her magnificent gifts. Her place among the immortals is secure ; her rank among them will be settled hereafter. One thing only we feel called upon to remark, and that is the beneficent effect which flows from her writings, in stirring the nobler emotions, and impressing her readers with high thoughts. The sense we have of the presence of a genuine and delicate womanhood, raised by genius and culture to the heights of modern thought, gives to the perusal a more serious pleasure and more penetrating and lasting benefit, than would be given by ten times the amount of talent, or a much more faultless taste. It is a soul speaking, not a talent : the verses are the musical expression of actual experience, not a trick of

phrase, and solicitude for effect. The soul is imperfect, erring, but earnest ; that of a sensitive, impressionable, saddened, but loving woman. Its experience has not been manifold, but intense, and is recorded in sincerity.

Another remark we would make is on the essentially *musical* nature of her genius. She is emphatically a Singer ; one in whom thought is so blended with and suffused by emotion, that it may be doubted whether she could have written anything but poetry. The music so resonant in her verse was first the music in her mind ; and even the great abstractions which philosophy presented to her, became great emotions in passing through her soul. This may explain her affluence ; she sang as the birds sing, pouring forth "strains of unpremeditated art," even when her poetic ambition made her most thoughtful of art. Now this quality, at any high power, is extremely rare. Men and women can be found, in abundance, who have exquisite sensibility, and others who have intellectual activity ; but the union of the emotional and intellectual, both at a high degree, yet neither stifling the other, each intensifying each, is rarely found. It is from this cause that in all ages the Singers have been rare. In no previous age has such a singer been found among women. Mrs Browning will be variously criticised, and cannot escape censure on many subordinate points ; but the final result will still leave her immovable on her high pedestal, and will leave her poems a real boon to her generation.

WORKS OF CHARLES LEVER.

THE name of Charles Lever is still chiefly associated with those novels by which his popularity as a writer was first secured, and by which, perhaps, his subsequent literary reputation has been in some measure overpowered. These works have probably met with a more cordial reception from the public than from the critics. Their author may, in a certain sense, defy criticism by exclaiming, like Horace, "*Pueris canto!*" He has been the biographer of boyhood. In all his earlier works he especially addresses himself to that happy portion of mankind whose digestion is yet unimpaired, whose nerves are unshaken, in whom the breath of life has no resemblance to a sigh, and who (as he himself portrays them) are ever ready to risk, with unabated ardour, a broken neck or a broken heart at every turn in the joyous chase of existence. To the verdict of such an audience Mr Lever has every right to appeal as gaily and as confidently as Anacreon appealed to the Loves. It would undoubtedly be as ungracious to reproach the author of 'Charles O'Malley' with the absence of those pretensions to literary dignity which he himself disclaims with so merry a laugh at dignities of every sort, as to denounce the Greek lyrist for his resolute refusal to celebrate the exploits of Atrides. To the most captious critic Mr Lever may fairly say,

"Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas
Ipse ego quam dixi."

And he that can follow the adventures of Harry Lorrequer, Charles O'Malley, Jack Hinton, and Tom Burke, without the frequent interruption of hearty laughter, has probably survived all sense of enjoyment in the society of the young. In any case, he is not a man to be envied. To us, indeed, there is

something of pathos in the reperusal of these books. It is like reading one's old love-letters, or hearing an old friend recount the frolics of one's own youth. We turn the pages with a certain tender incredulity, and there steals over us a sensation like that

"Smell of violets hidden in the green,"

which the poet declares to have

"Poured back into his empty soul and frame

The times when he remembers to have been
Joyful, and free from blame."

Mr Lever's blooming young heroes, if not invariably blameless, are at least exceedingly joyful. Like the first mariners, they launch into the sea of life with breasts fortified by oak and triple brass; their constitutions are Titanic. To watch them from the beaten high-road of tame and ordinary experience, dashing and glittering through a stupendous steeple-chase of astounding and never-ending adventure, literally takes away our breath. We cannot but sigh as we ask ourselves, "Was life indeed, then, at any time, such an uncommonly pleasant holiday?" Has not the world itself grown older and colder since those jaunty days when the dazzling Mr. Lorrequer drove his four-in-hand through all the proprieties? Is it possible that Mr Lorrequer's son and heir, whom we presume to be now a hopeful cornet in the Blues, can be such a merry dog as we all remember his father to have been? Would not any such artless, but not invariably harmless, ebullitions of youthful mirth as those recorded with infinite gusto in the biography of the elder gentleman, be now visited with the severest penalties at the disposal of Bow Street, and denounced with the angriest eloquence at the command of the 'Times'? We suspect that the younger Mr Lorre-

quer is a man of much sadder complexion. It would not, alas! surprise us to learn that, notwithstanding a prudent regard for his health, he is occasionally not altogether free from low spirits, especially when his natural hilarity is tempered by the prospective shadow of a competitive examination, or vexed by the aggressive attentions of the Civil Service Commissioners. The fact is, that times are changed with us. Napoleon's Paladins are *pulvis et umbra*. Beau Brummel has paid his last debt. Duelling is a thing forsworn. Notwithstanding Dr Parr's celebrated receipt for the gout, consisting of "prayer, patience, and port-wine," this latter source of human comfort is all but extinct. The epitaph of it is already written by Mr Cobden in the French Treaty. The Union is an historical reminiscence. The Encumbered Estates Bill has done its work. "After life's fitful fever," O'Connell agitates no more. And Harry Lorrequer, and Charles O'Malley, and Jack Hinton, and Tom Burke, and Bagenal Daly, look down upon us from the distance of an age no longer ours. We have no hope ever again to meet them cantering in the Phoenix Park, or swaggering down Sackville Street, or dancing at Dublin Castle. They are all "gone *proiapsi* to the Stygian shore." Like Achilles, and Ajax, and all the *fortes ante Agamemnona*, they rest in an elysium of which the beatitude appears to us shadowy and unreal. But they have quaffed their last bumper, and shot their last shot—

"They lie beside their nectar, and their bolts are hurled."

And although their glittering ghosts yet hover about the fading splendour of the "good old times," as the Scandinavian warriors are said by the Swedish poet to hover in the light of sunset over the horizon of the Baltic, yet we can no more recall them to tangible existence than we can renew the race of the Anakim.

Mr Lever has himself survived his first progeny. That in growing an older, he had also grown a wiser, and in some respects a sadder man, his more recent writings bear witness. Job's second batch of sons and daughters, who were, doubtless, a much steadier set of young people than the first, could not have differed from that jovial crew who were overwhelmed in a whirlwind whilst "eating and drinking wine," more strongly than Mr Lever's later works differ from his earlier ones.

The author of 'Harry Lorrequer' has given unquestionable proof of powers matured by time and enriched by cultivation. His more recent novels evince a greater mastery in the craft of authorship, a larger experience, and more skilled faculty of construction. But whether these qualities exist in so great a degree as entirely to compensate the reader for the absence of that vivacity, freshness, and continuous flow of high animal spirits, which have rendered Mr Lever's first books so widely and so justly popular, is a question which we shall presently have occasion to consider. Meanwhile, to say of such novels as 'Harry Lorrequer' and its immediate successors that they abound in extravagance, is to detract nothing from the merit of them. Youth is in itself the grandest of all extravagances; and these books are an emanation from, and an embodiment of, all the joyous audacity of young manhood. We cannot too largely estimate the extent to which Mr Lever possesses the merit most essential to popularity in narrative composition—viz., *gusto*. He relates incidents with a relish, and accumulates them with a fecundity of invention and a rapidity of movement that never flag. Of all qualities in the genius of an author, this is the most necessary to the successful conduct of narrative interest; and we must the more admire it, wherever it is displayed, because it is innate, and neither to be acquired by labour, nor replaced by experience. It is to this rush

and flow of vigorous animal life that we must attribute the indescribable attraction exerted by Homer upon the sympathies of all ages and conditions of men ; and we accord to the Father of Verse a supremacy felt to be unattainable by any other poet, in recognition (which is perhaps partly unconscious) of the completeness with which he has expressed the high spirits and dauntless health of the boyhood of mankind. A recent poet, who deserves to be better known, has said that "the old gods were only men and wine." Their godship is certainly the extravagant idealisation of the merely human faculties at their highest pitch. The same extravagance gives to the Homeric heroes their colossal proportions. Achilles and Hector will, to the end of time, be a head-and-shoulders taller than all other men, because it is impossible that any man should realise so intensely, or define so distinctly, as Homer, the supernatural dimensions of all natural faculties and sensations. To represent human beings precisely as they are, is not a necessary condition of art of any kind. A deformed saint by Massaccio may be truer in art than a correct anatomical study by Mr Etty. Nor is there any reason why that extravagance of design which dilates either human actions or human emotions, or even the situations of human life, to perfectly impossible proportions, should be in itself a defect. For what is impossible in fact may be proper in art. Ariosto is undoubtedly one of the greatest of narrative poets, and it is probably in his extravagance that we shall find the secret of his indefinable power. The humour of Quevedo is often most irresistible when it consists entirely of what might be called pure extravagance of expression. And such extravagance as is to be found in Mr Lever's earlier novels is occasioned by the overflow of that exuberant vitality which constitutes their special excellence. The plan and character of these

books are obviously panoramic rather than dramatic. It is by the narration of humorous incident that the interest of the reader is to be carried on. For this, rapidity and gusto are the best of all qualifications. No great writer of narrative fiction has ever been wholly without them. Le Sage possessed them largely ; they are to be detected in the sadder and more profound genius of Cervantes ; they are not wanting to the elaborate minuteness of De Foe ; they give vigour to the most envenomed creations of Swift ; they are remarkable in Sir Walter Scott, than whom, certainly, there is no happier master of the art of telling a story. Fielding, though his genius philosophises while it frolics, was far from neglecting those means of exciting interest which depend upon the rapid movement and striking effect of incident. But Smollett certainly possessed the gift of high spirits to a pre-eminent degree. The extraordinary impulse and animation of his genius is such, that his narrative, though often extremely digressive, always rushes away with the reader, and carries him, like a runaway horse, over every obstacle, "*turbine raptus in genii.*"

In this respect Mr Lever, of all modern novelists, most resembles the author of 'Roderick Random.' There is, indeed, not only much similarity of character between the works of Charles Lever and those of Tobias Smollett, but also no inconsiderable coincidence in the circumstances which may possibly have given to the genius of both authors something of the same tendency.

The Irish humorist, like his great Scotch predecessor, was, we believe, brought up for the medical profession, and for some years practised as a doctor. Whether, indeed, Mr Lever found his profession as little profitable to him as it would appear to have proved to Dr Smollett, or whether he was simply impelled to abandon so sober a

career by the consciousness of those powers of humour and that facility of composition which he evinced at an early age, we do not know ; but it is difficult to believe that the pen which wrote 'Charles O'Malley,' or that which wrote 'Peregrine Pickle,' would have been equally well employed in signing prescriptions. To the experience of medical life, however, to the opportunities for the study of character thereby afforded, and the quickness of penetration and habits of observation thus acquired, it is highly probable that both Smollett and Lever have owed much excellent material for humorous fiction. Both authors appear to have early evinced, and long retained, an extreme predilection for a military life. Smollett, indeed, never forgave his grandfather for thwarting his inclination to enter the army ; and he never omits an occasion for introducing into his novels some description of martial scenes and events. There is fair reason to attribute to both Smollett and Lever some carelessness, not so much of composition, as of writing. They both appear to have written hastily. Of Smollett it is told that (whilst writing the 'Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves'), "when post-time drew near he used to retire for half-an-hour or an hour to prepare the necessary quantity of *copy*, as it is technically called in the printing-house, which he never gave himself the trouble to correct, or even to read once." And we may assume that Mr Lever, speaking through the mask of Harry Lorrequer, is not very wide of the truth when he says, "I wrote as I felt—sometimes in good spirits, sometimes in bad—always carelessly—for, God help me! I can do no better." Smollett is, indeed, the more correct writer of the two ; his style, though often hasty, is never inaccurate, and, for the most part, his English is very pure. Mr Lever's language, on the contrary, is in places so heedless that the grammar of it is sometimes more conventional than correct. In

one place he speaks of "purchasing a boon," and in another he describes an Irish member waiting "till the House was done prayers." Nevertheless he has great powers of description. He represents objects and actions with a touch that is always vivid, often masterly. He is always happy in the open air ; in his love of nature and hearty relish of out-of-door life, as well as in the force and fidelity with which he depicts them, he is certainly unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled, by Smollett himself. The veracity, freshness, and power with which he describes scenery is deserving, we think, of higher appreciation than it has yet received. His pictures of Irish landscape, sea scenery, and all effects of wind and weather, are full of the truth and intensity which belong to poetry. It is for such reasons all the more to be regretted that an author entitled on so many grounds to hold a permanent place in literature should ever be forgetful of the duty which is owed by eminent writers to the language they bequeath to posterity. Some expressions throughout Mr Lever's works, so incorrect as to be obvious oversights, have passed through so many editions that we must believe the *ὁ γίγξαφα γίγξαφα* sentiment to be in him unusually strong, and that what he writes he never revises. The bent of such minds as those of Mr Lever and Dr Smollett is instinctively conservative, loyal, and inclined to the maintenance of institutions which have been tested and endeared by time. On the one hand, a shrewd appreciation of life as it is, and a keen sense of the ludicrous and incongruous, induces them to indulge in the dreams of democracy ; whilst, on the other hand, a certain cheerful chivalry of disposition induces them to side with a cause which, by the very nature of it, must always be that of the party attacked. Conservatism, therefore, has found in each of these writers a warm and ready adherent. To continue any further this passing comparison between

the two authors would be tedious and pedantic; but if we turn to the books themselves, we cannot but remark a resemblance which, in many respects, is striking.

The merits as well as the defects of both writers are, for the most part, of the same kind. Their humour does not always rise above fun, their fun sometimes degenerates into farce. Criticism which is applicable to such books as 'Harry Lorrequer' and 'Charles O'Malley' may equally be applied to 'Roderick Random' and 'Peregrine Pickle.' We can feel little sympathy for the heroes themselves, and still less for the greater part of the personages by whom we find them surrounded. Roderick Random is a low-minded, selfish, unamiable character. Harry Lorrequer is not much more thoughtful of the feelings of others, and his various misdeeds are only not amenable to the gravest censure because they render gravity impossible, and compel the reader himself to become an accomplice in their impish frolic. Peregrine Pickle is a brutal savage, indulging an almost fiendish delight in the prosecution of the most barbarous practical jokes. Charles O'Malley, though much less repulsive, is certainly a brawling mischievous fellow, whose acquaintance we, for our own part, must confess we should little desire out of a book. The female characters are often too merely animal, or else too shadowy and indistinct, to inspire much interest. Of the rest of the *dramatis personæ* the larger portion is often made up of adventurers, blacklegs, practical jokers, and such oddities and odds and ends of humanity as seem only made to furnish material for practical jokes. The heroes ramble from page to page, through scenes and situations almost unconnected, and characters which crowd one portion of the book hardly appear in another.

Yet, when the critic has summed up all such apparent grounds of objection, he will find that they

constitute no real defect in the art of these romances, which can only be criticised in accordance with the laws which they themselves create. The fact is, Art does not make Genius, but Genius makes Art. "Genius," says Kant, in his 'Analyses of the Sublime,' "is the talent to produce that of which one cannot give the determining rule, and not the ability that one can show in doing that which one can learn by a rule. Hence originality is its first quality." Every writer of original genius has his own object, and his own way of carrying it out; and his success or failure can only be fairly estimated by reference to the object which he has himself had in view, not that which the critic expects him to have had in view. The barbarous conduct of the clown in the pantomime, the elfish perversity and duplicity of the Pierot in the French Harlequinade, and the excessive profligacy of the Don Juan in the play, inspire no disgust, outrage no moral sentiment, revolt no sympathy, but only excite innocent and hearty laughter.

When a clown trips up a baker in the street, wheels him off in his own barrow, trundles him into his own oven, and there bakes him alive, the fate of the baker excites no pity, and the inhumanity of his persecutor no indignation. And when Harry Lorrequer initiates his proceedings in Dublin, by gratuitously detailing to a perfectly inoffensive stranger an elaborate falsehood, and afterwards shoots the man he has insulted, without the least consciousness of any reason why he should fight him at all, we laugh at the drollery of the misdeed described, without for a moment attributing either to ourselves or the author any participation in the immorality of the conduct which causes our merriment. We know beforehand that all such victims are only men of straw, purposely so contrived as to minister to the flitting spirit of mischievous fun which presides over that entirely fantastical world wherein all that

passes is too impossible in fact to come within the jurisdiction of any moral law, and yet sufficiently real in art to enthrall attention and create pleasurable emotion. It is in securing this result that the art and genius of the author consist; and we believe it is no less an authority than Sir Walter Scott who has said, "If it be the highest praise of pathetic composition that it draws forth tears, why should it not be esteemed the greatest excellence of the ludicrous that it compels laughter? The one tribute is at least as genuine an expression of natural feeling as the other." Certainly, in the power of producing effects irresistibly ludicrous, and instantaneously destructive of all gravity, Mr Lever is pre-eminent, and may challenge comparison with any writer living or dead. Nor is even the broad fun of Mr Lever's earliest novels destitute of passages which indicate powers of thoughtful humour and subtle irony. Sparks's story, in 'Harry Lorrequer,' and the description in it of the man who loves a mad girl—his sensations on discovering her insanity, and hers on finding that he is not the Ace of Spades, and that she has taken "the nephew of a Manchester cotton-spinner, with a face like printed calico, for a trump card, and the best in the pack," is told with an irresistible drollery which only partially conceals a depth of grave sad satire and pathetic allegory. The story of the Knight of Kerry's conversation with the Irish tenant, who earns his "rints" by personating a wild man in a London showroom, has in it much more than the merely ludicrous. The origin of the story would undoubtedly appear to be Hibernian, but it has also been told by Paul de Kock, with little more alteration than that of substituting Frenchmen for Irishmen, and Paris for London. Mr Lever's version of the story, however, is far more humorous, and in all respects infinitely better, than that of the French novelist. But of all the characters in Mr Lever's

earlier romances, that which affords most evidence of this higher kind of humour is undoubtedly Mickey Free; and the story (as recounted by himself) of how he got his father's soul out of purgatory, is so excellently well told, and is so admirable a specimen of that sly wit which is characteristic of the Irish peasant, that it is with great reluctance we refrain from extracting it.

The whole character of Mickey Free is indeed inimitable. We have no hesitation in affirming it to be the most perfect type of Irish humour that has ever been given to the world. It is perfectly sustained from first to last, and nothing in the conception of it is exaggerated or incongruous. Mickey Free is the Irish Sam Weller. He has, in fact, this advantage over Sam Weller, that he is the more thoroughly national and comprehensive type of the two. It is impossible but what this creation, which is in many respects the most felicitous of all Mr Lever's creations, should live for ever as a distinct embodiment of national character. It must always have a historical value; and it is indeed so truthfully and so comprehensively drawn, that whoever has since attempted to describe in future the Irish peasant, has appeared to copy rather from Lever than from nature. Mickey Free, however, is but one (although, to our thinking, the best) picture in Mr Lever's large gallery of Irish portraits. The Knight of Gwynne is another equally characteristic; and it is perhaps more delicately, although less vividly, delineated. Nothing can be more complete than this elaborate picture of a character which has ceased to exist—the high-bred, ill-starred Irish gentleman of the days before the Union. It is a strange anomaly, combining all the courtly grace and refinement of a Sir Charles Grandison with the rude half-civilised life of a Rob Roy; at once splendid and spendthrift; chivalrous in all things, careful in nothing; alienating prosperity, yet elevating misfortune,

and always *débonnaire* in the midst of disaster; every inch a gentleman, yet just such a gentleman as seems destined by Providence to ruin himself, and hasten the ruin of the class to which he belongs. The Knight of Gwynne is certainly one of the most lovable characters that Mr Lever has ever drawn; and he monopolises so much of our sympathy, that we hope to be forgiven for extending less of it than he probably deserves to Bagenal Daley, notwithstanding the vigour with which that character is drawn, the remarkable originality of it, and the fidelity with which it represents and sustains a most peculiar combination of qualities, intellectual as well as moral.

We may, however, note here by the way, that this singular character is the first of Mr Lever's earlier creations, in which he has given evidence of that shrewd experience of mankind, that practical worldly wit, and power of philosophical epigram, into which his natural humour has developed itself in more recent works; and there are passages of dialogue between "the Howling Wind" and his Irish Scot which not unfrequently remind one of the dry humorous wisdom which abounds in such creations as Dalgetty and Sancho Panza. This work is indeed a most complete and varied picture of Irish life and manners. The book is written with a profound knowledge of the subject of it; and, without overloading the narrative with political or philosophical discussion, the author never loses sight of a thoughtful purpose; he penetrates beneath the surface of the society which he describes, and lays bare, with the ease and accuracy of a skilful anatomist, all the minutest causes and remotest effects of those social and political phenomena which in Ireland preceded the Union. The Castle-reagh policy is sketched with the masterly hand of a man who has thoroughly comprehended both the nature of the measure itself, and that of the country to which it re-

ferred. The whole epoch of that time is indeed reproduced, investigated, and criticised by Mr Lever, with an accuracy of delineation and depth of reflection which show him to be not only an admirable novelist, but something also of a philosophical politician. What is especially to be noted in this book is, that all the principal characters therein are the representatives of *genera* rather than of *species*—that is to say, they image and embody large aggregates of national character rather than individual and special peculiarities. Creation of this kind necessitates many high powers of thought as well as of fancy; and although Mr Lever has not attempted it so often as he gives us reason to wish, yet, wherever he has done so, his success cannot be disputed. The old Irish proprietor, the old Irish domestic, the petty usurer, the Irish attorney, founders of a new race of landlords; the Irishman of the north, and the Irishman of the south—are all admirably described in the 'Knight of Gwynne.' Freeny the robber is also a very well-drawn character; and the escape of Freeny from the burning jail is a scene which in power and terror fully justifies the admiration of it formerly entertained by Miss Edgeworth. Mr Lever has, indeed, given many proofs that he is by no means deficient in the faculty of exciting terror, and some of his night-rides, his battle-scenes, and robber-meetings have about them a palpability and intensity which may fairly entitle them to compete for praise with Smollett's much-admired sea-engagements. It is as having given the completest and most intense expression to Irish humour, and furnished familiar types of almost every distinction of Irish character, that Mr Lever, whatever may be his other merits, will, in our opinion, maintain a solid and permanent reputation as a humorist. Scenes which, in such novels as 'O'Malley' and 'Hinton,' may perhaps appear to Cockney critics as simple impossi-

bilities, are truly facts of Irish life; and Mr Lever has so little caricatured or exaggerated the habits and characters of Irishmen, that those parts of his Irish novels which appear absurdly unreal are only ridiculously *true*. It would be entirely beyond the scope and purpose of these remarks to discuss the relative value of any really original conception; but we see no reason to doubt why Mickey Free, and Major Monsoon, and Kerry O'Leary, and Baby Blake, Mary Martin, and Kate O'Donoghue, and Kenny, and Mrs Dodd, should not live as long as Jeanie Deans, or Mathew Bramble, or Squire Western, or any other distinctly recognised type of national character.

That conviction which is entertained by Irishmen, not without a certain self-satisfaction, that their characters are all but incomprehensible to Englishmen; the humorous enjoyment which they derive from the consciousness that their ways and habits are a continual source of dismay and bewilderment to their fellow-subjects over the water; and a certain sense of not unnatural resentment, with which, some years ago, the Irish people must have been disposed to regard every attempt on the part of Government to shape out or constrain the pattern of their national life into formal accordance with the modes and manners of an alien and dominant race,—have furnished Mr Lever with many opportunities for drollery at the expense of Cockney critics. An amusing piece of good-humoured caricature in this sense occurs in the story of the gentleman who never saw daylight in Ireland, which occupies the twenty-fourth chapter of 'Jack Hinton.' Equally comical in its way is the quiz upon Mr Prettyman, the "intelligent traveller."

As instances of easy and natural Irish humour, we may refer, by the way, to the oration delivered by Kerry O'Leary over the ruins of the doctor's gig, in the fourteenth chapter of 'The O'Donoghue,' and

the priest's moonlit ride in 'Jack Hinton.' Mr Lever has also shown; in the death of Mary Martin, that he can, when he pleases, be pathetic as well as humorous. His female characters are seldom very refined or very interesting. In depicting a romping "wild Irish girl," a wily adventuress, a Continental demi-rep, or a pretentious petticoated parvenu, he is never at fault; but his women are for the most part either *rouées*, romps, or Xantippes; and the majestic visions which animate old Chaucer's 'Legend of Good Women,' and inspired Wordsworth's picture of the "perfect woman, nobly planned," never flit across his pages. If, indeed, modern mothers and daughters are only half as knowing, vigilant, and unscrupulous in their designs upon that portion of humanity who have not only breeches but breeches-pockets, no bachelor can have a chance against the female foe; all unmarried men are marching through an enemy's country, in which they must expect at every step to have their flank turned by some astute matrimonialmanœuvre.

We cannot, however, sufficiently praise Mr Lever for his evidently hearty abhorrence of all sentimentality and false writing. The most tempting occasion never betrays him into this—he is always manly, simple, and sincere in his treatment of sentiment and passion. This is no small virtue in a modern novelist—many of our modern writers, like our modern singers, are always in *falsetto*; and the public is in both cases always entrapped into applause.

Nor can we pass from the consideration of Mr Lever's earlier romances without according our cordial approbation of the admirable ballads, fighting songs, and drinking songs, which are interspersed throughout the pages of those books. These songs are full of spirit—they have all the drollery, dash, and devilry peculiar to the land of the shamrock and shillelah. If they have here and there a

flavour of poteen, the scent of the heather and the breath of the mountain breeze are equally strong in them. It is almost impossible to read them without singing them, and almost impossible to hear them sung without wishing to fight, drink, or dance. They bubble forth without premeditation from the depth of a most joyous conviction in the

"Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero,
Pulsanda tellus."

We believe that Mr Lever's later novels are, on the whole, less generally popular than those by which his reputation as a writer was first acquired. This is natural, for many reasons quite independent of the merits or defects of the works themselves. The public is seldom of one mind with an author in comparing the relative merit of his works, especially where such comparison is between early and subsequent efforts. The author is naturally inclined to esteem most highly those of his works upon which he is conscious of having expended most labour; the public, on the contrary, are inclined to prefer those to the enjoyment of which they have given the least labour. The first works of an original writer take us by surprise. They issue unexpectedly from the unknown, our enjoyment of them is spontaneous, and the delight occasioned by the freshness of feeling with which the author writes is increased by the freshness of sympathy with which the public reads. Every man's favourite poet is the poet he first learned to love under the summer trees in his boyhood. New poets only address new generations. The authors which most agreeably impress us are those which we read when most capable of receiving agreeable impressions; that is to say, in youth. We cannot even entirely renew for the subsequent works of the same author those sensations of delight which we derived from our first acquaintance with him, when he was young to us, and we were

young to ourselves; and in proportion as we experience this difficulty on our own part, we are inclined to resent more naturally than justly the inability of the author to overcome it. Long familiarity, moreover, with the name of an author, often indisposes the public to expect much novelty from increased familiarity with the mind of him. Nothing is so reluctantly conceded to a popular writer as superiority to *himself*. The more readily his claim to attention and sympathy has been admitted in one direction, the more resolutely it resisted in every other. A previous success is often the greatest hindrance to a subsequent reputation. People are sometimes startled into applause by the first revelation of an original mind; they are generally on their guard against any inconsiderate approval of a second. And as the process by which the mind of an author passes from one phase into another is usually gradual, and marked by various stages of development more or less imperfect and unsatisfactory, the advance made is not always immediately noticeable, and the recognition accorded to it is naturally slow and dubious. This must be especially the case with an author who has introduced himself to the public rather as a boon-companion than a moralist. We have often heard it said of Mr Lever that he is much less funny than he used to be; which is indeed true. But when it is asked why he does not resort to the style and matter of his early novels, and implied that he should write nothing but 'Harry Lorrequers' and 'Charles O'Malleys,' we must express the conviction that compliance with any such demand, even if it were not purely impossible, would be altogether unadvisable. We could not ourselves bring to the perusal of repeated 'Harry Lorrequers' an undiminished capacity to be amused by them. *Consuetudine vilescunt*. The piper might pipe as of old, but who would dance to his piping? *Non eadem est ætas, non mens*. We

cannot blame Mr Lever for abandoning a vein of humour which he has the merit of having exhausted ; but it is nevertheless obvious, that in relinquishing that particular kind of fiction in which he is allowed to have excelled, Mr Lever has withdrawn from a territory of which he was sole and undisputed proprietor, and entered upon one in which, whatever the acquirements he may bring to the cultivation of it, he is not without competitors.

It must be conceded that what we miss in Mr Lever's later publications is that freshness, vivacity, and exuberant wealth of animal spirits, which gave to his earlier novels their chief charm. Although the relative merit of his recent works is decidedly unequal, some of them being much better than others, and all of them being better in one part than in another; yet there is in the majority of them a sameness of subject and material which does not give fair play to the powers employed upon them. Upon this point we shall speak more fully by-and-by; but whatever objections we may presently have to make in detail to some of Mr Lever's last books, we have no hesitation in expressing the opinion, that amongst these books are to be found proofs of a genius richer, maturer, and more pleasing than any which is apparent in the earlier works of the same author. Indeed, 'The Dodd Family Abroad,' which has not been published many years, is in our opinion the best of all Mr Lever's works. He has written nothing at any time comparable to the letters of Henry Dodd; nor could there be any better evidence than what is afforded throughout the pages of this delightful and good-humoured satire, that the genius of the author, if it has lost much of that physical animation which is the arbitrary gift of youth, has acquired with years that thoughtful and more pleasing humour which is the result of enlarged experience and deeper sympathy with mankind. This chronicle of the adventures of

'The Dodd Family Abroad,' like 'The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker,' Smollett's last and most pleasing fiction, is a narrative thrown into epistolary form, and related by the actors themselves, who are thus made with great skill to be, as it were, the unconscious exponents of their own characters, follies, and foibles, as well as the historians of their own fates. We do not desire to suggest even a critical comparison between this clever romance and that masterpiece of Smollett, which will doubtless remain unrivalled as long as the English literature endures. But the most conspicuous merit in 'The Dodd Family' is, that each character in the story is so contrived as to evoke, in the most humorous form, the peculiarities of all the others, without any violation of the individuality assigned to itself. The book, which is a sort of prose 'Fudge Family,' deeper, broader, and more comprehensive than Moore's clever satire, is a good-humoured but unsparing mockery of "false pretences" all over the world. If the dramatic power exist in the capacity to realise and express with an accuracy, too great for mere conjecture, other people's habits of thought and feeling, Mr Lever has shown in this book more of such power than in anything else he has ever written. The humour of his earlier books is almost entirely superficial. It deals purely with external things, and is little more than an extraordinarily acute sense of the ludicrous in situation and circumstance. In this book the humour is of that rarer kind which plays less with external and accidental peculiarities than with men's modes of thought, and the manner in which different minds are impressed by the same facts, or operated on by the same influences. The difference of the result in each case is great. The highest humour is inseparable from a profound sympathy with human nature, and is therefore always tinged with sadness. For man is too grand a subject, after all, for eternal practical jokes, and

even the most defaced and misfeatured humanity should be safe from unmitigated laughter. The fun which abounds, however, in Mr Lever's more youthful writings, ignores the existence of sorrow in any sense but that of a hateful deformity, to be contemplated as little as possible; and consequently this sort of fun, incompatible as it is with any deep sympathy, is never quite free from a certain element of cruelty, inherent to the strong animal life of early youth. But what is most delightful in the letters of "K. I." is that loving, tender capacity to feel for and with humanity in all the forms of its imperfection and weakness—that tendency to live in the life of others, and to draw from the various thoughts and acts and manners of mankind constant food for reflection, which breathe through the playful satire, and furnish material to the genial humour of those charming letters. And though the author appears to have given fuller scope both to his own sentiments and his own experience in the letters of "K. I.," yet the same spirit of kindly humour, and the same shrewd appreciation of social characteristics, are apparent in all the epistles, even where the drollery most approaches to caricature, as in those of the Irish servant-girl who complains to her friends at home of being like "a pelican on a dissolute island."

Of all Mr Dodd's numerous misfortunes, those under which his patience is most pathetic, and which enlist our warmest sympathies, are certainly his domestic and conjugal afflictions. Who that remembers or anticipates matrimonial experience can read without a cold shudder this description of the household tactics adopted on great occasions by Mrs Dodd?—

"For the last week Mrs D. had adopted a kind of warfare, at which she, I'll be bound to say, has few equals and no superior—a species of irregular attack, at all times and on all subjects, by innuendo and insinuation, so dexterously thrown out as to defy opposition; for you might as well take your musket to keep off the

mosquitoes! What she was driving at I never could guess, for the assault came on every flank and in all manner of ways. If I was dressed a little more carefully than usual, she called attention to my 'smartness;' if less so, she hinted that I was probably going out 'on the sly.' If I stayed at home, I was waiting for somebody; if I went out, it was to 'meet them.' But all this guerilla warfare gave way at last to a grand attack, when I ventured to remonstrate about some extravagance or other. 'It came well from me,' she burst forth with indignant anger—'it came well from me to talk of the little necessary expenses of the family—the bit they ate, and the clothes on their backs.' She spoke as if they were Mandans or Iroquois, and lived in a wigwam!"

Poets, we are told by one of them, "learn in suffering what they teach in song," and philosophers acquire wisdom from their own afflictions. Mr Dodd, in the true spirit of the philosophy preached by *Æschylus*, *παρ' ἀπονίας ἤλθε σωφρονεῖν*, thus moralises on his own misfortune:—

"Ah, Tom, my boy, it's all very good fun to laugh at Keeley, or Buckstone, or any other of those diverting vagabonds who can convulse the house with such a theme, but in real life the Farce is downright Tragedy. There is not a single comfort or consolation of your life that is not kicked clean from under you! A system of normal agitation is a fine thing, they tell us, in politics, but it is a cruel adjunct of domestic life! Everything you say, every look you give, every letter you seal, or every note you receive, are counts in a mysterious indictment against you, till at last you are afraid to blow your nose, lest it be taken for a signal to the fat widow lady that is caressing her poodle at the window over the way!"

But his greatest trial of all is the prospect of a sudden accession of fortune to the ambitious partner of his bosom. His excessive alarm at the possibility of a contingency so fatal to domestic happiness is very humorous, and his opinions upon the subject of legacies to married ladies in small circumstances are evidently the result of profound and painful experience.

"To tell you the plain truth, Tom, I don't know a greater misfortune for a man that has married a wife without money, than to discover at the end of

some fifteen or twenty years that somebody has left her a few hundred pounds ! It is not only that she conceives visions of unbounded extravagance, and raves about all manner of expense, but she begins to fancy herself an heiress that was thrown away, and imagines wonderful destinies she might have arrived at, if she hadn't had the bad-luck to meet you. For a real crab-apple of discord, I'll back a few hundreds in the Three per Cents against all the family jars that ever were invented.

"Save us, then, from this, if you can, Tom. There must surely be twenty ways to avoid the legacy ; and so that Mrs D. doesn't hear of it, I'd rather you'd prove her illegitimate, than allow her to succeed to this bequest. I'll not enlarge upon all I feel about this subject, hoping that by your skill and address we may never hear more of it ; but I tell you, frankly, I'd face the small-pox with a stouter heart than the news of succeeding to the M'Carthy inheritance."

Ubi dolor, ibi digitus ; and, after criticising European politics, and moralising on the Great Exhibition, to which (parenthetically) he expresses a strong desire to send Mrs D., "as a specimen of Continental plating on Irish manufacture," he returns, at the end of this letter, with a ludicrous pathos, to the same cause of anxiety :—

"I can't shake off the impression that this is the hardest trial I had ever to go through.

"I know her in most of her moods, Tom, and have got a kind of way of managing her in each of them—not very successful, perhaps, but sufficiently so to get on with. I have seen her in straits about money ; I have seen her in her jealous fits ; I have seen her in her moments of family pride ; and I have repeatedly seen her on what she calls 'her dying couch'—an opportunity she always seizes to say the most disagreeable things she can think of, so that I often speculate what she'd say if she was really going off ; but all these convey no notion to me of how she'd behave if she thought herself rich. As for our poverty, we never knew anything else ; the jealousy I'm getting used to ; the family pride often gives me a hearty laugh when I'm alone ; and I am as hardened about deathbed scenes as if I was an undertaker. It's the prosperity I haven't strength for, Tom ; and I feel it."

The adventures of a vulgar Irish

family abroad in search of economy combined with pretension and display, afford Mr Lever a good opportunity for satirising the social and political condition of a great number of foreign States. In doing this he has shown not only an affluent experience of Continental life, and a quick perception of all social phenomena, but also a very uncommon amount of shrewd common-sense and sound political judgment. We must say the satire is well deserved and unerringly aimed. Nothing escapes. The state of society, the conduct of government, the foreign and domestic policy, the administration of justice, the civil and military jurisdictions, the morals and manners of Continental capitals, are sharply canvassed. The character, too, of Kenny Dodd, in its strange admixture of childishness and wisdom, ignorance of the world and knowledge of mankind, and that subdued humorous consciousness which it betrays of the utter worthlessness of those influences to which it is ever an easy victim, greatly facilitates the indulgence of that moralising vein in which Mr Lever reviews almost every possible aspect of society. From the moment in which K. I. discovers that "shamelessness is the grand characteristic of foreign life," and that "one picks up the indecency much easier than the irregular verbs," the wisdom of his private reflections keeps pace with the folly of his public proceedings.

Here are a few words upon "Sanitary Questions" and "Ladies' Committees," which appear to us very humorous and not a little true :—

"As for the health of towns, Tom, the grand thing is not to suffer them to grow too big. You're always crying out about twelve people sleeping in one room somewhere, and you gave the ages of each of them in the 'Times,' and you grow moral and modest, and I don't know what else, about decency, destitution, and so forth ; but what's London itself but the very same thing on an enlarged scale ! It's nonsense to fret about a wart, when you have a wen in the same

neighbourhood! Not that I'm sorry to see fine folk taking trouble about what concerns the poor, particularly when they go about it sensibly and quietly, without any balderdash of little books, and, above all, without a Ladies' Committee. If there's anything chokes me, it's a Ladies' Committee. Three married women on bad terms with their husbands, four widows, and five old maids, all prying, pedantic, and impertinent—going loose about the world with little subscription-cards, decrying innocent pleasures, and decoying your children's pocket-money—turning Benevolence into a house-tax, and making Charity like the 'Pipe-water.' You remark, too, that the pretty women won't join these gangs at all. Now and then you may see one take out a letter-of-marque and cruise for herself, but never in company. Seeing the importunity of these old damsels, I often wondered why the Government never thought of employing ladies as tax-collectors. He'd be a hardy man who'd make one or two I could mention call twice."

We extract the following passage from Mr Dodd's reflections upon geology and the sciences viewed in their relation to education and politics, because it is a favourable sample of a particular kind of humour in which Mr Lever's later writings (and especially the work from which the passage is taken) are equally fertile and felicitous. It is a humour which consists in turning some indisputable truth upside down or inside out when the reader is least expecting it. The effect is often irresistible.

"For a man who has daughters abroad, my advice is—stick to the sciences. Grey sandstone is safer than the polka, and there's not as dangerous an experiment in all chemistry as singing duets with some black-bearded blackguard from Naples or Palermo. Now mind, Tom, this counsel of mine applies to the education of the young, for when people come to the forties, you may rely upon it, if they set about learning anything, they'll have the devil for a schoolmaster. What does all the geology mean? Junk-ketting, Tom—nothing but junk-ketting! Primitive rock is another name for a Pic-nic, and what they call Quartz is a figurative expression for iced champagne. Just reflect for a moment and see what it comes to. You can enter a protest against family extravaganees when they

take the shape of balls and soirées, but what are you to do against botanical excursions and antiquarian researches? It's like writing yourself down Goth at once to oppose these. 'Oh, papa hates chemistry; he despises natural history,' that's the cry at once, and they hold me up to ridicule just in the way the rascally Protestant newspapers did Dr Cullen, for saying that he didn't believe the world was round. If the liberty of the subject be worth anything—if the right for which these same Protestants are always prating, private judgment, be the great privilege they deem it—why shouldn't Dr Cullen have his own opinion about the shape of the earth? He can say, 'It suits me to think that I'm walking erect on a flat surface, and not crawling along with my head down, like a fly on the ceiling! I'm happier when I believe what doesn't puzzle my understanding, and I don't want any more miracles than we have in the Church.' He may say that, and I'd like to know what harm does that do you or me? Does it endanger the Protestant succession or the State religion? Not a bit of it, Tom. The real fact is simply this: private judgment is a boon they mean to keep for themselves, and never share with their neighbours! So far as I have seen of life, there's no such tyrant as your Protestant, and for this reason: it's bad enough to force a man to believe something that he doesn't like, but it's ten times worse to make him disbelieve what he's well satisfied with; and that's exactly what they do. Even on the ground of common humanity it is indefensible. If my private judgment goes in favour of saints' toenails and martyrs' shin-bones, I have a right to my opinion, and you have no right to attack it. Besides, I won't be badgered into what it may suit somebody else to think. My opinion is like my flannel waistcoat, that I'll take off or put on as the weather requires; and I think it very cruel that I must wear mine simply because you feel cold."

When Mr Dodd moralises on the field of Waterloo, his words are the words of wisdom. Could Mr Mill himself be more logical on the subject of Divine Right? All the political philosophers in the world could add but little to this pithy summary of the case, as between kings and peoples:—

"I know you'll reply to me with your old argument about Legitimacy and Divine Right, and all that kind of thing.

But, my dear Tom, for the matter of that, haven't I a divine right to my ancestral estate of Tullylicknaslatterley; and look what they're going to do with it, to-morrow or next day! 'Tis much Commissioner Longfield would mind, if I begged to defer the sale, on the ground of 'divine right.' *Kings are exactly like landlords; they can't do what they like with their own, hard as it may seem to say so. They have their obligations and their duties; and if they fail in them, they come into the Encumbered Estates Court just like us—ay, and just like us, they 'take very little by their motion.'*

"I know it's very hard to be turned out of your 'holding.' I can imagine the feelings with which a man would quit such a comfortable quarter as the Tuileries, and such a nice place for summer as Versailles; Dodsborough is too fresh in my mind to leave any doubt on this point: but there's another side of the question, Tom. What were they there for? You'll call out, 'This is all Socialism and Democracy, and the devil knows what else.' Maybe I'll agree with you. Maybe I'll say, I don't like the doctrine myself. Maybe I'll tell you that I think the old time was pleasantest, when if we pressed a little hard to-day, why, we were all the kinder to-morrow, and both ruler and ruled looked more leniently on each other's faults. But say what we will—do what we will—these days are gone by, and they'll not come back again. There's a set of fellows at work, all over the world, telling the people about their rights. Some of these are very acute and clever chaps, that don't overstate the case; they neither go off into any flights about Universal Equality, or any balderdash about our being of the same stock; but they stick to two or three hard propositions, and they say, '*Don't pay more for anything than you can get it for—that's free trade; don't pay for anything you don't want—that's a blow at the Church Establishment; don't pay for soldiers, if you don't want to fight—that's at 'a standing army;'*' and above all, *when you haven't a pair of breeches to your back, don't be buying embroidered small-clothes for Lords-in-Waiting or Gentlemen of the Bedchamber.'* But here I am again, running away from Waterloo, just as if I was a Belgian."

Equally wise is the result of K. I.'s experience of "Germany and her rulers;" and the simile in which he embodies it is so clever that we wonder it has never been plagiarised on a hustings:—

"I am always asking myself—that is, whenever I can summon composure even for so much—what do the Germans want with all these soldiers? Surely they're not going to invade France, nor Russia; and yet their armies are maintained in a strength that might imply it! As to any occasion for them at home in their own land, it's downright balderdash to talk of it! Do you know, Tom, that whenever I think of Germany and her rulers, I am strongly reminded of poor old Doctor Drake, that lived at Drones-town, and the flea-bitten mare he used to drive in his gig. She was forty, if she was an hour; she was quiet and docile from the day she was foaled: all the whipping in the world couldn't shake her into five miles an hour, and yet the Doctor had her surrounded with every precaution and appliance that would have suited a regular runaway. There were safety-reins, and kicking-straps, and double traces without end—and all to restrain a poor old beast that only wanted to be let alone, and drag out her tiresome existence in the jog-trot she was used to! 'Ah, you don't know her as well as I do,' Drake would say; 'she's a devil at heart, and if she didn't feel it was useless to resist, she'd smash everything behind her. She looks quiet enough, but that doesn't impose upon me.' These were the kind of reflections he indulged in, and I suppose they are about the same in use in the Cabinets of Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria. I was often malicious enough for a half wish that Drake should have a spicy devil in the shafts, just for once, to show him a trick or two; and in the same spirit, Tom, I cannot help saying, that I'd like to see John Bull 'put to' in this fashion! Wouldn't he kick up—wouldn't he soon knock the whole concern to atoms! Ah, Tom, it's all alike, believe me; and whether you have to drive a Nag or a Nation, take my word for it, the kicking-straps are only efficacious when the beast hasn't a kick in him! At all events, such are not the popular notions here, and on they go building fortresses, strengthening garrisons, and reinforcing army corps, till at last the military will be more numerous than the nation, and every prisoner will have two jailers to restrain him. 'Who is to pay?' becomes the question; but indeed that is the very question that puzzles me now. Who pays for all this at present? Is it possible that a people will suffer itself to be taxed that it may be bullied? I'm unable to continue this theme, for there go the drums again—there are forty of them at it now! What's in the wind I can't

guess. Oh, here's the explanation. It is the Herr Commandant—be sure you accent the last syllable—is come to pay me a visit, and the guard has turned out to drum him up-stairs!”

There is nothing “rotten in the state of Denmark” that escapes the keen observation of K. I.; but though he is a sharp satirist of other nations, it cannot be said that he ever flinches from denouncing whatever vulgarity or folly he finds amongst his own countrymen; and who that has experienced anything of Continental English, will fail to sympathise with this honest burst of indignation?—

“I swear to you solemnly as I write this, that if I live to get back I'll expose the whole system of foreign travel. I'll go about the country giving lectures. I'll hire an organ-man to play at intervals, and I'll advertise, ‘Kenny Dodd on Men and Manners Abroad—Evenings with Frenchmen and Nights with Distinguished Belgians.’ I'll show up their cookery, their morals, their modesty, their sense of truth, and their notions of justice. And though I well know that I'll expose myself to the everlasting hate of a legion of hairdressers, dancing-masters, and white-mice men, I'll do it as sure as I live. What quackery was ever equal to this taste for the Continent? If people ate Morison's pills like green peas, they wouldn't do themselves as much moral injury as by a month abroad! And if I were called before a committee of the House to declare, on my conscience, what I deemed the most pernicious reading of the day, I'd say—Murray's Handbooks! I give you this under my hand and seal. That fellow—Murray, I mean—has got up a kind of Pictorial Europe of his own, with bits of antiquarianism, history, poetry, and architecture, that serves to convince our vulgar vagabondising English that they are doing a refined thing in coming abroad. He half-persuades them that it is not for cheap champagne and red partridges they're come, but to see the Cathedral of Cologne and the Dome of St Peter's, till he breeds up a race of conceited, ill-informed, prating coxcombs, that disgrace us abroad and disgust us at home.”

K. I. is evidently of opinion that the more people stay at home, and the less that governments interfere with each other, the better for individuals and nations. He is

strong on the subject of non-intervention:—

“If,” says he, “a man merely changes the sign of his house, and instead of the ‘Lily,’ prefers to live under the ‘Cock,’ or, maybe, ‘the Drone-bee,’ what have I to say to that? So long as he stays at home, and only ‘gets drunk on the premises,’ I have no right to meddle with him. It's all very well to say that nobody likes to have a disorderly house in his neighbourhood. Very true; but you oughtn't to go in and murder the residents to keep them quiet!”

He is fond of drawing political deductions from social facts. He attributes the failure of all attempted rebellions in Ireland to the fact that Paddy is so fond of a row for its own sake, that he never remembers it is only a means to an end. He traces the capacity of Englishmen for constitutional government to that habit of self-control, mutual forbearance, and providence for others, which they instinctively acquire from the practice of those home-duties which hardly exist on the Continent, and shrewdly infers that cafés are hostile to constitutions. But he has something to say, and what he says is generally suggestive, upon all possible subjects, from Verdi's music to the “Mind of Man”—

“Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, Gaudia, discursus.”

In short, humanity, in all its operations, external and internal, is his constant and congenial theme. His knowledge of human nature is so extensive, and his theories of how to deal with it so shrewd and practical, that one would almost think him capable of managing the Austrian empire, were it not that he so good-humouredly reveals to us, with a quaint mixture of pathos and drollery, that all his theoretical wisdom is chiefly the result of successive and lamentable failures in family legislation. In this contrast, indeed, between the follies he is ever committing, and the wisdom with which he moralises over them, the humour of the character is con-

tained. In matters domestic the dreadful Mrs D. is always more than a match for him :—

“Don't prate to me,” he says, “of pusillanimity and cowardice! Nobody is brave with his wife! From the Queen of Sheba down to the Duchess of Marlborough, ay, and to our own days, if I liked to quote instances, history teaches the same lesson. What chance have you with one that has been studying every weak point, and every frailty of your disposition, for, maybe, twenty years? Why, you might as well box with your doctor, who knows where to plant the blow that will be the death of you!”

And when he describes Mrs D. as having fallen into “that peculiar condition which is natural to her whenever she finds a place stupid, and which she fondly fancies to be a religious frame of mind,” he establishes an indisputable claim to our extremest commiseration.

K. I. has certainly no pretension to be a faultless philosopher, but he is a very pleasant one. Montaigne would have chosen him for a companion. Molière would have sympathised with and loved him. He has so large a sympathy for human nature, that his own claim upon that of the reader is irresistible; and so kindly and compassionate a feeling for the imperfections of mankind, that we follow him with undiminished affection through all the faults and follies that he so frankly attributes to himself. He so innocently pleads guilty to the occasional “delight of doing wrong;” there is something so natural in the touch of envy with which he remarks that “India-rubber itself is not so elastic as a bad character,” and so sly an appeal to commiseration in his candid avowal, “I don't want to disparage principle, no more than I do a great balance at Coutts's, or anything else that I don't possess myself,” that all such good-humoured self-accusations are at once understood to be among the philosophical paradoxes peculiar to that vein of banter which proves all problems by the *ad absurdum* argument, and which he frequently indulges at his own expense. To

a mind habitually in this mood, and gifted with a quick and minute faculty of observation, the most trivial matters afford occasion for apothegms; as, for instance, when “K. I.” walks through an armoury; his first observation is that “the robbers of antiquity were big, but the great characters of chivalry, I remark, small. The Constable de Bourbon's armour would not fit Kenny Dodd.” And indeed there is not a page of these letters which does not contain some aphorism upon men and things, which bears witness to a commerce with mankind as rich in the varied wisdom of its results as that which was the boast of the poet of the Gulistan. Even the subordinate characters of this charming fiction are full of merit and individuality. Mrs Gore Hampton, the fascinating demirep, whose visits, though neither few nor far between, are like those of “an angel, taking off her wings in the hall, and dropping in to tea;” Lord George, the aristocratic swindler, who so gracefully remarks that “if there's anything a man's own, 'tis his private wickedness, and there is no such indelicacy as discussing it;” and Morris, the man of worth and honour, bearing with simple dignity from a set of *parvenus* and scoundrels all the slights and scorns “which patient merit of the unworthy takes;” all these characters are conceived in the genuine spirit of polite comedy. Mr Lever is indeed so happy in the management of dialogue, and in the art of allowing his characters to evolve themselves without interference from the author, that there is every reason to think he would be successful in the comic drama; and were he to exercise his genius in that direction, we have little doubt but what he would do much to rescue the English stage from its present discreditable obligation to the charity of third-rate French playwrights. Our extracts from ‘The Dodd Family’ have extended over a larger space than we could well afford, because it is our sincere

opinion that Mr Lever has written nothing comparable to this book ; and without ample reference to the work itself, it was hardly possible to justify the opinion which we have not hesitated to express about it.

The 'Dodd Family' is an elaborate denunciation of the folly of "people living upon false pretences ;" and 'Davenport Dunn,' which deals with the crimes rather than the follies of society, exposes with considerable power, and an extraordinary knowledge of the dark side of modern civilisation, the innumerable "fraudulent pretences" of roguery in every rank of life. The character of Dunn himself, which is that of the brilliant commercial swindler, the Robert Law of these days, whose roguery is on a magnificent scale, is carefully drawn ; and Mr Lever has certainly the merit of never allowing himself to be tempted into conventional exaggeration of this character. Davenport Dunn is a rascal of genius, and throughout all his roguery he remains sufficiently human and natural (the good being never entirely obliterated by the evil in his complex character) to justify to the last the interest which his career excites in the mind of the reader. His ambition, before it comes in contact with distracting and debasing influences, is legitimate, and even noble ; and the gradual deterioration of a character in which power is uncontrolled by principle, is finely worked out. But the best and most powerful character in this book—a character in which Mr Lever has shown, in addition to his ordinary knowledge of the world, no ordinary knowledge of human nature—is that of Grog Davis, the professional "sporting swindler." This man, a vulgar blackleg, and in all his dealings with society a most unmitigated scoundrel, nevertheless affects us with a sense of power, and secures from us a degree of interest which it would be impossible to feel for a character of which the delineation was less true to the

deepest realities of nature. The whole conception of this character is indeed of the highest order. The one redeeming point in the much-defaced humanity of this man, and the secret of the strong dramatic interest which he excites, lies in his devoted and absorbing affection for his daughter.

Whatever he has in him better than the fiend, or above the brute, is concentrated in this affection, of which the pathos is all the more poignant from the power of nature which it indicates, and the contrast which it suggests with the prostitution of that power in the habitual life of the man. The professional associations of Grog Davis with the turf and the fashionable gambling-houses of Europe, bring him into daily contact with the most worthless and demoralised members of the upper ranks of society. Their ambition to be knaves renders them only the dupes of a knavery more practised and audacious than their own ; and the contempt of the professional swindler for those who, though his superiors in social rank, are only his equals in infamy, and his inferiors in the dexterity which renders infamy partially profitable, is embittered by his haunting consciousness that they are by birthright the inheritors of what a man may desecrate but cannot transfer, and that the sphere from which they descend into connection with him is one into which, by no possible connection with them, is he able to elevate himself. His dreary and restricted experience teaches him that there is no moral degradation which men will not incur for the sake of money, and from this he argues to the conclusion that there is no social disability which may not be overcome by that all-powerful agent. He therefore labours to accumulate wealth dishonestly, in order that he may make his child rich enough to be honest. What matter though his own hands be soiled?—hers shall be stainless ! What matter though he heap infamy on himself, if it be to bequeath to her the purity and

innocence which, the further it is removed from the depths of his own degradation, the more he delights to contemplate and revere in the future of his child? The profligate gentlemen who are his boon-companions may laugh away, in the course of a night's debauch, the reputation of every duchess in England; but where is he, so bold of tongue, or so sure of his pistol-practice, as shall dare to find a spot on the character of the daughter of the "infamous Grog Davis?" Whilst he, for her sake, is plotting nefarious plunder, in the company of men whose presence is pollution, she, an innocent happy girl, in her convent at Brussels, shall be learning all that can refine and elevate life—the associate of spotless maidens, and the pupil of the most accomplished teachers that money can secure. And in all this notable scheme nothing is overlooked save that alone which involves the inevitable failure of it. It never occurs to the remarkable natural shrewdness of a man whose experience, however varied, is limited exclusively to evil, that in this world, where the consequences of evil are endless, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, and that, in the eye of society, the daughter of the "infamous Grog Davis," were she wise as Sheba and pure as Ruth, can never be other than the child of infamy, and the inheritor of shame. And so complete is his inability to realise or comprehend any but social distinctions between right and wrong, that although there is no self-sacrifice of which he is not capable to secure the happiness of his child, and no barbarity in which he would scruple to indulge his vengeance on the man who should injure her, yet he is himself a conspirator to sell her in marriage to the most abjectly worthless and contemptible of all his infamous associates, simply because that man is brother and heir to a peer of the realm. That the daughter of Grog Davis should be a peeress, for this Grog Davis schemes to secure as his

son-in-law a man whom he knows to be guilty of forgery, and whom he himself despises as a poltroon. This is the summit of his ambition. And how a theory of life which insults human nature is defeated by human nature itself; how the human heart vindicates its inherent birthright to the control of its own destinies, and avenges upon itself the wrongs inflicted by itself upon its better aspirations; how, out of the utter wreck and failure of all that unscrupulous ingenuity can devise for the attainment of unworthy desires, arises at the last, in the mere might of man's common instinct to be good, something which reconciles the fact of human sin to our faith in human nature, and seems to vindicate the hope of a distant but ultimate salvation,—is shadowed forth in the development and destiny of these two characters, with a masterly power and depth of insight which not unfrequently reminds us of Balzac.

Before we pass from the consideration of this work, we may remark, as regards the entire conception of it, that considerable skill is evinced in the mechanism by which Mr Lever contrives to show that every rogue is limited, in his power to do mischief, to the use, as it were, of a single engine, and that he who assails honest men with one kind of weapon is liable to be himself overthrown by his ignorance of the fence peculiar to some other species of rascality. Thus, for instance, the amateur blackguard Annesley Beecher, is no match for the professional blackleg Grog Davis; and Grog Davis, in turn, with all his craft and audacity, is no match against the more astute tactics of Davenport Dunn, the refined and comprehensive rascal; whilst even Dunn is overreached at last by the combined common-sense of the honest portion of society; so that, with this species of vermin as with all others, the rhyme holds good, that

"Greater fleas have little fleas
Upon their legs to bite 'em;
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so *ad infinitum*."

There are some admirable characters in Mr Lever's last novel. Mrs Penthony Morris is excellent. So, in another way, is Mr Ogden, the bully of a public office, the sycophant of secretaries of state, and the tyrant of junior clerks, the pedant of Downing Street, and the bore of all society. There is nothing more delightful than to see a bully cowed; and the absolute terror and anguish of Ogden when he unexpectedly encounters, on the Continent, the fascinating wife from whom he has been divorced, the groan of positive pain into which his pompous compliment is suddenly converted by a single glance at the person for whom it was destined with the most approved conventional gallantry, is inimitable. There is something even which claims our sympathy in the capacity for common human suffering thus revealed beneath all the small formalities of the man. Layton, the lost man of genius, is of a higher range, and there is considerable power, and not a little pathos, in Mr Lever's vigorous sketch of this character. But perhaps the best-sustained character in the book is that of the Yankee, Leonidas Shaver Quakenboss.

In the delineation of this character Mr Lever has evinced one merit, for which, perhaps, he can hardly hope to receive due appreciation from the majority of readers. Quakenboss is, so far as we know, almost the only Yankee of English manufacture in whose figures of speech the purely Yankee idiom, peculiar to the New England States, is not constantly confounded with the slang of the South and West. Mr Lever is also deserving of approval for not having allowed the merely ludicrous in a subject so obviously open to coarse caricature, to overpower his finer perception of what are the better and worthier qualities of the Yankee character. In this respect, however, he has been anticipated by Sir E. Lytton.

There is certainly no lack of

power in Mr Lever's later novels. On the contrary, they contain writing of greater power, and evince qualities which belong to genius of a higher order, than we discover in his earlier and still, perhaps, more popular books. Had he never written anything but the 'Dodd Family,' that work alone would have entitled him to take undisputed rank amongst the humorists of England; and had that work been the first of a hitherto unknown writer, the sensation it would have excited must have been very great. But familiarity, if it does not breed contempt, often induces indifference. If Aristides had taken to rope-dancing, perhaps he would not have been ostracised by the Athenians. Popularity is an alms which, the more cheerfully it is accorded to a first appeal, the more churlishly is it conceded to a second from the same quarter. When we see a boy in the street standing on his head, if we are in a good humour we fling him a penny, but the next time we see him turning somersaults, we only say, "There's that boy again!" and button up our pockets. Still there are undoubtedly drawbacks to the claim of Mr Lever's later works on general sympathy and approval for which he is himself responsible; and we have reserved to the last the few remarks which we have to make of an unfavourable nature in reference to these works, because the cordial recognition which we have already expressed of their author's ability will be the best guarantee for our sincerity in objecting to the subjects on which that ability is sometimes exercised. There is a sameness of subject about the majority of Mr Lever's younger novels, which is partly counterbalanced by the fact that such sameness lies at least within the sphere of a more or less national interest, such as the portraiture of Irish life. But the continued repetition of scenes representative of a kind of society which is neither familiar nor pleasing to a large class of English readers,

which is the characteristic of nearly all Mr Lever's later works, is under any circumstances a mistake. The frivolity of Continental society, the vulgarity and mistakes of English travellers abroad, and the tricks and deceptions of sharpers and adventurers, is a very legitimate subject for satire; but it has really been exhausted with great success in the 'Dodd Family,' and we regret to see it enter so largely into the staple material of Mr Lever's subsequent novels. However excellent may be the cookery, and skilful the arrangement of the dishes, we object to continual invitations to dine off the leavings of any feast, however good; it is no hospitality, but thrift, which would force us to drain the last flagon and swallow the last crumb.

"The funeral baked meats
But coldly furnish forth the marriage-
feast."

In such works as 'Davenport Dunn' and 'One of Them,' the genius of the author carries everything before it. But the subject of such a story as 'The Daltons' can, we should think, have little interest for the mass of the public. We need not defend these remarks from the imputation of a false and vulgar morality which would exclude from fiction its legitimate sources of interest in the delineation of crime and the analysis of evil. Nothing in human nature can be alien to art, which derives from nature all its materials. All we ask from an author is to preserve the balance and proportion of the emotions to which he appeals. To be continually poring over the blots and failures of humanity, or the vices and corruption of any social state, is neither profitable nor pleasant. And the perusal of a series of fictions which present to us only the deformities of nature, and detain us without relief or intermission in the society of sharpers and vagabonds, and all manner of vicious or vulgar persons, becomes fatiguing and painful. As we close one after the other of such books, we feel like men returning from a

hell. Our gains are not equivalent to the unpleasurable process of their acquirement, and we long for some more wholesome intercourse with mankind. The highest and most truthful art must occasionally hold intercourse with evil, but it is a mistake in art to make that intercourse habitual. When an author continually presents to our view one side only either of society or of man's heart, and that the most unpleasant of all, he appears to imply—not that this is to be found in society or human nature, and is worth looking at—but that nothing else is to be found in society or human nature, and that this is all we have to look at; and we revolt from acquiescence in any such view of a cause which is, after all, our own. Our estimation of the genius of Le Sage would be much lower if he had written half-a-dozen small 'Gil Blas;' and if Fielding had written many 'Jonathan Wilds,' we should be disposed to think less highly of the mind that made 'Tom Jones.' We attribute this defect to what is perhaps in itself a conscientious quality. We think that Mr Lever is apt to be content to draw his materials for fiction too exclusively from *observation*. Human nature is indeed inexhaustible, but no one man's observation of human nature can be so. The widest experience is limited, and the limit of it must be reached at last. There is only one inexhaustible source for fiction, and that is the Imagination.

But the imagination itself is an engine which cannot be kept in frequent operation without being frequently supplied with fuel. It cannot act without being first acted upon. And the fault we are inclined to attribute to the majority of our modern writers of romance is, that they give out too much and take in too little. Let men say what they will about native originality, man is not really a creator. He changes, improves, and extends, that is all. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*; and the best new ideas are the product of a large accumulation of old ones.

Those authors who rely chiefly upon personal observation and experience for the materials of fiction, cannot be too careful to vary their point of sight pretty often. Every imaginative writer must at some period have experienced the feelings expressed by Cowley, when he wrote—

"The fields which sprang beneath the ancient plough,
Spent and outworn, return no harvest now,
And we must die of want,
Unless new lands we plant."

If Mr Lever is disposed to dispute the justice of these observations, or, at any rate, their special application to himself, he may certainly refer to the extraordinary sameness of a vast number of his contemporary novelists, who do not seem, on that account, to enjoy less popularity. One set of writers can talk of nothing but governesses, tutors, and athletic curates, who love fly-fishing and abhor Strauss. The domestic novel happens to be in fashion, and we certainly have enough of it. Others are never happy

out of the precincts of Pall-Mall and the Clubs, unless it be at a fashionable watering-place ; and some can give no flavour to English fiction without importing it from Florence or Rome, or borrowing their intrigue from the secret societies, and their sentiment from Mazzinian manifestoes. But Mr Lever is immeasurably richer in imagination and power than all such writers ; and if he would occasionally emigrate to "fresh fields and pastures new," he has already all that is needful in the way of stock and capital. He may be contented with his present reputation, which is extensive, and likely to be permanent ; but we believe that it is in his own power to elevate and enlarge it.

"Count no man happy till he has ceased to live," says the Greek proverb. Sum up the attributes of no genius till it has ceased to act or to write. The last work of an author may sometimes be the first which gives a just idea of his mind as a whole.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION : ITS PURPOSE AND PROSPECTS.

THE world is a stage ; it is also a mart, and likewise a battle-field. And the world's congress—the International Exhibition of the coming May—is as a theatre wherein Genius shall disport herself ; a market whereunto commerce shall congregate, a field of battle whereon conflicting civilisations shall contend for mastery. Were it nothing but a large shop in which goods could be purchased, a mere bazaar which might be traversed curiously in endless avenues, it would possess little dignity. Rather is it a council of the nations, where distant peoples meet in friendly rivalry ; the tenants of the frozen north, the dusky brows of the sunburnt south ; races from east and from west, dwellers upon Rhine, Baltic, Rhone, Tiber, Danube, Bosphorus, coming to

a grand banquet given by brethren comfortably settled on the borders of the Thames. We live in days when the remote corners of the earth are brought in fellowship together—when winds, laden with the perfume of orange groves, mingle with blasts from snow-fields, and waves which lave the coasts of gold bring the burden of their riches to Albion's shore. And we now ask of the wings of Commerce to bear on swift flight whatever is most benignant and beauteous in the realms of nature, or among the arts of man. We ask of Earth to render up her treasures, even from the depths of the sunken mine. We ask of tree and herb and grass, of grove and forest, to give to our use the kindly fruits of the ground—the root, the leaf, the flower, the seed.

Whatever ministers to man's necessities, whatever in structure and by invention enhances man's power, whatever adds to life's adorning, whatever completes through utility or crowns by loveliness this century which is our boast, whether it be nature or whether it be art, we bid it come to the congress of the nations.

In treating of the purpose and the prospects of the International Exhibition, it is needful to premise somewhat on the building itself. A palace, imposing as a structure, is perhaps the best advertisement of an Exhibition which is designed to be successful as an enterprise. We all remember the enthusiasm aroused by the first Crystal Palace—the airy canopy for a fancy-fair, high enough to tent a park elm-tree, and vast enough to congregate one hundred thousand visitors. The experience, however, now gained of glass and iron structures—the conservatory or greenhouse style of architecture, as it may be termed—does not favour the repetition of a like experiment in its first and simple integrity. A glass roof cannot be rendered water-tight; iron tank-walls, such as in the “Brompton Boilers,” cannot be made impervious to heat and cold; and buildings thus constructed, when designed to be permanent, have never proved exempt from exorbitant outlay for repair. Accordingly, the Palace of Industry in Paris departed from the precedent set up by the great gardener in his grand greenhouse. The building now raised at Kensington may probably also claim the advantages usually presumed to reward the pursuit of a middle course. In the realms of architecture, the present International building must be pronounced a hybrid—a transmutation, as it were, of the previously known art-species, according to the true Darwinian laws of natural selection; a compound of the simple-minded agricultural barn, the purely practical and mercantile factory, and the middle-age cathedral, with nave, transept, and aspiring dome!

This combined result, if not all that might have been desired, will, we think, at least fulfil the requirements of utility. Mr Redgrave, in his Report on the Paris Exhibition, has justly said that the problem to be solved in such structures is “the enclosure of the largest amount of space by the simplest unit of form.” The principles which seem to have guided the Commissioners, and ruled Captain Fowke the architect, are these: that primarily the building shall be fitted to the purpose for which it is erected; furthermore, that in the simplicity of its parts and the economy of its structure, it shall not overtax the monetary resources at command; and yet, finally, while thus the merely æsthetic is kept in abeyance to the practical, that the architectural members now blank and bald shall admit of, and indeed invite to, subsequent adorning, whenever funds arising from the financial success of the present or future exhibitions may be at the disposal of the Commissioners. That no professional architect was consulted in the design of the building is perhaps scarcely to its prejudice, considering the enormities which professed architects have elsewhere perpetrated, and the confusion and contradiction which at present reign under the cut-throat “battle of the styles.” For the Exhibition building of 1851 the competition was thrown open to all the world; about two hundred and fifty designs were accordingly sent in, and the Commissioners ended by rejecting every one of them, recording their opinion that there was “no single plan so accordant with the peculiar objects in view, either in the principle or detail of its arrangement, as to warrant them in recommending it for adoption.” Mr Cole, it will be recollected, made in December last, at a meeting of the Society of Arts, a stinging reply to the censors on the adopted plans of Captain Fowke. Mr Cole expressed himself ready to refute all the detailed objections, did time permit. And he

then proceeded to "put forth his challenge with unhesitating confidence, that no architect had ever erected a picture-gallery in this country, or in Europe, which would match that of Captain Fowke; and he ventured to say that the whole of Europe would pronounce that gallery to be the finest ever seen." "He would conclude, having had some experience in the Exhibition of 1851—having had something to do with the Paris Exhibition, and having observed the construction of the present building, by saying this: if the guarantors and Commissioners desired to have a building which should be a common-sense building, and not outrun the constable as to expense—which had been the case with some public buildings—if they wanted a thing treated according to the principles of common sense, fulfilling the objects for which it was intended—they would have in this building those objects realised to a greater extent than had been the case in any exhibition building which had ever yet been erected." This is the defence set up. We ourselves, however, incline to the opinion, that while the edifice may be admitted as structurally a success, it must be pronounced architecturally a failure. But the interior will doubtless offer some compensation. The long nave, and especially the approach to the transepts, crowned by the two mighty domes, will doubtless make at least a pretty fancy-fair, and a spacious airy promenade. There can, indeed, be little question that the purposes for which exhibition buildings are intended will be sufficiently well accomplished.

As a triumph over constructional difficulties, as a monument of the industrial and mechanical resources of an epoch signal in scientific appliance, this International edifice is certainly sufficiently marvellous. We all know that the structural facilities of the present day are unrivalled. Time and space are, as it were, annihilated; each moment is big with eternity, and the finite swells to infi-

nitude. We live, it is often repeated, in a stern, iron, practical age; yet never was the counter-statement more emphatically true, that facts are stranger than fiction; that Reason in her plodding course transcends Imagination on her boldest wing. Nothing in the old worlds of Assyria, Egypt, Greece, or Rome, is, we need scarcely say, more astounding than the feats accomplished in our modern western Britain, especially when she sets herself to work on these international exhibitions. In the British Museum may be seen a painting, brought from the temples of Egypt—slaves harnessed, hauling stone at the beck and bid of drivers; and thus the great monuments which rank as the wonders of the world were constructed. Much have we in these our days gained in liberty, and still more in power. Railways now bring, on rapid wing, loads under which, in Egypt or in India, camels and elephants would have groaned and broken down; granite and stone, and even marble, may be hurried in a few hours from the distant quarry, bricks and terracottas from fertile factories. Brute mechanism, under the inspiring genius of steam, now steadily goes through the labours of Hercules; and the office of a god is easily performed by a contractor. If we have no Phidias to carve, we have thousands of workmen to cast; if there be no Palladio to design, "clerks of the works" in abundance are skilful to construct. And thus bridges, railroads, and buildings of all kinds rise, and their dimensions, at any rate, are astounding. In mere cubic contents, few works, indeed, either in ancient or modern times, can compare with the present International structure. The space of ground tented over is upwards of 20 acres—an area vaster by one fifth than the square of Lincoln's Inn, or the base of the great pyramid. The length of the nave, 800 feet, lighted by clerestory windows, is nearly one quarter longer than the nave of St Peter's. The domes, 160 feet in diameter, are wider than

those of the Pantheon, the Baths of Caracalla, the Duomo at Florence, the cathedrals of St Peter's and St Paul's. Their material and structure, too, are novel and remarkable. We have had iron bridges, tubular iron bridges, more recently iron-clad Warrior steam-frigates; and now here is a new application of the same material, iron-built domes, cased with glass! Finally, an enumeration of the materials employed in this gigantic edifice is, like other items, somewhat startling. We are informed that in this giant structure are ten millions of bricks, one thousand iron columns, one mile of clerestory windows, seventeen thousand loads of timber, forty-five thousand superficial feet of glass, and four thousand tons of iron! The contract was originally taken by the builders at £200,000, with certain reversionary rights on the sale of materials, and provision for the payment of a further sum out of total receipts. The recent estimates for Mr Scott's Foreign Office, it may be remembered, were £200,000. The cost of the Paris International Edifice of 1855 exceeded £500,000.

Let us now turn to the purpose and uses of International Exhibitions. The world has had experience of two, the third approaches; and the data placed on record—the published reports of the various juries, with other documents—have determined with precision what good is effected by such competitions. The ordinary course of trade is for the year somewhat disturbed, yet the foremost benefit is found, notwithstanding, to accrue to that nation which has borne the greatest burden, and sustained the chief expense. The total cost incurred for "management of the British portion of the Paris Universal Exhibition" was £40,000, for which a Parliamentary grant had been taken. The total cost to France herself, including the outlay on the building, was one million sterling. The total number of visitors was 4,533,464, and the total receipts

£117,667. But the profit, especially to the city of Paris, was commensurately great. The police returns show that during the Exhibition nearly 160,000 foreigners, and 350,000 people from the provinces, visited Paris, spending for the benefit of the city probably not less than £6,000,000 sterling. In fine, on good authority, it has been stated that this great increase on the usual expenditure, and the consequent profits accruing, more than repaid the total cost of the Exhibition itself.

Exhibitions in this country stand on a different footing, and involve, consequently, somewhat different considerations. They are the product of private enterprise, and are thus independent of State aid; they are made self-supporting, and even yield a profit. The total expenditure in 1851 was about £330,000. The total receipts were £506,000. The number of season-tickets sold was 25,605, netting £67,514, 1s. The average daily payments at the door was £2548. The average number of visitors present on each day was 42,831. The greatest number on any one day—namely, on Tuesday, the 7th October—rose to 109,915. The greatest number of persons present in the building at one time was 93,224. The number of exhibitors amounted to nearly 14,000. The total space occupied reached all but 1,000,000 vertical and horizontal square feet. The total value of objects exhibited was £1,781,929, 11s. 4d., of which £1,031,000 belonged to the United Kingdom, and £80,000 to her dependencies. The final result of this amazing enterprise showed a net profit of about £170,000, devoted by the Commissioners to the permanent advance of arts and manufactures.

These statistics we have brought together as affording interesting points of comparison with corresponding items in the present Exhibition. We have seen that in Paris an outlay of about £1,000,000 sterling was deemed to find actual compensa-

tion in the expenditure of strangers sojourning in the city. We have seen, in contrast, that the outlay upon the London Exhibition was more than defrayed by the payments for admission, a profit even accruing of no less than £170,000. Thus the money spent by visitors during their stay in London—an expenditure, even in Paris, set down as £6,000,000 sterling, bringing its usual business-return—the increased traffic on railways, and the stimulus given to various branches of manufactures and commerce—all these, making a grand total impossible to ascertain, may be put down as additional money-profit resulting from our international exhibitions. So much, then, for mere financial advantages.

We will now consider some of the purposes which international exhibitions are found to subserve. "Publicity" is their very life—and publicity and open discussion are in this our age assumed to be main-springs of progression. The day for trade and other mysteries is past; secrecy is now deemed almost a sin against society; and the man who has a light which will shine, does his neighbour wrong when he hides it beneath a bushel. He who has a truth to tell must now go to the house-top and proclaim it; and in return for what he gives, he may possibly receive tenfold reward. Trade-secrets and monopolies are, we say, swept away; and now there is open fight—no favour, no quarter; the battle is to the strong. These, then, are the days for exhibitions. He who is weak must go to the wall; he who in competition is found unequal to the contest, must take himself to the wayside and perish. There is, it cannot be denied, a feast for those who can well afford to feed and pay; but at Nature's great banquet no cover has been laid for Lazarus lying at the gate. The battle of life is fierce. Great and sweet is the reward, but bitter likewise the defeat. Wise men will perhaps take things as they

are, and make the best of them. And, accordingly, the world seems willing to believe that publicity, competition, free discussion—all constituting the very life and essence of international exhibitions—are attended with more good than evil: at all events, half measures cannot be tolerated. And so the man who has a secret and won't tell it, is pronounced a humbug.

In short, international exhibitions are supposed by many as likely to supersede international jealousies. At one time we watched with careful eye our staple manufactures. Machinery, till comparatively recent days, it was, we believe, unlawful to export, lest foreign countries should acquire the power of manufacturing for themselves. All this, for better or for worse, is now wholly changed. The attitude assumed may indicate strength—bold and defiant. England challenges the entire world. Come, says she, all peoples of the earth to our shores, and we will beat every one of you—at any rate, we will do our best; and even should defeat await us, we will take it in good part, and try to profit by the lesson. This from smaller states in Europe might sound even foolhardy; coming from England or France, it may be deemed nothing more than manly. Indeed, in these international exhibitions the contest has been, and will be, mainly between those noble foes, now happily firm friends and allies—England and France. The two nations which are foremost in prowess and strongest in arms, first in knowledge and civilisation, take, it has been found, likewise the front rank in the world's arena of arts and manufactures. The strife which once raged in war is at length changed into a gentler rivalry among the sister arts of peace, and thus the clash of crossing swords is now transmuted into the sharp clink of the weaver's shuttle. Were it not, indeed, for the slight *contretemps* on the other side of the Atlantic, we should expect to see at the

coming Exhibition the fraternisation of both man and beast—lions, lambs, unicorns, eagles, stars, stripes, with every other international monster, animate and inanimate, sitting in friendly fellowship—followed, of course, by the fulfilment of all outstanding prophecies, and the speedy end of the world.

The purpose and uses of international exhibitions are manifestly to bring into notice, and thus still further to develop, the natural resources of distant countries. A better knowledge of the capabilities of climate, of the fertility of soils, of the productive ability of races and nations, cannot fail to make commerce more discriminative, manufactures more lucrative: such knowledge must arouse, as it were, the dormant powers of nature, bring forth buried riches, and make each nation know wherein lies its true strength. The gathering together of producers and produce into one focus, for the same object, evidently tends to unity. Yet the diversities found in the world's resources, the contrasts between the varied inhabitants of our globe, cannot be annihilated. It is the special function, indeed, of exhibitions to bring these manifold ministrations into still greater efficiency, to seek for harmony through the laws of contrast, and to attain to unity in the balance of an infinite variety. Till the present century, a large portion of the earth was almost a *terra incognita*, and the world is still but imperfectly known to its inhabitants. Yet railroads on land, and steam by sea, now carry to the great centres of civilisation contributions to our material comfort and our intellectual progress, which in ages anterior were doomed to fust unused. The universal exhibitions already held have brought into prominent view portions of the earth where resources still undeveloped offer riches and reward to well-directed enterprise. The capabilities of India, Canada, and Australia, the colonies of England, and the nascent capacities of Algeria,

the dependency of France, as seen both in London and in Paris, promised for these territories themselves a prosperous future, and offered to the world at large fresh fields for remunerative outlay. Our East Indian possessions have long been famous for the matchless colour of their silk and other textile fabrics; a fame which we need not say was greatly enhanced in 1851 by the magnificence of the Oriental Court. The East of old has been the hemisphere wherein colour reigned triumphant; doubtless, chiefly, the inherent attribute of a people whose literature was ever lighted in the hues of voluptuous romance. But it is evident, whatever be the colouring of the fancy, the colour of the fabric cannot be more brilliant than native dyes will make it. These Oriental dyes, we may rest assured, could we find them, would prove of utmost lustre. Now, in the Report of the Juries for the Exhibition of 1851 we find under the head "East India" this entry: "Large and highly valuable collection of dye-stuffs and colouring matters. Little or nothing known of many of these dyes. Several evidently rich in colour. May be easily had in large quantities at comparatively low prices." Again, especially at the present moment, the following items touching Indian cotton are suggestive, an Eastern product which must necessarily receive further illustration in the present Exhibition. We quote from the same Report:—"Large and highly interesting collection of raw cotton. Statistics relative to the cultivation, consumption, and exportation of cotton. Chief varieties of cotton indigenous to India. Cotton yarns." We cannot, in fact, better exemplify certain of the uses to which the Exhibition of 1862 will not fail to minister, than by still further extracts touching the contributions from India in 1851. We accordingly direct attention to the following:—"Collection of the various woods, the most extensive in

the Exhibition. Remarkable for the large number of specimens, and their excellence. Valuable practical information to be gained by their examination. List of the woods contributed by the Indian Government. Sample of raw silk exhibited by the Indian Department. Fine and illustrative specimens of horns and antlers. Varieties of specimens of elephants' tusks. Finest quality of pearls produced by the bivalve of the Indian seas—specimens exhibited. Fine specimens of shells yielding mother-of-pearl. Fine examples of cameo shells and coral in the Indian collection. General remarks on the exhibition of manufactured silks from the East Indies." We might, of course, indefinitely multiply such quotations. It were easy to show that Algeria, Egypt, Turkey, Canada, and Australia can each bring to the market of the world raw materials which shall enhance the utility of our manufactures and the beauty of our arts. It is interesting sometimes thus to see how the wilds of unreclaimed nature succour the wants of the most highly cultivated portions of the globe:—to know how savage life may serve the ways of civilised communities—how the reeds which stand by the solitary river, how the grass which waves in the pathless prairie, or the tree which blossoms in the trackless forest, may be brought to a great exhibition on the banks of the Seine or the Thames, and made to bear honourable service in the cause of civilised humanity. And there is now especially one want long felt which we shall expect the coming Exhibition to supply. That clean paper should be dependent upon dirty rags, seemed at best an indignity for so noble a commodity; but when rags are not forthcoming, to indignity is added misfortune. We shall hope, then, that the undiscovered resources of some undeveloped land may yet give to paper the boon possessed by every other manufacture—a raw material. Thus one more example

may possibly be afforded of the deserts of the earth made tributary to the high necessities of man, when the reed, and the rush, and the simple grass, which held commune with nought but rain and wind and scorching sun, shall be transmuted into the broadsheet whereon is printed the wisdom of senators, wafted again to the ends of the earth! In these days, when decay has to give place to creation, a converse is often suggested to the now hackneyed lines—

"Imperial Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

We have hitherto spoken not so much of Arts and Manufactures as of the raw products from which they take their origin. We have seen that the diversities of soil, climate, geographical position—those elements, in short, which constitute the physical geography of a country—give to each nation a position sure and specific in the commerce and competition of the world, which it is not likely will be materially assailed. Thus Mr Cole, in his Report on the Paris Exhibition, writes as follows :—

"It would seem that any influence which international exhibitions may exert on manufacturing industry must be comparatively trifling when balanced against the natural resources, the climate, the geographical position, and the character of the people of a country. So long as the United Kingdom enjoys its present advantages in possessing great mineral resources, as well as those facilities of transport which arise from its insular position, and the physical energy of its people does not decline, it would seem to follow that no result but a highly beneficial one would ensue from that extended publicity of its productions which is conferred by these exhibitions. Looking to the particular circumstances of France, the commercial tendencies of the two countries would seem to promise much less actual competition in like productions than the increased exchange of different productions peculiar to each country. Whilst we export our iron and coal to France, she in return might send us her wines, silks, and all kinds of articles connected

with the luxuries of civilised life. It is as unlikely as it would be fruitless that the two countries should struggle to change the natural tendencies of their productive powers. International exhibitions will extend and hasten the development of the productive industry of all nations, but they are not likely to counteract those natural laws which are regulated by the climate, the physical condition, and even the political institutions of each. Almost every nation has something peculiar to itself which is useful to another, and it is the increased ease of interchange which international exhibitions chiefly promote."—*Reports on the Paris Universal Exhibition, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty.*

We have, as already said, hitherto spoken of raw materials; we must now turn to manufactured products. The supremacy of England arises jointly from the bounty of nature and the energy of man—from the richness of her mineral resources, coupled with the untiring industry of her inhabitants. In these islands, for example, Providence has kindly arranged one of its happiest correlations: in a certain geological strata is placed coal, in the next the iron for the coal to smelt, and on the surface is found a race of people nervous, hard-working, and skilled, ready to transmute the raw material into the manufactured commodity. This is one instance; others might be adduced. Our potteries, woollen manufactures, and cotton fabrics, have long throughout the entire world testified to the industry, the ingenuity, and the business capability of our people. This, our ancient supremacy, like the dominion of ocean, is no mere accident; it has been won honestly, and fought for bravely, and it will endure so long as England remains true, as she ever has been, to her own genius and the benefits conferred by her unrivalled position. Still it must be admitted that, especially in years gone by, a dread, not wholly unfounded, was entertained, that foreign nations would, little by little, steal knowledge, acquire skill, and thus, in the end, dispense with our assistance, and manufacture for themselves.

International exhibitions, as we have already said, treat these threats with proud contempt. A defiant challenge is given. We English will, at least in our staple manufactures, beat your foreigners hollow. We will compel you to buy in our markets. Shut up your manufactories, then, and be reconciled to the vocation of growing sour wines on sunny hill-sides.

But the fight, it cannot be denied, is thus made fierce, though, by its very terms, of course friendly. One country openly proclaims to its next-door neighbour, We will thrash you, drive you from every market in the earth, starve you, even kill you, all for the good of humanity, and in the cause of universal civilisation. This sounds manly and heroic, and especially good-natured, on the part of those who suffer. But progress is now the watchword of the nations—progress through science, progress through art—a progress ever sure in the growing intelligence and the nobly-directed energies of the people. We need not repeat that in the first Great Exhibition England displayed well. Four years later, in Paris, Mr Cole reports, "almost every branch of national industry has shown progressive improvement since 1851." A confident opinion is entertained by competent authorities that a still further advance will mark the Exhibition of 1862.

A contest of nations, we need scarcely say, is a conflict of civilisations; and civilisation in its power and progress is the offspring of knowledge; and knowledge in turn has now grown into the mature and definite forms of science and of art. International exhibitions have taught us this useful lesson—that we Englishmen possess no exclusive monopoly of inventive genius and practical skill, that our people cannot safely rely on untutored intuition or immediate inspiration, but that to advance upon, or even to maintain, our won position, we must cultivate those sciences and apply those arts which are daily making labour more economic, and manu-

facturers more skilful. Various Parliamentary inquiries, especially the Report upon Arts and Manufactures in 1836, had long brought to the knowledge of the few the efforts made by foreign nations in the industrial education of their people ; but it was not till the first International Exhibition that the entire country awoke to the consciousness that the English artisan had been denied advantages long enjoyed by foreign competitors. We find it stated in the 'Second Report of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851,' that "it had long been a principle of foreign States that the application of science and art to production would more than balance a greater cheapness in raw material ; and that the increased facilities of locomotion rendered the latter of less value as an element of manufacture, while it enabled the experience of other nations to be more readily acquired, and consequently would, in process of time, convert industrial competition into one involving the most economical application of natural forces." Dr Playfair, in his lecture on the industrial instruction enjoyed by Continental states, shows that in polytechnic schools, schools of mines, schools of trade and design, the middle and labouring classes are taught mathematics, natural science, theoretic and applied art, with the express purpose of improving staple manufactures, and adding to the productive resources of the several countries. We learn that in France the *École Centrale des Arts et Manufactures*, though a private institution, educates annually, in the highest branches of applied science and art, 300 pupils ; that its influence on industry has been found so important that the Government and the Councils-General of twenty-nine departments have established in connection with it exhibitions for the instruction of poor students endowed with extraordinary talent. We are further informed that the pupils from this academy obtain immediate employment ; that already,

in 1852, above 500 of its scholars were known to be holding important positions in almost every part of the world. This is one example among many of the good seed which has been so long and so carefully sown upon the fields of Europe—seed which, as the Great Exhibition of 1851 abundantly testified, had in ornamental arts and utilitarian manufactures pushed into flower and ripened into fruit.

We need scarcely remind our readers that the first International Exhibition was the conception of that Prince whose death we mourn, and whose loss in the necessities of the future we shall in each recurring year more fully know. It was the Prince Consort who felt that the time had arrived for a great international congress of arts and manufactures. The verdict of the world was accordingly taken. In natural resources, and in the power of production, England found no rival. In the application, however, of science and art to industry, other nations had made advances which threatened our supremacy. The danger was great, even imminent, and a remedy for the evil must be found. The Exhibition had exposed our deficiencies ; the Exhibition itself fortunately furnished means for escape. Information, the clearest and the fullest, was no longer wanting, and moneyed resources, in the surplus of £170,000, were already in hand. What was the wisest course to take ? what the plans or institutions which would best supply the requirements of the country ? Among other suggestions which came from the provinces, the Commissioners deemed memorials from the important manufacturing and commercial towns of Birmingham, Bristol, Halifax, Hull, Oldham, Sheffield, and the Staffordshire Potteries, specially worthy of attention. These addresses, one and all, showed that the authorities throughout the country best qualified to form a just opinion, were impressed with the importance of founding institutions expressly for the purpose of

instructing our artisans in the principles of those sciences and arts upon which our native industries depend. "These applications," states the Second Report of the Commissioners—"these applications, and the general tone of public feeling, have confirmed the views of the Commissioners, as before expressed to her Majesty, that the requirement most felt by the country is an institution which, in the words already employed, should 'serve to increase the means of industrial education, and extend the influence of science and art upon productive industry.' We are of opinion that, if the surplus were applied in furtherance of one large institution devoted to the purposes of instruction, adequate for the extended wants of industry, and in connection with similar institutions in the provinces, it would be productive of important results."

Our readers, we presume, are all aware that, in accordance with the above opinion, the Government "Department of Science and Art" was constituted. "The School of Mines," "the Museum of Practical Geology," also "Trade Schools" in the provinces, were united for the benefit of the whole kingdom in mutual action and co-operation. In like manner, for the art instruction of the people, a central school was established, first at Marlborough House, then removed to South Kensington, where advanced students, endowed with small scholarships, might be trained for masters. The eighth annual 'Report of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education,' presented to both Houses of Parliament during last session, pronounces "the state of this school, and of the teaching in connection with it, satisfactory. Sixty-eight students in training to become teachers have received allowances, and forty have attended the classes free: twelve have been appointed to masterships during the year." By the same Report it appears that the number of affiliated schools in

the provinces and in the metropolitan districts now reaches eighty-six; and the total number of scholars under instruction nearly ninety thousand. The development of the system has been rapid. In the year 1853 the number of schools was only twenty, and the total number of scholars not quite ten thousand.

Of this grand scheme of education, the Exhibition of 1851 was, as we have said, the origin; and now the Exhibition of 1862 will prove the test of its success. The existing want we have already stated, the efficacy of the remedy remains to be seen. In the London Exhibition, British manufacturers showed superiority both in cheapness and quality. In Paris they maintained positively and relatively the same position. Moreover, in the interval between 1851 and 1855, a palpable advance was acknowledged on all hands to have been made in many British manufactures which demanded artistic decoration. Still it was felt that the time which had elapsed was too short to yield any decided results. The schools of art have now, however, been in operation for ten years, and it remains to be seen whether our manufacturers have become less dependent upon foreign artists; whether the designs which they execute—whether the woollen goods, cotton fabrics, iron-castings, earthen mouldings, which proceed from our factories and workshops—evince a higher and a purer taste, a juster appreciation, and a more accurate knowledge of the true principles of decoration.

The Exhibition of 1862, it is anticipated by persons best qualified to form an opinion, will show that each one of our national products has reaped benefit from the organised system of Government instruction already described. The summary which Mr Redgrave appended to his Report in 1855 will, we are persuaded, receive still further emphasis when he shall pass final judgment in 1862. "It may be

permitted to me," says Mr Redgrave, "to sum up my remarks with the expression of a belief that the Parish Exhibition showed evidence of a great general progress in English manufactures towards good taste, and that, if we are still behind France in this respect, we are behind no other European nation." The contest for supremacy, in fact, will chiefly lie, as we have already said, between the two nations which stand in other respects foremost in the ranks of modern civilisation. Between the neighbouring countries of England and France, indeed, subsists a similarity which gives the basis for comparison; and yet more apparent, perhaps, are the marked points of difference, opening wide fields both for mutual aid and antagonism. In these days of the community of nations, the bonds of sympathy are drawn closer, but we doubt whether the fusion wrought even by cosmopolitan exhibitions can ever merge the distinctive characteristics which severally distinguish the Frenchman and the Englishman. As are the people, such are their products. An English manufacturer gives expression to his æsthetic aspirations in a piece of stout calico, printed in fast colours. A Frenchman symbolises his artistic faith in a ribbon from the looms of Lyons. The gossamer fabrics found in Paris are elegant and light as the manners which adorn society—clear as the air the people breathe, brilliant as the sky which canopies their head. On the other hand, the goods which are the staple commodities of England seem rather to indicate a people rich and well to do, a people intent upon making their homes snug and comfortable, a people enjoying a perpetual feast of roast-beef and plum-pudding, yet living under hourly apprehension of "the greatcoat weather," said to have been always suggested in the skies of our English Constable. But though in some points Frenchmen get the best of us, even in artistic decora-

tion we have at least the advantage of sobriety. And here again is found a perfect consonance between the genius of a nation and the character of its manufactures. The French style of ornament is capricious and fantastic as the people are fickle; it is as lawless as the spirit of revolution, as far from nature as a proverbially artificial civilisation can desire. The English mode, as we have said, is more sober, more within the limits of propriety, and, if less commanding in originating genius, is at all events more commendable in taste. The conflict waged between the two nations in their arts and manufactures involves, indeed, not a mere minor appliance or application, but broad and governing principles. The French are ever aggressive. Their language tends to the universal, their fashions rule the capitals of Europe, their school of painting is as penetrating as their diplomacy. In like manner we shall find in the present Exhibition that among the nations of Europe French taste is paramount, that in the world's arts and manufactures French principles and practice have made themselves a tyranny. Now, even in matters of taste, it should be, and in some degree is, the special prerogative of England to assert an independence. We shall now, then, immediately proceed to show in brief upon what sound foundation of late years the English people have been industriously building a true school of decoration. The system, we are glad to say, is diametrically opposed to that of the French. The styles of Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze glory in the exuberance of the wildest fantasy. In those days the chastity of nature was violated by the wanton passions of a voluptuous art. Unbridled excess and meretricious adornings seemed expressly designed to pander to a court crowded with courtesans. Mirrors set to catch the dazzling flicker of chandeliers; a bravura of line, convex, concave, round, and hollow; satyrs soliciting nymphs;

a ricocco of richest gold ornament, like to confused and outpoured cornucopiæ for prodigal abundance,—such is the triumph of that essentially French style, which is never content till it has made even a simple sideboard blaze against a wall as the transformation-scene of a Christmas pantomime. This, the glory of the French school of decoration, is an excess which, like other sins, proves but too alluring. A purchaser, it would appear, who feels the gold heavy in his pocket, expects to see it thick upon his furniture. And thus men, even in this country, grown suddenly rich, stick as it were their glittering sovereigns on the wall, as savages farther from home are known to hang the current coins to the ear. We give notice that in the present Exhibition all such barbarism must be denounced. If critics have an office, it is to save the public from such seducing snares.

Thus French designs, whatever be the material or the object forming the basis of decoration, are apt to run into the sin of extravagance. As a contrast, the English style inaugurated by the Government schools is marked by more seemly moderation. And here again subsists the usual correspondence between a people and its arts. The English are essentially practical and common-sense, and so likewise are their arts and manufactures. A treatise might here be written on the true principles of design, but a few lines must now suffice. The general sight-seeing public, if they are to profit by the present Exhibition, must have guidance—some canons of criticism to judge by; and we know of no method more sound or more simple than the one taught in the schools of South Kensington. The principles there inculcated are set forth clearly by Mr Redgrave in his Report before referred to, and we shall now proceed to give the system in summary, which will probably form the basis upon which English authorities will, in the Exhibition, form their adjudication.

Mr Redgrave sums up the Government curriculum in the five following propositions :—

“First, That style implies some dominating influence, reflecting the mind of the age in all its works, and therefore presumes a certain unity of character throughout. Secondly, That the primary elements of style are constructive, and that the design of a work must have regard to construction, and consequently to proper use of materials, prior to the consideration of its ornamental decoration. Thirdly, That as construction necessarily implies a purpose, *utility* must have the precedence of decoration. Fourthly, As construction necessitates a proper consideration of materials, and as each material has its own mode of manipulation, and is wrought by separate and varied processes, design must be bad which applies indiscriminately the same constructive forms or ornamental treatments to materials differing in their nature and application. Fifthly, That as the greater regulates the lesser, the building should determine the style, and all which it contains of furniture or decoration should conform to its characteristics; and thus there would be a proper uniformity of style throughout, and a subordination of all the inferior objects to one another and to the whole.”

These propositions define the true principles of style in the abstract; but constructive and decorative art has likewise its historic antecedents, its separate historic schools. These eras and systems, infinite in detail and variety, may, for convenience, be thrown into three great families,—the Classic; the revived classic or Roman of the middle ages, usually termed the Renaissance; and, lastly, the Gothic. Now architecture is the earliest of arts, if we may be allowed to forget the fig-leaf structures of our first parents, because it arises in man's original necessity, the need of a shelter and habitation. From architecture then, as a root, are evolved, in historic and natural succession, sculpture, useful and decorative furniture, tapestry, mosaics, paintings, and other mural decorations. Consequently it will be seen that the three great historic

styles in which temples, palaces, and churches have been ever constructed—the Classic, the Renaissance, and the Gothic—have almost of necessity impressed with corresponding characteristics the manifold arts and manufactures of all countries. It therefore becomes further manifest that, in determining the merit of works submitted to international competition, abstract principles must be brought into a certain subjection to historic practice. Art, indeed, like creation herself, is a development, and the healthful product, whether in nature or in manufacture, has ever observed the laws of vital growth. Moreover, art is as it were a mirrored nature; and herein a further and a final principle invites a moment's consideration. How shall nature be treated? Shall she be copied literally, just as she is, or may she, as the term is, be "conventionalised"? The former system has obtained in France, the latter is the mode adopted in England. Thus a French carpet or paperhanging is crowded with bouquets of flowers and baskets of fruits. In the Paris Exhibition were bookcases and other articles of furniture covered by carved creepers of nondescript species, with the leaves of a convolvulus, the buds of a rose, the flowers of a fuchsia, and berries of the ivy. In a somewhat different style a jardinière was treated as a ruined château, the flowers intended to be displayed as growing from the dilapidated roof. Against such excesses, committed under the plea of "naturalism," the English system, as authorised at South Kensington, strongly protests. Such examples are but nature run riot. True art demands that the wild ways of creation should be tamed, her wayward growth trained in subservience to man's uses, and made subject to the laws of constructive decorum.

We will conclude the present article with a few remarks on the statues and paintings which will constitute the chief attraction of the Exhibition. We need not re-

mind our readers, that in this country pictures are now for the first time brought within the range of international competition. In France, however, the experiment is not untried. In the last *Exposition Universelle*, 5128 pictures were congregated, and twenty-five nations represented. The countries entering upon the contest extended from Norway and Sweden in the north, to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies in the south; from Mexico and Peru in the far west, to Turkey in the east. The works themselves, moreover, were not less important than numerous. The collection comprised pictures of gigantic proportions, sixty feet in length, scenic and bold in treatment; the side-galleries contained cabinet gems, minute, delicate, and highly wrought. The subjects and style of art were likewise equally diversified. Schools sacred were contrasted with schools secular; high historic art found a set-off in the lowest *genre*, and landscapes of bold broad dash were met by the littleness of the English Pre-Raphaelite finish. This great experiment, made for the first time in Paris, will now be put to a second trial in London, with this difference: in 1855 the competition was among the living only, in 1862 the illustrious dead are also summoned. One hundred years has been fixed by the English school as its historic limit, thus appropriately including and dating from Hogarth. Other countries have in like manner determined the point of departure, according to the several exigencies of their national art. Thus in the present year will it be made possible, not only to determine present results, but to trace back anterior causes; thus the contest will not only extend over vast territories of geographic space, but will reach across fields of by-gone time; climate, and race, and epoch, each giving a specific character; the landscape of the northern fiord, rugged and grand, the sky of the south, sunny and serene; some peoples hardy, prosaic, and

self-restrained, others sensitive, imaginative, and luxurious; some eras simple, virtuous, and severe, other periods sumptuous, vicious, and supine: these are the influences brought in competition, such the elements which must be carefully calculated in our ultimate estimate of the world's congregated arts.

To describe every picture, to designate every minor school, will of course be impracticable. Fortunately the vast and varied collection admits of simpler treatment. It will be found that the multitudinous nationalities may, without injustice to individual pretensions, be classified under three or four heads. The entire world, in fact, contains but three extant schools—the French, the German, and the English. Thus some nations, which take rank as first-class Powers, can, in the realms of art, claim no individual existence. As Peter the Great visited other nations to learn the warlike and industrial arts befitting modern civilisation, so Russian artists come to the more southern states of Europe, and have thus acquired a manner originally not indigenous to their northern latitudes. Prussia and Austria, likewise, will have to surrender somewhat of their over-jealous and inordinate pretensions, and share with other and minor German states the honours which pertain to the collective Teutonic arts. Again, French influence will be found in the sphere of painting, no less than in the province of manufactures, aggressive and aggrandising. Spain has thus in art fallen a prey to French influence; Madrazo, directly or indirectly, owes probably more to Paris than to Madrid. The school of Belgium can lay better claim to distinct nationality, but still the art of that country, like her political integrity, is in danger of absorption. As for Italy, the Great Napoleon introduced his Code, and with it the art of David, a style which the Revolution had already made dominant. Thus Benvenuti and Sabatelli, in pictures seen at Florence and Arezzo, hold

the same relation to the French art of the last century, which Italian cookery now bears to a dinner at the “Trois Frères.” Italian arts, from those of the cook to the milliner, consist, indeed, in little more than the spoiling of what the French had already made perfect. Thus, as we have said, there remain but three distinct national schools—the French, the German, and the English, with a possible reserve in favour of the Belgian.

We have not now space to analyse or describe the class of pictures probably contributed by these and other nations. The Exhibitions in London, to which, of late years, the public has grown accustomed in the French and German galleries, will in some small degree indicate the character of the works in the much grander collection of the present year. In the general, it may be stated that the French succeed, at least after their own peculiar fashion, in whatever they choose to attempt. French art is indeed as varied as her people are versatile. A French painter can commonly boast of as many manners as moods, can extemporise a picture with the same facility he can write a *feuilleton*. What he shall do next is at the mere hazard of a genius grown reckless. Biard, for example, may paint a slave-ship, or a scene from Gulliver; Delacroix, Dante and Virgil, or a lion-hunt; Decamps, the history of Sampson, or the adventures of Don Quixote. Some of the great men, however, are more constant. Ingres, the hero of the historic, the painter of ‘Homer Deified’ and ‘The Apotheosis of Napoleon,’ works well known to Paris, is uniform in his severe forbidding grandeur. Delaroche and Ary Scheffer, who were both absent in the *Exposition* of Paris, but are not always wanting in the Exhibitions and Art-Treasures of England, are also ever true to the laws of exalted genius. These three great artists, Ingres, Delaroche, and Ary Scheffer, seek for high expression

through ideal form, and belong essentially to the school of drawing, as distinguished from masters in whom colour, light, shade, and mere pictorial effect, are dominant; a school of which Raphael and Michael Angelo were in Italy the leaders. In lower rank follow Horace Vernet, Yvon, and others, painters who are the Alexandre Dumas and the Eugene Sue of pictorial art, great in melodrama and sensation—artists, indeed, not to be surpassed for graphic force and pictorial plot. The number of French painters is in fact legion, and we cannot attempt their enumeration. But we must not wholly pass by a certain class of brilliant little pictures "*de société*," works sparkling in detail and pointed in incident, wherein Meissonnier and others are without rival, even among the Dutch of a past epoch. Thus French art is of itself a world complete and many-sided; an art, if not always to be praised for its proprieties, yet certainly to be admired for its power. No wonder that other nations are found affiliated with this great school; no marvel that Parisian art has thus grown cosmopolitan.

The German school was in Paris inadequately represented. Cornelius and Kaulbach were seen only in cartoons; Overbeck did not contribute a single picture—frescoes, indeed, cannot become itinerant. Hence it is probable that in London, in like manner, the grand and ambitious genius of Germany will be seen only on a minor scale. The present centres of Teutonic art are Dusseldorf, Berlin, and Munich. The great painters of the modern revival are Overbeck, Veit, Shadow, Cornelius, Hess,* Kaulbach, Müller, and Ittenbach, the apostles and disciples of so-called Christian art.* Lessing, well known by his great work, 'Huss before the Council of Constance,' in the Städel Institute of Frankfort, is the champion of

Protestantism. This modern German school is distinguished from the French and the English by well-defined characteristics. The French paint man acting; the Germans man thinking; the French artist is apt to take the world as he finds it; German painters, like German authors, speculate, refine, and idealise. German art is, in short, like German literature, addicted to metaphysics, and is tainted by an excess of self-consciousness; and thus it holds often but too shadowy relation with nature and the external world. The school of Dusseldorf is of course known as one of the chief centres of modern art. It is the cradle of German spiritualism. Yet likewise it has given birth and shelter to noble landscape. Scandinavian students flock to Dusseldorf; and the artists of Dusseldorf in turn love to roam among the fiords and mountain wilds of Norway. The landscapes of Leu, Achenbach, and others have indeed long acquired European repute, and adorn many of the private collections in this country.

The characteristics of our English school are too well known, at least in this country, to require special comment; suffice it to say that the chief among our native artists will be seen in the present Exhibition to full advantage. The series will commence with Hogarth, represented by the 'Marriage à la Mode,' the 'March of Finchley,' and 'The Harlot's Progress.' Reynolds will be represented by upwards of thirty works; Gainsborough and Constable by about a dozen; Turner by ten; Wilkie by fourteen; Wilson and Bonington by six; Muller by five; Lawrence by eight; Etty by ten; and Leslie by twelve. Martin can be seen in his 'Belshazzar's Feast;' Danby in the 'Passage of the Red Sea,' and 'The Opening of the Sixth Seal;' Hilton by 'The Crucifixion;' West by 'The Death of Wolfe;' Haydon by

* For more detailed description of the modern German school, see 'Munich and its School of Christian Art,' Blackwood's Magazine, May 1860.

'The Judgment of Solomon,' perhaps his greatest work; Stothard by 'The Canterbury Pilgrimage.' Among living artists, the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Charles Eastlake, will send 'The Escape of Francesco Carrara,' 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' and the 'Greek Fugitives from Scio.' Mr Ward is represented by 'The Antechamber of Whitehall'—exhibited in the last Academy—'The Fall of Clarendon,' and 'Charlotte Corday going to Execution;' Mr Poole by 'Solomon Eagles;' Mr Redgrave by 'Quentin Matsys;' Mr Mulready by 'The Bathers' and 'The Wedding-Gown;' Mr O'Neil by 'Eastward Ho!' Mr Maclise by 'Caxton' and 'The Banquet Scene in Macbeth;' Mr Frith by 'The Ramsgate Sands;' Mr Elmore by 'The Tuileries;' Mr Solomon by 'Waiting for the Verdict;' Mr Goodall by 'Felice Balarin;' Sir Edwin Landseer by 'Bolton Abbey;' Mr Roberts by 'The Ruins of Baalbec;' and Mr Stanfield by 'The Abandoned' and 'French Troops Crossing the Tyrol.' Of pre-Raphaelite pictures we shall have 'Apple Blossoms,' 'Autumn Leaves,' 'The Vale of Rest,' 'The Light of the World,' and 'The Dead Stone-Breaker.' Our English school, then, both in its past history and its present position, will, as we have said, be fairly and fully represented.

The value of the Fine Arts section, the province of the picture-galleries in the wide range and collective purpose of the entire International Exhibition, cannot be better indicated than in the words of Mr Redgrave. In his Report on the Paris Exposition he thus writes: "It may be allowed to speak of the great value of the Fine Art section of the Universal Exhibition as affording a means of making the various contributing nations acquainted with their relative progress and standing in art, and of doing away with many traditional errors and national prejudices. - Herein it was seen that art was not limited to any clime or country — countries far north sending works of genius

which were wanting from Italy, the land of their birthplace. In this collective exhibition the students of art could see and weigh the relative merits and defects of the modern schools in invention, imagination, form, colour, and execution; and each learning of each, it may be hoped that greater general excellence will be the result. Nor will its effects be lost on the *industries* of the various lands, since there can be little doubt that the industrial arts in any country progress with the advance in fine art, and decline with its decline; and that the nation that would add taste to skill in its manufactures can little hope to do so unless by a general and generous cultivation of the arts."

British sculpture will contribute from eighty to a hundred figures in marble, about twenty works in plaster, and fifty busts. Nine important groups from the Mansion-House have been liberally lent. Of deceased sculptors Flaxman and Wyatt will each be seen in one or more works. Among the living, Mr Gibson from Rome sends his 'Cupid,' 'Venus,' and 'Pandora;' Mr Gatlley a large and very remarkable bas-relief, 'The Overthrow of Pharaoh in the Red Sea;' and Miss Hosmer, one of her latest and most successful figures, 'Zenobia crowned as Queen, and chained as Captive.'

The public in some of these works will be afforded an opportunity of determining a point already much debated, the propriety of coloured statues. Mr Gibson, it is well known, strongly defends the use of a conventional colour—not naturalistic, be it remembered—as consonant with the practice of the Greeks, and consistent with the principles of correct taste. The question is of course beset with many difficulties, and may perhaps in the end be resolved into a matter of circumstance and detail. This much at least must be conceded, that absolute and positive white appears crude, and is often even offensive. Sculptors frequently, it is well known, prefer marbles of a

creamy tint; the ancients introduced into some of their famed works ivory, jewels, and gold; and the use of bronze in all countries and epochs sufficiently shows that the uncompromising advocates of white marble have little upon which to rely save modern practice and prejudice. Still it cannot be doubted that white, with its modest light and shade, is safest, and to the varied and frequently undefined circumstances of situation generally the best suited. The whole question of colour, in fact, must be treated either boldly, or not handled at all. If a statue be tinted, so likewise must be the background and all accessories, otherwise the result cannot escape distressing discord. Therefore, we again repeat, the practice for which Mr Gibson and others contend is not so much a matter of abstract principle as of circumstance and detail; and until we are prepared to paint our architecture, we shall probably decide to keep our statues within the limits of quiet greys, or, at most, of the unobtrusive tertiaries. The English eye certainly remains as yet averse to decided positives. Still, it must be admitted that of late years we have in chromatics made rapid advances, and perhaps, ere the lapse of another decade, what is now merely in debate may have reached decision. Colour, in its due distribution and equal balance, has become matter of actual science and certainty. The discoveries of Chevreul in France are now common to England and the world; and the present Exhibition will doubtless, not only in its statues, but also in its pictures, textile and

other manufactures, be made the field whereon the battle of red, yellow, and blue will once more be fought out. The decoration of the building itself, under the judicious direction of Mr Crace, is likely to prove a success. Our school of English painting is, for colour, perhaps the first in modern Europe. Surely there is no reason why in staple manufactures we should not show ourselves equally skilled.

The nations are invited to a jubilee, but they will find the land in mourning. Imperial robes are turned to sackcloth, and she who bears the sceptre is bowed in sorrow. The congress of princes and peoples will want its chief. The head which directed in wisdom is now laid low. But great thoughts perish not, grand ideas live on as the heritage to survivors. The Prince whose loss we mourn, and whose memory we cherish, devoted no small portion of his life to the service of those arts which the Exhibition is designed to illustrate. His sagacious mind seized upon art, indeed, as an appointed means and an efficient agency to a people's exalted culture. Science he loved, as the daughter of nature and a helpmate to man; and hence he sought, with a diligence that never wearied, with a knowledge which had scarcely its equal, to secure for the country of his adoption those high benefits to which science, art, and allied industry are ever found to minister. Be it our privilege and abiding duty to accomplish the ends for which he nobly lived. The International Exhibition was his fond design. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD : SALEM CHAPEL.

PART III.—CHAPTER VIII.

THE events above narrated were all prefatory of the great success accomplished by Mr Vincent in Carlingford. Indeed, the date of the young minister's fame—fame which, as everybody acquainted with that town must be aware, was widely diffused beyond Carlingford itself, and even reached the metropolis, and gladdened his *Alma Mater* at Homerton—might almost be fixed by a reference to Lady Western's housekeeping book, if she kept any, and the date of her last summer-party. That event threw the young Nonconformist into just the state of mind which was wanted to quicken all the prejudices of his education, and give individual force to all the hereditary limits of thought in which he had been born. An attempt on the part of the Government to repeal the Toleration Act, or reinstate the Test, could scarcely have produced a more permanent and rapid effect than Lady Western's neglect, and the total ignorance of Mr Vincent displayed by polite society in Carlingford. No shame to him. It was precisely the same thing in private life which the other would have been in public. Repeal of the Toleration Act, or re-enactment of the Test, are things totally impossible; and when persecution is not to be apprehended or hoped for, where but in the wrongs of a privileged class can the true zest of dissidence be found? Mr Vincent, who had received his dissenting principles as matters of doctrine, took up the familiar instruments now with a rush of private feeling. He was not conscious of the power of that sentiment of injury and indignation which possessed him. He believed in his heart that he was but returning, after a temporary hallucination, to the true duties of his post; but the fact was, that this wound in the tender-

est point—this general slight and indifference—pricked him forward in all that force of personal complaint which gives warmth and piquancy to a public grievance. The young man said nothing of Lady Western even to his dearest friend—tried not to think of her except by way of imagining how she should one day hear of him, and know his name when it possessed a distinction which neither the perpetual curate of St Roque's, nor any other figure in that local world, dared hope for. But with fiery zeal he flew to the question of Church and State, and set forth the wrongs which Christianity sustained from endowment, and the heinous evils of rich livings, episcopal palaces, and spiritual lords. It was no mean or ungenerous argument which the young Nonconformist pursued in his fervour of youth and wounded self-regard. It was the natural cry of a man who had entered life at disadvantage, and chafed, without knowing it, at all the phalanx of orders and classes above him, standing close in order to prevent his entrance. With eloquent fervour he expatiated upon the kingdom that was not of this world. If these words were true, what had the Church to do with worldly possessions, rank, dignities, power? Was his Grace of Lambeth more like Paul the tentmaker than his Holiness of Rome? Mr Vincent went into the whole matter with genuine conviction, and confidence in his own statements. He believed and had been trained in it. In his heart he was persuaded that he himself, oft disgusted and much misunderstood in his elected place at Salem Chapel, ministered the gospel more closely to his Master's appointment than the rector of Carlingford, who was nominated by a college, or the curate of St Roque's,

who had his forty pounds a-year from a tiny ancient endowment, and was spending his own little fortune on his church and district. These men had joined God and mammon—they were in the pay of the State. Mr Vincent thundered forth the lofty censures of an evangelist whom the State did not recognise, and with whom mammon had little enough to do. He brought forth all the weapons out of the Homerton armoury, new, bright, and dazzling; and he did not know any more than his audience that he never would have wielded them so heartily—perhaps would scarcely have taken them off the wall—but for the sudden sting with which his own inferior place, and the existence of a privileged class doubly shut against his entrance, had quickened his personal consciousness. Such, however, was the stimulus which woke the minister of Salem Chapel into action, and produced that series of lectures on Church and State which, as everybody knows, shook society in Carlingford to its very foundation.

“Now we’ve got a young man as is a credit to us,” said Tozer; “and now he’s warming to his work, as I was a little afraid of at first; for somehow I can’t say as I could see to my satisfaction, when he first come, that his heart was in it,—I say, now as we’ve got a pastor as does us credit, I am not the man to consider a bit of expense. My opinion is as we should take the Music Hall for them lectures. There’s folks might go to the Music Hall as would never come to Salem, and we’re responsible for our advantages. A clever young man like Mr Vincent ain’t to be named along with Mr Tufton; we’re the teachers of the community, that’s what we are. I am for being public-spirited—I always was; and I don’t mind standing my share. My opinion is as we should take the Music Hall.”

“If we was charging sixpence a-head or so——” said prudent Pigeon, the poulterer.

“That’s what I’ll never give my

consent to—never!” said Tozer. “If we was amusin’ the people, we might charge sixpence a-head; but mark my words,” continued the butterman, “there ain’t twenty men in Carlingford, nor in no other place, as would give sixpence to have their minds enlightened. No, sir, we’re conferring of a boon; and let’s do it handsomely, I say—let’s do it handsomely; and here’s my name down for five pound to clear expenses: and if every man in Salem does as well, there ain’t no reason for hesitating. I’m a plain man, but I don’t make no account of a little bit of money when a principle’s at stake.”

This statement was conclusive. When it came to the sacrifice of a little bit of money, neither. Mrs Pigeon nor Mrs Brown could have endured life had their husbands yielded the palm to Tozer. And the Music Hall was accordingly taken; and there, every Wednesday for six weeks, the young Nonconformist mounted his *cheval de bataille*, and broke his impetuous spear against the Church. Perhaps Carlingford was in want of a sensation at the moment; and the town was virgin soil, and had never yet been invaded by sight or sound of heresy. Anyhow, the fact was, that this fresh new voice attracted the ear of the public. That personal impetuosity and sense of wrong which gave fire to the discourse, roused the interest of the entire community. Mr Vincent’s lectures became the fashion in Carlingford, where nobody in the higher levels of society had ever heard before of the amazing evils of a Church Establishment. Some of the weaker or more candid minds among the audience were even upset by the young minister’s arguments. Two or three young people of both sexes declared themselves converted, and were persecuted to their heart’s desire when they intimated their intention of henceforward joining the congregation at Salem. The two Misses Hemmings were thrown into a state of great distress and perplexity, and wrung

their hands, and looked at each other, as each new enormity was brought forth. A very animated interested audience filled the benches in the Music Hall for the three last lectures. It was Mr Tozer's conviction, whispered in confidence to all the functionaries at Salem, that the rector himself, in a muffler and blue spectacles, listened in a corner to the voice of rebellion; but no proof of this monstrous supposition ever came before the public. Notwithstanding, the excitement was evident. Miss Wodehouse took tremulous notes, her fingers quivering with anger, with the intention of calling upon Mr Wentworth to answer and deny these assertions. Dr Marjoribanks, the old Scotchman, who in his heart enjoyed a hit at the Episcopate, cried "Hear, hear" with his sturdy northern r rattling through the hall, and clapped his large brown hands, with a broad grin at his daughter, who was "high," and one of Mr Wentworth's sisters of mercy. But poor little Rose Lake, the drawing-master's daughter, who was going up for confirmation next time the bishop came to Carlingford, turned very pale under Mr Vincent's teaching. All the different phases of conviction appeared in her eager little face—first indignation, then doubt, lastly horror and intense determination to flee out from Babylon. Her father laughed, and told her to attend to her needlework, when Rose confided to him her troubles. Her needlework! She who had just heard that the Church was rotten, and tottering on its foundations; that it was choked with filthy lucre and State support; that Church to which she had been about to give in her personal adhesion. Rose put away her catechism and confirmation good-books, and crossed to the other side of the street that she might not pass Masters's, that emporium of evil. She looked wistfully after the young Nonconformist as he passed her on the streets, wondering what high martyr-thoughts must be in the apostolic mind which entertained so

high a contempt for all the honours and distinctions of this world. Meanwhile Mr Vincent pursued his own way, entirely convinced, as was natural for a young man, that he was "doing a great work" in Carlingford. He was still in that stage of life when people imagine that you have only to state the truth clearly to have it believed, and that to convince a man of right and wrong is all that is necessary to his immediate reformation. But it was not with any very distinct hopes or wishes of emptying the church in Carlingford, and crowding Salem Chapel, that the young man proceeded. Such expectations, high visions of a day to come when not a sitting could be had in Salem for love or money, did indeed glance into the souls of Tozer and his brother deacons; but the minister did but stand up and deliver his blow at the world—his outcry against things in general—his warm youthful assertion that he too had a right to all the joys and privileges of humanity,—as, by means of sermons, lectures, poems, or what not, youth and poverty, wherever they have a chance, do proclaim their protest against the world.

On the last night of the lectures, just as Vincent had taken his place upon his platform, a rustle, as of some one of importance entering, thrilled the audience. Looking over the sea of heads before him, the breath almost left the young minister's lips when he saw the young Dowager, in all the glory of full-dress, threading her way through the crowd, which opened to let her pass. Mr Vincent stood watching her progress, unaware that it was time for him to begin, and that his hearers, less absorbed than he, were asking each other what it was which had so suddenly paled his face and checked his utterance. He watched Lady Western and her companion come slowly forward; he saw Tozer, in a delighted bustle, leading the way to one of the raised seats of the orchestra close to the platform. When they were seated, and not till

then, the lecturer, drawing a long gasping breath, turned to his audience. But the crowd was hazy to his eyes. He began, half mechanically, to speak—then made a sudden pause, his mind occupied with other things. On the very skirts of the crowd, far back at the door, stood his friend of Back Grove Street. In that momentary pause, he saw her standing alone, with the air of a person who had risen up unconsciously in sudden surprise and consternation. Her pale dark face looked not less confused and startled than Vincent himself was conscious of looking, and her eyes were turned in the same direction as his had been the previous moment. The crowd of Carlingford hearers died off from the scene for the instant, so far as the young Nonconformist was concerned. He knew but of that fair creature in all her sweet bloom and blush of beauty—the man who accompanied her—Mrs Hilyard, a thin, dark, eager shadow in the distance—and himself standing, as it were, between them, connecting all together. What could that visionary link be which distinguished and separated these four, so unlike each other, from all the rest of the world? But Mr Vincent had no leisure to follow out the question, even had his mind been sufficiently clear to do it. He saw the pale woman at the end of the hall suddenly drop into her seat, and draw a thick black veil over her face; and the confused murmur of impatience in the crowd before him roused the young man to his own position. He opened the eyes which had been hazing over with clouds of imagination and excitement. He delivered his lecture. Though he never was himself aware what he had said, it was received with just as much attention and applause as usual. He got through it somehow; and, sitting down at last, with parched lips and a helpless feeling of excitement, watched the audience dispersing as if they were so many enemies from whom he had escaped. Who was this man with Her? Why did She come to

bewilder him in the midst of his work? It did not occur to the poor young fellow that Lady Western came to his lecture simply as to a “distraction.” He thought she had a purpose in it. He pretended not to look as she descended daintily from her seat in the orchestra, drawing her white cloak with a pretty shiver over her white shoulders. He pretended to start when her voice sounded in his expectant ear.

“Oh, Mr Vincent, how very clever and wicked of you!” cried Lady Western. “I am so horrified, and charmed. To think of you attacking the poor dear old Church that we all ought to support through everything! And I am such a stanch churchwoman, and so shocked to hear all this; but you won’t do it any more.”

Saying this, Lady Western leaned her beautiful hand upon Mr Vincent’s table, and looked in his face with a beseeching insinuating smile. The poor minister did all he could to preserve his virtue. He looked aside at Lady Western’s companion to fortify himself, and escape the enervating influence of that smile.

“I cannot pretend to yield the matter to your ladyship,” said Vincent, “for it had been previously arranged that this was to be the last of my lectures at present. I am sorry it did not please you.”

“But it did please me,” said the young Dowager; “only that it was so very wicked and wrong. Where did you learn such dreadful sentiments? I am so sorry I shan’t hear you again, and so glad you are finished. You never came to see me after my little fête. I am afraid you thought us stupid. Good-night: but you really must come to me, and I shall convert you. I am sure you never can have looked at the Church in the right way: why, what would become of us if we were all Dissenters? What a frightful idea! Thank you for such a charming evening. Good-night.”

And Lady Western held out that “treasured splendour, her hand,” to the bewildered Nonconformist,

who only dared touch it, and let it fall, drawing back from the smile with which the syren beguiled him back again into her toils. But Mr Vincent turned round hastily as he heard a muttered exclamation, "By Jove!" behind him, and fixed the gaze of angry and instinctive repugnance upon the tall figure which brushed past. "Make haste, Alice—do you mean to stay here all night?" said this wrathful individual, fixing his eyes with a defiant stare upon the minister; and he drew the beauty's arm almost roughly into his own, and hurried her away, evidently remonstrating in the freest and boldest manner upon her civility. "By Jove! the fellow will think you are in love with him," Vincent, with his quickened and suspicious ears, could hear the stranger say, with that delightful indifference to being overheard which characterises some Englishmen of the exalted classes; and the strain of reproof evidently continued as they made their way to the door. Vincent, for his part, when he had watched them out of sight, dropped into his chair, and sat there in the empty hall, looking over the vacant benches with the strangest mixture of feelings. Was it possible that his eager fervour and revolutionary warmth were diminished by these few words and that smile?—that the wrongs of Church and State looked less grievous all at once, and that it was an effort to return to the lofty state of feeling with which he had entered the place two hours ago? As he sat there in his reverie of discomfiture, he could see Tozer, a single black figure, come slowly up the hall, an emissary from the group at the door of "chapel people," who had been enjoying the defeat of the enemy, and were now waiting for the conqueror. "Mr Vincent," shouted Tozer, "shall we turn off the gas, and leave you to think it all over till the morning, sir? They're all as pleased as Punch and as curious as women down below here, and my Phoebe will have

it you're tired. I must say as it is peculiar to see you a-sitting up there all by yourself, and the lights going out, and not another soul in the place," added the butlerman, looking round with a sober grin; and in reality the lights diminished every moment as Mr Vincent rose and stumbled down from his platform into the great empty hall with its skeleton benches. If they *had* left him there till the morning, it would have been a blessed exchange from that walk home with the party, that invitation to supper, and all the applauses and inquiries that followed. They had the Pigeons to supper that night at the butter-shop, and the whole matter was discussed in all its bearings—the flutter of the "church folks," the new sittings let during the week, the triumphant conviction of the two deacons that Salem would soon be overflowing.

"Oh, why were 'deacons' made so coarse, Or parsons made so fine?"

Mr Vincent did not bethink himself of that touching ditty. He could not see the serio-comic lights in which the whole business abounded. It was all the saddest earnest to the young pastor, who found so little encouragement or support even in the enthusiasm of his flock.

"And, oh, Mr Vincent," said the engaging Phoebe, in a half-whisper aside, "how *did* you come to be so friendly with Lady Western? How she did listen, to be sure! and smiled at you so sweetly. Ah, I don't wonder now that you can't see anything in the Carlingford young ladies; but do tell us, please, how you came to know her so well?"

Insensibly to himself, a gleam of gratification lighted up Mr Vincent's face. He was gracious to Phoebe. "I can't pretend to know her *well*," he said, with a little mock humility; whereupon the matrons of the party took up their weapons immediately.

"And all the better, Mr Vincent—all the better!" cried Mrs Tozer; "she didn't come there for no

good, you may be sure. Them great ladies, when they're pretty-looking, as I don't deny she's pretty-looking——"

"Oh, mamma, beautiful!" exclaimed Phœbe.

"When they're pretty-looking, as I say," continued Mrs Tozer, "they're no better nor evil spirits—that's what I tell you, Phœbe. They'll go out o' their way, they will, for to lay hold on a poor silly young man (which was not meaning you, Mr Vincent, that knows better, being a minister), and when they've got him fast, they'll laugh at him—that's their sport. A minister of our connection as was well acquainted among them sort of folks would be out o' nature. My boy shall never make no such acquaintances as long as I'm here."

"I saw her a-speaking to the minister," said Mrs Pigeon, "and the thought crossed my mind as it wasn't just what I expected of Mr Vincent. Painted ladies, that come out of a night with low necks and flowers in their hair, to have all Carlingford a-staring at them, ain't fit company for a good pastor. *Them's* not the lambs of the flock—not so far as I understand; they're not friends as Salem folks would approve of, Mr Vincent. I'm always known for a plain speaker, and I don't deceive you. It's a deal better to draw back in time."

"I have not the least reason to believe that Lady Western means to honour me with her friendship," said Vincent, haughtily—"so it is premature to discuss the matter. As I feel rather tired, perhaps you'll excuse me to-night. Come over to my rooms, Mr Tozer, to-morrow, if you can spare a little time, and we will discuss our business there. I hope Mrs Tozer will pardon me withdrawing so early, but I am not very well—rather tired—out of sorts a little to-night."

So saying, the young pastor extricated himself from the table, shook hands, regardless of all remonstrances, and made his way out with some difficulty from the little

room, which was choke-full, and scarcely permitted egress. When he was gone, the three ladies looked at each other in dumb amazement. Phœbe, who felt herself aggrieved, was the first to break silence.

"Ma and Mrs Pigeon," cried the aggravated girl, "you've been and hurt his feelings. I knew you would. He's gone home angry and disappointed; he thinks none of us understand him; he thinks we're trying to humble him and keep him down, when, to tell the truth——"

Here Phœbe burst into tears.

"Upon *my* word," said Mrs Pigeon, "dear, deary me! It's just what I said whenever I knew you had made up your minds to a *young* minister. He'll come a-dangling after our girls, says I, and a-trifling with their affections. Bless my heart, Phœbe! if it had been my Maria now that's always a-crying about something—but you! Don't take on, dear—fretting's no good—it'll spoil your colour and take away your appetite, and that ain't the way to mend matters: and to think of his lifting his eyes to my Lady Dowager! Upon *my* word! but there ain't no accounting for young men's ways no more than for girls—and being a minister don't make a bit of difference, so far as I can see."

"Why, what's the matter?" cried Tozer: "the pastor's gone off in a huff, and Phœbe crying. What's wrong? You've been saying something—you women with your sharp tongues."

"It's Phœbe and Mr Vincent have had some words. Be quiet, Tozer—don't you see the child's hurt in her feelings?" said his wife.

Mr and Mrs Pigeon exchanged looks. "I'll tell you what it is," said the latter lady, solemnly. "It's turned his head. I never approved of the Music Hall myself. It's a deal of money to throw away, and it's not like as if it was mercy to poor souls. And such a crush, and the cheering, and my Lady Western to shake hands with him, has turned the minister's head. Now, just you

mark my words. He hasn't been here five month yet, and he's a-getting high already. You men'll have your own adoes with him. Afore a year's over our heads, he'll be a deal too high for Salem. His head's turned—that's what it is."

"Oh, Mrs Pigeon, how unkind of you!" cried Phœbe, "when he's as good as good—and not a bit proud, nor ever was—and always such a gentleman!—and never neglects the very poorest whenever he's sent for—oh, it's so unkind of you."

"I can't see as his head isn't

straight enough on his shoulders," said Tozer himself, with authority. "He's tired, that's what it is—and excited a bit, I shouldn't wonder: a man can't study like he does, and make hisself agreeable at the same time—no, no—by a year's time he'll be settling down, and we'll know where we are; and as for Salem and our connection, they never had a chance, I can tell you, like what they're a-going to have now."

But Mrs Pigeon shook her head. It was the first cloud that had risen on the firmament of Salem Chapel, so far as Mr Vincent was concerned.

CHAPTER IX.

It was a January night on which Vincent emerged abruptly from Tozer's door, the evening of that lecture—a winter night, not very cold, but very dark, the skies looking not blue, but black overhead, and the light of the lamps gleaming dimly on the pavement, which had received a certain squalid power of reflection from the recent rain; for a sharp, sudden shower had fallen while Vincent had been seated at the hospitable table of the butterman, which had chased everybody from the darkling streets. All the shops were closed, a policeman marched along with heavy tread, and the wet pavement glimmered round his solitary figure. Nothing more uncomfortable could be supposed after the warmth and light of a snug interior, however humble; and the minister turned his face hastily in the direction of his lodging. But the next moment he turned back again, and looked wistfully in the other direction. It was not to gaze along the dark length of street to where the garden-walls of Grange Lane, undiscernible in the darkness, added a far-withdrawing perspective of gentility and aristocratic seclusion to the vulgar pretensions of George Street; it was to look at a female figure which came slowly up, dimming out the reflection on the wet stones as it

crossed one streak of lamplight after another. Vincent was excited and curious, and had enough in his own mind to make him wistful for sympathy, if it were to be had from any understanding heart. He recognised Mrs Hilyard instinctively as she came forward, not conscious of him, walking, strange woman as she was, with the air of a person walking by choice at that melancholy hour in that dismal night. She was evidently not going anywhere: her step was firm and distinct, like the step of a person thoroughly self-possessed and afraid of nothing—but it lingered with a certain meditative sound in the steady firm footfall. Vincent felt a kind of conviction that she had come out here to think over some problem of that mysterious life into which he could not penetrate, and he connected this strange walk involuntarily with the appearance of Lady Western and her careless companion. To his roused fancy, some incomprehensible link existed between himself and the equally incomprehensible woman before him. He turned back almost in spite of himself, and went to meet her. Mrs Hilyard looked up when she heard his step. She recognised him also on the spot. They approached each other much as if they had arranged a meeting at eleven o'clock of that

wet January night in the gleaming, deserted streets.

"It is you, Mr Vincent!" she said. "I wonder why I happen to meet you, of all persons in the world, to-night. It is very odd. What, I wonder, can have brought us both together at such an hour and in such a place? You never came to see me that Monday—nor any Monday. You went to see my beauty instead, and you were so lucky as to be affronted with the syren at the first glance. Had you been less fortunate, I think I might have partly taken you into my confidence to-night."

"Perhaps I *am* less fortunate, if that is all that hinders," said Vincent; "but it is strange to see you out here so late in such a dismal night. Let me go with you, and see you safe home."

"Thank you. I am perfectly safe—nobody can possibly be safer than such a woman as I am, in poverty and middle age," said his strange acquaintance. "It is an immunity that women don't often prize, Mr Vincent, but it is very valuable in its way. If anybody saw you talking to an equivocal female figure at eleven o'clock in George Street, think what the butterman would say; but a single glimpse of my face would explain matters better than a volume. I am going down towards Grange Lane, principally because I am restless to-night, and don't know what to do with myself. I shall tell you what I thought of your lecture if you will walk with me to the end of the street."

"Ah, my lecture?—never mind," said the hapless young minister; "I forget all about that. What is it that brings you here, and me to your side?—what is there in that dark-veiled house yonder that draws your steps and mine to it? It is not accidental, our meeting here."

"You are talking romance and nonsense, quite inconceivable in a man who has just come from the society of deacons," said Mrs Hil-

yard, glancing up at him with that habitual gleam of her eyes. "We have met, my dear Mr Vincent, because, after refreshing my mind with your lecture, I thought of refreshing my body by a walk this fresh night. One saves candles, you know, when one does one's exercise at night: whereas walking by day one wastes everything—time, tissue, daylight, invaluable treasures: the only light that hurts nobody's eyes, and costs nobody money, is the light of day. That illustration of yours about the clouds and the sun was very pretty. I assure you I thought the whole exceedingly effective. I should not wonder if it made a revolution in Carlingford."

"Why do you speak to me so? I know you did not go to listen to my lecture," said the young minister, to whom sundry gleams of enlightenment had come since his last interview with the poor needlewoman of Back Grove Street.

"Ah! how can you tell that?" she said, sharply, looking at him in the streak of lamplight. "But to tell the truth," she continued, "I did actually go to hear you, and to look at other people's faces, just to see whether the world at large—so far as that exists in Carlingford—was like what it used to be; and if I confess I saw something there more interesting than the lecture, I say no more than the lecturer could agree in, Mr Vincent. You, too, saw something that made you forget the vexed question of Church and State."

"Tell me," said Vincent, with an earnestness he was himself surprised at, "who was that man?"

His companion started as if she had received a blow, turned round upon him with a glance in her dark eyes such as he had never seen there before, and in a sudden momentary passion drew her breath hard, and stopped short on the way. But the spark of intense and passionate emotion was as shortlived as it was vivid. "I do not suppose he is anything to interest you," she answered the next moment, with a

movement of her thin mouth, letting the hands that she had clasped together drop to her side. "Nay, make yourself quite easy; he is not a lover of my lady's. He is only a near relation—and," she continued, lingering on the words with a force of subdued scorn and rage, which Vincent dimly apprehended, but could not understand, "a very fascinating fine gentleman—a man who can twist a woman round his fingers when he likes, and break all her heartstrings—if she has any—so daintily afterwards, that it would be a pleasure to see him do it. Ah, a wonderful man!"

"You know him then? I saw you knew him," said the young man, surprised and disturbed, thrusting the first commonplace words he could think of into the silence, which seemed to tingle with the restrained meaning of this brief speech.

"I don't think we are lucky in choosing our subjects to-night," said the strange woman. "How about the ladies in Lonsdale, Mr Vincent? They don't keep a school? I am glad they don't keep a school. Teaching, you know, unless when one has a vocation for it, as you had a few weeks ago, is uphill work. I am sorry to see you are not so sure about your work as you were then. Your sister is pretty, I suppose? and does your mother take great care of her, and keep her out of harm's way? Lambs have a silly faculty of running directly in the wolf's road. Why don't you take a holiday and go to see them, or have them here to live with you?"

"You know something about them," said Vincent, alarmed. "What has happened?—tell me. It will be the greatest kindness to say it out at once."

"Hush," said Mrs Hilyard; "now you are absurd. I speak out of my own thoughts, as most persons do, and you, like all young people, make personal applications. How can I possibly know about them? I am not a fanciful woman, but there are some things that wake one's

imagination. In such a dark night as this, with such wet gleams about the streets, when I think of people at a distance, I always think of something uncomfortable happening. Misfortune seems to lie in wait about those black corners. I think of women wandering along dismal solitary roads with babies in their shameful arms—and of dreadful messengers of evil approaching unconscious houses, and looking in at peaceful windows upon the comfort they are about to destroy; and I think," she continued, crossing the road so rapidly (they were now opposite Lady Western's house) that Vincent, who had not anticipated the movement, had to quicken his pace suddenly to keep up with her, "of evil creatures pondering in the dark vile schemes against the innocent——" Here she broke off all at once, and, looking up in Vincent's face with that gleam of secret mockery in her eyes and movement of her mouth to which he was accustomed, added, suddenly changing her tone, "Or of fine gentlemen, Mr Vincent, profoundly bored with their own society, promenading in a dreary garden and smoking a disconsolate cigar. Look there!"

The young minister, much startled and rather nervous, mechanically looked, as she bade him, through the little grated loophole in Lady Western's garden-door. He saw the lights shining in the windows, and a red spark moving about before the house, as, with a little shame for his undignified position, he withdrew his eyes from that point of vantage. But Mrs Hilyard was moved by no such sentiment. She planted herself opposite the door, and, bending her head to the little grating, gazed long and steadfastly. In the deep silence of the night, standing with some uneasiness at her side, and not insensible to the fact that his position, if he were seen by anybody who knew him, would be rather absurd and slightly equivocal, Vincent heard the footsteps of the man inside, the fragrance of whose cigar faintly

penetrated the damp air. The stranger was evidently walking up and down before the house in enjoyment of that luxury which the feminine arrangements of the young Dowager's household would not permit indoors; but the steady eagerness with which this strange woman gazed—the way in which she had managed to interweave Mrs Vincent and pretty Susan at Lonsdale into the conversation—the suggestions of coming danger and evil with which her words had invested the very night, all heightened by the instinctive repugnance and alarm of which the young man had himself been conscious whenever he met the eye of Lady Western's companion—filled him with discomfort and dread. His mind, which had been lately too much occupied in his own concerns to think much of Susan, reverted now with sudden uneasiness to his mother's cottage, from which Susan's betrothed had lately departed to arrange matters for their speedy marriage. But how Lady Western's "near relation"—this man whom Mrs Hilyard watched with an intense regard which looked like hatred, but might be dead love—could be connected with Lonsdale, or Susan, or himself, or the poor needlewoman in Back Grove Street, Vincent could not form the remotest idea. He stood growing more and more impatient by that dark closed door, which had once looked a gate of paradise—which, he felt in his heart, half-a-dozen words or a single smile could any day make again a gate of the paradise of fools to his bewildered feet—the steps of the unseen stranger within, and the quick breath of agitation from the watcher by his side, being the only sounds audible in the silence of the night. At last some restless movement he made disturbed Mrs Hilyard in her watch. She left the door noiselessly and rapidly, and turned to recross the wet road. Vincent accompanied her without saying a word. The two walked along together half

the length of Grange Lane without breaking silence, without even looking at each other, till they came to the large placid white lamp at Dr Marjoribanks's gate, which cleared a little oasis of light out of the heart of the gloom. There she looked up at him with a face full of agitated life and motion—kindled eyes, elevated head, nostril and lips swelling with feelings which were totally undecipherable to Vincent; her whole aspect changed by an indescribable inspiration which awoke remnants of what might have been beauty in that thin, dark, middle-aged face.

"You are surprised at me and my curiosity," she said, "and indeed you have good reason; but it is astonishing, when one is shut up in one's self and knows nobody, how excited one gets over the sudden apparition of a person one has known in the other world. Some people die two or three times in a lifetime, Mr Vincent. There is a real transmigration of souls, or bodies, or both if you please. This is my third life I am going through at present. I knew that man, as I was saying, in the other world."

"The world *does* change strangely," said Vincent, who could not tell what to say; "but you put it very strongly—more strongly than I—"

"More strongly than you can understand; I know that very well," said Mrs Hilyard, "but you perceive you are speaking to a woman who has died twice. Coming to life is a bitter process, but one gets over it. If you ever should have such a thing to go through with—and survive it," she added, giving him a wistful glance, "I should like to tell you my experiences. However, I hope better things. You are very well looked after at Salem Chapel, Mr Vincent. I think of you sometimes when I look out of my window and see your tabernacle. It is not so pretty as Mr Wentworth's at St Roque's, but you have the advantage of the curate otherwise. So

far as I can see, he never occupies himself with anything higher than his prayer-book and his poor people. I doubt much whether he would ever dream of replying to what you told us to-night."

"Probably he holds a Dissenting minister in too much contempt," said Vincent, with an uncomfortable smile on his lips.

"Don't sneer—never sneer—no gentleman does," said his companion. "I like you, though you are only a Dissenting minister. You know me to be very poor, and you have seen me in very odd circumstances to-night; yet you walk home with me—I perceive you are steering towards Back Grove Street, Mr Vincent—without an allusion which could make me feel myself an equivocal person, and just as if this was the most reasonable thing in the world which I have been doing to-night. Thank you. You are a paladin in some things, though in others only a Dissenting minister. If I were a fairy, the gift I would endow you with would be just that same unconsciousness of your own disadvantages, which courtesy makes you show of mine."

"Indeed," said Vincent, with natural gratification, "it required no discrimination on my part to recognise at once that I was addressing——"

"Hush! you have never even insinuated that an explanation was necessary, which is the very height and climax of fine manners," said Mrs Hilyard; "and I speak who am, or used to be, an authority in such matters. I don't mean to give you any explanation either. Now, you must turn back and go home. Good-night. One thing I may tell you, however," she continued, with a little warmth; "don't mistake me. There is no reason in this world why you might not introduce me to the ladies in Lonsdale, if any accident brought it about that we should meet. I say this to make your mind easy about your penitent; and now, my good young father in the faith, good-night."

"Let me see you to your door first," said the wondering young man.

"No—no farther. Good-night," she said, hastily, shaking hands, and leaving him. The parting was so sudden that it took Vincent a minute to stop short, under way and walking quickly as he was. When she had made one or two rapid steps in advance, Mrs Hilyard turned back, as if with a sudden impulse.

"Do you know I have an uneasiness about these ladies in Lonsdale?" she said; "I know nothing whatever about them—not so much as their names; but you are their natural protector; and it does not do for women to be as magnanimous and generous in the reception of strangers as you are. There! don't be alarmed. I told you I knew nothing. They may be as safe, and as middle-aged, and as ugly as I am; instead of a guileless widow and a pretty little girl, they may be hardened old campaigners like myself; but they come into my mind, I cannot tell why. Have them here to live beside you, and they will do you good."

"My sister is about to be married," said Vincent, more and more surprised, and looking very sharply into her face in the lamplight, to see whether she really did not know anything more than she said.

A certain expression of relief came over her face. "Then all is well," she said, with strange cordiality, and again held out her hand to him. Then they parted, and pursued their several ways through the perfectly silent and dimly-lighted streets. Vincent walked home with the most singular agitation in his mind. Whether to give any weight to such vague but alarming suggestions—whether to act immediately upon the indefinite terror thus insinuated into his thoughts—or to write, and wait till he heard whether any real danger existed—or to cast it from him altogether as a fantastic trick of imagination, he could not tell. Eventful

and exciting as the evening had been, he postponed the other matters to this. If any danger threatened Susan, his simple mother could suffer with her, but was ill qualified to protect her: but what danger could threaten Susan? He consoled himself with the thought that these were not the days of abductions or violent love-making. To think of an innocent English girl in her mother's house as threatened with mysterious danger, such as might have surrounded a heroine of the last century, was impossible. If there are Squire Thornhills nowadays, their operations are of a different character. Walking rapidly home, with now and then a blast of chill rain in his face, and the lamplight gleaming in the wet streets, Vincent found less and less reason for attaching any importance to Mrs Hilyard's hints and alarms. It was the sentiment of the night, and her own thoughts, which had suggested such fears to her mind—a mind evidently experienced in paths more crooked than any which Vincent himself, much less simple Susan, had ever known. When he reached home, he found his little fire burning brightly, his room arranged with careful nicety, which was his landlady's appropriate and sensible manner of showing her appreciation of the night's lecture,

and her devotion to the minister; and, lastly, on the table a letter from that little house in Lonsdale, round which such fanciful fears had gathered. Never was there a letter which breathed more of the peaceful security and tranquillity of home. Mrs Vincent wrote to her Arthur in mingled rejoicing and admonition, curious and delighted to hear of his lectures, but not more anxious about his fame and success than about his flannels and precautions against wet feet; while Susan's postscript—a half longer than the letter to which it was appended—furnished her affectionate brother with sundry details, totally incomprehensible to him, of her wedding preparations, and, more shyly, of her perfect girlish happiness. Vincent laughed aloud as he folded up that woman's letter. No mysterious horror, no whispering doubtful gloom, surrounded that house from which the pure, full daylight atmosphere, untouched by any darkness, breathed fresh upon him out of these simple pages. Here, in this humble virtuous world, were no mysteries. It was a deliverance to a heart which had begun to falter. Wherever fate might be lingering in the wild darkness of that January night, it was not on the threshold of his mother's house.

CHAPTER X.

On the next evening after this there was a tea-meeting in Salem Chapel. In the back premises behind the chapel were all needful accommodations for the provision of that popular refreshment—boilers, tea-urns, unlimited crockery and pewter. In fact, it was one of Mr Tozer's boasts, that owing to the liberality of the "connection" in Carlingford, Salem was fully equipped in this respect, and did not need to borrow so much as a spoon or teapot, a very important matter under the circumstances. This, however, was the first tea-meeting

which had taken place since that one at which Mr Tufton's purse had been presented to him, and the old pastor had taken leave of his flock. The young pastor, indeed, had set his face against tea-meetings. He was so far behind his age as to doubt their utility, and declared himself totally unqualified to preside over such assemblies; but, in the heat of his recent disappointment, when, stung by other people's neglect, he had taken up Salem and all belonging to it into his bosom, a cruel use had been made of the young minister's compliance. They had wrung

a reluctant consent from him in that unguarded moment, and the walls of Carlingford had been for some days blazing with placards of the tea-meeting, at which the now famous (in Carlingford) lecturer on Church and State was to speak. Not Tozer, with all his eloquence, had been able to persuade the pastor to preside; but at least he was to appear, to take tea at that table elevated on the platform, where Phoebe Tozer, under the matronly care of Mrs Brown (for it was necessary to divide these honours, and guard against jealousy), dispensed the fragrant lymph, and to address the meeting. There had been thoughts of a grand celebration in the Music Hall to do more honour to the occasion; but as that might have neutralised the advantages of having all the needful utensils within themselves, convenience and economy carried the day, and the scene of these festivities, as of all the previous festivities of Salem, was the large low room underneath the chapel, once intended for a school, but never used, except on Sundays, in that capacity. Thither for two or three days all the "young ladies" of the chapel had streamed to and fro, engaged in decorations. Some manufactured festoons of evergreens, some concocted pink and white roses in paper to embellish the same. The printed texts of the Sunday school were framed, and in some cases obliterated, in Christmas garlands. Christmas, indeed, was past, but there were still holly and red berries and green smooth laurel leaves. The Pigeon girls, Phoebe Tozer, Mrs Brown's niece from the country, and the other young people in Salem who were of sufficiently advanced position, enjoyed the preparations greatly—entering into them with even greater heartiness than Lucy Wodehouse exhibited in the adornment of St Roque's, and taking as much pleasure in the task as if they had been picturesque Italians adorning the shrine of their favourite saint. Catterina

and Francesca with their flower-garlands are figures worthy of any picture, and so is Lucy Wodehouse under the chancel arch at St Roque's; but how shall we venture to ask anybody's sympathy for Phoebe and Maria Pigeon as they put up their festoons round the four square walls of the low schoolroom in preparation for the Salem tea-party? Nevertheless it is a fact that the two last mentioned had very much the same intentions and sensations, and amid the coils of fresh ivy and laurel did not look amiss in their cheerful labour—a fact which, before the work was completed, had become perceptible to various individuals of the Carlingford public. But Mr Vincent was, on this point, as on several others, unequal to the requirements of his position. When he did glance in for a moment on the afternoon of the eventful day, it was in company with Tozer and the Rev. Mr Raffles of Shobury, who was to take the chair. Mr Raffles was very popular in Carlingford, as everywhere. To secure him for a tea-meeting was to secure its success. He examined into all the preparations, tasted the cake, pricked his fingers with the garlands, to the immense delight of the young ladies, and complimented them on their skill with beaming cheerfulness; while the minister of Salem, on the contrary, stalked about by his side pale and preoccupied, with difficulty keeping himself from that contempt of the actual things around to which youth is so often tempted. His mind wandered off to the companion of his last night's walk—to the stranger pacing up and down that damp garden with inscrutable unknown thoughts—to the beautiful creature within those lighted windows, so near and yet so overwhelmingly distant—as if somehow they had abstracted life and got it among themselves. Mr Vincent had little patience for what he considered the mean details of existence nearer at hand. As soon as he could possibly manage it, he escaped, regarding with a certain

hopeless disgust the appearance he had to make in the evening, and without finding a single civil thing to say to the fair decorators. "My young brother looks sadly low and out of spirits," said jolly Mr Raffles. "What do you mean by being so unkind to the minister, Miss Phoebe, eh?" Poor Phoebe blushed pinker than ever, while the rest laughed. It was pleasant to be supposed "unkind" to the minister; and Phoebe resolved to do what she could to cheer him when she sat by his elbow at the platform table making tea for the visitors of the evening.

The evening came, and there was not a ticket to be had anywhere in Carlingford: the schoolroom, with its blazing gas, its festoons, and its mottoes, its tables groaning with dark-complexioned plumcake and heavy buns, was crowded quite beyond its accommodation, and the edifying sight might be seen of Tozer and his brother deacons, and indeed all who were sufficiently interested in the success of Salem to sacrifice themselves on its behalf, making an erratic but not unsubstantial tea in corners, to make room for the crowd. And in the highest good-humour was the crowd which surrounded all the narrow tables. The urns were well filled, the cake abundant, the company in its best attire. The ladies had bonnets, it is true, but these bonnets were worthy the occasion. At the table on the platform sat Mr Raffles, in the chair, beaming upon the assembled party, with cheerful little Mrs Tufton and Mrs Brown at one side of him, and Phoebe looking very pink and pretty, shaded from the too enthusiastic admiration of the crowd below by the tea-urn at which she officiated. Next to her, the minister cast abstracted looks upon the assembly. He was, oh so interesting in his silence and pallor!—he spoke little; and when any one addressed him, he had to come back as if from a distance to hear. If anybody could imagine that Mr Raffles contrasted danger-

ously with Mr Vincent in that reserve and quietness, it would be a mistake unworthy a philosophic observer. On the contrary, the Salem people were all doubly proud of their pastor. It was not to be expected that such a man as he should unbend as the reverend chairman did. They preferred that he should continue on his stilts. It would have been a personal humiliation to the real partisans of the chapel, had he really woke up and come down from that elevation. The more commonplace the ordinary "connection" was, the more proud they felt of their student and scholar. So Mr Vincent leaned his head upon his hands and gazed unmolested over the lively company, taking in all the particulars of the scene, the busy groups engaged in mere tea-making and tea-consuming—the flutter of enjoyment among humble girls and womankind who knew no pleasure more exciting—the whis-pers which pointed out himself to strangers among the party—the triumphant face of Tozer at the end of the room, jammed against the wall, drinking tea out of an empty sugar-basin. If the scene woke any movement of human sympathy in the bosom of the young Nonconformist, he was half ashamed of himself for it. What had the high mission of an evangelist—the lofty ambition of a man trained to enlighten his country—the warm assurance of talent which felt itself entitled to the highest sphere,—what had these great things to do in a Salem Chapel tea-meeting? So the lofty spirit held apart, gazing down from a mental elevation much higher than the platform; and all the people who had heard his lectures pointed him out to each other, and congratulated themselves on that studious and separated aspect which was so unlike other men. In fact, the fine superiority of Mr Vincent was at the present moment the very thing that was wanted to rivet their chains. Even Mrs Pigeon looked on with silent admiration. He was "high"—never before had Sa-

lem known a minister who did not condescend to be gracious at a tea-meeting—and the leader of the opposition honoured him in her heart.

And even when at last the social meal was over, when the urns were cleared away, and with a rustle and flutter the assembly composed itself to the intellectual regale about to follow, Mr Vincent did not change his position. Mr Raffles made quite one of his best speeches; he kept his audience in a perpetual flutter of laughter and applause; he set forth all the excellencies of the new minister with such detail and fulness as only the vainest would have swallowed. But the pleased congregation still applauded. He praised Mr Tufton, the venerable father of the community; he praised the admirable deacons; he praised the arrangements. In short, Mr Raffles applauded everybody, and everybody applauded Mr Raffles. After the chairman had concluded his speech, the hero of the evening gathered himself up dreamily, and rose from Phœbe Tozer's side. He told them he had been gazing at them this hour past, studying the scene before him; how strangely they appeared to him, standing on this little bright gaslighted perch amid the dark sea of life that surged round them; that now he and they were face to face with each other, it was not their social pleasure he was thinking of, but that dark unknown existence that throbbed and echoed around: he bade them remember the dark night which enclosed that town of Carlingford, without betraying the secret of its existence even to the nearest village; of those dark streets and houses which hid so many lives and hearts and tragic histories; he enlarged upon Mrs Hilyard's idea of the sentiment of "such a night," till timid people threw glances behind them, and some sensitive mothers paused to wonder whether the minister could have heard that Tommy had fallen into the fire, or Mary scalded herself, and took this way to break the

news. The speech was the strangest that ever was listened to at a tea-party. It was the wayward capricious pouring forth of a fanciful young mind under an unquiet influence, having no connection whatever with the "object," the place, or the listeners. The consequence was, that it was listened to with breathless interest—that the faces grew pale and the eyes bright, and shivers of restrained emotion ran through the astonished audience. Mr Vincent perceived the effect of his eloquence, as a nursery storyteller perceives the rising sob of her little hearers. When he saw it, he awoke, as the same nursery minstrel does sometimes, to feel how unreal was the sentiment in his own breast which had produced this genuine feeling in others, and with a sudden amusement proceeded to deepen his colours and make bolder strokes of effect. His success was perfect; before he concluded, he had in imagination dismissed the harmless Salem people out of their very innocent recreation to the dark streets which thrilled round them—to the world of unknown life, of which each man for himself had some knowledge—to the tragedies that might be going on side by side with them, for aught they knew. His hearers drew a long breath when it was over. They were startled, frightened, enchanted. If they had been witnessing a melodrama, they scarcely could have been more excited. He had put the most dreadful suggestions in their mind of all sorts of possible trouble; he sat down with the consciousness of having done his duty by Salem for this night at least.

But when Tozer got up after him to tell about the prosperity of the congregation, the anticlimax was felt even by the people of Salem. Some said, "No, no," audibly, some laughed, not a few rose up and went away. Vincent himself, feeling the room very hot, and not disliking the little commotion of interest which arose on his departure, withdrew himself from the platform,

and made his way to the little vestry, where a breath of air was to be had ; for, January night as it was, the crowd and the tea had established a very high temperature in the under-regions of Salem. He opened the window in the vestry, which looked out upon the damp ground behind the chapel and the few gravestones, and threw himself down on the little sofa with a sensation of mingled self-reproach and amusement. Somehow, even when one disapproves of one's self for doing it, one has a certain enjoyment in bewildering the world. Mr Vincent was rather pleased with his success, although it was only a variety of "humbug." He entertained with Christian satisfaction the thought that he had succeeded in introducing a certain visionary uneasiness into the lively atmosphere of the tea-meeting—and he was delighted with his own cleverness in spite of himself.

While he lay back on his sofa, and pondered this gratifying thought, he heard a subdued sound of voices outside—voices and steps that fell with but little sound upon the damp grass. A languid momentary wondertouched the mind of the minister : who could have chosen so doleful a retirement ? It was about the last place in the world for a lover's interview, which was the first thing that suggested itself to the young man ; the next moment he started bolt upright, and listened with undisguised curiosity. That voice so different from the careless voices of Salem, the delicate refined intonations which had startled him in the shabby little room in Back Grove Street, awoke an interest in his mind which no youthful accents in Carlingford could have excited. He sat upright on the instant, and edged towards the open window. The gas burned low in the little vestry, which nobody had been expected to enter, and the illumination from all the schoolroom windows, and sounds of cheering and commotion there, had doubtless made the absolute darkness and

silence behind seem perfectly safe to the two invisible people now meeting under the cloud of night. Mr Vincent was not startled into eavesdropping unawares, nor did he engage in any sophistical argument to justify himself for listening. On the contrary, he listened honestly, with the full intention of hearing all he could—suddenly changed from the languid sentimentalist, painful and self-conscious, which the influences of the evening had made him, into a spectator very wide awake and anxious, straining his ear to catch some information of a history, in which a crowd of presentiments warned him that he himself should yet be concerned.

"If you must speak, speak here," said that voice which Vincent had recognised : "it is scarcely the atmosphere for a man of your fine taste, to be sure ; but considering the subject of the conference, it will do. What do you want with me ?"

"By Jove, it looks dangerous!—what do you mean to suggest by this sweet rendezvous—murder?" said the man, whoever he was, who had accompanied Mrs Hilyard to the damp yard of Salem Chapel, with its scattered graves.

"My nerves are strong," she answered. "It is a pity you should take the trouble to be melodramatic. Do you think I am vain enough to imagine that you could subject yourself to all the unpleasant accessories of being hanged on my account? Fancy a rough hempen rope, and the dirty fingers that would adjust it. Pah! you would not risk it for me."

Her companion swore a muttered oath. "By Jove! I believe you'd be content to be murdered, to make such an end of me," he answered, in the baffled tone of rage which a man naturally sinks into when engaged in unequal conflict of recrimination with a woman.

"This is too conjugal," said Mrs Hilyard ; "it reminds me of former experiences : come to the point, I beg of you. You did not come here

and seek me out that we might have an amusing conversation—what do you want with me?"

"Don't tempt me too far with your confounded impertinence," exclaimed the man, "or there is no telling what may happen. I want to know where that child is; you know I do. I mean to reclaim my rights so far as she is concerned. If she had been a ward in Chancery, a man might have submitted. But I am a reformed individual—my life is of the most exemplary description—no court in Christendom would keep her from my custody now. I want the girl for her own good—she shall marry brilliantly, which she never could do with you. I know she's grown up as lovely as I expected——"

"How do you know?" interrupted Mrs Hilyard, with a certain hoarseness in her voice.

"Ah! I have touched you at last. Remembering what her mother was," he went on, in a mocking tone, "though I am grieved to see how much you have gone off in late years, and having a humble consciousness of her father's personal advantages, and, in short, of her relatives in general, I know she's a little beauty—and, by Jove, she shall be a duchess yet."

There was a pause—something like a hard sob thrilled in the air, rather a vibration than a sound; and Vincent, making a desperate gesture of rage towards the school-room, from which a burst of applause at that moment sounded, approached closer to the window. Then the woman's voice burst forth passionate, but subdued.

"You have seen her! you!—you that blasted her life before she was born, and confused her sweet mind for ever—how did you dare to look at my child? And I," cried the passionate voice, forgetting even caution—"I, that would give my life drop by drop to restore what never can be restored to that victim of your sin and my weakness—I do not see her. I refuse myself that comfort. I leave it to others to do

all that love and pity can do for my baby. You speak of murder—man! if I had a knife, I could find it in my heart to put an end to your horrid career; and, look you, I will—Coward! I will! I will kill you before you shall lay your vile hands on my child."

"She-wolf!" cried the man, grinding his teeth, "do you know how much it would be to my advantage if you never left this lonely spot you have brought me to? By Jove, I have the greatest mind——"

Another momentary silence,—Vincent, wound up to a high state of excitement, sprang noiselessly to his feet, and was rushing to the window to proclaim his presence, when Mrs Hilyard's voice, perfectly calm and in its usual tone, brought him back to himself.

"Second thoughts are best. It would compromise you horribly, and put a stop to many pleasures—not to speak of those dreadful dirty fingers arranging that rough rope round your neck, which, pardon me, I can't help thinking of when you associate your own name with such a vulgar suggestion as murder. I should not mind these little details, but *you!* However, I excited myself unreasonably; you have not seen her. That skilful inference of yours was only a lie. She was not at Lonsdale, you know."

"How the devil do you know I was at Lonsdale?" said her companion.

"I keep myself informed of the movements of so interesting a person. She was not there."

"No," replied the man, "she was not there; but I need not suggest to your clear wits that there are other Lonsdales in England. What if Miss Mildmay were in her father's lawful guardianship now?"

Here the air palpitated with a cry, the cry as of a wild creature in sudden blind anguish. It was echoed by a laugh of mockery and exultation. "Should you like me to tell you which of the Lonsdales you honoured with your patronage?"

continued the mocking voice: "that in Derbyshire, or that in Devonshire, or that in Cumberland? I am afflicted to have defeated your skilful scheme so easily. Now that you see I am a match for you, perhaps you will perceive that it is better to yield peaceably, and unite with me in securing the girl's good. She needs only to be seen to——"

"Who do you imagine you are addressing, Colonel Mildmay?" said Mrs Hilyard, haughtily; "there has been enough of this: you are mistaken if you think you can deceive me for more than a moment: my child is not in your hands, and never will be, please God: but mark what I say," she continued, drawing a fierce, hard breath, "if you should ever succeed in tracing her, if you should ever be able to snatch her from me, then confess your sins, and say your last prayers—for as sure as I live you shall die in a week."

"She-devil! murderess!" cried her companion, not without a certain shade of alarm in his voice; "if your power were equal to your will——"

"In that case my power should be equal to my will," said the steady, delicate woman's voice, as clear in very fine articulation as if it were some peaceful arrangement of daily life for which she declared herself capable: "you should not escape if you surrounded yourself with a king's guards. I swear to you, if you do what you say, that I will kill you somehow, by whatever means I can attain—and I have never yet broken my word."

An unsteady defiant laugh was the only reply. The man was evidently more impressed with the sincerity and power to execute her intentions of the woman than she with his. Apparently they stood regarding each other for another momentary interval in silence. Again Mrs Hilyard was the first to speak.

"I presume our conference is over now," she said, calmly; "how you could think of seeking it is

more than I can understand. I suppose poor pretty Alice, who thinks every woman can be persuaded, induced you to attempt this. Don't let me keep you any longer in a place so repugnant to your taste. I am going to the tea-meeting at Salem Chapel to hear my young friend the minister speaking: perhaps this unprofitable discussion has lost me that advantage. You heard him the other night, and were pleased, I trust. Good-night. I suppose, before leaving you, I should thank you for having spared my life."

Vincent heard the curse upon her and her stinging tongue, which burst in a growl of rage from the lips of the other, but he did not see the satirical curtsy with which this strange woman swept past, nor the scarcely controllable impulse which made the man lift his stick and clench it in his hand as she turned away from him those keen eyes, out of which even the gloom of night could not quench the light. But even Mrs Hilyard herself never knew how near, how very near, she was at that moment to the unseen world. Had her step been less habitually firm and rapid,—had she lingered on her way—the temptation might have been too strong for the man, maddened by many memories. He made one stride after her, clenching his stick. It was perfectly dark in that narrow passage which led out to the front of the chapel. She might have been stunned in a moment, and left there to die, without any man being the wiser. It was not virtue, nor hatred of bloodshed, nor repugnance to harm her, which restrained Colonel Mildmay's hand: it was half the rapidity of her movements, and half the instinct of a gentleman, which vice itself could not entirely obliterate. Perhaps he was glad when he saw her disappear from before him down the lighted steps into the Salem schoolroom. He stood in the darkness and watched her out of sight, himself unseen by any one, and

then departed on his way, a splendid figure, all unlike the population of Grove Street. Some of the Salem people, dispersing at the moment, saw him sauntering down the street grand and leisurely, and recognised the gentleman who had been seen in the Music Hall with Lady Western. They thought he must have come privately once more to listen to their minister's eloquence. Probably Lady Western herself, the leader of fashion in Carlingford, would appear next Sunday to do Mr Vincent honour. The sight of this very fine gentleman picking his leisurely way along the dark pavement of Grove Street, leaning confidently upon that stick over which his tall person swayed with fashionable languor, gave a climax to the evening in the excited imaginations of Mr Vincent's admirers. Nobody but the minister and one utterly unnoted individual in the crowd knew what had brought the Colonel and his stick to such a place. Nobody but the Colonel himself, and the watchful heavens above, knew how little had prevented him from leaving a silent, awful witness of that secret interview upon the chapel steps.

When Mr Vincent returned to the platform, which he did hurriedly, Mr Pigeon was addressing the meeting. In the flutter of inquiries whether he was better, and gentle hopes from Phoebe that his studies had not been too much for him, nobody appeared to mark the eagerness of his eyes, and the curiosity in his face. He sat down in his old place, and pretended to listen to Mr Pigeon. Anxiously from under the shadow of his hands he inspected the crowd before him, who had recovered their spirits. In a corner close to the door he at last found the face he was in search of. Mrs Hilyard sat at the end of a table, leaning her face on her hand. She had her eyes fixed upon the speaker, and there passed now and then across the corners of her close-shut mouth that momentary movement which was her symbol

for a smile. She was not pretending to listen, but giving her entire attention to the honest poulterer. Now and then she turned her eyes from Pigeon, and perused the room and the company with rapid glances of amusement and keen observation. Perhaps her eyes gleamed keener, and her dark cheek owned a slight flush—that was all. Out of her mysterious life—out of that interview, so full of violence and passion—the strange woman came, without a moment's interval, to amuse herself by looking at and listening to all those homely innocent people. Could it be that she was taking notes of Pigeon's speech? Suddenly, all at once, she had taken a pencil out of her pocket and began to write, glancing up now and then towards the speaker. Mr Vincent's head swam with the wonder he was contemplating—was she flesh and blood after all, or some wonderful skeleton living a galvanic life? But when he asked himself the question, her cry of sudden anguish, her wild, wicked promise to kill the man who stole her daughter, came over his mind, and arrested his thoughts. He, dallying as he was on the verge of life, full of fantastic hopes and disappointment, could only pretend to listen to Pigeon; but the good poulterer turned gratified eyes towards Mrs Hilyard. He recognised her real attention and interest; was it the height of voluntary sham and deception?—or was she really taking notes?

The mystery was solved after the meeting was over. There was some music, in the first place—anthems in which all the strength of Salem united, Tozer taking a heavy bass, while Phoebe exerted herself so in the soprano that Mr Vincent's attention was forcibly called off his own meditations, in terror lest something should break in the throat so hardly strained. Then there were some oranges, another speech, a hymn, and a benediction; and then Mr Raffles sprang joyfully up, and leaned over the platform to shake hands with his friends.

This last process was trying. Mr Vincent, who could no longer take refuge in silence, descended into the retiring throng. He was complimented on his speech, and even by some superior people, who had a mind to be fashionable, upon the delightful evening they had enjoyed. When they were all gone, there were still the Tozers, the Browns, the Pigeons, Mrs Tufton, and Mr Raffles. He was turning back to them disconsolate, when he was suddenly confronted by Mrs Hilyard out of her corner with the fly-leaf of the hymn-book the unscrupulous woman had been writing in, torn out in her hand.

"Stop a minute," she cried, "I want to speak to you. I want your help, if you will give it me. Don't be surprised at what I ask. Is your mother a good woman—was it she that trained you to act to the forlorn as you did to me last night? I have been too hasty—I take away your breath;—never mind, there is no time to choose one's words. The buttermilk is looking at us, Mr Vincent. The ladies are alarmed; they think I want spiritual consolation at this unsuitable moment. Make haste—answer my question. Would she do an act of Christian charity to a woman in distress?"

"My mother is—yes, I know she would—what do you want of her? My mother is the best and tenderest of women," cried Vincent, in utter amazement.

"I want to send a child to her—a persecuted, helpless child, whom it is the object of my life to keep out of evil hands," said Mrs Hilyard, her dark thin face growing darker and more pallid, her eyes softening with tears. "She will be safe at Lonsdale now, and I cannot go in my own person at present to take her anywhere. Here is a message for the telegraph," she added, holding up the paper which Vincent had supposed to be notes of Mr Pigeon's speech; "take it for me—send it off to-night—you will? and write to your mother; she shall suffer

no loss, and I will thank her on my knees. It is life or death."

"I know—I am aware!" cried Vincent, not knowing what he said. "There is no time to be lost."

She put the paper into his hand, and clasped it tight between both of hers, not knowing, in the excitement which she was so well trained to repress, that he had betrayed any special knowledge of her distress. It seemed natural, in that strain of desperation, that everybody should understand her. "Come to-morrow and tell me," she said, hurriedly, and then hastened away, leaving him with the paper folded close into his hand as her hard grasp had left it. He turned away from the group which awaited his coming with some curiosity and impatience, and read the message by the light of one of the garlanded and festive lamps. "Rachel Russell to Miss Smith, Lonsdale, Devonshire. Immediately on receiving this, take the child to Lonsdale, near Peterborough—to Mrs Vincent's; leave the train at some station near town, and drive to a corresponding station on the Great Northern; don't enter London. Blue veil—care—not to be left for an instant. I trust all to you." Mr Vincent put the message in his pocketbook, took it out again—tried it in his purse, his waistcoat pocket, everywhere he could think of—finally, closed his hand over it as at first, and in a high state of excitement went up to the chattering group at the little platform, the only thought in his mind being how to get rid of them, that he might hasten upon his mission before the telegraph office was closed for the night.

And, as was to be expected, Mr Vincent found it no easy matter to get rid of the Tozers and Pigeons, who were all overflowing about the tea-party, its provisions, its speeches, and its success. He stood with that bit of paper clenched in his hand, and endured the jokes of his reverend brother, the remarks of Mrs Tufton, the blushes of Phœbe. He stood for half an hour at least per-

force in unwilling and constrained civility—at last he became desperate;—with a wild promise to return presently, he rushed out into the night. The station was about half a mile out of Carlingford, at the new end, a long way past Dr Rider's. When Vincent reached it, the telegraph clerk was putting on his hat to go away, and did not relish the momentary detention; when the message was received and despatched, the young minister drew breath—he went out of the office, wiping his hot forehead, to the railway platform, where the last train for town was just starting. As Vincent stood recovering himself and regaining his breath, the sudden flash of a match struck in one of the carriages attracted his attention. He looked, and saw by the light of the lamp inside a man stooping to light his cigar. The action brought the face, bending down close to the window, clearly out against the dark-blue background of the empty carriage; hair light, fine, and thin, in long but scanty locks—a high-featured eagle-face, too sharp for beauty now, but bearing all the traces of superior good looks departed—a light beard, so light that it did not count for its due in the aspect of that remarkable countenance—a figure

full of ease and haughty grace: all these particulars Vincent noted with a keen rapid inspection. In another moment the long leash of carriages had plunged into the darkness. With a strange flush of triumph he watched them disappear, and turned away with a smile on his lips. The message of warning was already tingling along the sensitive wires, and must out-speed the slow human traveller. This face, which so stamped itself upon his memory, which he fancied he could see pictured on the air as he returned along the dark road, was the face of the man who had been Lady Western's companion at the lecture. That it was the same face which had confronted Mrs Hilyard in the dark graveyard behind Salem Chapel he never doubted. With a thrill of active hatred and fierce enmity which it was difficult to account for, and still more difficult for a man of his profession to excuse, the young man looked forward to the unknown future with a certainty of meeting that face again.

We drop a charitable veil over the conclusion of the night. Mr Raffles and Mr Vincent supped at Pigeon's, along with the Browns and Tozers; and Phœbe's testimony is on record that it was a feast of reason and a flow of soul.

CHAPTER XI.

The next morning Vincent awoke with a sense of personal occupation and business, which perhaps is only possible to a man engaged with the actual occurrences of individual life. Professional duties and the general necessities of existing, do not give that thrill of sensible importance and use which a man feels who is busy with affairs which concern his own or other people's very heart and being. The young Nonconformist was no longer the sentimentalist who had made the gaping assembly at Salem Chapel uneasy over their tea-drinking. That dark and secret ocean of life

which he had apostrophised, opened up to him immediately thereafter one of its most mysterious scenes. This had shaken Vincent rudely out of his own youthful vagaries. Perhaps the most true of philosophers, contemplating, however profoundly, the secrets of nature or thought, would come to a sudden standstill over a visible abyss of human guilt, wretchedness, heroic self-restraint, and courage, yawning apparent in the meditative way. What, then, were the poor dialectics of Church and State controversy, or the fluctuations of an uncertain young mind feeling itself superior to

its work, to such a spectacle of passionate life, full of evil and of noble qualities—of guilt and suffering more intense than anything philosophy dreams of? The thin veil which youthful ignorance, believing in the supremacy of thought and superior charm of intellectual concerns, lays over the world, shrivelled up under the fiery lurid light of that passionate scene. Two people clearly, who had once loved each other, hating each other to the death, struggling desperately over a lesser thread of life proceeding from them both—the mother, driven to the lowest extremities of existence, standing out like a wild creature to defend her offspring—what could philosophy say to such phenomena? A wild circle of passion sprang into conscious being under the young man's half-frightened eyes—wild figures that filled the world, leaving small space for the calm suggestions of thought, and even to truth itself so little vantage-ground. Love, Hatred, Anger, Jealousy, Revenge—how many more? Vincent, who was no longer the lofty reasoning Vincent of Homerton, found life look different under the light of those torch-bearers. But he had no leisure on this particular morning to survey the subject. He had to carry his report and explanation to the strange woman who had so seized upon and involved him in her concerns.

Mrs Hilyard was seated in her room, just as he had seen her before, working with flying needle and nervous fingers at her coarsest needlework. She said, "Come in," and did not rise when he entered. She gave him an eager, inquiring look, more importunate and commanding than any words, but never stopped working, moving her thin fingers as if there was some spell in the continuance of her labour. She was impatient of his silence before he had closed the door—desperate when he said the usual greeting. She opened her pale lips and spoke, but Vincent

heard nothing. She was beyond speech.

"The message went off last night, and I wrote to my mother," said Vincent; "don't fear. She will do what you wish, and everything will be well."

It was some time before Mrs Hilyard quite conquered her agitation; when she succeeded, she spoke so entirely in her usual tone that Vincent started, being inexperienced in such changes. He contemplated her with tragic eyes in her living martyrdom; she, on the contrary, more conscious of her own powers, her own strength of resistance and activity of life, than of any sacrifice, had nothing about her the least tragical, and spoke according to nature. Instead of any passionate burst of self-revelation, this is what she said—

"Thank you. I am very much obliged to you. How everything is to be well, does not appear to me; but I will take your word for it. I hope I may take your word for your mother also, Mr Vincent. You have a right to know how this is. Do you claim it, and must I tell you now?"

Here for the first time Vincent recollected in what an unjustifiable way he had obtained his information. Strangely enough, it had never struck him before. He had felt himself somehow identified with the woman in the strange interview he had overheard. The man was a personal enemy. His interest in the matter was so honest and simple amid all the complication of his youthful superficial insincerities, that this equivocal action was one of the very few which Vincent had actually never questioned even to himself. He was confounded now when he saw how the matter stood. His face became suddenly crimson;—shame took possession of his soul.

"Good heavens, I have done the most dishonourable action!" cried Vincent, betrayed into sudden exclamation by the horror of the discovery. Then he paused,

turning an alarmed look upon his new friend. She took it very calmly. She glanced up at him with a comic glance in her eyes, and a twitch at the corners of her mouth. Notwithstanding last night—notwithstanding the anxiety which she dared not move in her own person to alleviate—she was still capable of being amused. Her eyes said, “What now?” with no very alarming apprehensions. The situation was a frightful one for poor Vincent.

“You will be quite justified in turning me out of your house,” he said, clearing his throat, and in great confusion; “but if you will believe, I never till this moment saw how atrocious—: Mrs Hilyard—I was in the vestry; the window was open; I heard your conversation last night.”

For a moment Vincent had all the punishment he expected, and greater. Her eyes blazed upon him out of that pale dark face with a certain contempt and lofty indifference. There was a pause. Mr Vincent crushed his best hat in his hands, and sat speechless doing penance. He was dismayed with the discovery of his own meanness. Nobody could deliver such a cutting sentence as he was pronouncing on himself.

“All the world might have listened, so far as I am concerned,” she said, after a while, quietly enough. “I am sorry you did it; but the discovery is worse for yourself than for me.” Then, after another pause, “I don’t mean to quarrel. I am glad for my own sake, though sorry for yours. Now you know better than I can tell you. There were some pleasant flowers of speech to be gathered in that dark garden,” she continued, with another odd upward gleam of her eyes. “We must have startled your clerical ideas rather. At the moment, however, Mr Vincent, people like Colonel Mildmay and myself mean what we say.”

“If I had gained my knowledge in a legitimate way,” said the shame-stricken minister, not venturing to

look her in the face, “I should have said that I hoped it was only for the moment.”

Mrs Hilyard laid down her work, and looked across at him with undisguised amusement. “I am sorry there is nobody here to perceive this beautiful situation,” she said. “Who would not have their ghostly father commit himself, if he repented after this fashion? Thank you, Mr Vincent, for what you don’t say. And now we shall drop the subject, don’t you think? Were the deacons all charmed with the tea-meeting last night?”

“You want me to go now,” said Vincent, rising, with disconcerted looks.

“Not because I am angry. I am not angry,” she said, rising and holding out her hand to him. “It was a pity, but it was an inadvertance, and no dishonourable action. Yes, go. I am best to be avoided till I hear how this journey has been managed, and what your mother says. It was a sudden thought, that sending them to Lonsdale. I know that even if he has not already found the right one, he will search all the others now. And your Lonsdale has been examined and exhausted; all is safe there. Yes, go. I am glad you know; but don’t say anything to Alice, if you see her, as she is sure to seek you out. You know who I mean by Alice? Lady Western—yes. Good-bye. I trust you, notwithstanding the vestry window; but close it after this on January nights.”

She had sunk into her seat again, and was absorbed in her needlework, before Vincent left the room. He looked back upon her before he shut the door, but she had no look to spare from that all-engrossing work; her thin fingers were more scarred than ever and stained with the coarse blue stuff. All his life after the young man never saw that colour without thinking of the stains on those poor hands.

He went about his work assiduously all that day, visiting sick people, poor people, men and

women, "which were sinners." That dark ocean of life with which he had frightened the Salem people last night, Mr Vincent made deeper investigations into this day than he had made before during all the time he had been in Carlingford. He kept clear of the smug comfort of the leading people of "the connection." Absolute want, suffering, and sorrow, were comparatively new to him; and being as yet a stranger to philanthropic schemes, and not at all scientific in the distribution of his sympathies, the minister of Salem conducted himself in a way which would have called forth the profoundest contempt and pity of the curate of St Roque's. He believed everybody's story, and emptied his purse with the wildest liberality; for, indeed, visitation of the poor had not been a branch of study at Homerton. Tired and all but penniless, he did not turn his steps homeward till the wintry afternoon was sinking into night, and the lamps began to be lighted about the cheerful streets. As he came into George Street he saw Lady Western's carriage waiting at the door of Masters's. Alice! that was the name they called her. He looked at the celestial chariot wistfully. He had nothing to do with it or its beautiful mistress—never, as anything but a stranger, worshipping afar off, could the Dissenting minister of Carlingford approach that lovely vision—never think of her but as of a planet, ineffably distant—never—

"My lady's compliments," said a tall voice on a level with Vincent's eyebrows: "will you please to step over and speak to her ladyship?" The startled Nonconformist raised his eyes. The big footman, whose happy privilege it was to wait upon that lady of his dreams, stood respectful by his side, and from the carriage opposite the fairest face in the world was beaming, the prettiest of hands waving to him. Vincent believed afterwards that he crossed the entire breadth of George Street in a single stride.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr Vincent," said Lady Western, giving him her hand; "I did so want to see you after the other night. Oh, how could you be so clever and wicked—so wicked to your friends! Indeed, I shall never be pleased till you recant, and confess how wrong you were. I must tell you why I went that night. I could not tell what on earth to do with my brother, and I took him to amuse him; or else, you know, I never could have gone to hear the poor dear old Church attacked. And how violent you were too! Indeed I must not say how clever I thought it, or I should feel I was an enemy to the Church. Now I want you to dine with me, and I shall have somebody to come who will be a match for you. I am very fond of clever society, though there is so little of it in Carlingford. Tell me, will you come to-morrow? I am disengaged. Oh, pray, do! and Mr Wentworth shall come too, and you shall fight."

Lady Western clapped her pretty hands together with the greatest animation. As for Vincent, all the superior thoughts in which he would probably have indulged—the contrast he would have drawn between the desperate brother and this butterfly creature, fluttering on the edge of mysteries so dark and evil, had she been anybody else—deserted him totally in the present crisis. She was not anybody else—she was herself. The words that fell from those sweetest lips were of a half-divine simplicity to the bewildered young man. He would have gone off straightway to the end of the world if she had chosen to command him. All unwarned by his previous failure, paradise opened again to his delighted eyes.

"And I want to consult you about our friend," said Lady Western; "it will be so kind of you to come. I am so pleased you have no engagement. I am sure you thought us very stupid last time; and I am stupid, I confess," added the beauty, turning those sweet eyes, which were more eloquent than genius, upon the

slave who was reconquered by a glance ; “ but I like clever people dearly. Good-bye till to-morrow. I shall quite reckon upon to-morrow. Oh, there is Mr Wentworth ! John, call Mr Wentworth to speak to me. Good morning—remember, half-past six—now, you must not forget.”

Spite of the fact that Mr Wentworth took his place immediately by the side of the carriage, Vincent passed on, a changed man. Forget ! He smiled to himself at the possibility, and as he walked on to his lodging, a wonderful maze of expectation fell upon the young man’s mind. Why, he asked, was he brought into this strange connection with Her relations and their story ? what could be, he said to himself with a little awe, the purpose of that Providence which shapes men’s ends, in interweaving his life with Hers by these links of common interest ? The skies throbbed with wonder and miracle as soon as they were lighted up by her smile. Who could predict what might be coming, through all the impossibilities of fact and circumstance ? He would not dissipate that delicious haze by

any definite expectations like those which brought him to sudden grief on a former occasion. He was content to believe it was not for nothing that all these strange circles of fate were weaving round his charmed feet.

In this elevated frame of mind, scarcely aware of the prosaic ground he trod, Vincent reached home. The little maid at the door said something about a lady, to which he paid no attention, being occupied with his own thoughts. With an unconscious illumination on his face he mounted the stair lightly, three steps at a time, to his own rooms. The lamp was lighted in his little sitting-room, and some one rose nervously from the table as he went in at the door. What was this sudden terror which fell upon the young man in the renewed glory of his youthful hopes ? It was his mother, pale and faint with sleepless tearful eyes, who, with the cry of an aching heart, worn out by fatigue and suspense, came forward, holding out anxious hands to him, and dropped in an utter *abandon* of weariness and distress into his astonished arms.

SPENCE'S AMERICAN UNION.

It would perhaps be too much to say that the tendencies of our constitution towards democracy have been checked solely by a view of the tattered and insolvent guise in which republicanism appears in America. The right instinct and good sense of the country had already preserved it from following the Reform leaders in their downward strides to the declivity that overhangs chaos, and had left those miscalculating chieftains in the ridiculous position of heading an imaginary enterprise—a crusade in which they were the only crusaders—to escape from which the most indefatigable and unscrupulous among them took refuge in the House of Lords. No demagogue was so sanguine as not then to perceive that the attempt to begin the series of changes by which rascaldom was to be rendered the dominant element in the British constitution must be postponed to a more convenient season. As the pause, however, proceeded from indifference rather than conviction, that season might have arrived, and the effort might have been renewed. But the events which have since passed in America have made a deep impression on the public mind. Theorists might have uttered warnings through an entire generation without producing a tithe of the effect which has followed from the spectacle of floundering democracy. Being exhibited, too, at a moment when our own Radicals were complacently inviting attention to the superior merits of the model Republic, it had something of the effect which the appearance of the Reverend Mr Stiggins, the temperance deputy from Dorking, in a state of idiotic and furious drunkenness, had on the meeting of the grand Ebenezer

Testotal Association, to which he had been so impressively introduced by Brother Tadger. The only result at present of a proposal to “Americanise our institutions” on an audience who are witnessing the Transatlantic exhibition, would be to induce a belief that the proposer was insane. Possibly the time is not very distant when what have lately been propounded as great political truths may, for a season at least, be classed among the most astonishing delusions; when faith in political equality and universal suffrage will appear as absurd and unintelligible as in right divine and the infallibility of the Pope.

Those habituated to abstract political speculation had long foreseen an explosion in the great Republic. To them the marvel was, that a structure reared on foundations so false should have endured so long. But there were large classes among us who could imagine no defects in a system which was so enormously prosperous. The territories of the Republic were seen to be constantly extending, with no apparent limit but the bounds of the vast continent. Every year saw its exports and imports increase by millions. Every census told of enormous additions to the population. There were no expensive establishments to counterbalance these proofs of prosperity. So far from there being a national debt to depress the energies of the nation, one difficulty, fabulous, or at least miraculous, to European ears, had occasionally been to provide for the disposal of a surplus revenue. Where could the English demagogue find so forcible an illustration of the excellence of his theories? Here was a country with no privileged class, with next to no military force, with a peo-

‘The American Union: its Effect on National Character and Policy. With an Inquiry into Secession as a Constitutional Right, and the Causes of the Disruption.’ By James Spence. London: Richard Bentley. 1861.

ple that chose its own governors, with a Government that merely registered the will of the people, yet with resources expanding yearly in an unprecedented degree. Here was the land where food was cheap and plentiful, where wages were high, and where one man was as good as another. What a picture to present to the overburdened tax-payer or the struggling artisan of an old country!—a land where children were the sources, not the drains, of wealth, where the poor emigrant's poverty dropped from him like Christian's burden at sight of the cross, and where the humblest citizen might claim the ear of the chief of the State. To what purpose talk, to those who had seen it in this aspect, of the evils of democracy? Accordingly, aversion to the republican system was restricted to those refined classes who regarded it with the unquestioning dislike of natural antagonism, and to those more philosophic minds that could discern its real evils through the adventitious splendours that obscured them.

To these last it appeared to present the phenomena of decay. The progress of the nation was material only; intellectually and morally it was receding. The growth of conflicting interests, the decline of the controlling power, the establishment of the tyranny of the majority, and the spread of political corruption, were so many signs of coming dissolution. But in the general mind it was still the Great Republic. Even those who own a higher standard than that of material success, acquiesced in a favourable judgment. They saw the origin of the Republic and its founders spoken of by English writers with respect. They heard those praises re-echoed with enthusiasm on all possible occasions in America. It seemed impossible to oppose the triumphant swell that rolled to us across the Atlantic. "We hear the praises of the constitution," says Mr Spence, "sounding and resounding so loudly, that we fall into a kind of deferential acquiescence,

and yield ourselves to be swept along by so irresistible a torrent of applause." But when inquiry was stimulated, as it has been of late, it was inevitable that an order-loving people, proud of their own country and constitution, and of the position which they hold among nations, should recoil from the aspect of democracy unveiled. The opinion of England, which has so often, when foreign governments have been in difficulties, pronounced against absolutism, has now, with at least equal unanimity, pronounced against the excess of the popular element. Where results are so plainly traceable to institutions, it is easy to draw the moral. To those who feared the predominance of the democratic element in our own constitution, it is reassuring to find, in this expression of opinion, a guarantee that, if our tendencies are still ultimately in the same direction, there is, at least, the respite of a long pause, and that the opportunity is thus afforded to us of re-establishing ourselves on this side of the boundary, beyond which freedom cannot long survive.

Not Conservatives alone, but men of all parties perceive this. Advocates of progress have begun to look beyond American proclamations of perfection, as proved in wealth, territory, and population. They have begun to compare the Union of to-day with the Union of the time of Franklin and Washington, and its present statesmen with those of the infant Republic. They have inquired whether its boasted liberty is a reality, and whether in what constitutes the true greatness of a country it has kept pace with old nationalities that were grey before it was born; and on all these points the verdict is against it.

When English writers who discuss American affairs express opinions unfavourable to the Union, it is very common for the aggrieved Unionists to retort, that foreigners are incapable of judging of their disputes, because they know nothing of the political institutions of

America. It is assumed that there is something in those institutions so abstruse, so idiomatic, and of so refined an essence, that none can perceive their scope, tendency, and effects, unless bred under the shadow of the star-spangled banner. If we were to assume this respecting our own constitution, we should, at any rate, have in support of the assumption the fact, that that constitution has been a matter not of sudden creation, but of slow growth. It is compounded of very ancient laws, of customs still more ancient, of concessions wrung from arbitrary power, of rights claimed by immemorial usage, of the settlement of revolutions, and of incessant legislation aiming to adapt what was already established to the changed conditions of English life in successive generations. It bears the impress of the Saxon race and of their Norman conquerors: in its texture are interwoven the threads of chivalry, of feudalism, of the Reformation, and of the Revolution. While those hostile to democracy think it too democratic, extreme democrats think it too aristocratic; and both parties support their opinions with arguments drawn from the constitution. In a fabric of such complexity, questions might, and constantly do, arise, involving important constitutional changes, of the nature and probable consequences of which we might reasonably claim to be ourselves the best possible judges. But questions might also occur, of equal importance, respecting which we could not assert a monopoly of intelligence without exposing ourselves to the charges of arrogance and unreasoning prejudice. To deny this would be to assume, either that no questions of abstract right or natural justice can arise under our constitution, or that, if they should arise, we of all mankind are alone capable of deciding them.

But to whatever extent the interpretations of our own constitution may be rendered obscure to strangers by the complexity and

antiquity of our political fabric, no such plea can avail in denying to foreigners the capacity of judging of the institutions of America. Here are no ancient records to be searched, no vanished states of society to be studied, no doubtful oracles to be interpreted, no obsolete customs to be verified. The documents which define the constitution can be read over in an hour; all the circumstances which rendered the Union desirable, all the motives of its framers, and the compromises which they were compelled to make for the reconciliation of conflicting interests, are on record. We see not only the stem and branches, and the remarkable fruits of the Union, but its very roots. And we say that a foreigner, accustomed to analyse systems of government, and to investigate their results in past and contemporary history, will look at the present conflict from a point of view which, being unconfused by passion, will render him more capable of a sound judgment than if he were an American citizen.

Proof of this is contained in ample measure in the works written by foreigners on the American constitution. Students of systems of government have long been familiar with the singularly profound and sagacious work of De Tocqueville, the conclusions of which have been so completely verified by recent events as to bear the character of prophecy. Where shall we find an American work equally lucid, equally dispassionate, and of equal authority? And now we challenge the united North to produce arguments so forcible, facts so incontestable, and conclusions so irresistible, as are contained in the work of Mr Spence. Though we have never read or heard of a previous work by the same author, yet the excellence of the style would seem to indicate a practised hand, and the force and closeness of the arguments certainly prove him to be a practised thinker. He treats his subject not in the cold and ab-

stract style of some writers, whose works on political systems, however valuable, seem to be produced, not by men, but by some intellectual residuum from which all the humanity has been evaporated; but with a spirit and interest which, though they never give him the air of a partisan, enlist for him the sympathies of the general as well as of the speculative reader. The diffusion of this work and that of De Tocqueville prove how wide is the interest excited among thinking men for American affairs. And we should not have thought it necessary to discuss such books, nor to publish articles on the American crisis, but for the joint facts, that the results of the republican system are of vast importance to our own, and that the civil war has caused that system to become a subject of the greatest interest. Before the conflict, it would have been but lost labour to invite attention to the defects and probable consequences of the Union; but now that all eyes are attracted to America, it becomes a duty to place in as strong a light as possible that example of which we may make such important use.

The subject of Mr Spence's book may be broadly and conveniently divided into two portions, one of which treats of the effects of American institutions on the nation, the other of the causes and motives of disruption. The first is most interesting to us as a warning to ourselves; the other claims immediate attention for a right understanding of the present quarrel.

It is inevitable that any one conducting these inquiries in the right spirit should be led at once to compare the Americans of the present time with the men of the period of Washington. And it must be borne in mind that the great men of those days had been developed as English colonists, not as American citizens. They were the fathers, not the children, of Republican institutions. That those institutions worked well, so long

as they were administered by the minds that had framed them, is undoubted. But those were minds that not only displayed wisdom and public virtue in an unusual degree, but also possessed commanding influence. So long as the governing power is eminent for virtue, energy, and sagacity, the people, whether they live under a hereditary sovereign, an oligarchy, or a democracy, will enjoy practically all the benefits of freedom. Any government administered by such men would work well; any government administered by corrupt and incompetent men must work ill. And therefore that system (as we have insisted before in discussing the American question) is the best, not which seems logically the best provided with safeguards and checks and counterchecks to hold the balance between despotism and liberty, but which brings the best men to the service of the State. Conversely, a system which not only does not bring superior men to the public service, but absolutely excludes them, must be irredeemably bad. In this particular it is worse even than a hereditary absolutism, which, though it does not provide such administrators, does not exclude them, but only renders their existence dependent on improbable contingencies. Now directly the republican system came to be administered by its own offspring, its failure in this respect was manifest. It did not provide for the possession of eminent public virtue in its councils and its executive, scarcely even in its tribunals. If it can further be shown that it actually excludes these qualities from the service of the State, nothing more can be needed to insure its condemnation.

A political system is, therefore, not merely a nicely-adjusted machine; it must be self-sustaining and self-adapting: self-sustaining, because it must call forth the qualities necessary for its proper action; self-adapting, because it must accommodate itself without violence

to the necessities of successive generations. And those who merely construct a nicely-adjusted machine, leaving it to chance to determine what hands may regulate its motions, can receive only a portion of the praise due to high statesmanship. This Mr Spence seems to lose sight of when he says, "The present constitution, although extremely complex, is probably inferior to none ever framed, in the ability displayed in dealing with difficult and incongruous elements. The evils of the country arise from the fact that the constitution has not really been maintained." It would be more correct to say that the system failed to elicit the qualities necessary for its own maintenance, and, failing in this primary condition, it could not but fail in all. Under the control of its creators it answered its purpose, but it could not go alone. No system was ever permitted so fair a trial. None ever pursued its appointed path so completely free from extraneous and disturbing influences. None ever had for its field a country so favoured by nature in all that can render a people contented, and the task of a government easy. But it degenerated, because a succession of Washingtons, Adamses, Jeffersons, and Madisons were necessary to its continued efficiency. The framers foresaw this, and Washington, in his farewell address, earnestly besought his countrymen to exercise the moderation and virtue on which the Republic depended for its support. But to beseech only was not enough. A lady once bewailed to a bishop the inordinate number of her family. "I pray, my Lord," said she, "that I may never have any more children." "Ah! madam," said the prelate, "but you must fast as well as pray." So it was that Washington's entreaties alone were insufficient; yet they were not uttered to deaf ears. No man's words commanded such attention and respect as his. But to what purpose were his precepts

framed, and hung up in places of public resort, and taught as lessons of inestimable worth to succeeding generations, when the practical results of the system are a modern President, a modern Cabinet, and a modern Congress? "The race of American statesmen," says De Tocqueville, "has evidently dwindled most remarkably in the last fifty years."

"And," says Mr Spence, "if this observation could be made by an acute observer, at a period when Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were still upon the stage, it would appear as if there were some impoverishing and exhaustive principle at work, when, at the present day, we search in vain for one single name that may be termed that of a statesman. Politicians cover the land, statesmen seem to have become extinct. At the commencement of its history, no country produced a larger proportion of men of the highest order of ability; indeed, it would be difficult to find elsewhere the record of so large a number in an equal population. The fact was commented upon by Chatham and Burke, in terms expressing admiration and surprise. The names of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, Marshal, and Jefferson are universally classed amongst the names of men of eminent ability. They have been succeeded in our day by the names of Fillmore, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, and Pierce. The contrast is too obvious to need any comment; and when we inquire into its causes, we shall find, accompanying this decline in the talent of public men, a similar decline in the standard of political morals."

It may be said that it is asking too much of mortal men to require them to create a system thus capable of maintaining itself through distant generations. It may be said that all that can be justly demanded of fallible human beings is to construct what shall be good if well administered, and that to the people themselves must be left the task of supplying the qualities necessary for due administration. But, in the first place, as we said before, a much worse system than the original federal constitution would work well if controlled by such men as the earlier Presidents; and, secondly, the very function which the framers

of a republican system undertake to discharge is, to adapt their work to the genius and necessities of the people for whom it is intended. Had the error now apparent lain in the opposite direction—had the tendency to accumulate power in the hands of the executive been made so excessive that the Presidents had gradually become Dictators—the error would not, indeed, have been obvious while power was held by men like Washington, who were incapable of abusing it; but as soon as it passed to others less capable of resisting temptation, the blunder would have become transparent. Everybody would have been ready to say that the constructors of the system had reposed an unwise confidence in the virtue of rulers. And, as the case really stands, all that can be said is, that their error was a generous one, for it reposed a confidence in popular wisdom and moderation which neither the people of America, nor of any other country, can ever justify.

Do we maintain, then, it may be asked, that a federal government, which will naturally be weak, must necessarily be bad? Far from maintaining this, we assert that the constitution of the Union was, with a certain qualification, good. It was good for a temporary purpose, though it is unsuited for permanence. Nothing could be more natural than for States, individually weak, and which had proved by experience the evils of a too independent existence, to wish to form a closer confederacy. The Republic had at once power, respectability, a common policy, and united action, all wanting in the first confederation. Moreover, the forces which have since rent it asunder were not then in opposition. But when this Union, salutary and indispensable in the circumstances of its early existence, attempts to hold in its feeble grasp territories whose expansion has rendered its operation futile, and whose interests are violently opposed, it ceases to be a blessing, and becomes a curse.

Besides its fitness for a temporary

purpose, we also admit, in favour of the Republic, that some of the disruptive elements which lay in the future it was not in human power to foresee. The vast increase in territory and in population which has strained with such severity the inherent defects of the constitution, could not possibly enter into the calculation. It may be said, also, that such an occurrence as the separation, coincidently political and territorial, of two great sections of the Republic, was beyond the reach of prescience. But if this is partially true, still it may be answered, on grounds which we shall presently discuss, that the system itself is principally responsible as the cause of that marked and hostile separation of interests.

It is not necessary to prove by argument or quotation the degeneracy of the public men of America. Not even the violent political crisis, which is such as rarely fails to elicit what of vigour and ability may be latent in a nation, has availed to produce a single man who can be recognised as a leader. But that the tendency of the system has been not only not to encourage men of ability to take part in public affairs, but absolutely to exclude them, is an assertion that requires proof, which we offer in an extract:—

“That ability should no longer form the ground of selection for the presidential office appears injurious enough; but the evil extends much beyond this. Under the system that now prevails, ability is a certain ban of exclusion. It proved so in the case of Webster, of Clay, of Calhoun, and, in the last election, of Seward.” [Perhaps, if Mr Spence had written this after the publication of the correspondence on the Trent affair, he would have seen occasion to omit this last example.] “The fact is so difficult to realise, that it becomes necessary to consider how these elections are really conducted in America. The theory of the constitution is, that the President shall be elected by the people; and in order to avoid the difficulties arising from wide dispersion, it provides that they shall first appoint a college of electors, to whom ample time is afforded for

deliberate choice. This is the theory : in practice, the whole power has passed from the people into the hands of a knot of professional politicians, and the electoral college has become a useless form. The electors are now denied the power of choice, and are reduced to the reality of mere instruments for recording the votes they were from the first appointed to give. The election originates with a committee of the party thus described by Clarigny in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes* : ' 'These committees are filled with briefless lawyers, with doctors without patients, with schemers, place-hunters, who devote themselves to the triumph of the party in order to be elected to some little salaried place. All the chances are for the intriguers, if success be obtained. And it is these committees which name the delegates for the Convention which has to choose the party candidate ; the immense majority of the citizens have no other alternative than to accept these nominations as they stand, or renounce the exercise of their vote.' The members of the Convention thus elected meet at some central point to decide upon a candidate. They come from sections of the country hundreds of miles apart, widely different in their interests, part of them from Free and part from Slave States. The only connecting-link is a common desire for the success of the party ; on all other points there is strong diversity of sentiment. This inevitably leads to great difficulty in agreeing upon the candidate. The most eminent man of the party is first proposed—a Clay or a Webster ; but it immediately appears that in the course of a vigorous career he has done something—made some declaration, or adopted some principle—which has given unpardonable offence to one or more sections of the party. Unless these be conciliated, there must be a division, and success will be hopeless. Ballot succeeds to ballot in long succession. The same capital defect of eminence which excluded the leader of the party eliminates others of less celebrity. At length a compromise is assented to ; some one is proposed for party's sake—a nonentity—a Polk or a Pierce, of whom no one happens to know any harm. He is chosen, not as a person fit for the office, but as the best for the purposes of the party. And here another rule comes into force with disastrous effect. If, as with us, the nominee who commanded the largest number of votes carried the day, then the most eminent would be selected, in spite of sectional jealousy and opposition. But the rule in the United States is to re-

quire, not a relative, but an absolute majority of the whole number of votes. This enables the promoters of several insignificant candidates to render it impossible for any other to obtain the majority required. The injurious effect of this rule is manifest, and often deplored in America. In this country such an evil would be eradicated at once, immediately on its effects being discovered ; but in the United States there is a written constitution, the spirit of which, as we have just seen in the case of the electoral college, is widely departed from, whilst the letter and form remain, to work out, in this and many other instances, the most serious injury to the community. In the present case the electoral college has become a useless form, but not a harmless one. The moment the electors are appointed, the future President is known ; all the influences of his election come at once into action. But the form, the letter of the constitution remains in force—he is not yet elected legally. The power to control these influences will not come into being for more than three months ; and probably the secession movement would not have succeeded, and the disruption of the Union might not now have occurred, but for this departure from the spirit of an instrument, while the letter of it continues to be the law of the land."

We have but to consider the conditions on which only an American can become a statesman, to perceive that high qualities are as effectually excluded from the Legislature as from the Executive. The first condition, as the perusal of any oration or address of any kind to the American public will show, is, that he shall, in the most fulsome and loathsome manner, flatter the people. He must do this, either directly, by telling them with all the hyperbole which he can command, that they are the greatest, wisest, most infallible, and most admirable of mankind—or indirectly, by placing other people and their institutions in contemptuous contrast with those of America. It is not easy to find a high-minded, cultivated, and able man who is willing to comply with this primary necessity. But if he can bend himself to this, who are his competitors in the ignominious

contest? They are men who have been induced, by the salary paid to legislators, to make politics a trade. They start in the race free from the scruples which must hamper the man who retains his self-respect. Can we wonder which class should preponderate in Congress, or that legislation there is characterised by such practices as we are about to quote?—

“The lobbies of the legislative halls are filled with a class of men called agents, whose business it is to work private bills through Congress, or public bills in which, like the Morrill Tariff, private interests are deeply concerned, by means of influence upon members—or, in plain terms, by some form of corruption. This is no secret matter, for indeed secrecy is little known in American affairs; the power of the lobby is alluded to in every debate. In referring to the political corruption that exists, there is the following sentence in the Chicago Manifesto—the creed of the Northern party: ‘The people justly view with alarm the reckless extravagance which pervades every department of the Federal Government; a return to rigid economy and accountability is indispensable to arrest the systematic plunder of the public treasury by favoured partisans, whilst the recent startling developments of frauds and corruption at the Federal metropolis show that an entire change of administration is imperatively demanded.’”

The above is a description of the institution known as “lobbying.” Another curious form of legislation, called “log-rolling,” is depicted as follows:—

“The title of the Morrill Tariff commences ‘An Act to provide for the payment of outstanding treasury notes, to authorise a loan,’ &c., &c. How come matters so entirely distinct to be mixed with the details of a tariff, of necessity complex enough when alone? Because the bill is a specimen of that original species of American legislation known as ‘log-rolling.’ The meaning of the phrase is this—‘You help to roll my log, and I’ll help to roll yours.’ When two logs are put into one bill, there are at once two classes interested in its success. Each may, and frequently does, exceedingly dislike his friend’s log; but this is a tame feeling as compared with interest in his own. The one is a question of his own private

advantage, whilst the other concerns nothing beyond the mere public. There is, however, a difficulty in the way of this contrivance, if too much time be afforded. Some one, who is not of the compact, may be officious enough to separate the logs; or their united strength may be doubtful against a strong opposition, if there be time for a thorough investigation. It follows that a ‘log-rolling’ bill has many more chances of getting through by ‘rushing’ it. This means, to keep it back till the last few days of the session, and then, amidst a crowd of other measures, by dint of vehemence, under cover of confusion, and with the powerful aid of the ‘lobby,’ to rush it through. This bill was rushed. Its fate was very doubtful; there was a very strong opposition; but there was the other log in it. If rejected, it was now too late to bring in a fresh measure to provide for the treasury notes and the loan, and thus many were driven to support it, in order to avert the injury of stopping the wheels of government. Under such a system any consultation with practical or commercial men, any thoughtful consideration of the vast interests affected—these things were out of place. None were more amazed, or so thoroughly dismayed, at the passing of the Act as the merchants of New York; none were more incredulous than the Americans residing in London and Liverpool, most of whom scouted the idea of such a measure being inflicted on the community. Is it wonderful that the people of the South should object to be governed after this manner?”

It must be remembered that these pictures are painted by no unfriendly hand. As in the above quotation from the Chicago Manifesto, so throughout the work Mr Spence clinches his arguments with quotations from authorities which all Americans must admit—from Hamilton, and Madison, and Jefferson, and Washington—from Chancellor Kent and Justice Story—whose recorded opinions on many important points give force to his statements.

The effects of the system on the character of the people are equally marked and better known. We are all familiar with the rowdiness, the disregard for law and for human life, the restlessness and excitability, and the low standard of

honesty in dealing, which mark the lower classes of Americans. It is not that we believe the American populace to be worse than another ; it is that the system makes it the dominant element in the social and political fabric, and its characteristics thus become the characteristics of the nation. What possibility is there of any real progress on the part of the populace, when those who should be its guides to better things are obliged to foster its arrogance, and to flatter its baseness, as the first condition of their own political existence ? As, in the times of chivalry, the old monarchs kept heralds to proclaim their glory and pretensions to an admiring people, and to hurl defiance in loftiest terms at a rival potentate, so does the American despot, the imperial mob, keep its President, its ministers, its diplomats, and its editors, to remind it perpetually of its power and achievements, and to bid defiance, in and out of season, to the universe. The vanity thus fostered and engrafted upon ignorance, has produced that offensive tone of diplomacy which has done so much to alienate foreign powers, that impatience of opposition which is a main motive in the present conflict, and that desire for extended empire which has led to a policy of spoliation.

And it is not in politics alone that the influence of this insatiable popular vanity is felt. The literature of the country has mainly taken its tone from it. In a former article we wrote, "American history is written to prove, not that Americans have performed great actions, but that the actions must have been great because they were performed by Americans." Mr Spence expresses the same sentiment. "A great dominion," he says, "must have a great people, and a great people must have a great history ; and if there be no such history in real existence, it must be made great." And again, "Let him (an author) speak the truth, in however

temperate and earnest a manner, yet so that it grate with the views of a majority, and whether his name be Washington Irving, or Cooper, or Hildreth, from that day he is a black sheep with the populace."

Charles Dickens has written more clever things than most people ; but perhaps he never wrote anything which displayed his cleverness quite so fully as the American part of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. There is something marvellous in the certainty with which he has seized on the prominent features of the national character, and embodied them in some of his most humorous creations. He and De Tocqueville, at opposite poles, as expounders of a system, are equally sure and decisive, each in his own way. The philosopher dissects and anatomises with unerring knife, and shows us the very pulse of the machine. The artist, with equally unerring pencil, places before us the living men who are the types of classes—Scadder, the representative of smartness ; Chollop, of rowdyism ; Colonel Diver, of the venality of the press ; Jefferson Brick, of its ridiculous pretensions ; the dreary Pogram, of the humbug politician,—these, and many others, are they not written in the book of Chuzzlewit, to reveal the children of liberty, in their habits as they lived, to a wondering posterity ? There is a whole chapter in this sentence uttered by Hannibal Chollop, the man with the revolvers, bowie-knife, and sword-stick, who visited Martin in Eden :—

" ' We must be cracked-up, sir,' retorted Chollop, in a tone of menace. ' You are not now in a despotic land. We are a model of the airth, and must be jist cracked-up, I tell you. We are the intellect and virtue of the airth, the cream of human natur', and the flower of moral force.' "

And Mr Pogram's eulogy on this same Mr Chollop is as instructive as a trip to America :—

" ' Our fellow-countryman is a model of a man, quite fresh from natur's mould,' "

said Pogram, with enthusiasm. 'He is a true-born child of this free hemisphere! Verdant as the mountains of our country; bright and flowing as our mineral licks; unspiled by withering conventionalities as air our broad and boundless Perearers! Rough he may be; so air our Barrs. Wild he may be; so air our Buffalers. But he is a child of natur', and a child of freedom; and his boastful answer to the despot and the tyrant is, that his bright home is in the settin' sun.'"

And this, though much more amusing, is not at all more ridiculous than what is published with perfect seriousness in newspapers all over America.

If the effects of democracy on the character of a nation be correctly described, who would wish to "Americanise our institutions?" Much that we have lately learnt must be forgotten before we adopt a system that would exchange our standard of public honour for open corruption, that would give us obscure and venal politicians for tried and high-minded statesmen, that would make busy place-hunters of our population, that would extinguish honourable effort, disown merit, and reduce the nation to one dead level of mediocrity, and that would substitute the will of an arbitrary and rapacious majority for freedom of opinion and equity in legislation. On what possible grounds any honest and intelligent Englishman can, in the face of these facts, continue to uphold either democracy in general or the Union in particular, we are at a loss to imagine. And as to Americanising our institutions, a proposal to Russianise them would be equally reasonable and popular.

We do not say that any one chapter of Mr Spence's book is more forcibly written than the rest. But that which is likely to be of most service to truth and to the general reader is on Slavery. Not that the Slavery question is really the most important in the quarrel. Mr Spence has well maintained the argument of other writers, that the true difference is political, and that

slavery is involved accidentally as a territorial distinction. Only the grossest impudence could pretend to claim our sympathy for the North on the pretence that its people are making war against slavery. But many among us—those who do recognise this fact as well as those who do not—seem to believe that the cause of freedom is bound up in the quarrel, and that we ought not to give our sympathies freely to those whose system is founded on slavery, and who are resolute to maintain it. It is scarcely to be doubted that the feeling of what is due from us, as a people who have protested in deeds and words against the institution, has had considerable influence in modifying our course in the quarrel.

That the condition of the slave has been painted in ridiculously exaggerated colours by sentimentalists and writers for effect, no candid inquirer can doubt. Nevertheless, even those who are too shrewd and fair to believe that the exceptional cases quoted by Abolitionists establish a rule, remain still impressed with general ideas on the subject which are unjust to the slave-owner. For instance, there is no incident in slavery which has so powerfully roused feelings of indignation and compassion as the compulsory separation of negro households, by selling the members to different owners. The pathos which may be wrought out of such situations is endless—mother and child torn shrieking apart, never more to meet—husband and wife becoming strangers, that the needy owner may thus add a few dollars to their price—what more is needed for the condemnation of the system than the existence of such inhuman abuses? Yet we have been assured by a Georgian gentleman, than whom no more unquestionable authority can be found, that in all his experience of the South he has known but two attempts made to conduct sales on this principle, and that both failed. One of these cases was that of a planter who had been

succeeded in his property by a relative who knew nothing personally of the slaves whom he inherited, and who advertised them to be sold separately, as more profitable than selling them in families. For some time no auctioneer could be found to conduct the sale—at last one offered himself, and he was a Northern man. When the sale commenced, Judge Barton (who was afterwards killed at Bull's Run) got on the table, and, addressing the assembly, said that an attempt was being made to outrage public opinion, and that he hoped the audience would mark their sense of the proceeding by declining to bid. Accordingly not an offer was made, and the owner was compelled to sell the families together.

From the same authority we learnt that formerly negroes were on many plantations systematically educated and encouraged to learn. But when Abolition emissaries began to hawk incendiary books through the States, calculated to excite the slaves to rebellion, the risk became so great that education was checked with a strong hand. In this case, as in many others, the Abolitionist has been the worst enemy of the negro. In view of the frightful consequences of slave insurrection, it is difficult to blame the owners for the harsh laws which they have resorted to as indispensable to security.

The slave-trade is also believed to be maintained, against all efforts to suppress it, in order to satisfy the requirements of the South for fresh importations of negroes. Many will be surprised to learn that it is not so, and that the slave-trade is maintained only to supply the necessities of Cuba. We believe that many of the Slave States prohibit by law the importation of negroes; and the same Southerner assured us that, in the last twenty years, but one landing of a cargo of Africans had taken place, within his knowledge, on the Southern coast, and that that had been effected by a proprietor who had employed the

vessel on his own responsibility, not with a view of establishing the traffic, but in order practically to contest a point with the Government.

With these and other circumstances to neutralise so largely the hostile statements of Abolitionists, we feel sure that nothing is wanting but a plain statement of the Southern slave-system, and a clear exposition of the tendency of the laws of the Slave States, to modify considerably public opinion in Europe. But to this the South and its advocates have never appealed. To what end should they have done so? So long as they were in the Union, public opinion did not affect them—the Union itself, as a Northern writer has remarked, "has shielded their peculiar institution from the hostility of the civilised world." And it was not necessary to state their case to the North, because the majority of the North was interested in the maintenance of slavery, and no advocacy was needed to secure its complicity. And as for entering upon an argument with the Abolitionists, the South might well disdain to do so, both on account of the insignificance of the party, and because of the conviction of their insincerity. In face of the fact that they have never made any practical attempt, even where it might be done by really earnest men at no considerable sacrifice, to redeem any portion of territory from slavery, or to increase the difficulties of the slave-trade, the people of the South, and other people also, may well be justified in believing that the crusade against slavery has been used either as a means of obtaining notoriety, or as the weapon of a political party. But now that European opinions on the subject have become of such importance, we do not see how an able Southerner could do better service to his country than by lessening, in a plain and temperate statement of facts, the hostile feeling created by the unfair and insincere advocacy of those partisans and sham fanatics

whose exaggerated statements have been allowed to pass unchallenged.

Still the question remains which will always be a difficulty while unexplained, "Why does the same geographical line that defines Slavery also define Secession?" And this Mr Spence very clearly answers.

In the first place, the greatly preponderating increase of population which emigration has brought to the North has also turned the scale of representation in Congress against the South. The principle is, that each unit of the population of a State shall return a representative. At first the unit was 33,000; but when population increased so fast, it was perceived that the multitude of representatives would form an unwieldy assembly. The unit, therefore, is now above 120,000. The consequence was, that although the South increased in population, yet the North increased so much more rapidly, that the relations of the political influence of the two sections were no longer preserved. Virginia, which, adopting the lower unit, returned 23 members, now returns 11; and the proportions returned by Virginia and New York have changed from 10 to 6, as they originally stood, to 11 to 30; and South Carolina, which originally counted as 5 in 65, now counts as 4 in 233. "Hence," says Mr Spence, "that State has now less than a quarter of the representative power it had when the Federal compact was framed—a compact entered into with the expectation of advantage from it."

The numbers of the other House were not at first dependent on population, for each State sent two members to the Senate; but as new territories increased in population, they were entitled to claim to become States, and they must enter the Union either as Slave or Free States. Hence the balance of power came to depend on the side which should enlist these new recruits; and hence the struggles of the two parties on the

question of the admission of Missouri and of Texas. And to show that the preservation of their political power, and not the spread of slavery, is desired by the South (the *spread* of slavery being indeed entirely opposed to the interests of existing Slave States), it is only necessary to remark that the territory of New Mexico, lately part of the debatable ground, contains only 22 slaves.

"The moment the South has secured the vote of New Mexico, its people care little to go there, or to take the slaves there. The object of the North is the same—the vote of the State in the Senate. The name of slavery is used as a telling cry, or an electioneering manœuvre. Those who want a pretext naturally adopt the most specious. To suppose them in earnest in this cry would really be to mock their intelligence, for we must assume them to be outraged and excited by an evil at a distance of 2500 miles, which they endure in their own metropolis, crawling on the steps of the Capitol."—SPENCE, p. 109.

The influence of the North had long preponderated, and would have been irresistible, but that it was divided into two hostile camps. Thus, so long as they remained divided, the South, siding with one, could maintain its political influence. But when those parties united against the South, the struggle becomes hopeless, and how it happened let Mr Spence tell:—

"By means of this alliance" (with the Democratic party of the North) "the South maintained its original political supremacy, not only long after the change in relative population had removed its solid foundation, but down to the present day. In this lies the real force of the recent election of Mr Lincoln. It is idle to suppose that the South would have encountered the dangers and horrors of civil war simply because another candidate was preferred to its own. The result of an election may cause a riot; but to produce a revolution, a general movement of a people, there must have been causes long in action, and powerful enough to have penetrated the whole public mind. At the last election there were four candidates—Breckenridge, Douglas, Bell, and Lincoln. Breckenridge was the candidate of the Cotton

States, and he would have been rejected by the election of either Bell or Douglas. But no one will assert that those States would have seceded had their candidate been defeated by either of those competitors. Again, the South had previously suffered defeat at presidential elections without the sound of secession being heard. Why, then, the effect on the present occasion? Because, for the first time in the history of the United States, the election of the President was purely geographical: it was not a defeat at the hands of a party, but at those of the Northern power. Every Northern State had voted for Mr Lincoln; every Southern State had voted against him. It was an act that severed North from South as with the clean cut of a knife. Upon such a division Jefferson remarked long ago, 'A geographical line, coinciding with a marked principle, moral and political, once conceived and held up to the angry passions of men, will never be obliterated, and every irritation will make it deeper and deeper.' There is a truth in these words which gave the force to this event; it could neither be obliterated nor revoked. The Northern States had 183 votes; the Southern, if unanimous, 120. Hence it was plain, that if the North chose to act in a mass, its power was irresistible. At last it did act in a mass. Upon that event political power departed from the South, and departed for ever; the substance had long been gone, now the shadow followed it."

It is clear, then, that the difference between North and South is sectional and geographical—not moral. That differences of feeling, of interest, of manners, of origin, of occupation, of society, and of soil and climate, do exist, is a fact too familiar to be enlarged on here. And it being assumed as proved, that this wide and deep division is politically, and not morally, coincident with slavery, it only remains to show how this political preponderance has been turned to the disadvantage of the South.

That agricultural and manufacturing interests may exist in the same community—not only without antagonism, but with mutual benefit—all experience shows. But circumstances of soil, race, and climate, have caused the South to become almost entirely agricultural, while the manufacturing interests

predominate in the North; and, this being the case, the North have used their political power to protect their own—that is, the manufacturing—interests. This they have effected by duties levied on foreign manufactures. And though certain Southern products are also protected, yet that does not prevent the South from being the chief sufferers by the system. Whenever it was considered politic to bribe a State, it was done by protection to its special interests, and done in such a way as to show that the object was, not to make the foreign rival manufacture contribute to the revenue, but to exclude it entirely. The result has been, that the Southerners have been compelled to pay, on such manufactures as are necessary to them, a tribute which is calculated to be as high as 25 per cent, for the benefit of Northern interests. Against this they have struggled for thirty years. And that it is a grievance capable of producing the most bitter feelings and most serious consequences, must be admitted on consideration of the two facts,—that it was a tax on imports, and a very insignificant one, that produced the American rebellion against England; and that it was the refusal to permit the South to share in the benefit of a surplus revenue by the remission of a vexatious tariff, which drove South Carolina to revolt in 1832. Northern writers, who wish us to believe that the tariff grievance is an after-thought and pretence to justify secession, and that slavery is the real cause, drop out of sight the fact that American precedents justify us in believing an oppressive system of taxation to be sufficient to excite a nation to revolt, and the absurdity they are guilty of in saying that the South has armed to defend an institution which the North does not profess to attack.

Since the above was written, the Message of President Lincoln has reached England, in which he proposes to render a gradual system of emancipation possible, by creating

a public fund with which to purchase the whole of the slaves in such States as may choose to accept the conditions.

It is, of course, impossible to predict whether Congress will approve the measure and vote the necessary funds or not. The "lobbying" and other illegitimate influences, which we have before described, will have such a share in the decision that even American politicians must be quite in the dark on the subject; but we may presume that if, for party reasons, the measure is acceptable to the majority, Congress, which has already sanctioned an expenditure so vastly beyond the apparent resources of the Union, will not be deterred, by any consideration of the difficulty of raising funds, or of impending insolvency, from granting the required provision. It is much more easy to foresee how slender is the chance of such a vote producing substantial results, when we consider that it is entirely dependent on that patriotism which the tax-gatherer has never yet ventured to face.

We will suppose, however, that such guarantees will be offered as will satisfy the slaveholding interests, and that the bid is so high as to cover not only the value of the slaves, but the loss ensuing from the abolition of a system, and the substitution of new sources of wealth and traffic, for that which will thus be relinquished. As the President does not propose to emancipate slaves and also to carry on the war as simultaneous operations of finance, but to render the new source of expenditure the means of drying up the old channel, the next consideration is, what effect the proposed emancipation will have in concluding the war.

We have already shown how the real motive of Secession was the irremediable extinction of Southern influence in that Union whose object was, of course, the advantage of all. By withdrawing from the Union, the South, thus rendering

itself independent of Northern majorities, would make its own laws for its own benefit; and so long as the new Confederacy should be strong enough to be respected and to maintain itself, the preponderance of Northern wealth and numbers could no longer operate to its disadvantage. Whether the number of States forming the new Confederacy is more or less, does not affect this question of Secession as influenced by interest or policy.

Supposing, then, that Mr Lincoln's plan is so far successful that Congress votes the money, that the people give it, and that the Border States, now occupied by Federal troops, accept it, it is evident that this will only increase the desperate resistance of the South. What possible inducement will they have to return to a Union in which their original cause of difference will be immensely aggravated by the addition of many States to the former preponderating balance of Northern political influence? In a military point of view, the South will be stronger than at present; for, as we shall presently endeavour to show, the political necessity of occupying the Border States has led to an undue extension of the Confederate troops. We may consider it certain, then, that the North must find the means not only for the new purchase, but for the maintenance of the war to the point of absolute subjugation.

But even granting the further impossible supposition that the South, in despair at the acquiescence of the Border States, should agree to renounce all hope of sharing political influence, to return to the Union, and to continue in it under such conditions as Northern interests might dictate, and to accept emancipation on the conditions offered, those conditions must evidently be something far beyond the purchase-money of the slaves. They must include also indemnification for the vast amount of property which is entirely dependent

on slave-labour for its value. It may be well doubted whether the most extravagant estimate of the expenses of a protracted war could equal the value of the enormous interests which emancipation by purchase would place in the balance.

In presence, then, of these vast difficulties, not one of which admits of probable solution, and all of which are necessary elements in the question—the grant of Congress, the generosity and confidence of the people, the concurrence of the Border States, the intimidation and despair of the South, and the ability of the Federal system to bear the enormous strain which must in any case fall on its already overburdened resources—we have no hesitation in pronouncing the proposal of President Lincoln to be a weak and impracticable attempt to reconcile the jarring interests of the North, which threaten even the remains of the Union with dissolution, and to secure the sympathy of foreign States by the pretence of a wish to make emancipation a part of the Federal policy. To prove that this is only a pretence, adopted for a purpose, we need only quote the following amendment to the Constitution, which, though it never received due ratification, and is consequently not law, was proposed and passed in Congress on the 3d March 1861, in the face of Secession, and to conciliate the slave interest:—

“That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorise or *give Congress power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labour or servitude by the laws of said State.*”

The spirit of this amendment is altogether in support of slavery: the spirit of the new measure is directly opposed to it. Will anybody pretend that the change has been wrought by the philanthropy, and not by the necessities, of the Union? Mr Seward's late attempt to revive the abandoned proposals against privateering, shows how

ready the Federal Government is to make morality and consistency subserve a present advantage. Extreme necessity may be held to justify the present attempt to reconcile Northern factions, and to conciliate foreign opinion; but neither Northern politicians, nor foreigners who are familiar with the spirit of the Federal policy, will be hoodwinked by so transparent a device.

Into the chapter in which Mr Spence discusses the question, whether secession is a constitutional right, we do not propose to follow him. We have, in former articles, pointed out how absurd it is to suppose that the parties to a cause, in which themselves are arbiters, will submit to be bound by the construction put upon the terms of a document,—how false it is, both in fact and inference, to presume that the framers of the constitution ever intended to bind posterity, without appeal, to the terms of the Union,—and how ridiculous is the conclusion, to which Northern pretensions would lead, that, the Union once framed, there is no escape from it, whatever be its fruits, till the end of the world. Those who maintain this doctrine, rely very strongly on the fact that the preamble, commencing “We, the people of the United States,” shows that the constitution was not the work of the States, and that consequently it is not in the power of any States to dissolve it. They argue that, by some singular process, the people of the different States divested themselves for the time of their State allegiance; and with a view of giving a solemn and irrevocable character to the act of union, formed, while creating it, one people. It might be objected to this view that, as the previous confederation could not make one people, but only an aggregate of peoples (for the States are said in the articles to “severally enter into a firm league of friendship with each other,” and their interests were represented by “delegates”),

so the people, if it ever existed as a people at all, must have become so in virtue of the Union ; and that, consequently, to say the people made the Union, is to invert cause and effect, because it was the Union which made the people. In any case to suppose that nations are to be bound by such quibbles in matters of vital interest, is to give them no credit for free will or common sense. It is rather to presume that they are held in a spiritual bondage to the letter of law, which the most abject victim of a modern convent might repudiate. By simply reading, "We, the peoples of the United States," instead of "We, the people," which is rather an alteration of grammar than of sense, the whole argument vanishes. Moreover, it is somewhat singular, if the "people," and not the "peoples," created the constitution, that the convention which defined it was formed of deputies, not of the people, but of the different States ; and that, to make it law, it was necessary that a convention, called in each individual State for the purpose, should ratify it. But two facts quoted by Mr Spence entirely dispose of the argument, together with whatever force anybody may attach to it. One is, that the first draft of the constitution contained the words, "We, the people of the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts," &c., reciting the names of all. But as it was expected that some might not ratify, so, to obviate the inconvenience, the title was abbreviated. The other is, that in the Virginia convention "Patrick Henry objected to the words, 'We, the people,' on the ground that the very construction might be given to them which is attempted at the present day. But Madison at once showed such construction to be erroneous. He replied in these words, 'The parties to it were to be the people, but not the people as composing one great society, but the people as composing thirteen sovereignties.' Not contented with giving the true meaning of the phrase,

he adduced an argument to prove it by adding, 'If it were a purely consolidated government, the assent of a majority of the people would be sufficient to establish it. But it was to be binding on the people of a State only by their own separate consent.'"

Having thus settled the question of the letter of the constitution, Mr Spence goes on to argue, with great ability and force, that its spirit is equally opposed to the doctrine of consolidation. But we believe the fact of secession has, in most people's minds, superseded the necessity of argument. For our own part, we consider that States had a perfect right to secede, not only if they found the operation of the Union unjust and oppressive, but from the mere fact that they wished for independence, and thought they could develop themselves to more advantage separately. We are far, indeed, from asserting, what the Declaration of Independence asserts, the right of insurrection. But secession from a confederation is something very different from insurrection against a supreme government. In ordinary cases, the insurrection of an aggrieved class, which, perhaps, extends into every province, sets a whole kingdom in a turmoil ; and the inhabitants of districts, of counties, even of towns, take sides, and stand in hostile opposition. The anarchy which must ensue is one of the circumstances that renders insurrection a crime, and makes nations "rather bear those ills they have, than fly to others that they know not of." But here the two parties were already separated before the dispute began—and each State, possessing already the machinery of administration, needed only to resume the powers it had committed to the Federal Government in order to form a fresh confederacy, and to start fully equipped on its new career. Nor is it true, as is often said, that secession dissolves or vitiates the Union. The Union remains binding on the same terms on which it always was bind-

ing, namely, on such States as choose to continue to adhere to it.

In a chapter which shows great ability, and a degree of military knowledge not often attained by civilians, Mr Spence discusses the prospects of the conflict. His conclusions are based on the physical aspect of the theatre of war, on the records of previous wars on that continent, and on a comparison of the military spirit and resources of North and South. Those conclusions are entirely against the probability of the South being reduced to submission. There is nothing in the reverses which the South has lately experienced to invalidate Mr Spence's opinion, which is founded on the assumption that no superiority in the field will avail to overcome the obstacles offered by the vast extent and physical difficulties of the invaded territory. But as the contest has passed into another phase since Mr Spence wrote, we propose here, instead of discussing his general views on the prospects of the war, to point out concisely the features of essential military importance which the present attitude of the antagonist powers exhibits.

The fronts of the hostile armies are intersected by the formidable military obstacle of the Alleghany Mountains, which divide the theatre of war from Pennsylvania to Georgia and Alabama. Across the mountain-belt the Potomac runs transversely, and in its valley the continuity of the chain is, of course, interrupted. Through the gap thus made a railway passes, connecting Washington with a point on the Ohio: and thus, by rail and river, there is complete and ready communication between the main army of M'Clellan and the right wing which operates in Tennessee.

At an average distance of sixty miles in rear of this, a second railway connects Baltimore, New York, and Philadelphia with the Ohio. The State of Ohio, on the other side of the river, is a perfect network of railroads, several of which, as well as those of Indiana, the adjoining State, touch the stream at

points lower down. Thus the Alleghanies cease to be an obstacle between the Federal army of the Potomac and the Federal forces in Western Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, since by the Potomac, by the railways, and, above all, by the great highway of the Ohio, troops pass with ease and rapidity from left to right, and all the resources of the rich States bordering on the river are immediately available for the supply of the detachments, however large and numerous, along the entire frontier.

But south of the Potomac no such valley breaks the line of the Alleghanies. The triple rank of ridges interpose their barrier between Eastern Virginia and the Carolinas on one side, and Western Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky on the other. Thus communication between the Confederate army at Manassas, and the Confederate troops in Western Virginia, Kentucky, and Eastern Tennessee, can be maintained only by the roads and hill-paths of the country. A solitary line of railway, however, connects the extremities of the Confederate armies. Passing from Richmond through Lynchburg, it enters the Blue Ridge of the Alleghanies at a place called Buford's Gap, from whence it follows the course of the valley between the main ridges for five hundred miles, till it emerges on the upper course of the Tennessee river, and passes thence to Memphis, on the Mississippi. Along the frontier of the Carolinas the mountain-belt forbids the junction of branch lines from those States with the main road, which is thus isolated till, far to the south-west, a Georgian road joins it in Tennessee. This long, slender, and precarious tie is all that binds together the wings of the Confederate armies, and it passes far behind what has hitherto been their centre. Thus, while troops and supplies are transferred easily from left to right of the Federal front by rail and river, the Confederates can only make corresponding movements from right to left

through the passes of the mountains. The result is, that the Northern generals may at any time assemble an overwhelming force on a point of their line; and if the Southern leaders detach reinforcements to meet it, they will probably arrive too late. In this way the Southerners may always find themselves weakest on the point of collision, especially as their strictly defensive attitude allows their enemy to play this game without fear of a counter attack.

Taking advantage of the facilities which the great highway of the Ohio affords, the western Federal States concentrated their troops and flotilla at Cairo, where the Ohio joins the Mississippi. Abandoning the proclaimed design of forcing a way down the main stream to New Orleans, the expedition moved up the Ohio to the point where it is joined by the Tennessee river. This and the neighbouring tributary, the Cumberland, are streams which, though inferior to the great floods whose volume they augment, would take a high rank among the navigable rivers of Europe. They flow, in the lower portion of their course, in nearly parallel lines, about ten miles asunder; and on their inner banks—that is to say, on the right bank of the Tennessee and the left of the Cumberland—the Confederates held positions at Forts Henry and Donnelson. The Federal troops and gunboats ascended the Tennessee to Fort Henry and took it; then the flotilla, descending the stream, moved up the intervening portion of the Ohio to the Cumberland, and ascended that tributary. Part of the land-forces moved on the bank in communication with the boats, and part advanced from Fort Henry across the interval between the two rivers to Fort Donnelson, where the two wings united to attack that position, which they captured.

The apparent value of this suc-

cess is very great. The rivers protect the flanks of the army in the intervening space, and afford the readiest means of supplying it. It is like thrusting out a great bastion through the opposing line. In advancing—either southward into Tennessee, or north-eastward towards Kentucky—the army will have one flank secured by a great river, which will also relieve it of those encumbrances in the rear that generally hamper the movement of troops. Even if the army so advancing be attacked on its outward flank, and driven back upon the river, the heavy artillery of the flotilla would probably protect it from further disaster. Thus the Federals will not only be superior in numbers, but will possess the additional advantages which we have endeavoured to indicate.

Supposing antagonist forces to be on something like an equality in spirit, discipline, and equipment, there is only one way in which the army inferior in numbers can compensate for that disadvantage. It is by taking positions so strong as shall in some degree neutralise the superior strength of the assailants. But the great plains of the Mississippi are so gentle in their slope towards its channel, that, from Pittsburg in Pennsylvania to the junction of the Ohio with the main stream, 600 miles distant, the downward inclination is only about a foot in a mile. In such a country, then, it is not likely that many strong positions are to be found. Everywhere the level character of the plains will enable the superior artillery to sweep the field, and the more numerous army to deploy its strength. And by making a base of the strip of land which they have gained, and moving westward to the Mississippi, the Federals may threaten the flank or rear of the positions occupied for the defence of the great river, and so make way for the passage of their flotilla towards New Orleans.* Or moving

* Since the above was written, this view is confirmed by the news of the abandonment of Columbus.

up the Tennessee, they may seize a point on the Memphis railway, and sever that important artery.

With such prospects opened to the North, the chances of the South would, at first, seem to be much diminished. And did those regions resemble the old countries of Europe, with their highroads passing through fertile districts, and converging on important towns, a skilful commander might take the present tide in affairs at its flood, and follow it on to fortune. But the difficulties of the country will probably prove the best security of the South-western States. The roads are few, and are described as inconceivably bad. Dickens, in his 'American Notes,' says he went from St Louis to visit the neighbouring prairie, and that two strong horses could draw his carriage only at the rate of two miles an hour, the black mire reaching to the axles. And a recent traveller, Mr Olmsted, tells us that the driver of the omnibus which took him from the hotel at Memphis to the railway station, stopped on the way and asked all the men to get out and walk, as the road was so bad that the horses could only draw the ladies and the baggage. "After some forty miles of rail," he goes on to say, "nine of us were stowed away in another stage-coach. The road was bad, the weather foul. We proceeded slowly, were often in imminent danger of being upset, and once were all obliged to get out and help the horses to drag the coach out of a slough." An army can only move in a country of this description with enormous difficulty and risk, when advancing to any distance from the rivers, which are the real highways of the region. The impediments to the carriage of the necessary supplies would be almost insuperable, and the least interruption or disaster in the rear would be fatal. Thus the movements would of necessity appear to be restricted to the navigable rivers. These may be traversed, and lines may thus be held in Southern territory, but the great

impassable spaces between may nevertheless remain unsubjugated.

It might, perhaps, have been expected that the Tennesseans would have shown some fertility in expedients to impede the passage of the flotilla up their rivers. Great rafts might probably have been formed on the woody portions of their course, which, laden with firewood and explosive materials, might have been chained together, and launched at the right moment into the stream, to wrap the gunboats in flames and smoke. Borne down by the current, nothing could have opposed them, and they would have swept the river clear. As there was time to erect extensive works and batteries, there was time also for such a measure as this.

It has been suggested that the Federal army in Tennessee, by moving towards Western Virginia, may cause the main army at Manassas, thus turned on its left flank, to fall back. But it is to be observed that the same mountain-barrier which prevents easy communication between the portions of the Confederate line, will also obstruct the advance of the enemy. The passes may easily be held by inferior numbers. Mountain warfare demands especial skill in the general who conducts offensive operations. The opportunities for the employment of a guerilla system will be numerous in that extensive hill-country, and the advantages of water-carriage will fail the invader, while the facility of concentrating on a point of the front of operations will probably pass to the opposite party. Even a series of successes in Tennessee and Kentucky will therefore not render the affairs of the South desperate, if the people maintain the spirit of resistance.

Political reasons, doubtless, dictated the extension of the Confederate forces. It was highly important that the Border States should not consider themselves abandoned; but, on military grounds, it was extremely injudicious to occupy them, or, at any rate, to maintain the

positions held in them, when the greater facilities of transport of the North had laid them open to the attacks of superior forces and heavier artillery. As soon as the Southern line of defence is drawn back, throughout its length, to the Alleghanies, the line of railway before mentioned becomes, solitary as it is, of inestimable value. To the Confederates will then pass the power of readily concentrating on the points desired—an advantage which will far more than compensate for their inferior numbers; while the Northern troops, the moment they quit the rivers that have so befriended them, will suffer, while advancing in the hill country, all the difficulties under which the South have hitherto laboured. They will then, in their turn, experience all the delays and uncertainties consequent on advancing along such roads as we have described, where they must leave their heavy artillery behind, and where they will be liable at all times to find the heads of their lengthened columns attacked if they advance in force, or their detachments, if they scatter them, successively overwhelmed by superior numbers. Unless, therefore, the North should gain some great success in Eastern Virginia, the damage to the Southern cause is so far more apparent than real.

Perhaps the most encouraging sign for the South is the frenzy of joy that has seized on the North at the news of its success. Had that news been received calmly, as an instalment of a great expected result, it would have been evidence of a deep-seated confidence in the resources of the Union. As it is, it proves that the state of the Northern mind was such as to make anything a relief which varied the monotony of disaster, and that, notwithstanding their unmeasured vaunts, they will be well satisfied with successes very short of great victories and rapid conquests. And, possibly, Southern leaders may also see grounds for hope in the manifestoes

issued by the new Secretary for War of the North, who disclaims the existence of any other plan of campaign than the very simple one of advancing straight upon the enemy, which, if it really comprises the whole art of war, might perhaps have been put in practice earlier. However reassuring it may be to the North to hear that no profound skill is required to insure victory, it certainly rather contravenes the Young Napoleon doctrine, and seems, indeed, to annul altogether the necessity for that prodigy's coming. A much more humble model may be selected for Northern imitation than the greatest expositor of that science which is now pronounced to be mere impious charlatanism by this new authority in war, who, in a few sentences of Puritanism and bad grammar, sets aside all the theories of strategists. The next time we are involved in hostilities, it will certainly count for several points in our favour if the war department of the enemy is in the hands of such a presumptuous fanatic as Mr E. M. Stanton.

After the strong expression of the opinion of this country respecting the policy of interference, it is not likely that anything but the progress of events can avail to alter our course. Nevertheless, we will observe that the judiciousness of that course of neutrality depends entirely upon the truth of the assumption that the North must fail to subjugate the South. If it must, we entirely agree that it will be better for the South, for us, and for the North, that the contest should be decided without foreign interference. Nor should we in that case anticipate that the unconcealed rancour of the North would impel it to assail us. The least astute of Northern politicians would see that the South would seize such an opportunity to renew the contest, and under very different conditions, with its ports open and its trade protected. But we must also consider how a different termination of the

contest would affect us. That the South can successfully resist we do not doubt, but we have as yet no sufficient proof that it will. It has been suffering of late uncommon privations. It must maintain the struggle under a sense of extreme isolation. Expressions of the sympathy it excites can seldom reach it; and when the troops whom we read of as fighting with fowling-pieces and old muskets are obliged to succumb to Enfield and Whitworth rifles, and to cannon cast in European foundries, they can scarcely but regard neutrality as bearing for them an unfortunate resemblance to hostility. We will suppose that, under the combined influence of Northern arms and numbers, and a sense that all the world is against them, they should conclude the war with such a compromise as the North would consider a triumph, and as would free it from the apprehension of the hostility of the South. The difficulties of the North would then consist in providing for the payment of their debt, of settling internal dissensions, and of laying the formidable military spirit that they have raised. It is easy to foresee that, in such circumstances, one simple mode of disposing for a time of all these difficulties would be to direct their embarrassing forces, Southern, perhaps, as well as Northern, against our American possessions, in pursuit of what they have so often announced to be their destiny. These considerations deserve weight in a question which has been too lightly disposed of. And against two arguments that have been largely used to oppose interference we altogether protest. The one is, that we must abstain because of what motives the North might impute to us. It is sufficient to reply that, so long as we are acting as we have a right to act, we need fear no imputations; and that we surely need not found our policy on what the North may say, when we are now shaping our course with so little regard to what it may possi-

bly do. The other is, that England, of all countries, has an interest in upholding blockades; to which we reply, that England, of all countries, has the least interest in upholding sham blockades, because she is best able to maintain a real one.

Into the recent debate on the question of the blockade a great deal of sentiment was imported, on what grounds it would be difficult to say. It would seem impossible to find a subject from which sentiment is more thoroughly excluded than the American Union. That we owe it no special consideration for past relations with us, we need not repeat. Nor is it easy to discern in what manner it can be said to appeal, on the ground of its own merits, to the imagination or the heart. Certainly no people ever claimed the admiration of the world before on the same grounds as the Americans. They do not demand our respect because of their achievements in art, or in literature, or in science, or philosophy. They can make no pretence to the no less real, though less beneficent, reputation of having proved themselves a great military power. Their boast is that they are prosperous and free. But prosperity and liberty are matters that concern only themselves. They are just reasons for expressing content, but not for demanding applause. Freedom may make a people happy, but it must produce greater results than that before it entitles them to the respect of others. The principal result of American freedom on the character of the American people in their foreign relations has hitherto been arrogance, intolerance, and aggression. Nations which have marked their progress for centuries with the names of great men and great works, in which all humanity has a common interest and glory, are spoken of contemptuously as effete despotisms. Then, by way of showing how much better democrats can do, they seek, with immense agitation and clamour, every four years, a chief fit to preside over the

destinies of a free people, and succeed in eliciting a result about as valuable as if he had been chosen by lottery, or the more ancient method of the flight of birds. Legislative assemblies, whose origin is in any principle but popular suffrage, are condemned as relics of barbarism; and, to put them to shame, universal suffrage collects a national assembly, whose ability is about equal to that of an average parish vestry. Monarchy and aristocracy must alike be sources of corruption; which liberty rebukes by making office synonymous with plunder. And to crown all, liberty itself turns to a tyranny so insupportable as to drive a great section of the commonwealth to open revolt.

But while Americans have so affected to despise all institutions but their own, they can argue, when it suits them, as if the Union combined the powers of a monarchy with the merits of a republic. They are fond of telling us that, if Scotland or Wales were to secede, we should do as they do. Such an argument shows only how ready they are to permit their prejudices and passions to render them blind to inconsistency. The very ground on which they have so vaunted their own government over all others is, that it is founded on the consent of the governed. They never tired of telling us how cheap it was—how complete was their liberty under it—and how happily they had dispensed with the burden of a standing army, which rests like an incubus on the resources of the old nations of Europe. If it was replied that our more expensive system enabled governments to maintain law and order, the rejoinder was, that the Americans were a self-governing people, too enlightened to need the control of material force. Yet now they wish to arrogate for their democracy those very rights of imperialism which they have always so loudly denounced. No doubt the British Government would coerce a refractory portion

of the empire. But our political system is not founded on the sovereignty of the people. We did not start in our career with asserting the right of revolution. Certainly we cannot boast that our government is cheap; but we can boast that it is efficient, and that it can always assert itself. And when democrats seek to eke out the deficiencies of democracy by adopting the resources proper to imperialism, they only prove the futility of attempting to attribute permanency to systems of government whose continued existence is dependent on consent.

Those Americans who most strenuously object to the freedom with which we discuss their institutions, must at least admit that we enforce our views with argument. And as they are no less amenable than other people to the tribunal of the world's opinion, with argument they ought to reply. Threats and abuse will manifestly never establish their case, nor will confused talk about banners and liberty avail to convince anybody. We also think that when they appeal to reason, quibbles about phrases, and forced constructions of terms, such as never could bind sensible persons, unless enforced by authority from which there was no appeal, are out of place in the present dispute. Nor is there any cause for acrimony in the discussion, for we have always entirely separated the political system of America from the true interests of the people. Against that system able writers have brought heavy charges, and have supported them with facts, and with the opinions of American statesmen. To mere denunciations and unsupported imputations, Americans might well have angrily objected, and disdained to reply. But the case against the Republic has been stated with care and supported with ability. The grounds taken are, that the continuance of the Union is not to be desired either for the sake of the Americans or for our own. If we honestly believe that

the results of democracy in America are such as we and others have attempted to indicate, is it not unreasonable to ask us to conceal them? And if the evils of the Union, under its later aspect, are really such as we ascribe to it, may we not contemplate its dissolution calmly, and yet entertain the best feelings for the American people? Will those who object to our criticisms fairly reply to them? Will they say and prove that those evils do not exist? Will they say that they have not themselves formerly lamented them? Do they consider themselves bound to uphold their Presidents and Ministers as legitimate and happy results of the free choice of a people? Will they show

that they have reason to expect us to sympathise warmly with them, and to share their hostility to the South? When they do this temperately, we will give their arguments what they have never given to ours, a fair hearing. Meanwhile we will only repeat what we have often said, and what all who write on the subject say, that whatever we think of the system, we wish nothing but good to the people; that we should be glad to see their better qualities developed under circumstances more favourable than those of the Union; and that we can descry no true advantage to any section of the inhabitants of the continent in the subjugation of the South.

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A VISIT TO RUGBY.

"There is a little town, within short space
Of England's central point, of various brick
Irregularly built, nor much adorned
By architectural craft—save that indeed,
As you approach it from the south, a pile
Of questionable Gothic lifts its head
With somewhat of a grave collegiate air,
Not unbecoming what in truth it is,—
A seat of academic discipline
And classic education.

But for this
The place might pass unnoticed—to speak truth,
As insignificant a market-town
As may be seen in England."*

"RUG-BY!"—With a prolonged intonation of the last syllable, such as railway porters affect for the sake of additional indistinctness, we are warned of our arrival as the train pulls up. But middle-aged gentlemen, to whom that "pile of questionable Gothic"—not visible from the station—was well known in their school-days, might as well be landed at Melbourne or New York, for any knowledge of the localities which can serve them in finding their way now to the school-gates. Not Laurence Sheriff himself, the founder, if he could come down again from London on that "grey ambling nag" of his, riding along the old London road, and look at

the approach to his native town, could feel more hopelessly bewildered. The last five-and-twenty years have changed this aspect of Rugby almost as much as the two previous centuries. It still remains, indeed, as its own poet has described it in his younger days, "as insignificant a market-town" as well may be; but "architectural craft," though it has not much adorned it, has added to it very considerably. *That* the Newbold road, which we get a glimpse of from the omnibus? The driver insists upon the fact, and is probably right. Let us ask no more questions. Already, when we have merely to answer one of the simplest kind, we find ourselves regarded as

* 'The Dream of Life.' By John Moultrie.

some species of pre-Adamite. For, as we rumble into the old High Street, and catch at last a glance at something which reminds us of old days, he asks where he shall set us down. "The Eagle," we reply, joyfully recognising the old familiar sign—"the Eagle, of course." And lo! the Eagle has become a temperance eating-house! Baffled and humiliated as we feel, we are not reduced to *that* point yet; so we allow ourselves to be driven to the George—formerly despised as the resort of mere "commercial," and there, over a solitary chop, we meditate on the fortunes of Rugby.

Not all the curious research of an antiquarian friend, who hospitably takes compassion there upon our loneliness, and opens his stores of local and historical knowledge for our entertainment, can rake up very much that is interesting as to the old town itself. For an old town it is—*Rokeberie* of Domesday Book; which name might imply that it was founded on a rock, if there had been any possible rock to build it on. A prettier name was Rokeby, which it had afterwards; but the Lords "De Rokeby," whose manor it was, have left little mark behind them for good or evil. We listen reverently to our friend's ingenious theories as to what might have been in those earlier days; but, zealous as he is for the traditional honour of his native town, he feels that the pious fraud which would localise anything heroic there, antecedent to the invention of football, would be too transparent. Our obdurate Tory feelings are unmoved by the remembrance that Lieut.-General Cromwell was quartered here before the battle of Naseby with fifteen hundred horse; or that the Dutch King William, passing through the town on his way to Ireland, and taking a local guide, one Gill Morris, to conduct him over the marshes of Dunsmore, was left in the lurch by that worthy Rugbeian (no doubt a staunch loyalist), whom he therefore cursed lustily in his native gutturals. One great and good name, however, is linked with the little town—Mar-

garet Beaufort, Countess of Richmond—the munificent "Lady Margaret," whom Oxford and Cambridge both gratefully acknowledge—"is said to have held this manor in dower, as widow of Sir Henry Stafford, knight, from 1482 to 1484." For the rest, the fame of Rugby must be content to rest on the undoubted fact which Dr Arnold satirically claims for it—it has fourteen cattle-fairs.

But it was the school, not the town, we came to see. Here also, early history and even tradition is somewhat curt and scanty. Rugby, it is well known, can boast no royal foundation, or even subsequent benefaction. No wonder that there has always been a jealousy against admitting it into the sacred band of public schools. It had originally no claim whatever to the title. It was a mere local charity, the bequest of a grateful citizen to his native town; of one who wished to impart to the future boys of Rugby something of that liberal training to which he perhaps consciously owed his own rise in life. It has benefited the town, if not exactly in the way which the founder wished or expected, yet not less directly or decidedly. The class of children of Rugby and Brownsover, for which he intended to provide education—especially those of the latter place—derive little benefit from his pious bequest. Here and there one, of especial promise, may have been enabled to rise from the ranks by its aid; but it has become almost impossible, within present memory, for a "foundationer" of humble parentage and narrow means to maintain his place, without a superhuman indifference or endurance of humiliation, in what has become a school for the sons of "gentlemen." In this respect at least we have made no advance upon the wisdom or liberality of our ancestors, that in modern times the "poor scholar" has become a class almost extinct. Even Christ's Hospital is crowded with scholars who protest against wearing the peculiar dress the rules enjoin; and with some justice, since

it is the badge of a charity to which they have no legitimate claim. But the disgrace lies not in the dress, but in its appropriation. Such malversations of founders' bequests are among the sins for which, if there be any limbo for bodies corporate, our schools and universities have a heavy account to render. Still, Rugby does offer a gratuitous education to the sons of Laurence Sheriff's townsmen; but a higher education, and therefore to a higher class, than he could have contemplated. It is too curious a speculation, and not very profitable, to conjecture whether, if he could have foreseen that the third part of his "Conduit Close," which he made over to his trustees for his educational project, and whose cost price was but £106, 13s. 4d., would produce a rental in 1860 of £4500 per annum, he would rejoice to find it employed in maintaining one of those great Public Schools which are the pride of England, or be vexed at having alienated so valuable an inheritance from his own family.

Of the early life and education of this Laurence Sheriff simply nothing is known beyond the fact that he was a native of the town, and that the somewhat superior rank of his parents is proved to some extent by their burial *within* the parish church. In 1551—during the short reign of Edward VI.—we find him settled in London as a citizen and grocer (the French *epicier* would perhaps better express his line of trade), living somewhere near Newgate Market, and connected (probably only as a privileged tradesman) with the household of the Princess Elizabeth; supplying her with spices to a considerable amount. That he was a stanch and loyal servant to his royal patroness, is apparent from an anecdote recorded of him in 'Foxe's Martyrs.' As Sheriff, after all, was no martyr, the story is perhaps more to be depended upon in its details than some which are to be found in that not very scrupulous chronicle. He had a friend named Robert Farrer, a haberdasher, who, "being on a cer-

tain morning at the Rose-Tavern (from whence he was seldom absent), and falling to his common drink," did, in the hearing of Sheriff, call the princess by an uncivil name, and accuse her of complicity in Wyatt's late rebellion. For which disloyal words, "the aforesaid Laurence Sheriffe, grocer, being then servant to the Lady Elizabeth, and sworn unto her Grace," delated him forthwith to the Royal Commissioners, then sitting "at Bonner the Bishop of London's house beside Paul's," and of whom that terrible prelate was the chief. It was "not to be suffered," said the loyal grocer, in his complaint against Farrer, "that such a varlet as he is should call so honourable a princess by the name of a Jill," or should "wish them to hop headless that shall wish her Grace to enjoy the possession of the crown when God shall send it to her." But Bonner contented himself with a pious hope that such a dispensation of Providence might not be looked for just at present—for he and his fellow-commissioners had little more affection for the Protestant princess than the haberdasher had—and Sheriff's complaint was civilly pooh-poohed. In due time, however, the Lady Elizabeth came to the throne, and Sheriff arrived at the dignity of an esquire, and obtained a grant of arms; but he always seems to have retained an honest pride in his status of citizen and grocer, for by that title he prefers to describe himself in his last will and intent. He still continued his connection with the Court; for in 1562 his name is recorded amongst those who, after the fashion of the day, made presents to the Queen upon New-Year's Day; "a suger-loaf, a box of ginger, a box of nutmegs, and a pound of cynamon," were his offering; still a grocer, and, a few years afterwards, Second Warden of that honourable company.

So much is known of him historically; what follows is gathered from his will and its codicil, and from a document called his "Intent." He had, he says, "intended, by

God's grace, to erect and build" a grammar-school in his native town during his lifetime; but sickness and death came upon him, perhaps somewhat suddenly. In July 1567 he made his will, bequeathing to two trustees—George Harrison of London, gent., and Barnard Field of London, grocer—£50 for the building of a school and certain almshouses, the glebe and parsonage of Brownsover (lately purchased by him on the suppression of the Abbey of St Mary at Leicester) for their endowment, and a further sum of £100 to be laid out by his trustees in lands for the same purpose. He also left his family "messuage" or mansion-house as a residence for his schoolmaster. The school was to be "chiefly for the children of Rugby and Brownsover aforesaid, and next for such as be of other places thereunto adjoining." It was to be taught, if it might "conveniently be," by a Master of Arts, and to be "called for ever the Free School of Laurence Sheriffe of London, grocer."

But as the pith of a letter is said to lie so often in the postscript, so in this case the existence of Rugby School in its present form depended entirely not on the will, but on a codicil. Sheriff, having probably recovered from immediate danger, paid a visit to Rugby; perhaps he saw that his bequest, as it stood, was in danger of proving insufficient for its purpose; for some reason or other, he revoked, by a codicil dated at his native town about a month later, the £100 left for the purchase of lands, and substituted one-third of his property in Middlesex, then known as the "Conduit Close"—twenty-four acres (in the whole) of open pasture-land, lying about half a mile outside the city of London, and at that time little likely to be built upon, since a royal order had been issued prohibiting all persons from erecting new houses within three miles of the city gates. The third part vested in the trustees of the school was at that time let for £8 per annum; it now includes

Lamb's Conduit Street, Milman, New and Great Ormond Streets, and produces, as has been said, a rental of about £4500. Sheriff died some two months afterwards; and though his wish was to have been buried at Rugby, his remains probably lie in the quadrangle of Christ's Hospital in London, formerly the burial-garth of the Grey Friars.

For some time the founder's bequest seems to have been quietly ignored. The property was probably enjoyed by the relatives; one trustee died soon after Sheriff, and the other was either dishonest or careless. It may be doubted whether there was any school at all actually in operation much before 1600, more than thirty years after the founder's death. A decree of Chancery (44th Eliz., 1602) gives the first intimation of its existence. Twelve gentlemen of the county of Warwick—including one of Rugby and one of Brownsover, to represent those interests—were now appointed trustees; thus setting aside, and no doubt for good and sufficient reasons, the succession to that office which the founder's will had vested in the heirs of Harrison and Field. The vacancies in the trust have been from time to time filled up by noblemen and gentlemen of Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, and the number remains the same. The first Master of whom there is any record whatever is one Richard Seele, who appears to have been in possession, though not legally appointed, in the year 1600. For, two years after that date, we find certain "articles objected before the Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council" against Edward Boughton Esquire of Cawston, in the county of Warwick—a person who had some influence with Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and possibly presumed upon it—in which, amongst other charges, he is accused of being "a favourer of notorious Papists, and namely with one Bernard Field"—the survivor of Laurence Sheriff's two trustees; and that, aided by Field and others, he,

"riotously and contrarily to justice, hath made a forcible entry into the scoole of Rugby in the county of Warwick, and from thence hath removed by strong hand and displaced one Richard Seele, being quietly possessed of the same for the space of sixteen months before;" and that he had placed there instead, to be schoolmaster, a "notorious wicked" liver (the original is even stronger), one Nicholas Greenhill. But plainly, Field, as trustee, had the right of appointment, and Master Richard Seele must have been the real intruder; and when we find it objected against Mr Boughton, towards the close of this list of articles, that he was "an *obstinate Puritane*, and dispiseth the Book of Common Prayer"—he who was described at starting as a favourer of notorious Papists—we see pretty plainly that the policy of the objectors was at all hazards to throw as much dirt as possible, in the hope that "some of it would stick." So let us trust, for the honour of Rugby, that the first of her masters officially recorded in the school register, Nicholas Greenhill, A.M. of Magdalen College, Oxford, settled in his office under Field's authority and by Mr Boughton's help A.D. 1602, by no means deserved the scandalous accusation brought against him by the disappointed faction. How long he held the office is not known; but he retired, long before his death in 1650, to his rectory at Whitnash, near Leamington, where his epitaph may still be seen on the north wall of the church, with the following quaint verses underneath:—

"This Green Hill periwigd with snow
Was levid in the spring:
This Hill the Nine and Three did know
Was Sacred to his King:
But he must Downe although so much
divine,
Before he rise never to set, but shine."

There is no hint whatever of his connection with the grocer's school at Rugby, unless that mysterious reference to "The Nine" be so considered; plainly, in those early days, the Rector of Whitnash

was a much greater personage than the Master of Rugby.

To him succeeded Augustine Rolfe, and again Wiligent Greene, of whose appointments not even the dates are known; and then came on a second dispute about the mastership. The inhabitants seem to have claimed, as before, the right of election. A memorial presented by several of the most influential of them, headed by the rector of the parish, to Francis (Leigh) Lord Dunsmore, sets forth that they had "chosen and placed as schoolmaster"—speaking of this as their "accustomed right"—one Edward Clerke, Master of Arts, whom they contend to be the fit and proper person; but that the trustees had preferred to him one Raphael Pearce. And again, as before, the memorialists weaken their cause by putting too much upon the record. Not feeling sufficiently confident of their "accustomed right," they proceed to argue (quite in opposition to the great Bumble principle) that the said Raphael Pearce "was poor, and had many children, who might charge the town;" and again, "that he had a benefice with cure of souls far remote," which must needs divide his attentions. At the first hearing before the Lord Keeper, the point was decided in favour of Clerke; but upon appeal, Mr Raphael Pearce—it is comfortable to know, for the sake of the small children—was duly installed, and remained in quiet possession probably until his death in 1651; but, except his claims as a family man, we know nothing of his merits or demerits. Of the three next masters—Peter Whitehead, John Allen, Knightley Harrison (M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford)—we know even less. In fact, during the whole of these generations the school was still a mere local charity; it is not even mentioned by name in Dugdale's 'Warwickshire,' as first published in 1656. There were obscure disputes and lawsuits about Sheriff's estates between his representatives and the trustees of the

school, which had never yet derived from them the full benefit to which it was entitled. At last, by an inquisition held in 1653 before the Commissioners for Charitable Uses, the freehold of the Brownsover property was declared to be not in the heirs of the founder (who claimed it, subject to an annual rentcharge of £16, 13s. 4d.), but in the present trustees of his school; all arrears were ordered to be paid up, and hence came the first increase to the Master's original salary of £12: and when, a few years afterwards, the Conduit Close was let for £20 instead of £8, it seems to have been raised to about £40. This is nearly coincident in point of date with the commencement of that record so dear to all Rugbeians, the 'Rugby Register,' begun by Robert Ashbridge, M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford, who was elected to the mastership in 1674. Still, beyond the mere names, and in some cases the residence and parentage of the boys, we can learn nothing of the school—probably there was but little to be learnt—under his government or that of his successor, Mr Leonard Jeacocks, M.A. of New Inn Hall. They admitted between them 110 boys in thirteen years, and of these three-fifths were "foundationers" of Rugby and Brownsover.

But now came the man who was to make a reputation for Rugby. In the year 1687, Henry Holyoake, M.A. of Magdalen College, Oxford—*Henricus de Sacra Quercu*, as he loved rather to designate himself—entered upon the mastership in the full vigour of his powers, being then twenty-nine. For forty-four years he presided there; and considering the disadvantages under which he worked, the high position to which he raised a small country school entitles him to take rank not below the later and more renowned names of Rugby. Be it remembered that there was no magnificent rental, in his days of rule, which could give to the head-master a stipend bearing

some proportion to the work required, could provide him liberally with assistants of high academical distinction, and attract and reward ability amongst his pupils by valuable "exhibitions" to the universities; he had little more than the humble salary which had satisfied his predecessors; for even twenty years after his death, when the estates had become more valuable, it had only reached £63, 6s. 8d.; and he had to provide himself with assistance in teaching as best he might. One large school-room, too, the original building, was all the accommodation as yet provided. It is described as having been "a long and rather lofty room," substantially built in the usual style of the domestic architecture of Sheriff's days, a timber framework filled in with brick or plaster, standing behind and at right angles with the ancient mansion-house of Laurence Sheriff's family, which he had bequeathed as a residence for the masters, and which, with the almshouses of his foundation, occupied the frontage opposite the parish church. It had an entrance at the north end for the boys, and probably some private communication with the master's house. Such was the common room in which Holyoake taught for so many years, not only the foundationers of Rugby and Brownsover, but the sons of the best families of Warwickshire and Northamptonshire, who were received as boarders into his own family, and must have been content there with rather scanty accommodation. The fourth Earl of Peterborough, the third and fourth Lords Craven, the fourth Earl of Stamford, and many cadets of other noble families, with half the baronets of the neighbouring counties, were amongst his pupils. No doubt, in some cases, their education may have been only preparatory. Sir Theodosius Boughton, for instance—whose unhappy death has become matter of provincial history—entered Rugby at seven years old, but was afterwards at Eton; and this may have been the case with

others. No visions of a "School-close," with its ample cricket-grounds and racket-courts, must delude the fancy of those who would try to picture to themselves these old school-days of Rugby. There was not even a playground at all. In spite of the scandalised remonstrances of some enthusiastic Rugbeians, there is no reasonable doubt that the future Earls of Craven and Peterborough played leap-frog and hide-and-seek amongst the tombstones in the churchyard, which lay so temptingly convenient, whenever, in their out-of-school hours, they were not engaged at ball or marbles in the street. The habits and feelings of past generations must not be measured by our own. It would be held as highly indecorous in a modern public-school boy to "knuckle-down" upon the pavement, or practise hand-fives against any convenient gable-end, as it would be shocking to his feelings of reverence to make a playground of the graveyard; but the æsthetics of the nineteenth century were not those of the seventeenth; and we should be slow to assume irreverence where none was felt or intended. It is at least a certain fact, that in another provincial grammar-school of some repute, the churchyard was the regular cricket-ground within the memory of those now living; and that we knew one of the players who broke his arm there over a tombstone. We anticipate the verdict from the lips of scrupulous readers, but we are only responsible for the correctness of the fact; and though we may not be inclined to admit that those particular schoolboys were more naturally sacrilegious than any others, we are far from maintaining that a churchyard forms a desirable cricket-ground, for many reasons. Certainly it must give rise to some puzzling variations in the game. There was a vacant piece of ground, we are told by one who was at the school soon after, "beyond the churchyard, which was sometimes used by the boys;" and one champion of Rugbeian propriety argues that, inas-

much as the houses of respectable inhabitants overlooked the churchyard, such a scandal would in no-wise have been permitted; and fondly hopes that it could only be an occasional loiterer on his way thither—"some of the smaller boys"—who thus abused the sacred precincts, and attracted the notice of "some sour and jaundiced passer-by, who out of it trumped up this idle story." Those who understand the nature of schoolboys under all kings that reign, and the especially reverent Church feeling under Dutch William and his good sister Anne, are quite competent to decide on the probabilities.

Of the kindly nature and paternal discipline of Mr Holyoake we have some pleasant glimpses in his will, which makes us long to know more than we are ever likely to recover of his life and labours. His establishment—for he appears to have been a bachelor—was under the domestic management of his cousin, Judith Holyoake, to whom he leaves a legacy on the express ground of her having been "very serviceable and seemingly kind" to the boys. One charitably hopes that the kindness was something better than seeming. At any rate, the good man's evident desire was, that his pupils should be well looked after and kindly treated. Another relative, Elizabeth Story, also succeeded or assisted in the same useful capacity, and has her services similarly acknowledged by a legacy. There is a third small cousin—one Tommy Durnford—who also appears in the will, supplying another proof of Mr Holyoake's kindness and liberality. He was entered at the school in 1723, and was boarded and educated in his kinsman's house. His parents seem to have been of that type of affectionate relatives which most families have belonging to them, who disdain to submit the claims of blood to the rules of arithmetic. Nobody ever paid for Master Tommy's schooling; and Mr Holyoake, in his will—partly, perhaps, as a good-natured satire upon those who had promised to do so—"freely

gives" to his "cosin Tommy Durnford the board and schooling of six years, and the expenses in that time"—money paid for clothes, books, &c.—"which amount to about ten pounds." Even after making every allowance for the higher value of money, we may imagine how astounded the testator would have been at the sight of a modern Rugbyian bill for "extras." Plainly the head-master of Rugby was a man whose good-nature was found very convenient by the less successful or less industrious members of his family; and there is something amusing in the device by which he *pays himself*, as it were, by means of legacies; not allowing to himself or his heirs that he was weak enough to be cheated; "forgiving" to the Rev. Mr Pinley (one of his assistant-masters) certain notes of hand, which were probably about as marketable as poor Tom's school debentures. He bequeathed to the school the portraits of his father and grandfather (who had some reputation as lexicographers), and his library. Neither are now to be seen. If the books exist, they are not distinguishable; yet surely a separate niche might have been found, even in the "Arnold" Library, for the bequest of one of his earliest predecessors: such heirlooms have a value above the bookseller's. There is one bequest in his will which we must notice, as throwing some light upon the *cuisine* of the school-house in those days, even at the risk of shocking the sensibilities of its modern occupants, who are rather luxurious livers, if 'Tom Brown' is to be trusted. We very much fear that the Honourable Masters Cecil and Craven and Greville dined occasionally upon *tripe*. Unless that had formed an important article of consumption, on what possible ground could the worthy head-master have bequeathed so large a sum as £30 to the daughter of Widow Harris, "his tripe-woman?" The only consolatory reflection is,

that it must evidently have been tripe of a very superior quality.

The first mention of any assistant-masters, then, is under Mr Holyoake. One, Mr Pinley, has been already mentioned; another, Mr Joseph Hodgkinson, who had been educated under Holyoake, had the charge of the school during a short interregnum between his death and the appointment of his successor; and a third was that successor himself, John Plomer, M.A. of Wadham College, Oxford, who had also been a Rugbyian. The repute into which the school had now risen, and the increased value of the appointment in consequence of the influx of non-foundations, may be estimated from the fact that Mr Plomer resigned a valuable rectory—Culworth in Northamptonshire—to enter upon his mastership of Rugby. But under him the school declined; we have no clue to the cause, but the entrances in the register sensibly diminish, and he resigned in 1742.

Then came the second, and perhaps the more remarkable, of those men who formed the steps between Laurence Sheriff and Thomas Arnold, but of whom posterity knows too little. Thomas Crossfield, of Queen's College, Oxford, was the Marcellus of Rugby—scarcely shown to the school before he was taken away.* Already he had made his reputation as a scholar, not only at his college, but as master of the small provincial schools of Daventry and Preston Capes. The trustees invited him to Rugby, and his appointment was hailed as an era in the school's history. He came there, says his epitaph (the eloquent tribute of his successor, Dr Knail)—

"Fama præeunte et commendante,
Splendidæ dux colonie,
Summis omnium votis, summâ omnium
expectatione,
Quam morte sola fefellit."

It was indeed "a splendid colony" which he brought with him to fill the waste places of Rugby School.

* "Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent."—VIRG., *Æn.*, vi. 870.

Fifty-three boys—fifty-one of them non-foundationers, implying boys from a distance, whose parents had independent means—were entered on the roll during the first year of his mastership. Many of them were sons of clergymen and gentlemen in Northamptonshire, who had followed him from Daventry or Preston. Fifteen additional scholars—amongst whom was the young Earl of Kincardine (afterwards of Elgin)—were enrolled in the year following, and the whole number on the school-list could not have been under a hundred, which was a much higher point than seems to have been reached before, or for some generations after. At the end of the second year Crossfield died—only thirty-six years old. It is idle to draw a fancy picture; but possibly some minds, to whom these little glimpses of the past are even the more attractive because of the “eternal mist” that we cannot penetrate, will find it irresistible to compare his death with Arnold’s, and to believe that if he, too, had found some grateful pupil for his biographer, we might have had an earlier Rugby memoir of scarcely less affecting interest.

Mr Knail succeeded. Very little do we know of him, except that he became a Fellow of Queen’s College, Oxford, and that his Latin scholarship is abundantly proved by the epitaph which has been only partially quoted above. One of his old pupils has left a very meagre sketch of him, which he would doubtless have made fuller if he had known how much we are interested about his old master. Mr Knail was a bachelor, a Fellow of Queen’s College, Oxford, and used occasionally to hear some of the boys (probably the higher forms) in his study—“a small room, in which he smoked many a pipe, the fragrance of which was abundantly retained in the blue cloth hangings with which it was fitted up.” He resigned in 1751, and went back to smoke his pipe more at leisure in the common-room of Queen’s, till he was presented to the college living of Carisbrook, in

the Isle of Wight, when he proceeded to the Doctor’s degree, sometimes erroneously bestowed upon him as head-master of Rugby. Two heroes from amongst his pupils made themselves afterwards a name in history, and still hold their place even in the light of the more recent glories of Balaclava and Lucknow. One was John Mansel, who, as brigadier of cavalry under the Duke of York in 1794, charged and took, at the cost of his life, a French battery of fourteen guns near Cambray; the other was Ralph Abercrombie, the hero of Egypt. In this latter instance, if tradition be true, the military taste had not developed itself in the schoolboy; for when the Duke of Cumberland’s troops, on their march after quelling the Rebellion in “the ’45,” passed along the Dunchurch road, scarce two miles from Rugby, all the boys are said to have played truant to see the sight, with the exception only of young Abercrombie. Whether it was indifference to the spectacle, or an unusual reverence for school bounds, which kept him from making one of the party—or whether, as is most probable, his national sympathies were with Prince Charlie—tradition does not undertake to certify. But it is a remarkable proof of the isolation of the Warwickshire villages in those days, that the good people of Cosford, which lay only two miles out of the Duke’s line of march, not only never heard a word about it, but knew nothing of any rebellion until it was all over.

Knail was the last master who taught in Sheriff’s original school-room. He had been assisted latterly by the Rev. Joseph Richmond, M.A., “Taberdar” and afterwards Fellow of the same college, and who succeeded him in the head-mastership. Meanwhile, in 1748, the first Act of Parliament was passed relating to the school. The old buildings had fallen out of repair, and it was feared, as the applicants to Parliament represented, “that the Free School, which had for many years been in great repute, and not only

a benefit to the neighbourhood, but of public utility, might be lost and become useless." The want of anything like a playground, too, was now beginning to be felt, and was set forth in the application as an additional reason for a change of site. The income of the school-estates at this time, taking one year with another, was £116, 17s. 6d., of which £31, 13s. 4d. was paid to the almsmen, and £21, 17s. 6d. expended in clothing them, and in keeping the buildings at Rugby and Brownsover in repair. The Middlesex estate was now let on lease to Sir William Milman, which would expire in 1779, and under which part of Lamb's Conduit Street, Red Lion Street, and Milman Street had already sprung up upon Sheriff's pasture-close. This promised a valuable revenue to the school within a reasonable period. The trustees were empowered, under the Act, either to sell a portion of the property, or to borrow on mortgage a sum not exceeding £1800 for the purchase of a new site and the erection of suitable buildings. They had first in view a substantial brick-built residence adjoining the original property, and facing the marketplace;* but some obstacle fortunately intervened, and they finally purchased, of a Mrs Pennington, a site which was in every respect much more suitable for their purpose. It was the manor-house of Rugby, built about the time of Charles I., standing clear of the town on all sides but one, where its two wings abutted on the street, and formed, with their connecting palisades and entrance-gate, a square court within.

It had four fields attached to it, of which the two upper were at once thrown together, and formed the original "School-close." There a new school-room was built adjoining the west side of the mansion-house, which was retained as the residence of the head-master, and thither, in 1755, the school was transplanted under Mr Richmond. The new building, which was of brick, stood as nearly as possible on the site of the present school-house hall, and if the drawings of it which have been preserved are a fair representation of it, was as ugly an erection as might well be: and in spite of its having on the west side (facing the present chapel) "a handsome porch according to the rules of the Doric order," and a wooden cupola with a clock and a vane, did very little credit to its Warwickshire architect.† The lower storey formed one large room, in which all the classes were taught: it was wainscoted with oak, like the present schools, up to the windows, with fixed seats and desks for the boys; and at the southern end (looking into the school-close), which was built in a semicircular form, was a seat of authority in which the head-master presided. The upper storey was divided: the portion over the semicircular apse forming the main dormitory—distinguished from the smaller ones, and well remembered as "Paradise," from its pleasant look-out, but which nevertheless, we are told, "was not the most peaceable lodging in the house"—and the northern and smaller apartment, serving as a kind of common sitting-room, called "Over-School,"‡ where the boys'

* Now in the occupation of E. Harris, Esq.

† There is a careful drawing of the School as it stood in 1809, made by Mr E. Pretty, then drawing-master. The prints are now scarce. A poor and less accurate sketch may be seen in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for March 1809 (vol. 79).

‡ In this room it was that, in the latter half of the last century, the punishment of "Ash-planting" used to take place. It was inflicted by order and in the presence of a judicial committee of the preceptors (Sixth form) for some few grave offences against the recognised internal discipline of the school; *e. g.*, a personal assault upon one of their body by a mutinous fag (an offence which would still be severely punished by the masters if not by the Sixth themselves). Three ash-saplings were used; in theory, at least, the two first were to be broken upon the person of the culprit. It was severe—perhaps unjustifiably so; but it had the character of being

boxes were kept, and which the elders soon appropriated to themselves for much the same purposes as the present "fifth-form room." In the wings of the manor-house itself was a writing-school, and above some smaller bedrooms for boarders, with two sick-rooms.

Such was the second local embodiment of Rugby School. There is considerable doubt whether its progress as a place of education was at all in proportion to these architectural developments. It seems to have become something like an appanage to Queen's College. Mr Knail, as we have seen, handed it over to Mr Richmond. How the school prospered under him, we have even less than the previous data for ascertaining. Either he admitted no new boys at all in his four years of office, which is highly improbable, or he omitted to enter their names in the register, which does not leave an impression favourable to his regularity. He soon grew tired of Rugby, or Rugby grew tired of him, for he retained the appointment only four years, when he also resigned in favour of his fellow-collegian and assistant-master, Mr Stanley Burrough. This gentleman held it for twenty-two years, but there was no great advance made either in numbers or in repute under his government. Yet he left behind him the character of a kindly man and a good master—blessed with a most happy command of temper.

Few are the glimpses which can now be recovered of the inner life of the school even at his date; but there was one of his pupils whose case occupied the law courts of England and Scotland for many years, and which gave rise to a scene at Rugby long remembered by those who were present. Archibald Stewart Douglas, who was entered there in 1758 "to be fitted for the army," was the son of Sir John Stewart of Grandtully Castle in Perthshire (the Tully-veolan of

'Waverley'), by Lady Jane Douglas, only sister of the last Duke of Douglas. The lady was forty-seven when she married; and Archibald was born (with a twin-brother who died young) at Paris in the year following. Altogether the circumstances were suspicious; the Hamilton family, who were the Duke's next collateral heirs, and who saw their succession to his vast estates imperilled by these unexpected intruders, endeavoured, and for some time with success, to persuade him that the birth was supposititious. Amongst other steps taken by the Duke to satisfy his scruples, he sent down to Rugby a gentleman named M'Glashan. At his request Mr Burroughs assembled the boys in the school, and he was enabled to single out young Archibald Douglas (whom he had never seen) from the rest of his schoolfellows by his remarkable likeness to his mother's family. From this and other inquiries, the Duke became convinced of his nephew's legitimacy, and entailed his estates accordingly; but on his death, in 1761, an action was commenced on behalf of the Duke of Hamilton (then a minor) for their recovery. The "great Douglas cause," after much litigation, was decided by the fifteen Judges of Session, by a single casting vote, in favour of the Hamilton claim; but this judgment was reversed on appeal to the House of Lords in 1769; and so popular was young Douglas's cause in Edinburgh, that the city was illuminated for three nights after the decision was known there. He was afterwards created Baron Douglas of Douglas Castle.

Up to the close of Mr Burrough's administration, the common costume of Rugbeians was cocked-hats and queues, and boys of higher position were conspicuous in scarlet coats. Those who were sent to the school, from whatever distance, came on horseback. It took William Heyrick, coming from Leicester (which

only inflicted in extreme cases, and with strict justice, and was not regarded as a cruelty in the school.

the train does now in forty minutes), the whole day, carried on a pillow before a man who was chosen for his knowledge of the quagmires on Dunton Heath, between Leicester and Lutterworth. Great was the excitement when two boys arrived in a post-chaise in 1774: they were sons of an innkeeper at Daventry, to whom such a luxury came cheap. Even at a later date, the north-country boys, to the number of thirty or forty, remained at Rugby during the winter holidays.

It was towards the close of Mr Burrough's mastership, in 1777, that the Act of Parliament was passed which may be called the Second Charter of the School. The lease to Sir William Milman of the London estate was just expiring, and a valuable house-property was coming into the possession of the trustees. By the new Act they were legally constituted as "The Trustees of the Rugby Charity founded by Laurence Sheriff," and empowered to use a common seal. The salary of the head-master was raised to its present amount, £113, 6s. 8d., with the addition of a capitation-fee of £3 for each foundation-boy instructed in Greek and Latin. Provision was for the first time made for an "usher or ushers," at a salary not exceeding £80. A writing-master was appointed, that office having been previously discharged by the master of the Free-school founded at Rugby by Mr Elborow in 1707, who was specially directed to be "serviceable in teaching in the *Latin* school as well as" in his own. The limits of the foundation were extended to five miles round Rugby; and the first exhibitions to the universities, of £40 per annum each for seven years, were founded out of the increased revenues. It was with reference to these, no doubt, that the trustees were directed to meet quarterly and hear the *foundationers* examined; and although an attempt to limit the elections to such boys, in the event of fit candidates presenting themselves, was defeated in the Court of Chancery some years ago, there

must remain grave doubts of the justice of extending Laurence Sheriff's "Rugby charity" to the sons of esquires and baronets from all parts of the United Kingdom. But such, in all cases, is the modern liberal interpretation of founders' bequests. Another recommendation in the Act has been distinctly disregarded in the election of the head-master, and, in more than one instance, with very questionable advantage to the school. It was directed that preference should be given "to such as had been educated there," if found duly qualified; but it is somewhat remarkable that, although some of the previous masters had been originally Laurence Sheriff's scholars, no Rugbeian has been elected since the passing of this Act.

These extensive developments were perhaps rather more than good Mr Burrough could keep pace with. They improved his position, but at the same time added to his responsibilities. He had now been master for twenty-two years, and was past seventy. The Act, while making future provision for the removal of inefficient head-masters by declaring the tenure only "*durante bene placito*," had specially maintained his freehold of the office "*quamdiu bene se gesserit*." But he resigned the next year, before the new regulations could have come into operation, and was presented by a relative to the rectory of Sapcote in Leicestershire, where he died. The improved position of the school now offered attractions to a man of higher mark. Thomas James, Fellow and Tutor of King's College, Cambridge, already twice distinguished there as "Members' Prizeman," was elected to the vacancy. He brought to Rugby Eton scholarship and probably Eton discipline—both the most efficient of that day. Another Fellow of his college accompanied him as second master; and other assistant-masters, graduates of both universities, were added in rapid succession, as the trustees came into possession of their increased rental, and the school

rose in numbers and repute. Dr James found there 52 boys: in five years he had raised them to 165.* The one large school-room was no longer sufficient: a new building was added on to its west side (communicating with it by the folding-doors of its original entrance) containing two additional schools, occupying as nearly as possible the site of the present "Fifth-form" and "Twenty" schools. In the first of these were four long tables, at one of which the boarders dined, and the three others were occupied by the first, second, and lower third forms. The upper storey was divided by wooden partitions into "studies" for the boys, leaving a broad passage in the middle. A three-storeyed erection on the north front of the mansion-house was also appropriated to the same purpose. But even the new schools overflowed, for the numbers rose in time to near 300; and the head-master was obliged to migrate into a barn adjoining the Dunchurch road—somewhat lower down than the present chapel—which, with an addition at one end, formed a commodious school-room. There, for more than twenty years, successive head-masters taught the two senior forms, and it was even used as a chapel on Sundays, when the numbers of the boys grew too large for all to be accommodated in their gallery in the parish church. The far end of this "Barn-school" (as it was called) was cut off to form a room for the French master and his class; and there was a small lean-to at one end which had very painful memories attached to it, being a sort of execution-dock, so often resorted to by a subsequent head-master of moderate stature for the punishment of delinquents, that a witty Rugbeian suggested as a motto for it, "Great cry and little WOOLL." Connecting these buildings with the three schools adjoining the old manor-house, was a line of cow-sheds, which served as a shelter in rainy weather, where the

Fifth and Sixth congregated, as now in the cloisters, before lesson-hour, and in which the fags of that day, many of whom are now living to record it (*credite posteri*)—played marbles! Such was the Rugby of 1809, for it was not until then that barn and cow-sheds disappeared, and the present school buildings were begun. Marbles, we fear, survived longer, for even hoops had their season down to a later date.

We have tolerably accurate descriptions of Dr James's days; for in his time Rugby began to take a public rank, and Rugbeians thought their experiences worth recording. "Good school, Rugby," George III. is reported to have said—"Good scholar, Dr James—very good scholar." His Majesty might not have been the most competent judge, but he had a knack of enunciating facts. In 1789, one of Dr James's pupils was Charles Apperley, better known as "Nimrod." In his garrulous old age he took to writing some rambling recollections which he called his 'Life and Times;' they were published in 'Fraser,' and might have gone on till now (for they never seemed to get any nearer the end), if he had lived, and if the editor had not grown tired of him—which he did. He jots down amongst them notes of his school-days, which are not without interest, and, when corrected and illustrated by contemporary recollections, give a tolerable notion of what those school-days were. There were then six assistant-masters. The head-master taught the Sixth (not numbering more than twelve or fourteen) and the Fifth forms. The Upper Fourth was under Innes, the second master (afterwards master of Warwick school), "a gentleman," says Nimrod, "in thought, word, and deed;" and, moreover, an admirable player of single-stick, which he much encouraged amongst the boys. The Lower Fourth and Upper Third—under William Sleath (afterwards master of

* Dr James appears not to have included in his lists such foundationers as lived in the town.

Repton School), and Philip Homer respectively—occupied the original “Old School;” while the centre school held the Lower Third, Second, and First, under John Sleath (afterwards High Master of St Paul’s), William Birch, and Richard Rouse Bloxam. There was a terrible amount of flogging; but that was not peculiar to Rugby, being a remedy much in vogue at all schools at that date; and there was also the unnecessary addition of canings—always more objectionable, as liable to be inflicted according to the master’s temper at the moment—even “double” canings—three blows on each hand. The boarding-house system was then in full operation. When it was first introduced seems now beyond discovery; but in all probability many boys must have lodged out in Mr Crossfield’s time; though it has been stated that Mr Burrough, in his later days, refused many boys for want of room, from which it would appear that the “school-house” (in which he had at one time as many as fifty) was then the only available accommodation. The earliest boarding-house of which there seems to be any certain record, is that kept by the Rev. Christopher Moor, at the Rectory. The recognition of “private tutors”—a great blot in our public school and university system, amounting to a confession that the *public* teaching, expensive as it is, proves insufficient—was beginning to creep in, probably from Eton. It has been found too convenient a means of increasing the masters’ emoluments not to have made good its footing both at Rugby and elsewhere. After long figuring in the list as one of the “optional” items, private tutors and private studies are now charged among “necessaries.”* In Apperley’s time the tutor was really optional; but this gave the boys who availed themselves of his aid a very unfair

advantage; for then it was the custom for the private tutor to “construe” over the lesson to his pupils previous to their going up with it to the master of their form; and young Apperley, whose father considered all necessary instruction fairly included in the regular school fees, took advantage of William Sleath’s nearsightedness to slip in, and enjoy a little private tuition unperceived. Fagging—a more venerable but less popular institution—existed then at Rugby in a form which few even of its most zealous defenders would wish to see restored. Instances of great cruelty were rare, but not unknown. The case of half-roasting before the hall fire, at which readers of ‘Tom Brown’ may have shuddered, and which is by many supposed to be a myth common to many public schools, certainly took place in Dr James’s days at Rugby, and the names of the tormentor and his victim are well known to many of their contemporaries now living. But even the common daily life of a fag had its hardships. Warming two or three cold beds by one’s own natural caloric was not a pleasant process; neither was running two miles and back, at four o’clock in the morning, to take up the night-lines which the preceptor had set in the Avon, the best preparative for first lesson at seven. Blacking shoes, cleaning knives and forks, and carrying up the water from the pump to the dormitory—even to “Paradise” itself—would be thought hard measure by a school-house fag of the present day; when even “fagging-out” at cricket—that most wholesome practice—is all but superseded by the use of nets. Yet these things do not seem to have broken the hearts of the Rugbeians of the past, or to have interfered with their pleasant reminiscences of “Queen Treen,” the popular pastry-cook of those days, or of the great jack that was snared

* We are not advocating a reduction of charges; good masters should be liberally paid. But we object to “optional” and “private” tuition in a public school: let all *necessary* education be included in one single charge.

in Caldecott's pond, in face of all perils—perils from Caldecott, perils from præpostors (who always claimed a monopoly of poaching), perils from the masters, and even from Jack himself, who snapped his teeth within an inch of Butler's nose, and nearly spoilt a future head-master of Shrewsbury. For a great fisherman was Sam Butler, in all modes, lawful and unlawful—"an idler fellow could scarce be found at Rugby;" solitary and unpopular; always reading novels and plays, and yet knowing the most crabbed bits of Demosthenes, and the toughest Greek chorus, by some sort of intuition, and dictating Latin verses as fast as others could write them down. "Play for Butler,"* sounded in the school on the "given" half-holidays as commonly as have other well-known names in modern remembrance. "How do *you* take it, Butler?" was a not uncommon appeal from Dr James, when one of those hopelessly corrupt jumbles of Greek words, whose translation can be only happy guess-work at the best, came on in the course of the Sixth-form lesson; and Butler's solution, if not always certainly correct, was sure to be "*ben trovato*." Very pleasant is this condescension of the elder scholar to the bright young pupil; too really learned to profess infallibility, too generous not to give full scope to vigorous youthful genius, too liberal not to recognise, through the external relations of master and pupil, the equal platform upon which mind meets mind. It will not fail to remind Sixth-form Rugbeians of a later date, how Arnold used in such cases almost to repeat his predecessor's phrase, turning with that smile of his that was always half a frown, to some young student of hardly less promise than Butler—"What do *you* make of it, —?" when readings and commentators were all at variance, and he was quite conscious that his own limited scholarship

made him an unsteady holder of the critical balance. Those were the days, too, in which Walter Savage Landor astonished masters, boys, and neighbouring rustics, by the use and abuse of those remarkable powers which should have made him a pride to Rugbeians—beating Butler himself in Latin versification, and without a rival in boxing, leaping, and all sports allowed or forbidden; now seen on horseback out of bounds, galloping beyond the reach of pedestrian authorities, and now, after the fashion of a Roman *retarius*, throwing his casting-net over the head of the miller who had ventured to demand possession of that illegal implement, and reducing his enemy to abject submission under those helpless circumstances; and when good Dr James (on whom he was always writing squibs, Latin and English), with the intention of offering serious remonstrance, knocks for admission at his study-door—that recognised castle of every Rugbeian, which no master dreams of entering without leave—affecting to discredit the reality of the visit or the voice, and devoutly ejaculating from within his bolted fortress, "*Avaunt, Satan!*"

Dr James's epitaph in the school chapel probably does him less than justice when it records of him, "*Erat lepore condita gravitas*." He is said by his old pupils to have been as fond of a joke as he was of flogging; and he certainly seems to have borne with much from really clever boys. The late Lord Lyttelton by times delighted and provoked him. He—at that time Mr Lyttelton—was the ringleader in a good deal of mischief at the school in his day; but so clever and so amiable that he met with considerable indulgence. He and others tied up a young donkey one morning in the Doctor's desk at school; and Dr James, on proceeding to lesson, found the post of honour already occupied by this strange representative. He must have either been

* One half-holiday in each week is supposed to be given for some specially good exercise in the Sixth.

too much amused to preserve his gravity, or have had remarkable forbearance. "Take the young doctor down, but don't hurt him," was all he said; and the culprits seem to have heard no more of it. Lyttelton grew rather too much for the Doctor at last, and received one of those notices to quit which save the pain of expulsion.* He carried himself and his jokes to Christchurch, where Dean Jackson found him as pleasant and as troublesome as Dr James had. He dressed up the then existing "Mercury" in the basin of Tom Quadrangle in a cast-off wig and gown of the Dean's; to him, at least, the credit of it was given by Jackson himself, on the ground that "no man in college would have dared to have done it." His insuperable love of fun somewhat interfered, in later years, with the due appreciation of his real abilities in the House of Commons.

The annual "Speeches," at which the prize poems and essays are recited, and occasionally dramatic dialogues and orations selected at the speakers' option, date from a very early period in the history of the school. They used at first to be held at the beginning of the summer holidays, when (in Mr Knail's time) the original school used to be strewed with rushes in honour of the visit of the trustees. For this primitive festal decoration was in after days substituted the dressing the master's desks, in the school where the speeches were held, with oak-boughs and flowers; and this again was given up, when (in 1814)

the time was changed from Midsummer to Easter, when flowers and green boughs were scarce, and when the increasing numbers of the company led to the erection of galleries, and the converting the whole area into an amphitheatre, so that such decorations were no longer practicable. They were then transferred to the "Island," which, with much labour and groaning of fags, was made to assume for the Easter week (and for that week only) the appearance of a highly-kept garden, which the ladies were expected to visit, and which sent many an admiring mother home charmed with the Arcadian recreations of her much-maligned schoolboys. That island is, alas! no more an island. Very many have been its vicissitudes: originally (my antiquarian friend thinks) a British tumulus; then possibly one of the fish-ponds of the monks of Pipewell—they certainly had others close by; then a shady grove in which præpostors of very ancient date sat apart like gods and conned their lessons; then a garden useful only to keep fags from being idle, or living in unnatural enjoyment (as at present) of half-holidays, where they were fagged to make really pretty flowerbeds with the strangest garden-tools—half a pewter spoon, or a whole dinner-fork; then a gymnastic ground with swings and poles, and the moat drained dry, but only half filled up. A more wretched sight than it now presents is not to be imagined. Who can believe that in that dry ditch William Heyrick,

* On the Dunchurch road there was a stile long known as "Bags' Stile;" for here a certain set of boys, of whom Lyttelton was one, used to sit and "chaff" the passing "bagsmen"—for the commercial travellers to Rugby then rode with actual saddle-bags; and this practice led to terrible fights occasionally with the aggrieved riders. When Lyttelton departed he left an elegy, of which the first verses are as follows:—

"Farewell, ye bagsmen, sons of Grease!
Ye men of bags, farewell!
To Rugby now jog on in peace,
In peace at Lambley's,† dwell.

"No more the odious cry of 'Bags!'
Shall haunt you through the town;
In safety mount your lanky nags,
For Lyttelton is gone!"

† The landlord of the "Eagle."

in 1776, was tempted to *bathe* five times in one day, and caught cold therefrom ?

Dr James had done much to make the Speech-day attractive by practising the boys in elocution, with which he took very great pains—a point to which Dr Wooll, in his mastership, also paid much attention ; but Dr Arnold—himself no elocutionist—rather discouraged any display of the kind, and certainly diminished the interest of this annual festival, by making the recitation of prize compositions, often very badly delivered, and the distribution of the prizes, the sole attractions in the programme. Under the present management, Shakespeare and Sheridan have been very judiciously restored, and portions only of the prize essays are now recited, much to the delight of the ladies, and somewhat to the relief of the boys, by whom the whole proceeding has usually been voted a bore ; though those who remember poor Bob Thorpe as *Falstaff* will make exceptions. But even Dr James was unable to train orators at Rugby. Nimrod can only remember one of his school-fellows who obtained any notice as a speaker in Parliament ; and he was a noble lord who rose when he was very tipsy, and had to be pulled down by the skirts of his coat. The vice of Rugby in those days was drinking ; it has been its vice from time to time in later days,—even in the rose-coloured period of ‘Tom Brown,’ when there was less excuse for it in the general habits of society ; but Mr Apperley records that there was “an excellent feeling throughout the school as to what may be called gentlemanlike and honourable conduct.”

For sixteen years Dr James continued at the head of the school, which never lost the high position it had gained under his government, though in the last few years the numbers had slightly decreased. He resigned from failing health ; and the trustees, as a mark of their appreciation of his services, applied

for and obtained his appointment to a prebendal stall at Worcester. He was succeeded by another late Fellow of King’s—Dr Henry Ingles, master of Macclesfield school. It is probable that he found the discipline somewhat relaxed ; at any rate, he had the credit, as new authorities commonly have, even without deserving it, of drawing the reins unpalatably tight. One very honest measure of reform he certainly attempted to carry out. The expenses of Rugby had risen considerably under Dr James. They had amounted, in Mr Burrough’s day, to a sum which seems absurdly small to those who have to pay modern school-bills. The little Lord Douglas that was to be only cost his friends, for one year’s total expenses, “extras” inclusive, the sum of £26, 16s. 2½d. And there were remonstrances from careful fathers, when Dr James raised the charge for board from £12 per annum to £14. Yet at the same time, if Nimrod’s recollections are to be trusted, the private personal expenses of some of the boys were very considerable—exceeding, it is to be hoped, any amount that would be possible even in our extravagant times, when London “professionals” are engaged as bowlers, and fags would think it an indignity to roll their own cricket-ground, and the “Eleven” cannot put on their shoes except in a “pavilion,” and Volunteer uniforms and foot-ball costumes make a severe inroad upon the privy purse ; for he speaks of one schoolfellow, a nobleman’s son, who spent a hundred pounds a-year in pocket-money. Such abuses probably led to a circular which was issued by the new head-master, on his appointment, announcing his intention to carry out the design of his predecessor in reducing the expenses of the school, “to meet the wants of persons with moderate incomes and large families ;” and calling upon parents themselves to check unnecessary extravagance.

Dr Ingles appears to have shown

a severity of manner, if not of personal disposition, which contrasted unfavourably with the amenity of the late head-master. He was very unpopular at first; and this led to what must be considered the chief event of his reign—the Great Rebellion of 1797. There had, indeed, been an outbreak before this, which Nimrod (whose sensibilities could not have been very easily shocked) characterises as “awful”—a word of more meaning in his schoolboy days than now; but it was before his time; and as, with unusual reticence, he professes himself unwilling to revive the subject, we may conclude he knew very little about it. A lady’s letter,* lately published, places the fact and the date (1786) beyond all doubt; but we are able now to recover nothing of the details. But many actors in the later rebellion survive. It has assumed so many forms in the school traditions, that it may be as well to give the points in which the narratives of eyewitnesses agree. It arose out of the surreptitious purchase of gunpowder for firing a pistol. Dr Ingles required from the culprit the name of the person who had sold the forbidden article; but the cautious tradesman had entered the purchase as *tea*, and the boy was flogged for a falsehood—of course, so far, unjustly. The school, in righteous indignation, broke the cowardly tradesman’s windows. The Doctor insisted they should be paid for. The bolder spirits in the Sixth and Fifth—a future Marquess and a Bishop amongst the number—protested by a round-robin that they would do no such thing. Severe measures were threatened by the master. A petard fixed to the door of his school that evening, which blew it off its hinges, was the reply on the part of the boys. On the following morning—the Saturday of the great November horse-fair—the school-bell rang

out, after first lesson, violently and irregularly, what was soon known to be the tocsin of war. The benches, desks, and wainscoting, were torn down from the several schools, and piled in one large bonfire in the middle of the Close, to the great enjoyment of the farmers and horse-jockeys, who lined the railings by the Dunchurch road. The school-room windows, protected by lattice-work, were broken with pointed sticks by small boys, hoisted for that purpose on their companions’ shoulders. Personal violence was threatened against Ingles himself—the “Black Tiger,” as he was irreverently called. He was obliged to shut himself up in his house; and as, unfortunately, most of the other masters seem to have taken advantage of a three-quarters holiday to be out of the way, matters became so alarming, that assistance was claimed from a sergeant’s party who happened to be recruiting at the fair. For some time the sergeant was to be seen, with his sword drawn, keeping guard at the door of the Doctor’s house, but looking very much, as one of the rebels described it, as if he were going to lead him to execution. At last the constitutional party were reinforced by masters, special constables, and volunteer farmers with horsewhips—who probably embraced the opportunity of vengeance for stoned pigeons and poultry—and the confederates retreated to the island; where, however, though they had an embryo general among their leaders,† they seem to have attempted no further defence than fastening the door of the old drawbridge, or, according to some authorities, raising the bridge entirely. In either case, the recruiting sergeant gallantly forced the passage, sword in hand, his men followed, and the rebels capitulated. They were not allowed any honours of war. Some were ex-

* Mrs Delany’s Autobiography, vol. vi. p. 422. Letter from Miss Clayton to Miss Port, Dec. 8, 1786: “I hope that your brother behaved as you wished him at Rugby, where I was quite sorry to hear there had been a rebellion.”

† Sir Willoughby Cotton, G.C.B., K.C.H.

pelled, others flogged; some of the Sixth form had their choice; and one of the trustees of the school, whose son had declined the personal punishment, and been sent home in consequence, is said to have brought the recusant back forthwith, and to have himself superintended the infliction with the stern virtue of Brutus. A worthy clergyman who was a fag in those years, and had little personal share in the glories or sufferings of the war, chuckles to this day at the just retribution which then overtook a certain præpostor, who was in the habit of sorely persecuting him. This youthful tyrant was engaged that very evening in making our informant, and another small victim, jump a stile, "coaching" them with a four-in-hand whip to stimulate their exertions, when there came a messenger from the school-house—"Mr C——, the Doctor wants you." (C—— had signed the fatal round-robin.) There was no doubt as to the nature of the communication; he tossed his whip to one of the fags to carry home, with a very crest-fallen air, and repaired to that torture-chamber before alluded to, where some one else was prepared to act as "coachman."

Those were the days, it must be remembered, of the Four-in-Hand Club; and the passion for handling the ribbons extended itself to the boys, who saw magnificent turn-outs passing continually along the Dunchurch road. So Mr Over, the school carpenter, was appointed coachmaker; and rival chariots, drawn by teams of from four to twelve fags in harness, and *tooled* by a præpostor, raced round the school-close. "Bucknill's" and "Birch's" were reputed the fastest teams. "I have travelled many a mile in rope harness," says a hero of even a later date. "Long" Parry of Llanrhaidr, one of the best gentlemen-coachmen as well as one of the best scholars of his day, must have practised at the chariot-races at Rugby.

Ingles's reign had something of

a warlike character altogether. About 1804 the Volunteer movement was at its height in England; and the school had its own corps then, as it has now. Our modern riflemen would think it a very quaint uniform; blue lapelled coats, with red cuffs and collars; still more would they smile at the weapons—heavy wooden swords in tin sheaths, with which these ancients practised, with a contempt of practical usefulness which must have come from the War Office itself, the *cavalry* broadsword exercise. But in warlike spirit they were not a whit behind their modern representatives. Their pugnacity appears to have been such that it would have been hardly safe to trust them with the regulation weapons which the present Rugby corps wear so innocently. They had not only parades, but sham-fights—if a fight could be called *sham* from which the combatants retired with broken heads and bloody noses; attacking and defending the Doctor's farmyard on the "little island" between what were then the two closes; and it was fortunate that the swords were wooden. But there were boys in that corps who handled other weapons almost before they were men: Miller, who led the Enniskillens at Waterloo; Holbeche and Biddulph, who charged in command of troops under their old schoolfellow; and many others of the twenty-five Rugbeians who might have been counted on that glorious field.

Dr Ingles was the first head-master who introduced two regular examiners—one from each university—for the exhibitions. Up to that date there had been one only, casually nominated by the master or trustees—a Dr Clare, an old Rugbeian, holding the office for many years in succession. Yet Ingles is said not to have shone as a scholar, and to have been rebuked for ignorance by one of his own examiners. He was very irregular in attendance at the early first lesson; a remarkable contrast to the punctuality of both Wooll and Arnold. In his days the Bath

was built ; finished, as says a diary kept by a boy then at the school, September 6, 1779 ; and amidst all the changes at Rugby, that unpretending structure survives, unchanged in any material feature. From the same source—unfortunately scanty, as most schoolboy records are—we learn that the expenses at this time were sixteen guineas per annum for board, and four guineas for tuition ; and that “every boy was expected to bring a knife and fork, six towels, and a drinking-horn.” A little further on comes an amusing entry—“No French this day, as Mr Wratisslaw is gone to Warwick races.”

Upon the whole, the state of affairs under Dr Ingles does not appear to have been flourishing, for the numbers declined considerably as compared with even the later years of Dr James, who left 193 names on the list. When Dr Ingles resigned, after a ten years' administration, there were only 150. The new head-master was Dr John Wooll, sometime Fellow of New College, who, at the time of his election, was Master of Midhurst School. Amongst the unsuccessful competitors was a Rugbeian of high distinction, who had won nearly every classical honour at Cambridge, was then head-master of Shrewsbury School, and seemed to possess every claim to the preference enjoined under the Act of 1777 ; but the reputation for severity which marked Dr Butler's earlier years at Shrewsbury was possibly the reason of his being set aside. When, subsequently, the Shrewsbury scholars whom he sent up to the universities carried away the highest distinctions, year after year, not only as against Rugby, but against “all England,” some of the trustees must have cast a jealous eye towards the rival foundation, and confessed that they had possibly missed their man. Rugby prospered, nevertheless, under its new head-master, and the trustees lost no time in providing him with better accommodation than the old barn-school and cow-shed clois-

ters, which had been always intended as a temporary arrangement, though, like other makeshifts, it had lasted so long. The school estates were still increasing in value ; they were enabled to pay off their mortgage, and in 1808 they obtained a new Act of Parliament, under the provisions of which the old manor-house, schools, and barns, were all pulled down together, and the present buildings took their place at a cost of £35,000. They succeeded, apparently, in solving the very difficult problem of rebuilding on the same site, and yet making use of the old accommodation until the new was ready ; for the work of the school was carried on uninterruptedly during the four years which were occupied in the new building. All kinds of temporary shifts were made, and as soon as the workmen were out of one new school the boys were in it, and the room which they had left became a pile of rubbish by the next morning. At last all was cleared away, and the new buildings—certainly very “questionable Gothic”—presented, nevertheless, that substantial and not unpleasing *tout ensemble* which every Rugbeian would protest against seeing disturbed in its main features by the best architect that ever handled pencil. The chapel was not built for some years later—in 1820, under another Act ; and although it cost £8000 originally, and it is hard to say how much in alterations since, even with its modern transepts and painted glass, it fails to be a satisfactory object to an ecclesiological or architectural eye. Its interests are of a higher kind ; there lies Arnold, who died “in his harness” (we wish Crossfield lay there too) ; round him, not a few of those who fought the battle with him, masters and pupils—Grenfell, and Mayor, and Hatch ; and others who followed later, not less loved or lamented. There is the Crimean Window, “The Good Centurion,” commemorating twenty-five Rugbeians, of all ranks and ages, “from the white-headed

veteran general* who entered our walls above half a century ago, to the dearly-remembered young boy† from whom we had parted but a few months when he fell so bravely—not in destroying men's lives, but in saving them;‡ and the Indian Window, the memorial of the not less gallant soldiers who died in that last terrible struggle—foremost amongst whom was Hodson, of Hodson's Horse. We forget the "Georgian Gothic" when we remember those English hearts.

So much was necessary anticipation; we have to return to Dr Wooll—whose first arrival at Rugby, strange as it may now seem, was in a *tandem*—"Thos.," § the well-remembered old school-house servitor, being mounted on the leading horse. But the new master and the new schools did exceedingly well for Rugby. He was not a remarkable scholar, but he made the most of what he did know, and scholarship was but moderately prevalent in his day. He succeeded, to a very remarkable degree, in winning the respect and affection of his pupils. In this his monumental inscription does not go beyond the truth: "*Amores omnium singulari quadam suavitate sibi conciliavit.*" "He was a perfect gentleman, and a good disciplinarian," says one who knew him well, both as a pupil and a friend; indeed, the expressions of regard and kindly recollection which may be heard from his old scholars are unanimous. And this is a very high test of worth, and may suffice to cover many shortcomings. Not less kindly are the reminiscences in "school-house" minds of "*Mother Wooll*;" in that lady's case no irreverent epithet, for it represented well the maternal interest of one, who had no family of her own, in those smaller boys who "had the happiness," as one of them expresses it, "to be under her care." The gatherings of Rugbeians in Dr Wooll's days on the evening of the Speeches never

failed to bring together a body of old schoolfellows, as enthusiastic and perhaps more jovial (for the "Eagle" had not yet taken to teetotalism), as those who now gather in London; and who met their old master there, and were met by him, with unfailing cordiality. There John Macaulay of Repton (too early lost) spoke as few could speak; there Sir George Crewe stood up and said, "Show me an 'old Rugby boy' in undeserved distress, and I will instantly relieve him, and do all in my power to restore him to his position;" and there Dr Parr himself complimented the young speakers on their Greek enunciation.

There had been some attempt at private theatricals in Ingles's time, but not with his knowledge. "Bucknill's," then a dame's boarding-house, was the first of these unlicensed theatres. Connected with these performances is one well-known name—Charles William Macready—whom Rugbeians hold in just remembrance as a gentleman, a scholar, and an actor. He was not, however, the originator of the taste; and it was not until he had been more than once a spectator that he made "his first appearance upon any stage," in Bucknill's hall, as Dame Ashfield, in 'Speed the Plough.' His next character was Mrs Brulgruddery, in 'John Bull.' When Dr Wooll succeeded to power, the company took more courage. They got up 'The Castle Spectre,' which was acted in "Over-School," Oct. 15, 1807, with the following cast:—

Earl Osmond.....	T. ROBINSON (afterwards Archd. of Madras).
Earl Percy.....	G. RICKETTS (Sir G. W. Ricketts, afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court at Madras).
Kenrick.....	HOPKINS.
Father Philip..	WILLIS (afterwards Prebendary of Wells).
Reginald.....	} "Doubled" by C. W. Motley.....
Motley.....	
Hassan.....	MACREADY.
	WALHOUSE (now Lord Hatherton).

* Major-General H. W. Adams, C.B., mortally wounded at Inkermann.

† J. W. J. Dawson, Lieutenant, Royal Artillery, died of injuries received in removing live shells on the explosion of a French siege-train.

‡ 'The Book of Rugby School,' p. 85.

§ Thomas Woolridge.

Saib	H. ROBINSON (aft. Fellow and Tutor of St John's, Camb.)
Muley	W. AYLING.
Allan	Hon. E. FINCH (late Brit. Chaplain at Ceylon).
Evelina	R. TWOPENNY.
Angela	W. DICKENS.
Alice	H. W. WHINFIELD.

"Dr Wooll," writes Mr Macready, "winked at the performance, or rather encouraged it; we being allowed not only to act the play 'after three' to the boys, but to give an evening representation to the people of the town and neighbourhood after locking-up. The last representation was in the 'Doctor's school,' the upper part supplying its benches to the audience, the lower having been converted into a stage, &c.; the French Master's school-room, to which we had access by a ladder through a window" (the door being impracticable from its position with respect to the audience), "serving us for a dressing-room. Mrs Wooll and her friends, with a numerous assemblage from the neighbourhood and town, with all the masters and their families, except the Doctor and James Moor, were present."

Within twenty months of his leaving the Sixth form at Rugby, Mr Macready made his public debut at Birmingham, June 7th, 1810, as Romeo; and it was not long before Dr Wooll, having to pass through that town, made it his special request that Mr Macready, sen., would allow his son to act 'Hamlet' on that evening, which he did. Two or three of the other masters came from Rugby to be present, and the whole party dined together before the play. Such a recognition was honourable alike to the young actor and his graver friends.

There were no rebellions in Wooll's days. There were attempts. Once the fags threatened a servile war for some alleged grievance; but one or two expulsions, and some minor punishments, checked it at the outset. There was another occasion, when the walls were chalked with very terrible manifestoes, calling on the boys to

"rise as one man," and demanding "Blood!" in large letters. But this time, as no military were perhaps at hand, an astute undermaster had recourse to stratagem. While all the mutineers were safe in chapel on Sunday, he had the pockets of their week-day clothes searched. In one was found a lump of chalk; the owner was sent for, and, believing that all was discovered, confessed—and disappeared.

Reform at Rugby, as in larger societies, was gradual. The cruelties of the old fagging system were much modified under Dr Wooll, as they have been since from time to time under his successors. Not that it is fair to attribute the sole credit of these, or other steps in civilisation, entirely to any headmaster in whose reign they are adopted; much is due to the improvement in the tone of society, both amongst men and boys. Up to this time, the privilege of fagging belonged not only to the Sixth, but to the "six first" of the Fifth form; and the unfortunate First and Second forms were subject to the whole Fifth indiscriminately. An act of cruelty exercised by one of these led to the confining the privilege in future entirely to the Sixth; and very few have been the instances since in which it has been seriously abused. There was another custom, a relic of those barbarous times when they skinned freshmen's noses at Oxford, which Dr Wooll put down. It was called "clodding," and was a ceremony of initiation performed upon those who were promoted into the Fifth. They had to run along the course of a small gutter, which flowed from the cow-sheds before mentioned, through a double line of boys, who pelted them with clods of clay moistened in that not very delicate stream. But fortunate was he for whom the clods *were* moist; for an unpopular victim had them specially hardened for his benefit—it was even said with stones inside.

Twenty years was Dr Wooll head-master; he had raised the

school to the highest point of numbers hitherto reached—381; but it fell off rapidly in subsequent years. He resigned in 1827; and then succeeded Thomas Arnold—a man hitherto comparatively unknown in public, engaged with private pupils at Laleham, but of whom it was prophesied, not untruly, that “he would change the face of public education throughout England.” The Rugby of his day we shall not discuss; there can be few who are unacquainted with its general features. His own character and daily life—and that of the school was never separated from it—are eloquently told by Dr Stanley; the feelings and fortunes of a school-house boy have been graphically described by Mr Hughes; and Mr Melly’s ‘Experiences of a Fag’ (a book less generally known, but scarcely less interesting) gives an accurate picture of what life was in those days in the house of an under-master. That the enthusiastic admiration felt—and justly felt—for Arnold by many of his pupils, has led them sometimes to do less than justice to other masters, has been already shown in these pages.* The great work which he did at Rugby stands in no need of exaggerated colouring. On one point of school discipline especially there has always been a great misapprehension in the public mind. It is not uncommon to see ascribed to him the whole system—with its evil as well as its good—of governing the school by an aristocracy of its own members, the præpostors of the Sixth form. We have even seen some unfortunate occurrences in another public school ascribed entirely to the importation there of “Arnold’s system” by one of his pupils. The præpostorial or monitorial form of government was no more Arnold’s invention than Rugby School was. He found it existing there, certainly ever since Dr James’s accession, almost certainly long before. He strengthened and encouraged it; he inspired into

his own Sixth form much of his own manly principle and love of truth; and he upheld, through evil report and good report, the institution of fagging, as the only possible protection, in a large public school, against “the evils of anarchy, or, in other words, the lawless tyranny of physical strength.” In the same spirit, and with the same disregard of popular squeamishness, he maintained corporal punishment as a stern necessity; protesting against “that proud notion of personal independence which is neither reasonable nor Christian,” which “encourages a fantastic sense of the degradation of personal correction.”†

Though Dr Arnold would himself have shrunk from claiming to be, as a Quarterly Reviewer calls him, “the second and moral founder of Rugby,” yet the school unquestionably took a decided colour from his honest and manly character, and its tone underwent a marked improvement under his strong government. He raised also the standard of work, and he especially encouraged the study of history and modern languages; though, on this point again, more modest than his eulogists, he thought that persons “were apt to attach undue importance to the fact” of their introduction at Rugby. Yet when he obtained one of the innocent ambitions of his heart—some “mark of royal recognition for the school”—he devoted the Queen’s medal to a historical essay.

To Dr Arnold succeeded Dr Tait (now Bishop of London) for eight years; and Dr Goulbourn for seven and a half, when he also resigned; and in 1858 the present head-master, Dr Temple, was elected. Their governments are too modern for our veracious history. Even “*de mortuis*,” we have tried to speak “*nil nisi bonum*,” still more, let us preserve a discreet silence as to living bishops and dignitaries. Only let us not forget Rugby’s *annus mirabilis* under Goulbourn; when the school carried off, in 1857, nearly

* ‘Blackwood’s Magazine,’ Feb. 1861, p. 133, &c.

† See an Article by Dr Arnold, in the ‘Journal of Education,’ vol. ix. p. 281, &c.

every open university scholarship both at Oxford and Cambridge ; or that Dr Tait raised the numbers to their highest point—493 ;* or that Dr Temple, to his great credit, has abolished the “goal-keeping” at football, which made a cold winter half-holiday a misery to the small boys who are now men. The time may come when their own pupils will speak of *their* days as the golden age of Rugby, even as the scholars of Arnold do now : all honour to the generous and scholar-like spirit which will see no failing in the old master or the old school !

The present constitutional government of Rugby consists of the head-master and eighteen assistant masters, who are university graduates. Of these, thirteen are specially classical ; three are for mathematics and natural philosophy—a study which has been introduced of late years ; and two for modern languages, — one an Oxford M.A., who has resided some years in France, and the other a foreign graduate of Berlin. Seven of these masters are on the foundation ; *i.e.*, they receive certain allowances from the Sheriff estates ; the others are paid chiefly by capitation-fees. But nine of the classical masters have an important additional source of income from their private pupils, averaging about forty each, who pay £10, 10s. annually for such assistance ; three others have a distinct salary for assisting the head-master ; and one as the master of the Lower School. The privilege of keeping a boarding-house is also now confined exclusively to masters (the “dames” having been gradually extinguished by Dr Arnold), and this, of course, implies a certain amount of profit ; not so considerable, however, as might be supposed ; the high price of provisions, the better style of living, and the increased accommodation provided for the boys, diminishes the gains very materially from their proportion in the good old times. Not to mention that it is a kind of respon-

sibility which many masters would rather be without ; and Dr Arnold, it is well known, found a difficulty in persuading some of his best men to undertake it. There are now eight of these boarding-houses (exclusive of the school-house), accommodating each from forty to fifty boys. Several important improvements have been introduced of late years into the domestic regulations. Dr Arnold took the first step in that direction, by the abolition of the “spending-houses” — pastry-cooks’ shops, very pointedly so called—where the boys had to go night and morning in order to get their breakfast and tea in any comfort ; the custom having been, from time immemorial, to give out from the buttery merely a certain dole of bread and milk (cold), which had to be converted into a civilised meal by the said pastry-cooks—tea, coffee, and butter being extras provided at the boys’ private charge. The comfortable spread which may now be seen in the school-hall was one of his earliest introductions. But the most desirable innovation of later times—and one of which the value will be apparent from many points of view—is, that in some of the present houses the master and the ladies of his family dine in hall *with* the boys, instead of his merely presiding there officially to say grace, and taking his own dinner at a late hour, as was formerly the custom. More than this, in some of the houses he spends a certain part of the evening in the boys’ hall, at his own work, effectually preventing those undesirable congregations of bigger and idler boys round the fires (which, as old Rugbeians may remember, the most zealous præceptor, far off in the quiet of his study, could not always prevent), and being at hand to give any reasonable help or advice in preparing for the next morning’s work. Nor does his presence seem to interfere in the least with the cooking of the sausages or other delicacies which were Tom Brown’s de-

* Dr Arnold wished to *limit* the school as nearly as possible to 300.

light at Rugby, and at which Miss Martineau assured us "the dissenters generally are amazed and shocked," as "a disclosure of the sensual cast of mind of the boys in a great public school."* These iniquities are still perpetrated, both at breakfast and tea, under the very nose (without any metaphor) of a clergyman of the Church of England, and with at least his tacit connivance. The old bread-and-cheese-and-beer supper at eight o'clock has been slightly modified by the substitution of butter, or the old-fashioned hot bread-and-milk, according to fancy; to obtain which latter delicacy, in "dame's" houses of an older generation, required strong personal influence with the matron. The comforts of the sick were always perfectly well attended to in earlier times, and indeed the sick-room, in bad weather or literary difficulties, was supposed to possess rather too much attraction; but the new Sanatorium, built about three years ago, has great advantages in cases of serious illness or infection. It is a pleasant quiet house, standing apart in its own grounds, but within easy reach of the boarding-houses, and has a first-rate resident nurse.

Rugby begins to stir about 6.30 in summer; that is to say, prayers begin at 7 to a second; and half an hour is not too much to dress and get into school.† In winter, first lesson is at 8; and for a month before and a month after the Christmas holidays, break-

fast is taken before going into school, *i. e.* at 7.30. This has been found not only an effectual remedy for the old excuse of "staying-out" (going on the sick-list) on a cold wet morning, but a really useful sanitary precaution. Fortified with hot tea and rolls (and possible sausages), a boy is found to brave snow and sleet, and even the chance of a "floorer" at lesson, with comparative indifference. So, at least, say Rugby doctors, medical and scholastic; but some of the boys contend that it involves a hurried and unsatisfactory breakfast; that they scald their throats, upset their digestions, and are, in consequence, unable to construe when called up. Second lesson is from 9.15 to 11.15; another from 12.30 to 1.30; then comes dinner; then third lesson and fourth (with no real interval) from 2.30 to 6. This is the work for whole school-days,—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; the three alternate days are nominally half-holidays, when there is no lesson after 11.15. But the only real half-holiday is the Saturday; for the Tuesdays and Thursdays are cut up by the finishing and correcting the composition for the Middle and Lower Schools—occupying from half an hour to two and a half, according to proficiency; and upon both Tuesdays and Thursdays there is a composition lesson from 12 to 1.30. These hours only apply with accuracy to the upper forms, who prepare their work out of school, and therefore go up to

* 'Health, Husbandry, and Handicraft,' p. 20.

† There is indeed a terrible bell which begins ten minutes only before school, and to this last moment a sleepy lower-boy (who is not an elaborate dresser) too often defers his getting up. The horrors of such a practice are so well set forth in the following parody that we here quote it as a warning:—

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

With hair dishevelled and waste,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A fellow rises at early morn
From his warm and cosy bed.
Splash! splash! splash!
Through dirt and cows and mud,
And still he hears the dismal crash,
The bell's far-distant thud.

Dress! Dress! Dress!
While I listen to the chime.
Dress! Dress! Dress!
Four minutes to the time.
Vest and collar and coat,
Coat and collar and vest,
The stomach is faint, the hand is numbed,
But we cannot stay to rest.

lesson an hour later ; and besides these public lessons, every boy has to find three hours a-week out of his play-time for his private tutor. Every third Monday is also a half-holiday, called "Middle Week"—modern Rugbeians say, "because it never was the middle of anything." Altogether, the school-work claims about five or six hours *per diem*, on an average, from a boy below "the Twenty ;" in the higher forms, of course, the amount varies according to individual industry.

Still, young Rugby finds plenty of time for play. Cricket, though it has been a Rugby game from the earliest records, was late in assuming there its present scientific character. The "Public Schools" would only play matches with each other ; and while they were distinguishing themselves at Lord's, Rugby was content with occasional victories over "the Town," or a Warwickshire Club. Dr Wooll brought with him some boys from Kent, and they seem to have been the first to raise the game to something of a science. True, we hear from Nimrod that in his day "cricket was in high repute ;" and Rugbeians may cherish, if they will, the glorious names of Joseph Port, Harry Wise, and Ned Tomkinson, whom he hands down to fame, but it is only as "hard hitters." William Ayling, afterwards one of the best gentleman-players in England, astonished, and at first disgusted, his new schoolfellows by his new-fangled notions of batting ; he made clever "draws," and obtained runs faster than the established champions, whose only use of the bat was to "swipe." Loud were the protests against such "sneaking," as it was called ; but in course of time science, as usual, carried the day, and Ayling was voted what would now be called "Captain of the Eleven." But it is only in very modern times that such names as Wynch and Sandford have made a cricket reputation for Rugby.

The Rugby game *par excellence* is the old English game of foot-ball, popular in this country for immemorial centuries, threatening to rival even archery in the days of Edward the Third, and still holding its place more or less in villages from which other sports have died out, but having its special temple and most imposing mysteries at Rugby. Less scientific and more energetically active than cricket, it is specially adapted to English schoolboy taste. King James, indeed, debarred it from his court as "meeter for lameing than making able the users thereof ;" but he was neither an Englishman nor an athlete. It has certainly served both purposes in a high degree at Rugby. The only complaint we hear is, that it is scarcely played so "viciously" as in the generation just gone by ; that it is assuming a somewhat more delicate and *diletanti* character. But it is a noble game still, and has more of the fierce and thrilling excitement of battle than any other national sport. For two months, or thereabouts, it continues to be the one absorbing subject of outdoor interest in the school. It is played, or rather fought, under somewhat different laws from those of other public schools, and the rival principles have formed of late important subjects of discussion. It would be utterly hopeless to explain its points to any one who does not know the game, and quite unnecessary for those who do. To drive a ball * in one direction against all the efforts of the opposite party who are driving it in the other, is the players' object, and to effect this, pretty nearly every species of bodily force is in turn called into requisition ; kicking is the main principle—whether your adversary's shins, or the ball in preference, depends entirely upon circumstances. "Mauling"—which is also allowable in certain defined cases—is so expressive a word as to explain itself ; but

* Those who do not know what a real football is, should see Mr Gilbert's specimens in the Exhibition of 1862.

for the consolation of any tender-hearted reader (especially for horrid mammas, who see the death's head and cross-bones on the school-house jerseys) who may consider football a *very* dangerous game, it is pleasing to be able to quote the following provisos from the last amended Rugby rules :—"1st, Though it is lawful to hold any player in a *maul*, this holding does not include attempts to *throttle* or *strangle*, which are totally *opposed to all the principles* of the game. 2d, No one wearing *projecting nails* or *iron plates* on the soles or heels of his boots or shoes shall be allowed to play."

There are few more lively sights than the school-close on the day of one of the great matches—the "Sixth" against the rest of the school, or the "Old" against the "Present Rugbeians." Each side plays in jerseys and flannels, with velvet caps of distinctive colours, which old Rugbeians are disposed to regard as modern vanities, but which certainly add very much to the picturesque of the game, and no doubt increase its interest in the eyes of the ladies, who, since the late Queen Dowager set the example, crowd the ground on bright winter afternoons whenever a match of any special interest is to be played; sometimes, in their enthusiasm, venturing outside those mysterious posts which mark out the "line of touch," and thus occasionally getting mixed up with the combatants, to their own detriment and the general confusion. The scene has been already so well described by more than one enthusiastic writer—by Tom Brown, by William Arnold, in his 'Sixth-Form Match,' and by George Melly, in his 'Experiences of a Fag,'—that it would be mere repetition to do more than refer to those truthful pages any curious readers who may not prefer to halt a few hours at Rugby, some winter Saturday afternoon, and see a match played with their own eyes. For scientific play, for magnificent "drops" and gallant "runs in," we

might recommend the Old Rugbeian match, usually played about October 1st, where the heroes of two or three generations of players meet in the field, and "maul" and "hack" each other for very love—vowing, like Arthur's knights, that "it doth them good to feel each other's might;" but for "vicious" play, perhaps the contest between the Sixth—thirty only in number, but a host in size and pluck—against the remaining 450 of the school—or the match in which the two champion houses are pitted against all the rest, had better be selected. Yet probably no struggle now is so fierce as that which used to take place when, in earlier times, the Upper Bench (the first twelve) of the Sixth used to challenge the whole school, and beat them. That match had to be stopped by royal proclamation of King Wooll, so little like "play" was it. Those were the days of the giants, when William Adey drove all foes before him like an Ajax; terrible in his strength and size, though not so great at "drops," it may be, as the more modern "White of Ansteys." But all this is caviare to the multitude.

"Hare and Hounds" has also had its sacred bard,* and needs not our weaker celebration. Only that—dealing as we have been more largely with the past than with the present—we may remark that there was a time when it was very differently conducted; when fags were hounds and præpostors huntsmen, and carried hunting-whips, as the hounds could testify; nay, that some enterprising spirits hired horses for the run, and the game was stopped for that reason for many years at the close of Dr Wooll's mastership, and during the early part of Dr Arnold's. At present it has become a mere foot steeplechase, a good test of wind and pluck; and the great object in life for an enthusiastic "hound" is to do the "great Crick run" (thirteen miles) in something less than eighty-four minutes; that, we be-

* Vide 'Experiences of a Fag.'

lieve, being the shortest time at present on record.

An enthusiastic young friend, who reads what we have written, insists upon it that we have not said half enough. We feel relieved by his criticism,—we thought we had been terribly prosy. He reminds us that in the earliest class-list ever issued at Oxford, when there were but two Firsts, one was a Rugby man; that a Rugbeian first ascended Monte Rosa, and stood on Mont Blanc without a guide; and that their rifle marksmen beat Eton and Harrow for the Wimbledon Shield.* We offer to add, that in the three centuries

which have passed since the school's foundation, only one Rugbeian has ever been committed for highway robbery, and he was a baronet, and it was a very gentlemanly offence in his time; only one, so far as we are aware, was ever hung, and that was for high treason, which is always, to say the least, respectable; that of the many exhibitioners sent to both universities, one only was transported (only for seven years); and that no head-master has ever come upon the parish, though at one time such a result was very much feared. Still, he does not seem satisfied.—We can say no more. So, *Floreat—et valeat—Rugbeia!*

SENSATION NOVELS.

TEN years ago the world in general had come to a singular crisis in its existence. The age was lost in self-admiration. We had done so many things that nobody could have expected a century before—we were on the way to do so many more, if common report was to be trusted. We were about inaugurating the reign of universal peace in a world too deeply connected by links of universal interest ever to commit the folly of war again—we had invented everything that was most unlikely, and had nothing before us but to go on perfecting our inventions, and, securing all the powers of nature in harness, to do all manner of peaceable work for us like the giants in the children's story. What a wonderful difference in ten years! Instead of linking peaceful hands, and vowing to study war no more, we have turned Industry away from her vaunted work of putting a girdle round the world, and set her to forge thunderbolts in volcanic din and passion. In that momentous interval great wars have begun and ended, and fighting has come into fashion throughout the palpitating earth. We who once did,

and made, and declared ourselves masters of all things, have relapsed into the natural size of humanity before the great events which have given a new character to the age. Though we return with characteristic obstinacy and iteration to the grand display of wealth and skill which in 1851 was a Festival of Peace, we repeat the celebration with very different thoughts. It is a changed world in which we are now standing. If no distant sound of guns echoes across seas and continents upon our ears as we wander under the South Kensington domes, the lack of the familiar sound will be rather disappointing than satisfactory. That distant roar has come to form a thrilling accompaniment to the safe life we lead at home. On the other side of the Atlantic, a race *blasée* and lost in universal *ennui* has bethought itself of the grandest expedient for procuring a new sensation; and albeit we follow at a humble distance, we too begin to feel the need of a supply of new shocks and wonders. Those fell Merrimacs and Monitors, stealing forth with a certain devilish invulnerability and composure upon

* He will not believe in "Mrs Harris" and her tripe; he protests that there was "never any such person."

the human ships and men to be made fire and carnage of, are excitement too high pitched for comfort ; but it is only natural that art and literature should, in an age which has turned to be one of events, attempt a kindred depth of effect and shock of incident. In the little reflected worlds of the novel and the drama the stimulant has acted strongly, and the result in both has been a significant and remarkable quickening of public interest. Shakespeare, even in the excitement of a new interpretation, has not crowded the waning playhouse, as has the sensation drama with its mock catastrophes ; and Sir Walter himself never deprived his readers of their lawful rest to a greater extent with one novel than Mr Wilkie Collins has succeeded in doing with his 'Woman in White.' We will not attempt to decide whether the distance between the two novelists is less than that which separates the skirts of Shakespeare's regal mantle from the loftiest stretch of Mr Bourcicault. But it is a fact that the well-known old stories of readers sitting up all night over a novel had begun to grow faint in the public recollection. Domestic histories, however virtuous and charming, do not often attain that result—nor, indeed, would an occurrence so irregular and destructive of all domestic proprieties be at all a fitting homage to the virtuous chronicles which have lately furnished the larger part of our light literature. Now a new fashion has been set to English novel-writers. Whether it can be followed extensively, or whether it would be well if that were possible, are very distinct questions ; but it cannot be denied that a most striking and original effort, sufficiently individual to be capable of originating a new school in fiction, has been made, and that the universal verdict has crowned it with success.

Mr Wilkie Collins is not the first man who has produced a sensation novel. By fierce expedients of crime and violence, by *diablerie* of divers kinds, and by the wild devices of a

romance which smiled at probabilities, the thing has been done before now. The higher class of American fiction, as represented by Hawthorne, attempts little else. In that strange hybrid between French excitement and New England homeliness, we recognise the influence of a social system which has paralysed all the wholesome wonders and nobler mysteries of human existence. Hectic rebellion against nature—frantic attempts by any kind of black art or mad psychology to get some grandeur and sacredness restored to life—or if not sacredness and grandeur, at least horror and mystery, there being nothing better in earth or heaven ; Mesmerism possibly for a make-shift, or Socialism, if perhaps it might be more worth while to turn ploughmen and milkmaids than ladies and gentlemen ; or, if none of these would do, best to undermine life altogether, and find what creeping honours might be underground : here a *Scarlet Letter* and impish child of shame, there a snake-girl, horrible junction of reptile and woman. The result is no doubt a class of books abounding in sensation ; but the effect is invariably attained by violent and illegitimate means, as fantastic in themselves as they are contradictory to actual life. The Master of English fiction, Sir E. B. Lytton, has accomplished the same end, by magic and supernaturalism, as in the wild and beautiful romance of 'Zanoni.' We will not attempt to discuss his last wonderful effort of this class, which is a species by itself, and to be judged only by special rules, which space debars us from considering. Of all the productions of the supernatural school, there is none more perfect in its power of sensation, or more entirely effective in its working out, than the short story of the 'Haunted House,' most thrilling of ghostly tales ; but we cannot enter upon this school of fiction, which is distinct from our present subject. Mr Dickens rarely writes a book without an attempt at a similar effect by means of some utterly fantas-

tic creation, set before his readers with all that detail of circumstance in which he is so successful. Amid all these predecessors in the field, Mr Wilkie Collins takes up an entirely original position. Not so much as a single occult agency is employed in the structure of his tale. Its power arises from no overstraining of nature :—the artist shows no love of mystery for mystery's sake; he wastes neither wickedness nor passion. His plot is astute and deeply-laid, but never weird or ghastly; he shows no desire to tinge the daylight with any morbid shadows. His effects are produced by common human acts, performed by recognisable human agents, whose motives are never inscrutable, and whose line of conduct is always more or less consistent. The moderation and reserve which he exhibits; his avoidance of extremes; his determination, in conducting the mysterious struggle, to trust to the reasonable resources of the combatants, who have consciously set all upon the stake for which they play, but whom he assists with no weapons save those of quick wit, craft, courage, patience, and villany—tools common to all men—make the lights and shadows of the picture doubly effective. The more we perceive the perfectly legitimate nature of the means used to produce the sensation, the more striking does that sensation become. The machinery of miracle, on the contrary, is troublesome and expensive, and never satisfactory; a miraculous issue ought to come out of it to justify the miraculous means; and miraculous issues are at war with all the economy of nature, not to say that they are difficult of invention and hard to get credit for. A writer who boldly takes in hand the common mechanism of life, and by means of persons who might all be living in society for anything we can tell to the contrary, thrills us into wonder, terror, and breathless interest, with positive personal shocks of surprise and excitement, has ac-

complished a far greater success than he who effects the same result through supernatural agencies, or by means of the fantastic creations of lawless genius or violent horrors of crime. When we are to see a murder visibly done before our eyes, the performers must be feeble indeed if some shudder of natural feeling does not give force to their exertions; and the same thing is still more emphatically the case when the spiritual and invisible powers, to which we all more or less do secret and unwilling homage, are actors in the drama. The distinguishing feature of Mr Wilkie Collins' success is, that he ignores all these arbitrary sensations, and has boldly undertaken to produce effects as startling by the simplest expedients of life. It is this which gives to his book the qualities of a new beginning in fiction. There is neither murder, nor seduction, nor despair—neither startling eccentricities nor fantastic monsters in this remarkable story. A much more delicate and subtle power inspires its action. We cannot object to the means by which he startles and thrills his readers; everything is legitimate, natural, and possible; all the exaggerations of excitement are carefully eschewed, and there is almost as little that is objectionable in this highly-wrought sensation-novel, as if it had been a domestic history of the most gentle and unexciting kind.

Except, indeed, in one point. The sympathies of the reader on whom the 'Woman in White' lays her spell, are, it is impossible to deny, devoted to the arch-villain of the story. The charm of the book, so far as character counts in its effect, is Fosco. He is a new type of the perennial enemy of goodness. But there is no resisting the charm of his good-nature, his wit, his foibles, his personal individuality. To put such a man so diabolically in the wrong seems a mistake somehow—though it is evident that an innocent man could never have been invested with such a combination of gifts. No villain of the cen-

tury, so far as we are aware, comes within a hundred miles of him : he is more real, more genuine, more *Italian* even, in his fatness and size, in his love of pets and pastry, than the whole array of conventional Italian villains, elegant and subtle, whom we are accustomed to meet in literature. Fosco from his first entrance is master of the scene—his noiseless movements, his villainous bland philosophies, his enjoyment of life, his fine waistcoats—every detail about him is necessary to his perfection. Not Riccabocca himself, noble impersonation of national character as he is, is more complete or individual. The manner in which he despises and overawes and controls the violent and weak Sir Percival—the absolute but flattering sway he exercises over his wife, the way in which he pervades the whole surrounding atmosphere with his deep “ringing voice,” his snatches of song, his caresses to his pets—is quite masterly. The reader shares in the unwilling liking to which, at his first appearance, he beguiles Marian Halcombe ; but the reader, notwithstanding the fullest proof of Fosco’s villany, does not give him up, and take to hating him, as Marian does. The fact is, that he is by a very long way the most interesting personage in the book, and that it is with a certain sensation of sympathetic triumph that we watch him drive away in safety at last, after the final scene with Hartright, in which his own victorious force and cleverness turn discomfiture and confession into a brilliant climax of self-disclosure. So far from any vindictive desire to punish his ill-doing, we cannot understand how Hartright, or any other man, finds it in his heart to execute justice upon so hearty, genial, and exhilarating a companion. In short, when it turns out that Laura is not dead, and that the woman in white was not assisted to die, Count Fosco becomes rather an ill-used personage than otherwise. He has not done a single superfluous bit of villany—

he has conducted himself throughout with a certain cheerful consideration for the feelings of his victims. He is so undaunted and undauntable save for a single moment—always master of the position, even when he retreats and gives in—that it is impossible to treat him as his crimes deserve. He is intended to be an impersonation of evil, a representative of every diabolical wile : but Fosco is not detestable ; on the contrary, he is more interesting, and seizes on our sympathies more warmly than any other character in the book.

This, in the interests of art, it is necessary to protest against. The Foscos of ordinary life are not likely, we admit, to take encouragement from Mr Wilkie Collins ; but if this gentleman has many followers in fiction, it is a matter of certainty that the disciples will exaggerate the faults of their leader, and choose his least pleasant peculiarities for special study. Already it is a not uncommon result of fictitious writings, to make the worse appear the better cause. We have just laid down a clever novel, called ‘East Lynne,’ which some inscrutable breath of popular liking has blown into momentary celebrity. It is occupied with the story of a woman who permitted herself, in passion and folly, to be seduced from her husband. From first to last it is she alone in whom the reader feels any interest. Her virtuous rival we should like to bundle to the door and be rid of, anyhow. The Magdalen herself, who is only moderately interesting while she is good, becomes, as soon as she is a Magdalen, doubly a heroine. It is evident that nohow, except by her wickedness and sufferings, could she have gained so strong a hold upon our sympathies. This is dangerous and foolish work, as well as false, both to Art and Nature. Nothing can be more wrong and fatal than to represent the flames of vice as a purifying fiery ordeal, through which the penitent is to come elevated and sublimed. The error of Mr Wilkie

Collins is of a different kind, but it is perhaps even more dangerous. Fosco in suffering would be Fosco in collapse, totally unmanned and uninteresting. It is the perfect ease, comfort, and light-heartedness of the man—what virtuous people would call his “simple tastes,” his thorough enjoyment of life, and all the pleasant things within reach—his charming vanity and amiableness, as well as his force, strength, and promptitude, that recommend him to our regard. Whatever the reason may be, few good men are permitted in books to enjoy their existence as this fat villain is permitted to enjoy his. He spreads himself out in the sun with a perfect pleasure and satisfaction, which it is exhilarating to behold. His crimes never give him an apparent twinge; his own complacent consciousness of the perfect cleverness with which they are carried out, confounds all compunctions. He is so smilingly aware of the successful evil he has done, and unaware of the guilt of it, that it seems heartless to take so innocent and genial a soul to task for his peccadilloes. Such is the great and radical drawback of the most notable of sensation novels. Fosco is, unquestionably, destined to be repeated to infinitude, as no successful work can apparently exist in this imitative age without creating a shoal of copyists; and with every fresh imitation the picture will take more and more objectionable shades. The violent stimulant of serial publication — of *weekly* publication, with its necessity for frequent and rapid recurrence of piquant situation and startling incident—is the thing of all others most likely to develop the germ, and bring it to fuller and darker bearing. What Mr Wilkie Collins has done with delicate care and laborious reticence, his followers will attempt without any such discretion. We have already had specimens, as many as are desirable, of what the detective policeman can do for the enlivenment of literature: and it is into the hands of the literary De-

tective that this school of storytelling must inevitably fall at last. He is not a collaborateur whom we welcome with any pleasure into the republic of letters. His appearance is neither favourable to taste nor morals. It is only in rare cases, even in real life, that bystanders side with those conspirators of justice; and in fiction it is almost a necessity that the criminal who is tracked through coil after coil of evidence should become interesting, as we see him thrust into a corner by his remorseless pursuers. The rise of a Sensation School of art in any department is a thing to be watched with jealous eyes; but nowhere is it so dangerous as in fiction, where the artist cannot resort to a daring physical plunge, as on the stage, or to a blaze of palpable colour, as in the picture-gallery, but must take the passions and emotions of life to make his effects withal. We will not deny that the principle may be used with high and pure results, or that we should have little fault to find with it were it always employed with as much skill and self-control as in the ‘Woman in White;’ but that is an unreasonable hope; and it seems but too likely that Mr Wilkie Collins, in his remarkable novel, has given a new impulse to a kind of literature which must, more or less, find its inspiration in crime, and, more or less, make the criminal its hero.

The ordinary belief of the public, backed by recent experience, seems to be that there are few trades more easy than the writing of novels. Any man who entertains this opinion, would do well to take a backward glance over the early works of Mr Wilkie Collins. These productions, all of which have come into existence with elaborate prefaces, and expositions of a “purpose,” will prove to the reader that the ‘Woman in White’ is not a chance success or caprice of genius, but that the author has been long engaged in preparatory studies, and that the work in question is really the elaborate result of years of

labour. Academical sketches and studies from the life are not always interesting to the general spectator; nor are painters apt to exhibit them, by way of showing how much pains were necessary before the picture could be composed, and the figures duly set and draped; yet when the great work is complete, there is an unquestionable interest in the fragments of suggestion from which, one by one, the perfect composition grew. We will not inquire whether the 'Woman in White' is a sufficiently great work to merit such an exposition; but every reader who thinks so has it in his power to study the portfolio of sketches by which the author measured his strength. We confess that it has, up to a recent time, been a marvel to us what possible interest any human creature could be supposed to take in the motives which induced a rational man and tolerable writer to weave such a dreary web as the 'Dead Secret,' or to commit to print and publicity such a revolting story as 'Basil.' It appears, however, that the author knew what he was about; his last successful work has thrown a gleam of intelligibility even upon his prefaces, and it is with the respect due to persevering labour and difficulties overcome that we approach the book which shows how much he has profited by his probation. Let us not neglect such an opportunity for a moral. To judge this author by the portfolio of imperfect sketches which he liberally confided to the world before uncovering the picture for which they were made, nobody would have concluded him likely to open a new path for himself, or to produce a remarkable and thrilling effect by the most modest and subtle means. The sketches are often diffuse and washy—sometimes coarsely horrible—scarcely at all betraying that fine faculty of perception which can divine and seize upon the critical instant, neither too early nor too late, in which lies the whole picto-

rial force and interest of a lengthened scene. Mr Wilkie Collins has profited in the very highest degree by his preparatory labours. He has improved upon all his early works to an extent which proves in only too edifying and complete a way the benefits of perseverance and painstaking. The very excellence of the result tempts us to an ungracious regret. Would that those memoranda by which future generations may trace "the steps by which he did ascend," had but been less confidently intrusted to the public! Such a disclosure of all the beginnings and early essays of a successful career is possible only to literature. Other crafts keep their experiments out of sight. Authors alone have that ingenuous confidence in the world, and belief in its candour and kindness, which emboldens them to submit the first utterances of the muse to its great ear, and confide to it all the particulars of their progress. Fortunately, the confidence is rarely misplaced. When the hour arrives, and the man becomes famous, the indulgent world applauds his success without pausing to remind him of his failures. Let us follow the charitable example. Mr Wilkie Collins has made many a stumble on the laborious ascent; his progress upward has been jolting and unharmonious by time; but now that he has reached a height upon which he can pause and receive the congratulations of his friends, let not ours be the hand to throw his earlier imperfections in his face. If he makes as much progress in time to come as he has done in the past, there is no predicting what future altitude may await the author of the 'Woman in White.'

The novel itself is too well known to call for anything like a critical review at our hands. We need not discuss over again so familiar a tale, or dwell upon the characters which are, all but Fosco, undeniably subordinate to the story, and to the delicate succession of sensations by which that story is

set forth. Mr Wilkie Collins insists upon the fact that readers have written to him expressing their interest in "Laura," and "Miss Halcombe," and "Anne Catherick;" a fact, indeed, which it is very easy to account for, seeing that there could be no story but by means of these figures. But in reality the truth is, that one cares very little for these characters on their own account, and that Mr Hartright and Sir Percival Glyde and the rest are persons whom we regard with but the mildest interest so far as themselves are concerned. The distinguishing characteristic of the book (always excepting Fosco) is the power and delicacy of its sensation incidents; the simple manner in which they are brought out; generally the perfect naturalness of the fact, and always the extremely effective manner in which the critical moment and event strike into the tale, giving it a precision and distinctness which no other expedient could supply so well. Nothing can better illustrate the skill and self-control with which these effects are produced than the following scene, which is the first introduction of the "Woman in White" to the pages which bear her name:—

"The heat had been painfully oppressive all day, and it was now a close and sultry night. My mother and sister had spoken so many last words, and begged me to wait another five minutes so many times, that it was nearly midnight when the servant locked the garden-gate behind me. I walked forward a few paces on the nearest way back to London—then paused and hesitated.

"The moon was full and broad in the dark-blue starless sky; and the broken ground of the heath looked wild enough in the mysterious light to be hundreds of miles away from the great city that lay beneath it. The idea of descending any sooner than I could help into the heat and gloom of London repelled me. The prospect of going to bed in my airless chambers, and the prospect of gradual suffocation, seemed, in my present restless frame of body and mind, to be one and the same thing. I determined to stroll home in the purer air by the most

round-about way I could take, to follow the white winding paths across the lonely Heath, and to approach London through its most open suburb by striking into the Finchley road, and so getting back in the cool of the new morning by the western side of Regent's Park.

"I wound my way slowly down the Heath, enjoying the divine stillness of the scene, and admiring the soft alternations of light and shade as they followed each other over the broken ground on every side of me. So long as I was proceeding through this first and prettiest part of my night-walk, my mind remained passively open to the impressions produced by the view; and I thought but little upon any subject—indeed, so far as my own sensations were concerned, I can hardly say that I thought at all. But when I had left the Heath, and had turned into the byroad, where there was less to see, the ideas naturally engendered by the approaching change in my habits and occupations gradually drew more and more of my attention exclusively to themselves. By the time I had arrived at the end of the road, I had become completely absorbed in my own fanciful visions of Limmeridge House, of Mr Fairlie, and of the two ladies whose practice in the art of water-colour painting I was so soon to superintend.

"I had now arrived at that particular point of my walk where four roads met—the road to Hampstead, along which I had returned; the road to Finchley; the road to West-end; and the road back to London. I had mechanically returned in this latter direction, and was strolling along the lonely highroad, idly wondering, I remember, what the Cumberland young ladies would look like—when in one moment every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop by the touch of a hand laid lightly and suddenly on my shoulder from behind me.

"I turned on the instant, with my fingers tightening round the handle of my stick.

"There, in the middle of the broad bright highroad—there, as if it had that moment sprung out of the earth, or dropped from the heavens—stood the figure of a solitary woman dressed from head to foot in white garments; her face bent in grave inquiry on mine, her hand pointing to the dark cloud over London as I faced her. I was far too seriously startled by the suddenness with which this extraordinary apparition stood before me, in the dead of night, and in that lonely place, to ask what she wanted. The strange woman spoke first.

" 'Is that the road to London?' she said.

"I looked attentively at her as she put that singular question to me. It was then nearly one o'clock. All I could discern distinctly by the moonlight was a colourless, youthful face, meagre and sharp to look at about the cheeks and chin; large, grey, wistfully-attentive eyes, nervous uncertain lips, and light hair, of a pale brownish-yellow hue. There was nothing wild, nothing immodest in her manner; it was quiet and self-controlled, a little melancholy, and a little touched by suspicion; not exactly the manner of a lady, and at the same time not the manner of a woman in the humblest rank of life. The voice, little as I had yet heard of it, had something curiously still and mechanical in its tones, and the utterance was remarkably rapid. She held a small bag in her hand, and her dress—bonnet, shawl, and gown, all of white—was, so far as I could guess, certainly not composed of very delicate or very expensive materials. Her figure was slight, and rather above the average height; her gait and actions free from the slightest approach to extravagance. This was all that I could observe of her in the dim light and under the perplexingly-strange circumstances of our meeting. What sort of a woman she was, and how she came to be out alone in the highroad an hour after midnight, I altogether failed to guess. The one thing of which I felt certain was, that the grossest of mankind could not have misconstrued her motive in speaking, even at that suspiciously late hour, and in that suspiciously lonely place."

Few readers will be able to resist the mysterious thrill of this sudden touch. The sensation is distinct and indisputable. The silent woman lays her hand upon our shoulder as well as upon that of Mr Walter Hartright—yet nothing can be more simple and clear than the narrative, or more free from exaggeration. There is nothing frightful or unnatural about her; one perceives how her shadow must fall on the white summer highway in the white moonlight, in the noiseless night. She is not a wandering ghost, but a wistful, helpless human creature; but the shock is as sudden, as startling, as unexpected and incomprehensible to us as it is to the hero of the tale. It

is the first "point" in the story; it is accomplished by the simplest means, and is in itself a perfectly harmless occurrence; yet the momentary thrill of that touch has an effect as powerful as the most startling event. It is, in fact, in its perfect simplicity, a sensation-scene of the most delicate and skilful kind.

Not much further on occurs the second effect in this singular picture. The whole plot of the story hinges upon the resemblance between the forlorn creature described above, and a beautiful girl, rich, fair, and happy, in whose prospects, at the moment the discovery is made, trouble or mishap seem to have no place. She is outside the drawing-room window of her home, walking upon a moonlit terrace, while Walter Hartright inside listens to sundry extracts from her mother's letters, read to him by her half-sister, Miss Halcombe, by way of throwing some light upon the strange woman in white. The young man, listening beside Miss Halcombe and her candle, has turned his eyes to the window, where he sees "Miss Fairlie's figure, bright and soft in its snowy muslin dress—her face prettily framed by the white folds of the handkerchief which she had tied under her chin," passing in the moonlight.

"Miss Halcombe paused, and looked at me across the piano.

" 'Did the forlorn woman whom you met in the highroad seem young?' she asked—'young enough to be two or three and twenty?'

" 'Yes, Miss Halcombe, as young as that.'

" 'And she was strangely dressed—from head to foot all in white?'

" 'All in white.'

"While the answer was passing my lips, Miss Fairlie glided into view on the terrace for the third time. Instead of proceeding on her walk, she stopped with her back turned towards us, and, leaning on the balustrade of the terrace, looked down into the garden beyond. My eyes fixed upon the white gleam of her muslin gown and headdress in the moonlight, and a sensation for which I can find no name—a sensation that quickened my pulse and raised a flutter.

ing at my heart—began to steal over me.

“All in white,” Miss Halcombe repeated. “The most important sentences in the letter, Mr Hartright, are those at the end, which I will read to you immediately. But I can’t help dwelling a little upon the coincidence of the white costume of the woman you met, and the white frocks which produced that strange answer from my mother’s little scholar. The doctor may have been wrong when he discovered the child’s defects of intellect, and predicted that she would ‘grow out of them.’ She may never have grown out of them; and the old grateful fancy about dressing in white which was a serious feeling to the girl, may be a serious feeling to the woman still.”

“I said a few words in answer—I hardly know what. All my attention was concentrated on the white gleam of Miss Fairlie’s muslin dress.

“Listen to the last sentences of the letter,” said Miss Halcombe; “I think they will surprise you.”

“As she raised the letter to the light of the candle, Miss Fairlie turned from the balustrade, looked doubtfully up and down the terrace, advanced a step toward the glass doors, and then stopped, facing us.

“Meanwhile Miss Halcombe read me the last sentences to which she had referred.

“And now, my love, seeing that I am at the end of my paper, now for the real reason, the surprising reason, for my fondness for little Anne Catherick. My dear Philip, though she is not half so pretty, she is nevertheless, by one of those extraordinary caprices of accidental resemblance which one sometimes sees, the living likeness, in her hair, her complexion, the colour of her eyes, and the shape of her face—”

“I started up from the ottoman before Miss Halcombe could pronounce the next words. A thrill of the same feeling which ran through me when the touch was laid upon my shoulder on the lonely highroad, chilled me again.

“There stood Miss Fairlie, a white figure, alone in the moonlight; in her attitude, in the turn of her head, in her complexion, in the shape of her face, the living image, at that distance, and under those circumstances, of the woman in white! The doubt which had troubled my mind for hours and hours past flashed into conviction in an instant. That ‘something wanting’ was my own recognition of the ominous likeness between the fugitive from the asylum and my pupil at Limmeridge House.

“You see it!” said Miss Halcombe. She dropped the useless letter, and her eyes flashed as they met mine. “You see it now, as my mother saw it eleven years since!”

“I see it—more unwillingly than I can say. To associate that forlorn, friendless, lost woman, even by an accidental likeness only, with Miss Fairlie, seems like casting a shadow on the future of the bright creature who stands looking at us now. Let me lose the impression again as soon as possible. Call her in out of the dreary moonlight—pray call her in!”

“Mr Hartright, you surprise me. Whatever women may be, I thought that men in the nineteenth century were above superstition.”

“Pray call her in!”

Nothing can be more delicately powerful than this second shock of surprise and alarm. It is a simple physical effect, if one may use such an expression. It is totally independent of character, and involves no particular issue, so far as can be foreseen at this point of the story. The scene itself is as tranquil as can be conceived—two young people indoors in a lighted room, with a pretty girl outside passing and repassing the uncovered window—yet the sensation is again indisputable. The reader’s nerves are affected like the hero’s. He feels the thrill of the untoward resemblance, an ominous painful mystery. He, too, is chilled by a confused and unexplainable alarm. Though the author anxiously explains that the elucidation of character has not been in his hands incompatible with the excitement of narrative, these two startling points of this story do not take their power from character, or from passion, or any intellectual or emotional influence. The effect is pure sensation, neither more nor less; and so much reticence, reserve, and delicacy is in the means employed, there is such an entire absence of exaggeration or any meretricious auxiliaries, that the reader feels his own sensibilities flattered by the impression made upon him.

It is unnecessary to enter into

further description of a story so well known ; nor will we quote the after sensation - scenes of a very closely-wrought plot, which naturally increases in excitement as it goes on, and perhaps affords no other touches, so emphatic and so entirely dependent upon the skill of the artist, as the above. When the very existence of the principal persons in the story is in question—when the strange country-house where Sir Percival carries his bride is mysteriously evacuated by one person after another, and the bright and resolute Marian becomes suddenly visible as the prisoner of a hidden sick-room—when Laura confronts Hartright by the grave where she is supposed to be buried—when Hartright and Fosco meet in the last struggle, which may end in death to both,—the excitement of the situation has a certain reality which makes the author's task easier. The scenes we have quoted owe their startling force entirely to the elaborate skill and cunning of the workman, and are, in this point of view, more notable than anything that comes after—demonstrations of successful art, which the critical eye cannot look upon without the highest approval. At the same time, the conduct of the drama is far from being unexceptionable. Sir Percival Glyde, who conducted himself before his marriage as astutely as Fosco himself could have done, becomes a very poor, passionate, unsuccessful rascal after that event—a miserable attempt at a villain, capable of deceiving nobody, such as novelists are fond of palming off upon us as impersonations of successful scoundrelism. This was no doubt necessary in order to the full development of Fosco ; but had the author been as careful of character as he has been of story, he could not possibly have permitted this unlucky individual to conduct himself so cleverly in the beginning of his career, and so absurdly in the end. Consistency, which in actual life is by no means necessary to ex-

istence, is a law and necessity in art. It is indispensable that we should be able to recognise every important figure in the picture, whensoever and howsoever he or she may reappear. There is another still more radical defect in the conception of Laura. How a pure-minded and ingenuous young woman, put under no particular pressure—neither driven to it by domestic persecution, nor by the want of a home, nor even beguiled by the attractions of improved position—should, when nothing but an effort of will seemed necessary to deliver her from the engagement, voluntarily marry one man while conscious of preferring another, is a mystery which the clever mechanist who sets all in motion takes no trouble to solve. We are not even impressed with the idea that Laura's dead father had set any special charge upon her on the subject, or given the prospective marriage anything more solemn than his approval. Yet Mr Wilkie Collins drives his sensitive and delicate heroine, without any reason in the world for the sacrifice, into a marriage which she regards with horror ; makes her drive away her lover, and half-kill herself in the effort to give him up, and rather holds her up as the victim of an elevated sense of duty, when, at the cost of all these agonies, she fulfils her engagement, and becomes the unhappy wife of Sir Percival Glyde. Bad morals under any explanation ; but when no real reason exists, absolute folly as well, and an ineffaceable blot upon a character meant to be everything that is womanly and tender and pure. It was necessary to marry the two for the exigencies of the story ; but the author of the story has shown himself too much a master of the arts of fiction to be tolerated in such a slovenly piece of work as this. A little more care in the arrangements of the marriage—a little less of voluntary action on the part of Laura—nay, even the hackneyed expedient of a solemn deathbed

charge from her father, or obligation on his part to the undesirable bridegroom—would have given the heroine a much greater hold upon the sympathies of the reader, which, we are sorry to say, she loses entirely after the very first scenes. Neither is the secret which makes so much commotion in the beginning of the action, and proves at last so totally unimportant to the matter in hand, managed very skilfully. Some futile efforts were undeniably necessary to enhance the final success; but this thread, which, after we have followed it so long, is snapped so summarily, wants more careful interweaving with the web to make it effective. Mrs Catherick is a disagreeable apparition, and the bow extorted from her clergyman a false effect of the Dickens school. But these are lesser blemishes, which detract only momentarily from the value of a picture in which there is more genuine power of *sensation*, with less of the common arbitrary expedients for exciting it, than in any other contemporary production.

There can scarcely be a greater contrast between two works which aim in their different individualities at something of a similar effect, than there exists between Mr Wilkie Collins's powerful story and the last work of his Master in Art. Mr Dickens's successes in sensation are great. Even in 'Great Expectations,' which is far from being one of his best works, he manages to impress distinct images of horror, surprise, and pain upon the mind of his reader with vivid power and distinctness; but his performances go on an entirely different principle, and use other agencies than those which, in the hands of his disciple, heighten the effect by the evident simplicity of the means. Mr Dickens was one of the first popular writers who brought pictures of what is called common life into fashion. It is he who has been mainly instrumental in leading the present generation of authors to disregard to a great extent the

pictorial advantages of life on the upper levels of society, and to find a counter-picturesqueness in the experiences of the poor. But while this is the case, it is equally certain that Mr Dickens, for his own part, has never ventured to depend for his special effects upon the common incidents of life. He has shifted the fashionable ground, and sought his heroes among penniless clerks and adventurers, as little beholden to their ancestors as to fortune. He has made washerwomen as interesting as duchesses, and found domestic angels among the vagabonds of a circus, on the very edge between lawlessness and crime; but whenever he has aimed at a scene, he has hurried aside into regions of exaggeration, and shown his own distrust of the common and usual by fantastic eccentricities, and accumulations of every description of high-strained oddity. The characters upon which he depends are not individual only, with a due recognisable difference to distinguish them from their fellows, but always peculiar, and set forth with a quaintly exaggerated distortion, by which we identify in a moment, not the character described, but the author who has made it, and of whom these oddities are characteristic. If it were possible to quicken these curious originals into life, what an odd crowd of ragamuffins and monsters would that be which should pursue this Frankenstein through the world! In the flush of fresh life and invention, when Sam Wellers and Mark Tapleys led the throng, we all awaited with impatience and received with delight the new oddities with which the great novelist filled his pages; but it is impossible to deny that nowadays that fertile fulness has failed, and that the persistent devotion to the eccentric which has distinguished Mr Dickens through all his literary life, does now no longer produce fruits such as earn him our forgiveness for all the daring steps he takes beyond the modesty of nature. In his last work, symp-

toms of a dangerous adherence to, and departure from, his old habits, will strike most of his faithful readers. The oddity remains, but much of the character has evaporated. The personages in 'Great Expectations' are less out of the way, and the circumstances more so. Strange situations and fantastic predicaments have very much taken the place of those quaint and overstrained but still lifelike phases of humanity in which the author used to delight. He now carves his furniture grotesquely, and makes quaint masks upon his friezes; but he has no longer patience to keep up the strain so long as is necessary for the perfection of a character. After an indication of what he means this and that figure to be, he goes on with his story, too indifferent about it, one could suppose, to enter into the old elaboration. The book reminds us of a painter's rapid memoranda of some picture, in which he uses his pencil to help his memory. After he has dashed in the outline and composition, he scribbles a hasty "carmine" or "ultramarine" where those colours come. So the reds and blues of Mr Dickens's picture are only written in. He means us to fill in the glow of the natural hue from the feeble symbol of the word which represents it, or perhaps to go back in our own memory to those forcible and abundant days when he wrought out his own odd conceptions minutely as if he loved them. Perhaps it was not at any time the wholesomest kind of art, but it was certainly much more satisfactory and piquant than now.

So far as 'Great Expectations' is a sensation novel, it occupies itself with incidents all but impossible, and in themselves strange, dangerous, and exciting; but so far as it is one of the series of Mr Dickens's works, it is feeble, fatigued, and colourless. One feels that he must have got tired of it as the work went on, and that the creatures he had called into being, but who are no longer the lively men

and women they used to be, must have bored him unspeakably before it was time to cut short their career, and throw a hasty and impatient hint of their future to stop the tiresome public appetite. Joe Gargery the blacksmith alone represents the ancient mood of the author. He is as good, as true, patient, and affectionate, as ungrammatical and confused in his faculty of speech, as could be desired; and shields the poor little Pip when he is a child on his hands, and forgives him when he is a man too grand for the blacksmith, with all that affecting tenderness and refinement of affection with which Mr Dickens has the faculty of making his poor blacksmiths and fishermen much more interesting than anything he has ever produced in the condition of gentleman. Near Joe's abode, however, dwells a lady who is intended to have much more influence upon the fortunes of the hero than his humble protector. Here is the first sight of Miss Havisham and her surroundings, as they are disclosed to little Pip and to the reader:—

"I entered, and found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table, with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table. Whether I should have made out this object so soon if there had been no fine lady sitting at it, I cannot say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table, and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

"She was dressed in rich materials—satins and laces and silks—all of white. Her shoes were white, and she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair; but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had

but one shoe on—the other was on the table near her hand ; her veil was but half-arranged ; her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief and gloves and some flowers, and a prayer - book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass. It was not in the first moment that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first moments than might be supposed. But I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose had shrunk to skin and bone. . . . It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

“ ‘Look at me,’ said Miss Havisham ; ‘you are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?’

“ ‘I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer ‘No.’

“ ‘Do you know what I touch here?’ she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side.

“ ‘Yes, ma’am.’

“ ‘What do I touch?’

“ ‘Your heart.’

“ ‘Broken!’

“ ‘She uttered the word with an eager look and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterwards she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away, as if they were heavy.’

This is fancy run mad. As the story progresses, we learn that this poor lady, who is perfectly sane, much as appearances are against her, has lived in this miraculous condition for five-and-twenty years. Not very long ago we heard an eminent Scotch divine pause in the middle of his exposition to assure his hearers that it was not necessary to believe that the garments of the children of Israel were literally preserved from the wear and

tear of the forty years in the wilderness, but simply that God provided them with clothing as well as food. We should like to know what the reverend gentleman would say to that wedding-dress of Miss Havisham’s, which, in five-and-twenty years, had only grown yellow and faded, but was still, it appears, extant in all its integrity, no tatters being so much as inferred, except on the shoeless foot, the silk stocking on which “ ‘had been trodden ragged.’” In this ghastly company lived a pretty young girl called Estella, whom Miss Havisham had reared with the avowed intention of avenging her own wrongs against men in general by breaking as many hearts as possible. The unlucky little Pip is the first victim selected. He is brought there to be operated upon in the special hope that he may learn to love Estella, and by her means have his heart broken—though the unfortunate little individual in question has no connection whatever with the breaking of Miss Havisham’s heart, nor any other title to be considered as a representative of male humanity. If startling effects were to be produced by any combination of circumstances or arrangement of still life, here, surely, was the very scene for a sensation. But somehow the sensation does not come. The wretched old heroine of this masquerade is, after all, notwithstanding her dire intentions of revenge upon the world, a very harmless and rather amiable old woman, totally incapable of any such determined folly. Estella grows up everything she ought not to grow up, but breaks nobody’s heart but Pip’s, so far as there is any evidence, and instead of carrying out the benevolent intentions of her benefactress, only fulfils a vulgar fate by marrying a man without any heart to be broken, and being miserable herself instead. Here there is the most perfect contrast to the subtle successes of the ‘Woman in White.’ Mr Dickens’s indifference or languor has left the

field open to his disciple. With the most fantastic exaggeration of means, here is no result at all achieved, and no sensation produced upon the composed intelligence of the reader. The shut-up house does not deceive that wary and experienced observer: he waits to see what comes of the bridal dress of twenty-five years' standing, and its poor old occupant; and as nothing in the least startling comes of either the one or the other, declines to be excited on the subject. The whole of this scene, and of the other scenes which follow in this house, and the entire connection between Miss Havisham, Pip, and Estella, is a failure. It is a mere piece of masquerading which deceives nobody, and carries to the utmost bounds of uninteresting extravagance that love of the odd and eccentric which has already brought Mr Dickens to occasional misfortune in his long and well-deserved round of success.

Very different, however, is the darker side of the story. The appearance of the escaped convict in the squalid and dismal solitude of the marsh—the melancholy landscape with that one wretched figure embodying the forlorn and desolate sentiment of the scene—is perhaps as vivid and effective a sketch as Mr Dickens ever drew. It is made in fewer words than usual, done at a breath, as if the author felt what he was saying this time, and saw the scene too vividly himself to think a full development of every detail necessary to enable his reader to see it also. Here is the apparition and the scene:—

“A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled, and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin. . . . When he came to the low church-wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numb and stiff, and then turned round to look

for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on towards the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there for stepping-places when the rains were heavy or the tide was in.

“The marshes were just a long, black, horizontal line there, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry lines and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright: one of them was the beacon by which the sailors steered, like an unhooped cask upon a pole—an ugly thing when you were near it; the other a gibbet with some chains hanging to it, which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on towards this latter, as if he were the pirate come to life and come down, and going back to hook himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.”

After another very vivid picture of the same marshes under the wild torchlight of a convict-hunt, this horrible figure disappears out of the book, and only comes to life again at the end of the second volume, when, as Pip's unknown benefactor, the mysterious secret friend who has made the young blacksmith a gentleman, he re-emerges, humanised and horribly affectionate, out of the darkness. The young fellow's utter despair when he finds himself held fast in the clutches of this man's gratitude and bounty—compelled to be grateful in his turn while loathing the very thought of the obligation which he has been unwittingly incurring—is very powerfully drawn, and the predicament perhaps as strange and frightful as could be conceived. The terrible benefactor appears without the slightest warning in the young

man's chambers, startling his harmless youthful life into the rudest, yet most intense tragedy; for his convict patron is a "Lifer," and the penalty of his return, if found out, is death. The sudden change which thus clouds over a hitherto harmless and aimless existence; the precautions necessary to keep the stranger safe; the gradual concentration of all interests into this one; the way in which, when hunted and in danger, the unfortunate young hero grows first tolerant, then anxious, and at last affectionate, to his strange and uncongenial friend,—is carefully done, and contains all that there is of interest and excitement in the book. It is a struggle against an unseen enemy—always an exciting spectacle; and the fact that it is not the imperilled criminal himself for whom we are principally concerned, but the generous young men who have devoted themselves to save him, refines the contest, and gives it an interest less coarsely tragical. Through the whole, he, the man specially in danger, is acquiescent, passive; while the unlucky object of his bounty contrives and plots for him, accepting the bond between them with hearty youthful generosity as soon as his dreadful patron is in trouble. The narrative is close and rapid, and told without much unnecessary detail; but notwithstanding its undeniable effectiveness as a whole, it must be admitted that neither its successive incidents nor even its crisis strikes sharp upon the course of the story, or stands out with any distinctness from its general level. We watch the second boat stealing out upon the river without any sudden thrill of interest. We see the two convicts go down together into the water churned by the agitating passage of the great steamer which lowers over them like a castle in the water, but we draw our breath as calm as before. The means, in short, are superabundant, and full of all the natural elements of won-

der, pity, and terror, but the effect is *not* produced. Perhaps most readers will make sure of what is going to happen to Abel Magwitch before they retire to their peaceful pillows, but once there, the returned convict will not haunt them. He will neither interfere with their sleep, nor startle their leisure with any uncomfortable consciousness of his own lurking, clandestine figure. At first, when he was out on the marsh, there seemed some likelihood that he might—but he has died, so far as his faculty of exciting a sensation goes, for long before he dies in prison. By means almost as exciting as those which, in the case of Bill Sykes, made the reading world hold its breath, and invested with all the dark grandeur of tragedy the vulgar fate of a brutal wretch, too debased for sympathy, Mr Dickens has this time made nothing but a narrative, powerful, indeed, but not pictorial, and from which we cannot quote any one incident sufficiently vivid and distinct to concentrate the attention of the reader. The following death-bed sketch, however, is full of a subdued pathos and tenderness, without exaggeration or overdoing, dismissing in pity and charity, but without any attempt to make him a wonder either of remorse or reformation, the lawless soul who has been the overshadowing terror of the book:—

"The kind of submission or resignation that he showed was that of a man who was tired out. I sometimes derived an impression from his manner, or from a whispered word or two which escaped him, that he pondered over the question whether he might have been a better man under better circumstances. But he never justified himself by a hint tending that way, or tried to bend the past out of its eternal shape. . . . As the days went on, I noticed more and more that he would lie placidly looking at the white ceiling, with an absence of light in his face until some word of mine brightened it for an instant, and then it would subside again. Sometimes he was almost or quite unable to speak; then he would

answer me with slight pressures on my hand, and I grew to understand his meaning very well.

"The number of the days had risen to ten, when I saw a greater change on him than I had yet seen. His eyes were turned towards the door and lighted up as I entered.

" 'Dear boy,' he said, as I sat down by his bed, 'I thought you was late. But I knowed you couldn't be that.'

" 'It is just the time,' said I; 'I waited for it at the gate.'

" 'You always waits at the gate; don't you, dear boy?'

" 'Yes. Not to lose a minute of the time.'

" 'Thank'ee, dear boy, thank'ee—God bless you! You've never deserted me, dear boy.'

"I pressed his hand in silence, for I could not forget that I had once meant to desert him.

" 'And what's the best of all,' he said, 'you've been more comfortable alonger me since I was under a dark cloud than when the sun shone. That's best of all.'

"He lay on his back, breathing with great difficulty. Do what he would, and love me though he did, the light left his face ever and again, and a film came over the placid look at the white ceiling.

" 'Are you in much pain to-day?'

" 'I don't complain of none, dear boy.'

" 'You never do complain.'

"He had spoken his last words. He smiled, and I understood his touch to mean that he wished to lift my hand and lay it on his breast. I laid it there, and he smiled again, and laid both his hands upon it."

This picture is affecting in its simplicity and composure. The man has been a criminal, but he is not remorseful, or even affected by the solemn agitation and thrill of expectancy which we naturally associate with the approach of death. He is only weary and worn out, as most people are when they come to that inevitable hour, unsusceptible of impression. A wonderful mystery among all the mysteries of this life is the quietness with which most people die. Guilty as they may happen to be, going to sleep like innocent creatures, with subdued demonstrations of childlike simple emotion, tearful pleasure,

grateful affection—a wonder as great as anything in life, and only coming to be acknowledged as experience of what *is*, takes the place, in all true representations of our various and strange existence, of theories and imaginations of what ought to be. The convict dies with a certain subdued halo of patience and gentleness about him; yet he has been a troublesome ruffian enough, as long as he had any opportunities that way, and very shortly before the end of his life has exhibited towards his persecutor sentiments which were anything but Christian. But notwithstanding these drawbacks, Abel Magwitch makes, on the whole, an edifying end; and Mr Dickens seizes the opportunity to note with delicate skill that pathetic gratification in the affection shown them, which is common to the old and weak of all classes. The tender pride with which the dying man dwells on the fact that his "dear boy" always waits at the gate for the hour of entrance is a touch as true to nature as it is affecting in itself.

The secondary persons of this book, however—almost entirely separated as they are from the main action, which is connected only in the very slightest way with the rest of the story—are, so far as they possess any individual character at all, specimens of oddity run mad. The incredible ghost, in the wedding-dress which has lasted for five-and-twenty years, is scarcely more *outré* than the ridiculous Mrs Pocket, whom the hero finds seated in her garden, oblivious of everything that is going on around her, absorbed in a book which it is natural to suppose must be a novel—for popular superstition still believes in the existence of individuals capable of abandoning all the duties of life for the superior charms of fiction. But it is not a novel, but a Red book, which wraps the lady in an ideal world. Of the same description is the ingenious Mr Wemmick, the lawyer's clerk, who lives in a little castle at Walworth, and calls his

old father the Aged, and exclaims, "Hulloa! here's a church—let's go in!" when he is going to be married. Is this fun? Mr Dickens ought to be an authority in that respect, seeing he has made more honest laughter in his day than any man living, and called forth as many honest tears; but we confess it looks exceedingly dull pleasantry to us, and that we are slow to accept Mr Wemmick's carpentry as a substitute for all the homely wit and wisdom in which Mr Dickens's privileged humorists used to abound. Besides all this heavy sport, there is a sensation episode of a still heavier description, for the introduction of which we are totally unable to discover any motive, except that of filling a few additional pages—unless, perhaps, it might be a desperate expedient on the part of the author to rouse his own languid interest in the conduct of the piece. Otherwise, why Pip should be seduced into the clutches of the senseless brute Orlick, and made to endure all the agonies of death for nothing, is a mystery quite beyond our powers of guessing. And again Mr Dickens misses fire—he rouses himself up, indeed, and bethinks himself of his old arts of word and composition, and does his best to galvanise his figures into momentary life. But it is plain to see all along that he means nothing by it; we are as sure that help will come at the right moment, as if we saw it approaching all the time; and the whole affair is the most arbitrary and causeless stoppage in the story—perhaps acceptable to weekly readers, as a prick of meretricious excitement on the languid road, perhaps a little stimulant to the mind of the writer, who was bored with his own production—but as a part of a narrative totally uncalled for, an interruption and encumbrance, interfering with the legitimate interest of the story, which is

never so strong as to bear much trifling with. In every way, Mr Dickens's performance must yield precedence to the companion work of his disciple and assistant. The elder writer, rich in genius and natural power, has, from indolence or caprice, or the confidence of established popularity, produced, with all his unquestionable advantages, and with a subject admirably qualified to afford the most striking and picturesque effects, a very ineffective and colourless work; the younger, with no such gifts, has employed the common action of life so as to call forth the most original and startling impressions upon the mind of the reader. The lesson to be read therefrom is one so profoundly improving that it might form the moral of any Good-child story. Mr Dickens is the careless, clever boy who could do it twice as well, but won't take pains. Mr Wilkie Collins is the steady fellow, who pegs at his lesson like a hero, and wins the prize over the other's head. Let the big children and the little pre-empt and profit by the lesson. The most popular of writers would do well to pause before he yawns and flings his careless essay at the public, and to consider that the reputation which makes everything he produces externally successful is itself mortal, and requires a sustenance more substantial than a languid owner can be expected to give.

It is a bold proceeding to place the name of a comparatively recent writer, who has scarcely yet won his spurs, beside that of one of the masters of fiction; and we will not attempt to claim for 'Owen'* any such place as that held even by the most unsatisfactory of Mr Dickens's works. The book, however, has high qualities of its own, and belongs to a class which possibly never might have come into existence but for the labours of Mr Dickens.

* 'Owen; a Waif.' By the Author of 'No Church.'

How far it is wise, or how far it is expedient, for art to forsake the educated world, and betake itself in search of fresh nature and unsophisticated character to the lowest levels of society, and there to the farthest fringe which divides social guiltlessness (for we cannot say innocence) from crime, is, to our own thinking, a very doubtful question. Nature is no more unsophisticated down below there than it is upon the haughtiest levels. We do not perceive the conventionalities only because they are of a kind unknown to us—or, when we do perceive them, their simple absurdity strikes us so, that in the amusement with which we regard them, we forget to think that the conventionalities which are real and cruel restraints to ourselves, would look quite as absurd to anybody as superior to us in training and education, as we are to the costermongers and vagrants of London. The author of 'No Church' has, with apparently a serious inspiration more consistent than that of most of the writers who elucidate the noisy utterances of Whitechapel and the Borough, and convey the story of these heathen places to the distant ear, taken his stand in that confused and obscure world. He takes us there, not to introduce us to quaint wits or darkling villains, but to show us how the course of life flows on—how goodness may exist without religion, but how religion alone can confirm and perfect goodness. His hero, Owen, is a bright, fearless, quick-witted, famishing London lad, desolate and self-sustaining, deserted by a worthless mother, and charmed by the motherly looks and words of a poor costermonger's wife to the paths of honesty and virtue. This poor woman has been, as poor women will, increasing the population of Whitechapel, when the wistful boy, alarmed for the safety of his patroness, appears, in the following effective and simple sketch, watching the humble, anxious house:—

"All was quiet at Tarby's shed, where the gas burned low, and where Tarby walked about on tiptoe enjoying his after-supper pipe, and looking as sober as a judge. Tarby had his hands in his pockets, and his cap tilted on his forehead, and was promenading thoughtfully to and fro, holding a committee of ways and means with himself, and mapping out the proceeds of last week, and calculating for the next, and disturbed in the operation by thoughts of a deeper cast that troubled him, and with which we shall presently trouble the reader. . . . Tarby, deep in committee, and addressing the chair at the present moment on the probability of a rise in turnips, was unconscious of a watcher who stood in the opposite doorway, and took stock of his proceedings. A youthful watcher, whose clothes were a trifle more worn and dilapidated than when the reader made his acquaintance, and whose face, if he had stopped underneath the gas-lamp yonder, would have been found more thin and pinched and haggard than when attention was first drawn to it on the great London road some three months since. The eyes were very anxiously directed towards the shop at the corner, and the heart under the rags beat with an uncertainty and a sickening sense of fear very new to it. For the watcher had been at that post night after night for above a week, and no sign of Mrs Chickney had presented itself, and he had wished to see and speak to her. But Tarby had been only there of an evening, and he had nothing to say to Tarby just then in which Tarby could take an interest or assist him; it was Tarby's wife he wanted, and she never appeared; and he knew, by the drawn blind before the back-parlour glass-door, that she was ill inside there, and that it was better, however time pressed, not to trouble her. . . .

"Owen was watching him with great intentness, when the parlour door opened, and the woman whom he had noticed serving occasionally in the shop came hastily forth, and flung up both arms in rather a stagey manner. Owen saw Tarby make two strides towards the street, then stop at the woman's voice, hesitate, and, turning back, go into the parlour. Owen left his hiding-place, and ran to the opposite side of the way, and up the two steps into the shop in his excitement, then down again as the parlour door opened, and Tarby re-emerged. He was in his old hiding-place when Tarby went to the shop-board, and proceeded to lug forth a rickety shutter

that had not seen paint or varnish, or known a scrubbing-brush, since its first coat in ages remote. Owen looked perplexed, and turned a shade more pale. If he had been ever taught a prayer, it might have escaped his lips then, hard and inured to the world as he was. For she had been his one friend—the only one whom he had known. She—but perhaps Tarby was only going to shut up early . . . only going to shut up, to be sure. Why, here comes another shutter.

“And that was the last! Owen saw him turn back into the parlour, leaving his advertisement of a death in Hannah Street to the notice of his neighbours. Was it only an impulse that took Owen up the steps, and even into the shop, where he stood against the potato-bin, and waited some one’s attendance. Presently the woman put her head out, and said, ‘What do you want?’ in no very civil tones.

“‘I want to see Tarby.’

“‘Can’t I serve you?’

“‘No!’ was the quick response.

Tarby reappeared in the shop after this abrupt reply, and Owen and he looked each other in the face.

“‘What!—is that you?’ said Tarby.

“‘Yes, it’s me;’ and there they stood looking at each other, till Owen broke silence. ‘I see the shutters are up—I’m sorry.’

“Tarby did not answer, but surveyed him with a little more surprise.

“‘She—she,’ with a gulp, ‘gave me the first good word, and that’s more nor my own mother ever did. She promised to tell me what was wrong if I ever thought I didn’t know it from the right; and now she’s dead, Tarby.’

“‘Not the old woman—not Polly, boy. It aren’t so bad as that.’”

This little picture is touched with great delicacy and truth in its perfect homeliness, no way etherealised out of the poor, very poor, greengrocer’s shop, which is a paradisaical home to the contemplation of the houseless vagrant outside, yet full of a real sentiment and wistful anxiety. This is the beginning of the poor boy’s good fortune. The mother, just bereaved of her baby, uses the power of her weakness and grief to melt her husband’s heart to the houseless lad, who is taken into their home and hearts, and becomes the stay of the family when

Tarby himself, who has three periodical saturnalia every year, knocks down a policeman at last too vigorously, kills the man, and is transported in consequence. The story is not successfully constructed, and has many weak points. Owen, out of the greengrocer’s shop, has to be made a gentleman and rich man, which is of course a rather troublesome operation; and the author’s ingenuity is considerably tried by the effort of changing his ground with his whole group to a level of gentility, and indeed wealth. He manages the leap, it is true, but it is forced, and not over-successful; and Owen, the costermonger’s boy, is a much more natural and agreeable character than the Owen who, in six years, makes money enough to come back from Australia and become master, along with his partners, of a large London foundry. The mere fact of this necessity for raising the hero’s social position is a serious objection against the choice of a poor boy for this office. Poor boys rarely become comfortable gentlemen, and it is a petty result enough of the research which goes down, enlightened and candid, to show us what noble lives and pure hearts are among the poorest poor, when the same hand which throws that light upon the masses makes haste to detach its special *protégé* from among them, and elevate him to a higher standing, that his virtues may have breathing room. Owen, unlike Pip, works his way up steadily, with some show of probability; but, like Pip, takes to being a gentleman with a facility and readiness not always characteristic of blacksmith or costermonger boys. When he comes to man’s estate, his pride and his affections are alike wounded, and he resolves upon leaving England. Just at the same critical moment, his wretched mother turns up suddenly in the lowest depth of drunkenness and wretchedness, and, touched by unexpected kindness, resolves to reform, and consents

to go abroad with him. All goes pretty well until the last evening, when the young man, proud, wounded, and embittered, as it is the special privilege of a plebeian hero to be, comes home to find that the wretched creature has been trifling with temptation, warns her sternly that she must give up either her favourite vice or him, and leaves her, believing her penitent. The description that follows strikes us as being singularly powerful:—

“She was thinking of the morrow, too, in that darkened room. She had not thought of a light until she had somewhat noisily closed the door behind her, and bumped herself on the floor, in a position similar to that which she had adopted in the drawing-room, after the last reproaches of her son. He would be quiet now, and not come down to worry her till the morning—*till the morning!* She shuddered as she thought of it. It was an awful prospect that morning, when he would enter with his death’s face, and those dark eyes which would go clean through her, and make her feel ready to sink through the floor. He would talk of her moral weakness and the last chance, and she would be sober then, and every word would stab like a dagger, and yet he would go on stabbing unmercifully. And, after all, for what? To make her live better, show a clean dress and face to the society she hated; render her a servant and a slave; take her to foreign parts, which she did not believe for a moment would agree with her. What did it all amount to?—misery! She was to be sober, and think eternally of those many sins which had multiplied upon her since her first step from right, and thinking of them was horror! She had been all her life trying to forget them in drink, and now he took the drink away because it was more respectable. She didn’t care to live respectable just to please him, who, now he was a fine gentleman, wanted a decent mother. He was only thinking of himself; he didn’t care much about that past life he was so anxious she should escape from. And it wasn’t such a miserable life, come to think of it. There was no one but herself to please, and it *was* hard to please two. She had found that out soon enough. She couldn’t please two all her life, and the time would come when he would throw her off in her weakness, and then she should be in a foreign place, where there were no old pals to look up,

no old haunts to seek refuge in. No, it hadn’t been so miserable a life; lots of fun and gin! A rare exciting life, with little to do but hang about ‘the publics,’ and spend the money one had begged, borrowed, or stolen. *He* talk of casting her back to the streets! Why, the streets were her natural element, and she could exist there. She was a woman of the streets, and their darkness was congenial. She knew every turn of them, half the faces in them, and to think of it all made her yearn as for home. . . . She had tried a change, and it had not agreed with her; let her be off. When the worst came to the worst—somehow that unfriendly meeting *did* occur with most of her pals at the last—she could drown herself. There might be a year, two, a dozen, between this time and that, and between whiles she should be having her own way. Let her be off, then, silently and cunningly, with her boots in her hand, lest the stairs should creak in the descent; and her breath bated for fear the quick ears of that proud young upstart should hear her; he was awfully sharp, like his mother.

“She had unlaced her boots as thought suggested her plan of action: she had risen with them in her hands. An awful figure looming amidst the darkness—the angels who had had hope of her might have wept to see her! The old look, the old evil thoughts—the old figure borne back by the irresistible attraction which sweeps back to the sea so many like unto her. For the one who clings to the rock, and holds fast in the storm, how many go down! . . . She stepped into the streets, and left the door ajar behind her. It was raining heavily then, and she huddled her shawl round her, and pulled the bonnet over her eyes, and in an instant it was the same world-worn desolate figure we have seen on Mark-shire Downs, met in Hannah Street, when Tarby’s wife died.

“Plodding on in the shadow of the houses went the woman to her dark estate, back of her own free-will to the sin-haunted life, from which one upward spring had been fruitlessly made. In the rain and the wind, with her head bent down, and the refractory grey hair already making its escape after the old fashion, she emerged into the Kennington Road, and plunged into the network of courts and alleys that spring thence—dens of poverty, and sin, and ignorance, and all uncleanness, which there is no sweeping away.”

We cannot call to our recollection any similar sketch so little exagger-

ated, yet so effective, in recent fiction. It is as sad as it is true, yet refrains from all unnecessary horrors. A little more detail might have made the picture disgusting. As it is, it is almost solemn in its brooding silence, yet restless activity of thought, and in the stealthy resolution and silent guilty joy of the escape. We have had many pictures of reformed lives, but few of the terrible satisfaction with which such a poor sinner escapes out of the restraints of virtue, and has "her will" again.

Mr Dickens is more or less master in art—not to say of an infinite height of superiority in the gifts of nature—to both the writers whose works we have referred to, and to many others of as wide a diversity of gifts. It was he who brought us first to the crowded London lanes to find wit, and worth, and quaint generosity and virtue, among the despised multitude; and it is he who now bends his powers to the popularising among us of that instrument of literary excitement, the weekly Story-teller. Whether he or anybody else will be able to keep that restless agency going with-

out descending to the expedients of the *feuilletonists*, remains yet to be proved. Whether his own fantastic oddities and tamed criminals will do it; or whether, in inferior hands to those which have wielded that equivocal weapon, *diablerie* can do it, without sinking into insanity, we will not venture to prophesy. We can afford to be grateful, for once in a way, to any form of publication which has introduced into literature the example of skilful workmanship and the delicate and startling thrills of sensation conveyed by the 'Woman in White;' but the Master of the School has not yet condescended to rouse himself for the illustration of his experiment. To combine the higher requirements of art with the lower ones of a popular weekly periodical, and produce something which will be equally perfect in snatches and as a book, is an operation too difficult and delicate for even genius to accomplish, without a bold adaptation of the cunning of the mechanist and closest elaboration of workmanship. How far the result might be worth the labour, we will not attempt to decide.

CAXTONIANA :

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON LIFE, LITERATURE, AND MANNERS.

By the Author of 'The Caxton Family.'

PART IV.

NO. VI.—ON THE MANAGEMENT OF MONEY.

(Addressed chiefly to the Young.)

IN a work of fiction I once wrote this sentence, which perhaps may be found, if considered, suggestive of some practical truths,—“Money is character.”

In the humbler grades of life, certainly character is money. The man who gives me his labour in return for the wages which the labour is worth, pledges to me something more than his labour—he pledges to me certain qualities of his moral being—such as honesty, sobriety, and diligence. If, in these respects, he maintain his character, he will have my money as long as I want his labour; and, when I want his labour no longer, his character is money's worth to him from somebody else. If, in addition to the moral qualities I have named, he establish a character for other attributes which have their own price in the money market—if he exhibit a superior intelligence, skill, energy, zeal—his labour rises in value. Thus, in the humblest class of life, character is money;—and according as the man earns or spends the money, money in turn becomes character.

As money is the most evident power in the world's uses, so the use that he makes of money is often all that the world knows about a man. Is our money gained justly and spent prudently? our character establishes a claim on respect. Is it gained nobly and spent beneficently? our character commands more than respect—it wins a place in that higher sphere of opinion which comprises admiration, gratitude, love. Is

money, inherited without merit of ours, lavished recklessly away? our character disperses itself with the spray of the golden shower,—it is not the money alone of which we are spendthrifts. Is money, meanly acquired, selfishly hoarded? it is not the money alone of which we are misers; we are starving our own human hearts—depriving them of their natural aliment in the approval and affection of others. We invest the money which we fancy so safe out at compound interest, in the very worst possession a man can purchase—viz., an odious reputation. In fact, the more we look round, the more we shall come to acknowledge that there is no test of a man's character more generally adopted than the way in which his money is managed. Money is a terrible blab; she will betray the secrets of her owner whatever he do to gag her. His virtues will creep out in her whisper—his vices she will cry aloud at the top of her tongue.

But the management of money is an art? True, but that which we call an art means an improvement, and not a deterioration, of a something existent already in nature; and the artist can only succeed in improving his art in proportion as he improves himself in the qualities which the art demands in the artist. Now, the management of money is, in much, the management of self. If heaven allotted to each man seven guardian angels, five of them, at least, would be found night and day hovering over his pockets.

On the first rule of the art of

managing money all preceptors must be agreed. It is told in three words—"Horror of debt."

Nurse, cherish, never cavil away, the wholesome horror of DEBT. Personal liberty is the paramount essential to human dignity and human happiness. Man hazards the condition, and loses the virtues, of free-man, in proportion as he accustoms his thoughts to view, without anguish and shame, his lapse into the bondage of debtor. Debt is to man what the serpent is to the bird; its eye fascinates, its breath poisons, its coil crushes sinew and bone, its jaw is the pitiless grave. If you mock my illustration, if you sneer at the truth it embodies, give yourself no further trouble to learn how to manage your money. Consider yourself doomed; pass on your way with a jaunty step; the path is facile—paths to Avernus always are. But if, while I write, your heart, true to the instinct of manhood, responds to my words—if you say, "Agreed; that which you call the first rule for the management of money, I hold yet more imperative as the necessity to freedom and the lifespring of probity"—then advance on your way, assured that wherever it wind it must ascend. You see but the temple of Honour; close behind it is the temple of Fortune. You will pass through the one to the other.

"But," sighs the irresolute youth whom the eye of the serpent has already charmed, "it is by no means so easy to keep out of debt as it is to write warnings against getting into it."

Easy to keep out of debt! Certainly not. Nothing in life worth an effort is easy. Do you expect to know the first six books of Euclid by inspiration? Could you get over that problem in the first book, popularly called the Ass's Bridge, without a sigh of fatigue? Can you look back to the rudimentary agonies of the Multiplication Table and the Rule of Three, or *As in presenti*, or even *Propria quæ maribus*, without a lively reminiscence of the moment

in which you fairly gave in, and said, "This is too much for human powers"? Even in things the pleasantest, if we wish to succeed we must toil. We are all Adam's children. Whatever we culture on earth, till we win back our way into Eden, we must earn by the sweat of our brow or the sweat of our brain. Not even the Sybarite was at ease on his rosebed—even for him some labour was needful. No hand save his own could uncrumple the rose-leaf that chafed him. Each object under the sun reflects a difficulty on the earth. "Every hair," says that exquisite Publius Syrus, whose fragments of old verse are worth libraries of modern comedies—"every hair casts its shadow."

But think, O young man! of the object I place before you, and then be ashamed of yourself if you still sigh, "Easy to preach, and not easy to practise." I have no interest in the preaching; your interest is immense in the practice. That object not won, your heart has no peace, and your hearth no security. Your conscience itself leaves a door open night and day to the tempter;—night and day, to the ear of a debtor, steal whispers that prompt to the deeds of a felon. Three years ago you admired the rising success of some—most respectable man. Where is he now? In the dock,—in the jail,—in the hulks? What! that opulent banker, whose plate dazzled princes? or that flourishing clerk, who drove the high-stepping horse to his office? The same. And his crime? Fraud and swindling. What demon could urge so respectable a man to so shameful an act? I know not the name of the demon, but the cause of the crime the wretch tells you himself. Ask him: what is his answer? "I got into debt,—no way to get out of it but the way which I took—to the dock, to the jail, to the hulks!"

Easy to keep out of debt! No, my young friend, it is difficult. Are you rich? The bland tradesman cries, "Pay when you please." Your rents or your father's allow-

ance will not be due for three months; your purse, in the meanwhile, cannot afford you some pleasant vice or some innocent luxury, which to young heirs seems a want; you are about to relinquish the vice or dispense with the luxury: a charming acquaintance, who lives no one knows how, though no one lives better, introduces an amiable creature, sleek as a cat, with paws of velvet hiding claws of steel; his manners are pleasing, his calling—usury. You want the money for three months. Why say three? Your name to a bill for *six* months, and the vice or the luxury is yours the next hour! Certainly the easy thing here is to put your name to the bill. Presto! you are in debt—the demon has you down in his books.

Are you poor? Still your character is yet without stain—and your character is a property on which you can borrow a trifle. But when you borrow on your character, it is your character that you leave in pawn. The property to you is priceless, and the loan that subjects it to be a pledge unredeemed is—a trifle.

Young friend, be thou patrician or plebeian, learn to say No at the first, to your charming acquaintance. The worst that the "No" can inflict on you is a privation—a want—always short of starvation. No young man, with the average health of youth, need be in danger of starving. But despite that privation or want, your youth itself is such riches that there is not a purse-proud old millionaire of sixty who, provided your good name be unsoiled, would not delightedly change with you. Be contented! Say No! Keep unscathed the good name, keep out of peril the honour, without which even you battered old soldier, who is hobbling into his grave on half-pay and a wooden leg, would not change with Achilles.

Here I pause, seemingly to digress,—really to enlarge the scope of my reasoning. In the world, around and without us, there are

first principles which defy all philosophy. We may arrive with Newton at the law of gravitation; there we stop. "We inquire no more," says Sir William Hamilton, "although ignorant now as previously of the cause of gravitation."

But man in himself is a world; and in man's moral organisation there are also first principles, on which the more we would dispute the more likely we are to be led astray. All things can be argued upon; and therefore, if we so choose, we may be argued out of all things the best for us. There are some things for men and nations which it is safest never to submit to an argument. I would not, as an Englishman, permit trial by jury, or the right of *habeas corpus*, or the honour of the national flag, or the privilege of asylum to political exiles, to become open questions for the casuists of other lands to refine into ignorant prejudices on the part of my old-fashioned country. So, as a human being, in myself integral and independent—as sovereign in free-will as any state on earth, however numerous its citizens, however imperial its sceptre,—there are certain things which I will not allow to be open questions; I assume them as indispensable to my own completeness of human being. I grant that a great deal may be said against them, as there may be against trial by jury and the honour of our flag; but I have made up my mind to maintain and not to discuss them, not because I doubt that all hostile arguments could be triumphantly answered, but because I may not be such a proficient in casuistry as to be able to satisfy others; and in striving to do so I may unsettle in my own mind the foundations of all that I know to be both the temples and bulwarks of my existence as man. I will not consent to make open questions of aught without which I should think it a mercy if I were hanged as a dog. I have read very subtle arguments against the pro-

babilities that my frame holds a soul—that my present life involves a hereafter. I have read arguments no less subtle against the wisdom, and almost against the existence, of every conceivable virtue. I could quote pages by writers of no mean ability to show that common honesty is a vulgar error. So that, in fact, if I were to deliver up my whole self to the arbitrament of special pleaders, to-day I might be argued into an atheist, and to-morrow into a pickpocket. Therefore, I say to the young man about entering life as a free agent, Whenever you are tempted to do something which you have been brought up by honest parents and teachers to know to be wrong, rather do it than argue about it. Without an argument you may commit the fault, repent, and atone it, because you have not frittered away the conviction that you have done wrong; but if you once make the wrong an open question, and consent to argue with perhaps a more practised casuist than yourself—his argument taking part with your temptation—then the chance is that you do more than a wrong thing; that you do wrong upon philosophical system, and will very soon substitute custom for conscience. Never be argued out of your soul, never be argued out of your honour, and never be argued into believing that soul and honour do not run a terrible risk if you limp into life with the load of a debt on your shoulders, and, as the debt grows heavy and heavier, the hiss of some lying fiend in your ear,—“Shake it off; you need not be bankrupt; there is an alternative.”—“O heavens! what alternative say!” and the fiend whispers low, suasive words—for the fiends argue well—suasive words which, put in plain English, mean this,—“Be a cheat; be a swindler.”

Shake hands, brave young friend; we are agreed. You consent to have horror of debt. You will abstain, you will pinch, you will work harder, and harder, and harder if

needful. You will not slink through the crowd as a debtor.

Now comes the next danger. You will not incur debt for yourself; but you have a friend. Pythias, your friend, your familiar—the man you like best and see most of—says to you, “Damon, be my security—your name to this bill!” Heaven forbid that I should cry out to Damon, “Pythias means to cheat thee—beware!” But I address to Damon this observation, “Pythias asks thee to guarantee that three, six, or twelve months hence he will pay to another man—say to Dionysius—so many pounds sterling.” Here your first duty as an honest man is not to Pythias, but to Dionysius. Suppose some accident happen—one of those accidents which, however impossible it may seem to your Pythias, constantly happen to the Pythias of other Damons who draw bills on the bank of Futurity; suppose that the smut or the rain spoil the crops on which Pythias relies—or the cargoes he expects from Marseilles, California, Utopia, go down to the bottomless seas;—Dionysius must come upon you! Can you pay to Dionysius what you pledge yourself to pay to him in spite of those accidents? He thinks those accidents not only possible, but probable, or he would not require your surety, nor charge 20 per cent for his loan; and, therefore, since he clearly doubts Pythias, his real trust is in you. Do you merit the trust? Can you pay the money if Pythias cannot?—and, allowing that you can pay the money, are your other obligations in life such as to warrant that sacrifice to Friendship? If you cannot pay, or if you owe it to others more sacred than Pythias himself—owe it to your parents, your plighted bride, or wedded wife, or the children to whom, what, before their birth, was your fortune, has become the trust-money for their provision—not to hazard for Pythias that for which, if lost, not you alone but others must suffer,—then, do not common duty

and common honesty forbid you to say, "I am surety to Pythias for that which it belongs not to Pythias but to Chance to fulfil?" I am the last man to say, "Do not help your friend," if you honourably can. If we have money, we manage it ill when we cannot help a friend at a pinch. But the plain fact is this, Pythias wants money. Can you give it, at whatever stint to yourself, in justice to others? If you can, and you value Pythias more than the money, give the money, and there is an end of it; but if you cannot give the money, don't sign the bill. Do not become what, in rude truth, you do become—a knave and a liar—if you guarantee to do what you know that you cannot do should the guarantee be exacted. He is generous who gives; he who lends may be generous also; but only on one condition—viz., that he can afford to give what he can afford to lend; of the two, therefore, it is safer, friendlier, cheaper, in the long-run, to give than to lend. Give, and you may keep your friend if you lose your money; lend, and the chances are, that you lose your friend if ever you get back your money.

But if you do lend, let it be with the full conviction that the loan is a gift, and count it among the rarest favours of Providence if you be ever repaid. Lend to Pythias on the understanding,—“This is a loan if you can ever repay me. I shall, however, make this provision against the chance of a quarrel between us, that if you cannot repay me, it stands as a gift.”

And whatever you lend, let it be your money, and not your name. Money you may get again, and, if not, you may contrive to do without it; name once lost you cannot get again, and, if you can contrive to do without it, you had better never have been born.

With honour, poverty is a Noble; without honour, wealth is a Pauper. Is it not so? Every young man not corrupted says “Yes.” It is only some wretched old cynic, no

drop of warm blood in his veins, who says, “Life is a boon without honour.”

But if a Jew knock at your door, and show you a bill with your name as a promise to pay, and the bill be dishonoured, pray, what becomes of your name?

“My name!” falters Damon; “I am but a surety—go to Pythias.”

“Pythias has bolted!”

Pay the bill, Damon, or good-bye to your honour!

Pardon my prolixity; earnestness is apt to be garrulous. *Vixi!* I have lived and known life. And, alas! what careers bright in promise I have seen close in jail or in exile; what talents, profuse in their blossom, die off without coming to fruit; what virtues the meanest rot into vices the meanest—which, when one cried in amazement, “How account for so doleful an end to so fair a commencement?”—solve their whole mystery in this: “Damon never recovered his first fatal error; Damon put his name to a bill by which Pythias promised to pay so and so in three months.”

Having settled these essential preliminaries—1st, Never to borrow where there is a chance, however remote, that you may not be able to repay; 2dly, Never to lend what you are not prepared to give; 3dly, Never to guarantee for another what you cannot fulfil if the other should fail;—you start in life with this great advantage—whatever you have, be it little or much, is your own. Rich or poor, you start as a freeman, resolved to preserve, in your freedom, the noblest condition of your being as man.

Now, fix your eyes steadily on some definite end in the future. Consider well what you chiefly wish to be; then compute at the lowest that which you are by talent, and at the highest that which you can be by labour. Always underestimate the resources of talent; always put as against you the chances of luck. Then set down

on the other side, as against talent defective, against luck adverse, all that which can be placed to the credit of energy, patience, perseverance. These last are infinite. Whatever be placed against them is finite; you are on the right side of any system of book-keeping by double entry, on which a mortal may presume to calculate accounts with Fate.

The finest epithet for genius is that which was applied to Newton's genius, "patient." He who has patience coupled with energy is sure, sooner or later, to obtain the results of genius; he who has genius without patience, and without energy (if indeed such genius be a thing possible), might as well have no genius at all. His works and aims, like the plants of Nature before the deluge, have no roots.

Fortune is said to be blind, but her favourites never are. Ambition has the eye of the eagle—Prudence that of the lynx; the first looks through the air—the last along the ground.

The man who succeeds above his fellows is the one who, early in life, clearly discerns his object, and towards that object habitually directs his powers. Thus, indeed, even genius itself is but fine observation strengthened by fixity of purpose. Every man who observes vigilantly and resolves steadfastly, grows unconsciously into genius.

Assuming that fortune be your object, let your first efforts be not for wealth, but independence. Whatever be your talents, whatever your prospects, never be tempted to speculate away, on the chance of a palace, that which you need as a provision against the workhouse. Youth is too apt to exclaim, "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus.*" But that saying was only for a Cæsar; and even for him it was not a wise one. To a Cæsar there should have been no *Aut*. Nemesis sighed "*Aut nullus,*" when Cæsar fell at the feet of the marble Pompey.

A daring trader hazards the halter if he says, "Rothschild or

nothing;" a philosopher will end as a charlatan if he says, "Aristotle or nothing;" a gentleman who says, "Sir Philip Sydney or nothing" is on the eve of becoming a blackleg. The safe maxim is this, "The highest I can be, but on no account—nullus."

Let your first care be, then, independence. Without pecuniary independence you are not even intellectually free; with independence, even though it be gained through some occupation which you endure as a drudgery, still, out of the twenty-four hours, there will be always some hours for the occupation in which you delight.

This observation applies in fullest force to aspirants in literature. It is my cruel fate to receive no unfrequent communications from youths whose calling is that of the counter, whose tastes are those of Parnassus; and the pith of these unsolicited communications is invariably this:—

"I gain so many shillings a-week by a vulgar and detestable trade; but I have a soul above buttons. Read the MSS. I enclose. Do you not think there is some merit in them? Could I not succeed as an author? I have had disadvantages to encounter—so had Burns! I cannot boast of a scholastic education; I have had very little leisure to educate myself; still,"—et cetera, et cetera, all the et cetera involving the same question,—"*As I am unfit to be an apprentice, am I not fit to be an author? Not having enough of human intelligence, perseverance, and energy to excel as a hatter, a tailor, a butcher, a baker, may I not be a Walter Scott or a Byron?*"

Useless.—I solemnly warn all such contingent correspondents as may now be looming ominously among other unwelcome clouds that menace my few holiday hours,—useless to apply to me. Be the specimens of genius under difficulties, thus volunteered to my eye, good, bad, or indifferent, my answer, as an honest man, can be only this,

"Keep to that calling which assures you a something out of which you may extract independence—until you are independent. Give to that calling all your heart, all your mind. If I were hatter, or tailor, or butcher, or baker, I should resolve to consider my calling the best in the world, and devote to it the best of my powers. Independence once won, then be Byron or Scott if you can."

Independence ! independence ! the right and the power to follow the bent of your genius without fear of the bailiff and dun, should be your first inflexible aim. To attain independence, so apportion your expenditure as to spend less than you have or you earn. Make this rule imperative. I know of none better. Lay by something every year, if it be but a shilling. A shilling laid by, net and clear from a debt, is a receipt in full for all claims in the past, and you go on with light foot and light heart to the future. "How am I to save and lay by?" saith the author, or any other man of wants more large than his means. The answer is obvious—"If you cannot increase your means, then you must diminish your wants." Every skilled labourer of fair repute can earn enough not to starve, and a surplus beyond that bare sufficiency. Yet many a skilled labourer suffers more from positive privation than the unskilled rural peasant. Why? Because he encourages wants in excess of his means.

A man of £300 a-year, living up to that income, truly complains of poverty; but if he live at the rate of £250 a-year, he is comparatively rich. "Oh," says Gentility, "but I must have this or that, which necessitates the yearly £50 you ask me to save—I must be genteel." Why that must? That certain folks may esteem you? Believe me they esteem you much more for a balance at your banker's than for that silver teapot or that mannikin menial in sugar-loaf buttons. "But," says Parental Affection, "I must educate

my boy; that £50 saved from my income is the cost of his education." Is it so? Can all the schoolmasters in Europe teach him a nobler lesson than that of a generous thrift, a cheerful and brave self-denial? If the £50 be really the sum which the boy's schooling needs, and you can spare nothing else from your remaining £250, still save and lay by for a year, and during that year let the boy study at home, by seeing how gladly you all are saving for him. Then the next year the schooling is the present which you all—father, mother, and sister—by many slight acts of self-denial, have contrived to make to your boy. And if he be a boy of good heart, a boy such as parents so thoughtful nearly always rear, he will go to his school determined to make up to you for all the privations which he has seen those he loves endure for his sake.

You may tell me that practically it comes to the same thing, for the school goes on, and next year you must equally pinch for the £50. True; but there is this mighty difference, you are a year in advance of the sum; and, the habit of saving thus formed, you may discover something else that will bear a retrenchment. He who has saved for one year finds the security, pleasure, and pride in it a luxury so great that his invention will be quickened to keep it. Lay by! lay by! What makes the capital of nations? Savings: nothing else. Neither nations nor men are safe against fortune, unless they can hit on a system by which they save more than they spend. When that system is once established, at what a ratio capital accumulates! What resources the system gradually develops! In that one maxim is the secret of England's greatness! Do you think it mean to save more than you spend? You do in that what alone gives your country its rank in the universe. The system so grand for an empire cannot be mean for a citizen.

Well, we have now added another rule to the canons prescribed to the Management of Money:—save more

than you spend. Whatever your means be, so apportion your wants that your means may exceed them. Every man who earns but 10s. a-week can do this if he please, whatever he may say to the contrary ; for if he can live upon 10s. a-week, he can live upon 9s. 11d.

In this rule mark the emphatic distinction between poverty and neediness. Poverty is relative, and therefore not ignoble ; Neediness is a positive degradation. If I have only £100 a-year, I am rich as compared with the majority of my countrymen. If I have £5000 a-year, I may be poor compared with the majority of my associates ; and very poor compared to my next door neighbour. With either of these incomes I am relatively poor or rich ; but with either of these incomes I may be positively needy, or positively free from neediness. With the £100 a-year I may need no man's help : I may at least have "my crust of bread and liberty." But with £5000 a-year I may dread a ring at my bell ; I may have my tyrannical masters in servants whose wages I cannot pay ; my exile may be at the fiat of the first long-suffering man who enters a judgment against me ; for the flesh that lies nearest to my heart some Shylock may be dusting his scales and whetting his knife. Nor is this an exaggeration. Some of the neediest men I ever knew have a nominal £5000 a-year. Every man is needy who spends more than he has ; no man is needy who spends less. I may so ill manage my money that, with £5000 a-year, I purchase the worst evils of poverty—terror and shame ; I may so well manage my money that, with £100 a-year, I purchase the best blessings of wealth—safety and respect. Man is a kingly animal. In every state which does not enslave him, it is not labour which makes him less royally lord of himself—it is fear.

"Rex est qui metuit nihil,
Et hoc regnum sibi quisque det."

Money is character—money also

is power. I have power not in proportion to the money I spend on myself, but in proportion to the money I can, if I please, give away to another. We feel this as we advance in years. How helpless is an old man who has not a farthing to give or to leave ! But be moderately amiable, grateful, and kind, and, though you have neither wife nor child, you will never want a wife's tenderness nor a child's obedience if you have something to leave or to give. This reads like satire : it is sober truth.

But now we arrive at the power of money well managed. You have got money—you have it ; and, with it, the heart, and the sense, and the taste to extract from the metal its uses. Talk of the power of knowledge ! What can knowledge invent that money cannot purchase ? Money, it is true, cannot give you the brain of the philosopher, the eye of the painter, the ear of the musician, nor that inner sixth sense of beauty and truth by which the poet unites, in himself, philosopher, painter, musician ; but money can refine and exalt your existence with all that philosopher, painter, musician, poet, accomplish. That which they are your wealth cannot make you ; but that which they do is at the command of your wealth. You may collect in your libraries all thoughts which all thinkers have confided to books ; your galleries may teem with the treasures of art ; the air that you breathe may be vocal with music ; better than all, when you summon the Graces they can come to your call in their sweet name of Charities. You can build up asylums for age, and Academies for youth. Pining Merit may spring to hope at your voice, and "Poverty grow cheerful in your sight." Money well managed deserves, indeed, the apotheosis to which she was raised by her Latin adorers ; she is *Diva Moneta*—a Goddess.

I have said that he who sets out in life with the resolve to acquire money, should place clearly before him some definite object to which

the money is but the means. He thus sweetens privation and dignifies thrift. Money never can be well managed if sought solely through the greed of money for its own sake. In all meanness there is a defect of intellect as well as of heart. And even the cleverness of avarice is but the cunning of imbecility.

The first object connected with money is the security for individual freedom—pecuniary independence. That once gained, whatever is surplus becomes the fair capital for reproductive adventure. Adhere but to this rule in every speculation, however tempting: preserve free from all hazard that which you require to live on without depending upon others.

It is a great motive to economy, a strong safeguard to conduct, and a wonderful stimulant to all mental power, if you can associate your toil for money with some end dear to your affections. I once knew a boy of good parts, but who seemed incorrigibly indolent. His father, a professional man, died suddenly, leaving his widow and son utterly destitute. The widow resolved to continue the education of her boy, however little he had hitherto profited by it—engaged herself as teacher at a school, and devoted her salary to her son. From that moment the boy began to work in good earnest. He saw the value of money in this world; he resolved to requite his mother—to see her once more in a home of her own; he distinguished himself at school; he obtained, at the age of sixteen, an entry in a mercantile house. At the age of twenty his salary enabled him to place his mother in a modest suburban lodging, to which he came home every night. At the age of thirty he was a rich man, and, visiting him at his villa, I admired his gardens. He said to me, simply, “I have no taste for flowers myself, but my mother is passionately fond of them. I date my first step in life from my resolve to find her a home; and the invention in my

business to which I owe my rise from a clerk to a partner could never have come into my brain, and been patiently worked out, if, night and day, I had not thought of my mother’s delight in flowers.”

A common motive with a young man is an honest love for the girl whom he desires to win as his wife. Nay, if no such girl yet has been met on the earth, surely she lives for him in the cloud-land of Fancy. Wedlock, and wedlock for love, is the most exquisite hope in the innermost heart of every young man who labours; it is but the profligate idlers who laugh at that sacred ideal. But it is only the peasant or mechanic who has a right to marry on no other capital than that which he takes from nature in sinews and thews. The man whose whole condition of being is in his work from day to day, must still have his helpmate. He finds his helpmate in one who can work like himself if his honest industry fail her. I preach to the day-labourer no cold homilies from political economy. The happiness and morality of the working class necessitate early marriages; and for prudent provision against the chances of illness and death there are benefit clubs and societies, which must stand in lieu of jointure and settlement. But to men of a higher grade in this world’s social distinctions, Hymen must generally contrive to make some kind of compromise with Plutus. I grant that your fond Amaryllis would take your arm to the altar, though you have not a coat to your back; but Amaryllis may have parents, who not unreasonably ask, “How, young Strephon, can you maintain our daughter?—and if your death demolish all those castles in the air, which you are now building without brick and mortar, under what roof will she lay her head?”

And suppose that no parents thus unkindly interpose between Amaryllis and you, still it is a poor return to the disinterested love of Amaryllis, to take her, thought-

less child, at her word. Amaryllis proves her unselfish love; prove yours, my friend Strephon. Wait—hope—strive—her ring is on your finger; her picture, though it be but a villanous photograph, hangs by your bedside; her image is deep in the deepest fold of your heart. Wait till you can joyously say, "Come, Amaryllis; Plutus relaxes his frown; here is a home which, if humble, at least is secure; and, if death suddenly snatch me away, here is no castle in air for my widow. Amaryllis shall never live upon alms!"

How your love will deepen and strengthen in that generous delay; and with your love, how your whole nature, mental and moral, will deepen and strengthen! Here, indeed, is an object for climbing the rough paths on to fortune; and here the first friendly opposition of Plutus only serves to place upon surer foundations the blessings promised by Hymen. Constancy in love necessitates patience and perseverance in all efforts for fortune; and, with patience and perseverance, a man of fair average capacities is the master of fortune.

But there are lesser objects than those I have defined as the most frequently coveted, which lend a charm to the making of money.

It is a motive to economy, and a dissuasion from many profitless follies, to cherish early in life one favourite hobby, provided the hobby be sound and well-bred.

The taste for books, and the desire to collect them, are no mean tests of a schoolboy's career as man.

One of the most distinguished personages in Europe, showing me his library—which is remarkable for its extent and its quality (it was formed on the principle of including all works that treat, directly or indirectly, on the human mind, and thus necessarily includes almost every book worth the reading)—said to me: "Not only this collection, but my social successes in life, I trace back to the first franc I saved from the cake-shop

to spend on the book-stall. When I was a young man, and received an invitation to a ball, not being then rich, I calculated what it would cost me in kid gloves and coach hire, and, refusing the ball, bought a book with the money. The books I bought I read; the books I read influenced my career." Perhaps this eminent person might have thought of the balls thus refused in his early youth when, being still young, he gave his own first ball as prime minister.

But hobbies should be wives, not mistresses. It will not do to have more than one at a time. One hobby leads you out of extravagance; a team of hobbies you cannot drive till you are rich enough to find corn for them all. Few men are rich enough for that.

In the management of money, there are some things we do for show—wisely if we can afford it. Money is station as well as character and power.

In matters of show, it is better to have one decided success than fifty expensive failures. Better to have one first-rate picture in a modest drawing-room than fifty daubs in a pompous gallery. Better to have one handsome horse in a brougham than four screws in a drag. Better to give one pleasant tea-party than a dozen detestable dinners.

A man of very moderate means can generally afford one effect meant for show, as a requisite of station, which, of its kind, may not be surpassed by a millionaire. Those who set the fashions in London are never the richest people. Good taste is intuitive with some persons, but it may be acquired by all who are observant. In matters of show, good taste is the elementary necessity; after good taste, concentration of purpose. With money, as with genius, the wise master of his art says, "There is one thing I can do well; that one thing I will do as well as I can." Money, like genius, is effective in proportion as it is brought to bear on one thing at a

time. Money, like genius, may comprehend success in a hundred things—but still, as a rule, one thing at a time; that thing must be completed or relinquished before you turn to another.

For a young man of a gentleman's station and a cadet's income, the only show needed is that which probably pleases himself the most—the effect produced by his own personal appearance. Dress will therefore not unreasonably, and by no means frivolously, demand some of his thoughts and much of his money. To the station of a young aspirant of fashion in the polite world, who is known not to be rich, it matters nothing what he pays for his lodging: he can always give his address at a club or hotel. No one cares how much or how little he pays for his dinner. No fine lady inquires if he calls at her house on foot or in a carriage. But society expects him to dress as much like a gentleman as if he were a young duke; and, fortunately, as young dukes nowadays do not wear gold lace and miniver, this is no unreasonable exaction on the part of society. A gentleman's taste in dress is, upon principle, the avoidance of all things extravagant. It consists in the quiet simplicity of exquisite neatness; but, as the neatness must be a neatness in fashion, employ the best tailor; pay him ready money, and on the whole you will find him the cheapest.

Still, if a young man of the gay world means to do the best that he can for his person, and really does

obtain a certain rank or repute should it be only said of him that he is extremely well dressed, he will remember that no man in great capitals, without pre-eminent claims of fortune, birth, or beauty, ever really finds a place in *haut ton* without some cultivation of mind. All the men I have ever known, who have lifted themselves into authority in the inner circles of fashion, have been men of considerable intellectual accomplishment. They have either had wit or humour to a fine degree, or admirably strong sense and judgment, or keen penetration into character; they have been, from qualities far below the surface, either charming or instructive companions.

Mere dandies are but cut flowers in a bouquet—once faded, they can never reblossom. In the drawing-room, as everywhere else, Mind in the long-run prevails. And, O well-booted Achaian! for all those substantial good things which money well managed commands, and which, year after year, as you advance in life, you will covet and sigh for,—yon sloven, thick-shoed and with cravat awry—whose mind, as he hurries by the bow-window at White's, sows each fleeting moment with thoughts which grow not blossoms for bouquets but corn-sheaves for garners—will, before he is forty, be far more the fashion than you. He is commanding the time out of which you are fading. And time, O my friend, is money! time wasted can never conduce to money well managed.

THE RENEWAL OF LIFE.

RIZPAH the daughter of Aiah watched for six months, from "the beginning of barley-harvest" in April, to the rainy season in October, to guard her kinsmen's corpses from the beasts of prey. So long under the sky of Palestine did they continue an attraction to the wild dogs and birds. In a moister air decay is quicker, but still not so quick as is often supposed. The observations of M. Devergie* on the bodies at the Morgue, show that, two months and a half after decease, the muscular structures still preserve their natural form and colour. Up to three months and a half, the scalp, eyelids, and nose so far retain their ordinary appearance that the age of the individual may be told. It is four months and a half before complete destruction of the face occurs, or the bones become brittle, and the bulky muscles of the neck and thighs are converted into adipocere. So that we may reckon three months and a half as a short period to be occupied by the decomposition of the form of a human body. So long does flesh remain flesh, and tissue tissue, and is not resolved into its mother earth.

Let us escape quickly from these shuddering scenes of the charnel-house to the joyous bustle of brimming life. How long does it take a living body to decay? "*A living body decay?*" Yes, in truth; but whereas, in the former case, decay was a thing to make men shiver, the fading of a long-loved image, the tearing up of a fair garment, the ruin of a darling home, the violation of a worshipped shrine, the forcible divorce from our nearest and dearest—it is all this and more; in the latter it is associated with the fullest fruition of all that is joyous in existence—the bound-

ing pulse, the free-drawn breath, the swelling chest, the thrilling sense of health, the highest uses of mind and body. Decay, in fact, is more truly a part of life than it is of death; for it continues unstayed through the whole of corporeal existence; whereas, after dissolution, it gradually ceases, and ends its work with the conversion of the organic particles into unaltering eternal elements. The most truly living body is the most active in decay; the more bodily and mental vigour are displayed, the more quickly do the various tissues melt down into substances which are without delay removed by the excreting organs. The more the navy works his arms and the statesman his brain, the heavier bulk of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen is thrown out by lungs, liver, skin, kidneys, &c. Does he, then, wear them out by this constant friction and drain? No, no; the more the bricks are removed from the old wall, the more new bricks will a good builder put in; and so, provided that the supply is sufficient—that the builder is a good one—the more rapid the drain, the newer and stronger and better will the body become.

Let us try and reckon how long it takes, by living decay, for the living body to be drained away, and to have its substance renewed. In the ghastly details recounted at the commencement of this paper, the nitrogenous fleshy parts were most accounted of as giving form and the general appearance of a man to the poor dissolving corpse. So of the nitrogenous parts we will now speak: how long are they being removed by vital decomposition?

We may reckon with Drs Bidder and Schmidt† that an animal body contains 35.45 grammes of nitrogen per kilogramme; and, therefore,

* Devergie, '*Médecine Légale*,' t. ii. chap. 5.

† '*Die Verdauungssäfte und der Stoffwechsel*,' p. 400.

that an animal of 130 lb., the mean weight of a man, contains 4.6 lb. of nitrogen.

Then again, taking our numbers from an equally sound and independent source, we may estimate with Baron Liebig* that the liquid and solid excreta of a man by kidneys and bowels for a year contains 16.41 lb. of nitrogen, or for three months and a half, 4.7 lb. of nitrogen.

That is to say, that in three months and a half a quantity of nitrogen is removed by excretion, or vital decay, equal to that contained in the whole bulk of the chief nitrogenous tissue.

What attraction has this term of three months and a half for us?—what memories does it rouse? Why, that was the very time we fixed upon for the fleshy framework of the corpse to melt away in. Here is a pregnant fact, a light thrown on the mysteries of nature from a most unpromising source! Dead flesh and living flesh last as nearly as possible the same time—the former, if anything, rather the longest. As far as we can judge, the albumen, fibrin, gelatin, &c., which make up the live body, differ in nowise from the same matters dead; they are liable to the same changes, affected by the same reagents, and naturally are resolved into their elements in the same time; just as the stone in a statue or a wall is to a mineralogist the same stone as it was in the quarry, liable to the same accidents, and possessed of the same properties, though temporarily endowed with a different value.

What, then, elevates to the dignity of living creatures, and gives loveliness to, the masses of organic matter which are growing, moving, breathing, thinking, all around us? It is the power of the individual life to create and retain its own special and individual form. A man has no right of property over the particles of his body, except so long as they remain particles of his

body, and retain his form. He hardly calls *his* the snippings of his hair or the parings of his nails, much less the carbonic acid he exhales from his lungs or skin; all that he throws off is by common consent claimed as a perquisite by the public; and the battle-fields which he has fertilised with his kindred's blood enrich not him, but the fortunate proprietor. Yet as long as these organic constituents retain the *form* impressed upon them by the individual life, they are more truly his than any portion of his inheritance.

It is then the form, the individual and indivisible life, which constitutes the Self; and it is not the changing, decaying matter which "was mine, is his, and may be slave to thousands." The organic materials are the *property* of the form so long as it retains them; they are a floating capital. Over the innate essential nature of the material it has no control. Life cannot make the brute matter which it uses last longer than what it leaves unused, but it has the power of making them anew, and building them up into a certain shape for the period of their assigned duration. In short, LIFE IS RENEWAL.

To speak, therefore, of "a superabundance of life," or of an "excess of vital action," is a contradiction in terms. There *cannot* be too active a renewal of the tissues, for the fresher their organic constituents, the more serviceable they are, and the longer duration they have before them. There *cannot* be too close an adherence to that typical form which it is the business of renewal to keep up, any more than there can be too exact an obedience to law or order.

The *most active* renewal of the body possible, the highest possible development of life in every part, is HEALTH.

The *complete* cessation of renewal is DEATH.

* 'Chemistry of Agriculture and Physiology,' part i. chap. ix.

The *partial* cessation, or arrest, is DISEASE.

In Death the flesh goes on being decomposed as during life; but, not being renewed, the form is lost entirely. In Disease, decomposition goes on, but life, or renewal, flags, and the decomposing wearing-out tissues are not properly pushed out by new-formed substance. They are retained as part of the imperfect body—a sort of “death in life”—and are rightly termed by the pathologist “degenerate.” They are generated, but not *re-generated*; they are generated in an inferior mould of form.

Take as an example what happens sometimes to red flesh or muscle. We all know that if an animal's limbs are duly employed, the muscles keep up their shape and their vigorous power of contraction; their tissue is of a rich bright-red colour when the animal is fully grown, and is firm and elastic. Examine it under a microscope of pretty high power—say with a quarter-inch object-glass—and you will find it made up of even parallel fibres, each fibre seeming to be engraved ever with delicate equidistant cross-markings, like a measuring-tape very minutely divided. The more the muscle has been used in a well-nourished frame, the more closely it conforms to the typical specimen of the physiologist;

“Use, use is life; and he most truly lives
Who uses best.”

But suppose this muscular fibre has been unemployed—suppose it is in the biceps of an Indian fakier, who has fastened his arm upright till it has become immovable, or the gluteus of a one-legged soldier, or the calf of a Chinese belle, or in a paralysed limb—then the flesh is quite different in aspect; it is flabby and inelastic, of a pale yellowish hue, and makes greasy streaks on the knife that cuts it. Sometimes even all traces of fibres have disappeared, and it is converted into an unhealthy fat. Sometimes you may trace fibres under the microscope, but their outline is bulging

and irregular, the cross-markings are wanting, and you see dark refracting globules of oily matter in them instead. In short, the muscle is degenerating into fat, retaining in a great measure its shape, but losing its substance. Such is, by God's law, the penal consequence of not using His gifts for four or five months.

Now, go back to our first sepulchral illustrations. M. Devergie found that, in a period of between four and five months, the flesh of a corpse is converted into a substance technically termed “adipocere;” that is, an oleaginous substance between fat and wax—an artificial fat of chemical decomposition. This is exactly the same as happened to the disused muscle in the case just quoted. At the Morgue, a stream of water washes away the fetid gases from the subject of M. Devergie's observations, and in the living body destructive absorption and excretion remove the more directly noxious particles; in both there remains the same oleaginous residuum.

The instance chosen of diseased structure was purposely an extreme one; but even there, a very advanced degree of partial death was seen not to be inconsistent with life. A minor degree is by no means inconsistent even with utility and a certain performance of duty. Look at a man whom his physician knows to have a weak or slightly-dilated heart; he goes on with his profession, mixes in society, enjoys his quiet pleasures, and may even insure his life by paying an extra premium. Yet, if an accident at any time should cut him off suddenly, the muscular tissue of the heart is found pale and soft, and under the microscope the fibres are deficient in clear outline and in cross-markings, and exhibit here and there minute specks of that fatty degeneration which was so conspicuous to the naked eye in M. Devergie's subjects, and in the completely paralysed limb. The more dilated and the more weak

the heart, the more widespread is this degeneration. Yet enough active structure is left to carry on the work of the heart, and perhaps to prolong life to its allotted three-score years and ten.

A close imitation of the pathological process may be made by soaking a piece of muscle, say from a healthy sheep's heart, in a running stream, in weak spirits and water, or in nitric acid and water, for a few weeks, when sections made from time to time will exhibit the several stages of fatty degeneration, from the minute specks in the scarcely-altered muscle up to complete conversion into adipocere.

Remark now, that in these cases of fatty degeneration or decay, that which replaces the highly-organised animal matter is not utterly inorganic. It is less organised, and less organisable, but still capable of being called alive. Fat is part of our living bodies, and a necessary part; but still it is not capable of performing the highly vital duties of muscular tissue, of being *as thoroughly* alive. Degenerated products, therefore, as long as they form part of the body, may still be said to be alive, but *less* alive than the normal tissues they replace; and degenerate growth may be justly described as "diminished life;" or, in the words of a former paragraph, "partial death." Degeneration, in short, is a *relapse* into a lower form of organic life, and exhibits itself, therefore, in a variety of grades and amounts. Occurring in various parts, it occasions a good half of the chronic illnesses which give work to the physician.

Let it be well understood that these half-living tissues are by no means necessarily diminished in size. A battered, tinkered vessel is often much bulkier than a strong new one; and so these imperfectly nourished parts are often enlarged, and so have been wrongly supposed to be over-nourished. They often attain a most cumbrous weight and bigness without really containing enough available to do their work.

They become, in truth, a foreign substance. Sometimes they acquire what seems almost like a parasitic life, and grow, as it were, independent of the body which they exist in. Then they are justly looked upon with a peculiarly unfavourable eye, and are called by the epithet "malignant." Cancer is the best-known example to quote; and if the reader has ever watched its fatally-rapid increase, he is perhaps wondering that it should be put forward as an instance of diminished vitality. But let him watch further; he will see that it never acquires the higher characteristics of life; it never puts on the *form* of the part it is planted in, nor performs its duties. Moreover, its half-life, so easily acquired and so easily multiplied, is also easily lost. Its very tendency to die and to ulcerate is one of the chief dangers in which it puts the individual.

We must not, however, speak only of these dreadful afflictions of humanity, or our reader will think it is a subject with which he has no concern. We must come to more home matters. Doubtless it will be a shock to him to be told that, whenever he is the least ill, he has temporarily lost some of his life; some portion of him is more dead than it ought to be. Pooh-pooh the idea as he will, he had better get used to it, for it is true; and if he wishes to know anything of the nature of disease, it must be his leading principle. To familiarise his mind to it, we will take, as the next example, a nice common form of partial death, which he is sure to experience in a few weeks' time, and may then employ his leisure in thinking over these pages. Let our gentle reader "catch a cold" in his head, or his chest, or his throat, as he pleases. What is the consequence? If he looks at the back of the fauces in a mirror, he will see the surface red, puffy, and with the component parts, such as the uvula, enlarged. There is also poured out a quantity of slimy material, which

his doctor calls "mucus," and which he coughs, or hawks, or blows off as the case may be. "Halloa!" he cries; "here surely is an active business going on; everything seems much more lively than usual; life is increased, not diminished." Not so fast. Let him examine in a microscope a little of this mucus, and he will find it to consist mainly of minute balls of jelly of a granular aspect, which are technically called "mucous and pus globules," floating quite free, and rolling over and over without any tendency to adhere together. Are these bodies something quite new, something which an inflamed membrane can produce, while a healthy one lacks the power? By no means; for they have been identified with those elementary forms of nascent life by which all organic matters grow; they are young *cells*. They are the form assumed by all liquid living material which, under the influence of life, is being transformed in a solid. They are a baby tissue strangled in its birth. Instead of uniting to clothe with a delicate skin, which anatomists call "epithelium," the surface of the membrane, they float off helpless from deficient vitality.

If our reader cannot manage to catch a cold, let him have a whitlow on his finger, or a boil, and study how the nail is stayed in its growth, and the skin killed; while the materials intended to renew them are arrested in their development, and go to be deposited as pus or matter, a concentrated form of unvitalised fluid very similar in every respect to mucus.

But he may ask, What is that redness and throbbing of the inflamed part? does not it show an increased circulation of the vital fluid, and therefore increased life? No more than the crowds in Fleet Street on Lord Mayor's Day show the activity of City business. On the contrary, the membrane is red because its blood-vessels are relaxed and dilated from loss of vital elasticity; the blood sticks in them as water in a

bulged pipe; and the throng of blood, pushed on behind by the heart, throbs because of the obstruction.

"But the pain,—does not that show that the vital power of sensibility is increased? I cannot, in general, feel that I have got a finger or a throat; and now my whitlow and my cold remind me most disagreeably of the fact." No; pain does not indicate an increase of sensibility; in this case it is associated with a very marked decrease. In your catarrh the membrane of the fauces loses its delicate power of distinguishing flavours—everything tastes equally nasty. And your inflamed finger-tip is wanting in sensibility too: try it, and you will find, for any delicate work, such as feeling the fine lines of a copperplate, or the flaws in a polished surface, it fails in its duty. Pain, in fact, is a sure evidence of deficient vitality; a painful part is never performing its vital functions properly.

The same partial death, which has been hitherto described as constituting the various diseased states of the solid structures of the body, may attack also the fluids; and in them, as in the solids, may be exhibited either as a destructive relapse into a less organic life, or as an arrest of development. The poison of fever, for example, destroys and renders useless as nutriment some constituents of the blood; the insufficient blood is circulated to all parts of the body, causing, not local pain, but general *malaise* by its deficient vitality. The half-poisoned tissues allow the poisoned material to ooze through them, causing diarrhoeas, exhalations of blood, purple blotches on the skin, and a general staining of the whole surface of a dusky hue. If the quantity of blood poisoned is moderate, it can be easily spared; it is carried off gradually by excretions, and its place is filled up in time by new blood. But if the rare case happens of so much being poisoned at once, that

too little remains to carry on the business of the body, then death occurs by sudden shock; or if, through ignorance, carelessness, or false theory, there is an insufficient supply of material to take the place of the killed blood, the loss of vitality occurs more slowly. And occurring more slowly, it usually affects some part more than another; there is congestion and inflammation—that is, local death—of the digestive viscera, or of the lungs, or of the brain, and the patient's decease is assigned by name to that last cause. Thus, in fever, the blood relapses into a less organic form by reason of its vitality being destroyed by a morbid poison.

Let us next look for an instance of imperfect life in the blood through arrest of development. There is a condition, unfortunately very common, which medical men call *Anæmia*. The word means literally "bloodlessness," but in reality relates rather to deficient quality than deficient quantity. The circulating fluid cannot well help filling up the hollow vessels which contain it, but it is wanting in the most highly organised, the most truly living of its constituents. It is pale, from the diminished numbers of those floating red globules which give its natural hue. This capital of red globules is by far the most important portion of the blood; so much so, indeed, that it may be taken as a direct measure of corporeal and mental vigour; a man possesses a larger proportion than a woman, a strong man more than a weak man, an adult more than a youth or an ancient, a patient after recovery more than during his sickness of whatever kind, a horse in high condition more than when brought up from grass.

Considering, therefore, its importance, it is astonishing to find how much this capital may be encroached upon without a bankruptcy. For example, Dr Andral has analysed the blood of a patient with *anæmia*, where the blood-globules amounted to less than 39 parts in 1000, whereas

their natural proportion should be at least 120 parts in 1000. More than two-thirds of this constituent was missing! And yet the patient was living and moving, and very likely quite recovered in the end if rational treatment was adopted. Now, in pure *anæmia* there is not found any degenerated devitalised substance; the missing globules have not relapsed into a lower life, so that their ruins or debris should constitute a foreign morbid matter; but they have, in fact, been used up in the regular way, to supply materials for the tissues, as they are moulted off from day to day. At the same time, there has been a want of renewal, an arrest of the continuous development of the blood, which is necessary to complete life.

Pure *anæmia* has been spoken of; but, as might have been expected, this defective supply of the materials of growth much weakens the vitality of many of the manufacturing and excreting viscera. The liver is not so lively as it should be, and some of the colour it ought to get rid of remains in the blood, chronically staining the skin of a bilious hue. Or perhaps the kidneys work only half-time, and the urea which they ought to drain off is retained, causing a very serious derangement of health. Thus there is a mixed pathology in these cases, a combination of arrested life, and of a relapse into a lower life; the life of the organ is diminished, and it leaves behind, in the system, substances of inferior vitality which it is its business to excrete or separate.

Or again, *anæmia* may so depress the creative power of the blood, that instead of the structure of the body being built up with elastic and vitalised fibrin, it has to put up with a cheesy brittle substance called tubercle. This is just the sort of fraud a rascally contractor commits, when he lays your floors on half-dried timbers. Your beams are destroyed by dry-rot, and the lungs in which tubercle has been substituted for healthy connective tissue, gradually soften and break up. The

effectual remedy in both instances is to look after the builders, to preserve the honesty of the one and the vitality of the other.

It is obvious that, if various accidental circumstances direct to various parts of the body even these few elementary forms of disease which there is space to mention here, a great variety of abnormal phenomena might be produced. Though there is only one way of being right, there are thousands of ways of being wrong. These thousands of ways of being wrong have received much attention from minds with a taste for order; they have been classified into groups; and, if, unfortunately, the orderly mind was afflicted with a theory, sadly have facts suffered sometimes by the Procrustean bed into which they have been forced. On the whole, perhaps, these *Nosologoi* (people who talk about diseases) have been a convenience, for their nomenclature often enables us to describe in one word what otherwise would require a parenthesis. But their labours have had this bad result; they have assigned a positive existence to that which, in reality, is a negation. "*A Disease*" under their manipulation, instead of being a mode in which life is deficient, becomes an actual motive power; the giving it a generic and specific name associates it in our minds with the subjects of a naturalist's studies, and we get to attribute to it individual characteristics, and to allot to it individual actions. The consequences have been very much those which would follow, in optics, the regarding a shadow as a material object instead of as an absence of light; or, in general physics, the accounting cold an active agent. The disease came to be considered as an enemy to be fought against; all the phenomena classified among its appurtenances were viewed as actions to be opposed and checked; and, in short, all the attention was directed to the removal of death, instead of to the replacement of life. Each

mode of erring from health was reared up into an entity instead of an abstraction—a separate foe, requiring special weapons for his discomfiture.

Less harm than might have been feared has been done by these false notions. In the first place, patients are tougher than usually supposed, and will stand a deal of wrong treatment; and, secondly, experience has somewhat checked the bold hand of a relentless logic. Still, it can hardly be doubted that the increased chance of recovery under professional treatment has not been what might have been expected from the advance of science. But of late medical art appears to have turned over a new leaf; nosologists are at a discount, and under the influence of that modern rational pathology, of which a popular sketch is attempted in these pages, attention seems directed to the maintenance of life in the body more than to the expulsion of death out of it. Such seems to be the intention of all the modes of treatment which, without falling in with the dogmas of any particular "*pathy*," have yet been silently adopted by the rational adherents of each within the last few years. We may instance the care bestowed upon the selection of alimentary substances, the use of water, of oxygen, of iron, of animal oils, of chlorine, of soda in doses more like a food than a drug, of lactic and other organic acids, of salts of phosphorus and lime, of sulphur, ammonia, bile, pepsin, and several other agents established by common consent without being suggested by any previous theory of therapeutics, or traditional rules of the medical art. These are constituents of the animal frame, and are administered and trusted to as supplying obvious abnormal deficiencies of matter.

A living body may be compared to a stately and extensive mansion, constructed of beautiful but very perishable materials, all of which need continual repair to keep up the form and usefulness of the

structure. All the materials are perishable, but in different degrees, and with different rapidity. The permanent Architect is the indwelling Life, and he best performs his duty, not by fits and starts of work, but by continuous vigilant industry. He should be every moment removing decaying materials from the walls and working machinery, to be carted away at convenient periods, and every moment supplying their place by fresh. Thus there are two departments carried on simultaneously—the Destructive and Constructive business; and upon their harmony and completeness depends the perfection of life which we call health. Both are necessary; but the deficiency of both or of either, or the preponderance of one over the other in various parts, or their deficiency in one part while others remain active, constitutes a deficiency of life—a disease.

With the destructive department we are best acquainted. We have possessed from time immemorial a long list of drugs, which are classified according to the organ through whose portals they promote destructive metamorphosis. Sudorifics, emetics, purgatives, diuretics, expectorants, &c., are familiar to doctors and amateurs; while others, as mercury for example, are known as general liquifacients, which promote destructive metamorphosis generally, and a consequent increase of solid evacuation from all quarters. We are in possession also of some agents which arrest this metamorphosis, such as alcohol, opiates, astringents—some acting on one part and some on another: and when construction does not keep pace with destruction—when the latter is not, indeed, too fast absolutely, but too fast comparatively—we apply them empirically with advantage, so as to keep the two in harmony. By this interference, rationally interposed, we may assist the architect much in one half of

his duty, and thus, perhaps, contribute in an indirect way towards making him more active in the other half. At all events, by the judicious use of destructives and arresters of metamorphosis, we may, in the first case, make room for, and in the second case allow time for, normal renewal of the tissues.

But the *Constructive* pharmacopœia is sadly defective. Since the swindling alchemists brought discredit on the search, ridicule has always been attached to the hope of there being in nature reagents capable of directly and generally augmenting the vital power of growth, of acting on the constructive renewal of the body—as mercury, for instance, does on the destructive. Yet there is, *a priori*, no absurdity in the idea. How, except by experiment, could it have been known that a small pinch of such a thing as calomel possessed the power of doubling vital decay? And how, therefore, can any one foreknow that the other part of vitality is incapable of being immediately acted upon? All we can say is, that such an agent has certainly not yet been found: for if such were the case, no power short of Omnipotence could suppress the knowledge: a few months would spread the news over the whole civilised world, and bring into universal use the Elixir of Life.

“The Elixir of Life”—the very words make the reader smile condescendingly, as when he reads the fairy literature of his nursery. He associates it directly with magic, unlawful arts, and some secret wrung from spiritual natures, by which their immortality might be suddenly acquired for flesh and blood. This idea is purely derived from romances, and was never entertained or thought of by the Rosicrucians, who were as firm believers as we can be in the divine scheme which makes death a necessary step to eternal life.* What they really sought for was a sub-

* The Christianity of alchemists is stoutly defended by Robert Fludd (Robertus

stance which would directly restore the deficient vitality of bodies rendered unequal to their duties by an abnormal state. They saw clearly enough that such a substance, or such a set of substances, would be an all-powerful direct healer of all disease—a Panacea not by destroying a poison, but by conferring vitality—in short, an Elixir of Life. They saw that, to the healthy flesh, various material substances in the shape of meat and drink actually supplied life; when they were taken away, the life diminished; when they were replaced, it increased. Why should they not ransack the material world which God has given us to be ransacked, to know if there did not exist something which would in the same way restore life to these same parts when they failed through weakness? They had no notion of abolishing death as the final end of all living beings, but simply of abolishing *unnecessary* death, and of enabling the machinery of the body to attain the term which it is originally constructed to last. Vitality, as we see, is in very various quantities in the body at various times—now abundant, now deficient. Material substances increase and diminish it—was it, then, madness to believe in the possibility of finding the best mode of directly increasing it? Truly, the medieval men of science wasted their time, and saved ours, in their search for a substance which could do this—we know now all pure substances, and we know there is none capable of it. But may not the same object be attained by the discovery of a great principle of guidance in treating the diseased body?—great, and therefore simple; and because simple, therefore as yet utterly un-

thought of. Surely the direction of science towards such an object is not ridiculous.

In the mean time, let us not be idle; let us make the nearest approach possible to the desired goal by the use of indirect means. The fact of having the goal before us will make those means more efficacious. For example, we can, by the study of pathology, find out what special material is wanting in each morbid state, and we can provide an ample supply of that, so that the vital power may not have cause to complain that it cannot build for lack of bricks. Where the special material is beyond our crude manufacturing power, we may supply something as near it in nature as we can. Then we may bring the passages by which these materials enter the body—the absorbents and lacteals—into their highest state of activity. We may take care, for instance, that the thoroughfare to them is not impeded by a layer of mucus on the membrane. And we may also by a class of medicines, which act specially on the mucous membranes, and are popularly called “tonics,” recall them to a true sense of their duties. We may even in some cases sanction the employment of “destructives” to clear the tissues of effete worn-out materials, which are stopping the way of construction. By these indirect means empiricism has already led us to effect much, and doubtless rational science will teach us to effect more, now that it is in the right road. And thus, without finding the Elixir of Life, we may, laboriously and indirectly, but rationally, still answer to some extent the prayer of the sick psalmist, “Renew my age.”

de Fluctibus) in his ‘Tractatus apologeticus integritatem Societatis de Rosea Cruce defendens. Lugd. Batav., 1617.’

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD : SALEM CHAPEL.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT has happened? For heaven's sake tell me, mother," cried Vincent, as she sank back, wiping her eyes, and altogether overpowered, half with the trouble which he did not know, half with the joy of seeing him again—"say it out at once, and don't keep me in this dreadful suspense. Susan? She is not married? What is wrong?"

"Oh, my dear boy!" said Mrs Vincent, recovering herself, but still trembling in her agitation—"oh, my affectionate boy, always thinking of us in his good heart! No, dear. It's—it's nothing particular happened. Let me compose myself a little, Arthur, and take breath."

"But, Susan?" cried the excited young man.

"Susan, poor dear!—she is very well; and—and very happy up to this moment, my darling boy," said Mrs Vincent, "though whether she ought to be happy under the circumstances—or whether it's only a cruel trick—or whether I haven't been foolish and precipitate—but my dear, what could I do but come to you, Arthur? I could not have kept it from her if I had stayed an hour longer at home. And to put such a dreadful suspicion into her head, when it might be all a falsehood, would have only been killing her; and, my dear boy, now I see your face again, I'm not so frightened, and surely it can be cleared up, and all will be well."

Vincent, whose anxiety conquered his impatience, even while exciting it, kneeled down by his mother's side and took her hands, which still trembled, into his own. "Mother, think that I am very anxious; that I don't know what you are referring to; and that the sudden sight of you has filled me with all sort of terrors—for I know you would not lightly take such a journey all by yourself," said the young man,

growing still more anxious as he thought of it—"and try to collect your thoughts and tell me what is wrong."

His mother drew one of her hands out of his, laid it on his head, and fondly smoothed back his hair. "My dear good son! you were always so sensible—I wish you had never left us," she said, with a little groan; "and indeed it was a great thought to undertake such a journey; and since I came here, Arthur, I have felt so flurried and strange, that I have not, as you see, even taken off my bonnet; but I think now you've come, dear, if you would ring the bell and order up the tea? When I see you, and see you looking so well, Arthur, it seems as if things could never be so bad, you know. My dear," she said at last, with a little quiver in her voice, stopping and looking at him with a kind of nervous alarm, "it was about Mr Fordham, you may be sure."

"Tea directly," said Vincent to the little maid, who appeared just at this crisis, and who was in her turn alarmed by the brief and peremptory order. "What about Mr Fordham?" he said, helping his mother to take off the cloak and warm wraps in which she had been, in her nervous tremor and agitation, sitting wrapped up while she waited his return.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," cried poor Mrs Vincent, wringing her hands, "if he should not turn out as he ought, how can I ever forgive myself? I had a kind of warning in my mind the first time he came to the house, and I have always dreamt such uncomfortable dreams of him, Arthur. Oh! if *you* only could have seen him, my dear boy! But he was such a gentleman, and had such ways. I am sure he must have mixed in the very highest so-

ciety—and he seemed so to *appreciate* Susan—not only to be in love with her, you know, my dear, as any young man might, but to really appreciate my sweet girl. Oh, Arthur, Arthur, if he should turn out badly, it will kill me, for my Susan will break her heart.”

“Mother, you drive me frantic. What has he done?” cried poor Vincent.

“He has done nothing, my dear, that I know of. It is not him, Arthur, for he has been gone for a month, arranging his affairs, you know, before the wedding, and writes Susan regularly and beautiful letters. It is a dreadful scrawl I got last night. I have it in my pocketbook. It came by the last post when Susan was out, thank heaven. I’ll show it you presently, my dear, as soon as I can find it, but I have so many papers in my pocketbook. She saw directly when she came in that something had happened, and oh, Arthur, it was so hard to keep it from her. I don’t know when I have kept anything from her before. I can’t tell how we got through the night. But this morning I made up the most artful story I could—here is the dreadful letter, my dear, at last—about being determined to see you, and making sure that you were taking care of yourself; for she knew as well as me how negligent you always are about wet feet. Are you sure your feet are dry now, Arthur? Yes, my dear boy, it makes me very uncomfortable. You don’t wonder to see your poor mother here, now, after that?”

The letter which Vincent got meanwhile, and anxiously read, was as follows—the handwriting very mean, with a little tremor in it, which seemed to infer that the writer was an old man :—

“Madam,—Though I am but a poor man, I can’t abear to see wrong going on, and do nothink to stop it. Madam, I beg of you to excuse me, as am unknown to you, and as can’t sign my honest name to it like a man. This is the only way

as I can give you a word of warning. Don’t let the young lady marry him as she’s agoing to, not if her heart should break first. Don’t have nothink to do with Mr Fordham. That’s not his right name, and he has got a wife living—and this I say is true, as sure as I have to answer at the judgment;—and I say to you as a friend, stop it, stop it! Don’t let it go on a step, if you vally the young lady’s charackter and her life. I don’t add no more, because that’s all I dare say, being only a servant; but I hope it’s enough to save the poor young lady out of his clutches, as is a man that goeth about seeking whom he may devour.—From a a well-wisher, though a Stranger.”

Mrs Vincent’s mind was easier when this epistle was out of her hands. She stood up before the mirror to take off her bonnet, and put her cap tidy; she glided across the room to take up the shawl and cloak which her son had flung upon the little sofa anyhow, and to fold them and lay them together on a chair. Then the trim little figure approached the table, on which stood a dimly burning lamp, which smoked as lamps will when they have it all their own way. Mrs Vincent turned down the light a little, and then proceeded to remove the globe and chimney by way of seeing what was wrong—bringing her own anxious patient face, still retaining many traces of the sweet comeliness which had almost reached the length of beauty in her daughter, into the full illumination of the smoky blaze. Notwithstanding the smoke, the presence of that little woman made the strangest difference in the room. She took note of various evidences of litter and untidiness with her mind’s eye as she examined the lamp. She had drawn a long breath of relief when she put the letter into Arthur’s hand. The sense of lightened responsibility seemed almost to relieve her anxiety as well. She held the chimney of the lamp in her hand, when an exclamation from her son called her back to the consideration of that grievous question. She turned to him with a sudden

deepening of all the lines in her face.

"Oh, Arthur dear! don't you think it may be an enemy? don't you think it looks like some cruel trick? You don't believe it's true?"

"Mother, have you an enemy in the world?" cried Vincent, with an almost bitter affectionateness. "Is there anybody living that would take pleasure in wounding you?"

"No, dear; but Mr Fordham might have one," said the widow. "He is not like you or your dear father, Arthur. He looks as if he might have been in the army, and had seen a great deal of life. That is what has been a great consolation to me. A man like that, you know, dear, is sure to have enemies; so very different from our quiet way of life," said Mrs Vincent, holding up the chimney of the lamp, and standing a little higher than her natural five feet, with a simple consciousness of that grandeur of experience; "some one that wished him ill might have got some one else to write the letter. Hush, Arthur, here is the maid with the tea."

The maid with the tea pushed in, bearing her tray into a scene which looked very strange to her awakened curiosity. The minister stood before the fire with the letter in his hand, narrowly examining it, seal, post-mark, handwriting, even paper. He did not look like the same man who had come upstairs three steps at a time, in the glow and exhilaration of hope, scarcely an hour ago. His teeth were set, and his face pale. On the table the smoky lamp blazed into the dim air, unregulated by the chimney, which Mrs Vincent was nervously rubbing with her handkerchief before she put it on. The little maid, with her round eyes, set down the tray upon the table with an answering thrill of excitement and curiosity. There was "something to do" with the minister and his unexpected visitor. Vincent himself took no notice of the

girl; but his mother, with feminine instinct, proceeded to disarm this possible observer. Mrs Vincent knew well, by long experience, that when the landlady happens to be one of the flock, it is as well that the pastor should keep the little shocks and crises of his existence studiously to himself.

"Does it always smoke?" said the gentle Jesuit, addressing the little maid.

The effect of so sudden and discomposing a question, at a moment when the person addressed was staring with all her soul at the minister, open-mouthed and open-eyed, may be better imagined than described. The girl gave a start and stifled exclamation, and made all the cups rattle on the tray as she set it down. Did what smoke?—the chimney, or the minister, or the landlady's husband downstairs?

"Does it always smoke?" repeated Mrs Vincent, calmly, putting on the chimney. "I don't think it would if you were very exact in putting this on. Look here: always at this height, don't you see; and now it burns perfectly well."

"Yes, ma'am; I'll tell missis, ma'am," said the girl, backing out, with some alarm. Mrs Vincent sat down at the table with all the satisfaction of success and conscious virtue. Her son, for his part, flung himself into the easy-chair which she had given up, and stared at her with an impatience and wonder which he could not restrain.

"To think you should talk about the lamp at such a time, or notice it at all, indeed, if it smoked like fifty chimneys!" he exclaimed, with a tone of annoyance; "why, mother, this is life or death."

"Yes, yes, my dear!" said the mother, a little mortified in her turn; "but it does not do to let strangers see when you are in trouble. Oh, Arthur, my own boy, you must not get into any difficulty here. I know what gossip is in a congregation; you never would

bear half of what your poor dear papa did," said the widow, with tears in her eyes, laying her soft old fingers upon the young man's impatient hand. "You have more of my quick temper, Arthur; and whatever you do, dear, you must not expose yourself to be talked of. You are all we have in the world. You must be your sister's protector; for oh, if this should be true, what a poor protector her mother has been! And, dear boy, tell me, what are we to do?"

"Had he any friends?" asked Vincent, half sullenly; for he did feel an instinctive desire to blame somebody, and nobody seemed so blamable as the mother, who had admitted a doubtful person into her house. "Did he know anybody—in Lonsdale, or anywhere? Did he never speak of his friends?"

"He had been living abroad," said Mrs Vincent, slowly. "He talked of gentlemen sometimes, at Baden, and Homburg, and such places. I am afraid you would think it very silly, and—perhaps wrong, Arthur; but he seemed to know so much of the world—so different from our quiet way of life—that being so nice and good and refined himself with it all—I am afraid it was rather an attraction to Susan. It was so different to what she was used with, my dear. We used to think a man who had seen so much, and known so many temptations, and kept his nice simple tastes through it all—oh dear, dear! if it is true, I was never so deceived in all my life."

"But you have not told me," said Arthur, morosely, "if he had any friends?"

"Nobody in Lonsdale," said Mrs Vincent. "He came to see some young relative at school in the neighbourhood——"

At this point Mrs Vincent broke off with a half scream, interrupted by a violent start and exclamation from her son, who jumped off his

seat, and began to pace up and down the room in an agitation which she could not comprehend. This start entirely overpowered his mother. Her overwrought nerves and feelings relieved themselves in tears. She got up, trembling, approached the young man, put her hand, which shook, through his arm, and implored him, crying softly all the time, to tell her what he feared, what he thought, what was the matter? Poor Vincent's momentary ill-humour deserted him: he began to realise all the complications of the position; but he could not resist the sight of his mother's tears. He led her back gently to the easy-chair, poured out for her a cup of the neglected tea, and restrained himself for her sake. It was while she took this much-needed refreshment that he unfolded to her the story of the helpless strangers whom, only the night before, he had committed to her care.

"The mother you shall see for yourself to-morrow. I can't tell what she is, except a lady, though in the strangest circumstances," said Vincent. "She has some reason—I cannot tell what—for keeping her child out of the father's hands. She appealed to me to let her send it to you, because he had been at Lonsdale already, and I could not refuse. His name is Colonel Mildmay; he has been at Lonsdale; did you hear of such a man?"

Mrs Vincent shook her head—her face grew more and more troubled. "I don't know about reasons for keeping a child from its father," she said, still shaking her head. "My dear, dear boy, I hope no designing woman has got a hold upon you. Why did you start so, Arthur? what had Mr Fordham to do with the child? Susan would open my letter, of course, and I daresay she will make them very comfortable; but, Arthur dear, though I don't blame you, it was very imprudent. Is Colonel Mild-

may the lady's husband? or—What? Dear boy, you should have thought of Susan—Susan, a young girl, must not be mixed up with anybody of doubtful character. It was all your good heart, I know, but it was very imprudent, to be sure."

Vincent laughed, in a kind of agony of mingled distress, anxiety, and strange momentary amusement. His mother and he were both blaming each other for the same fault. Both of them had equally yielded to kind feelings, and the natural impulse of generous hearts, without any consideration of prudence. But his mistake could not be attended by any consequences a hundredth part so serious as hers.

"In the mean time, we must do something," he said. "If he has no friends, he has at least an address, I suppose. Susan"—and a flush of indignation and affectionate anger crossed the young man's face—"Susan, no doubt, writes to the rascal. Susan! my sister! Good heaven!"

"Arthur!" said Mrs Vincent. "Your dear papa always disapproved of such exclamations: he said they were just a kind of oath, though people did not think so. And you ought not to call him a rascal without proof—indeed, it is very sinful to come to such hasty judgments. Yes, I have got the address written down—it is in my pocket-book. But what shall you do? Will you write to himself, Arthur? or what? To be sure, it would be best to go to him and settle it at once."

"Oh, mother, have a little prudence now," cried the afflicted minister; "if he were base enough to propose marriage to Susan (confound him! that's not an oath—my father himself would have said as much) under such circumstances, don't you think he has the courage to tell a lie as well? I shall go up to town, and to his address to-morrow, and see what is to be found there. You must rest in the mean

time. Writing is out of the question; what is to be done, I must *do*—and without a moment's loss of time."

The mother took his hand again, and put her handkerchief to her eyes—"God bless my dear boy," she said, with a mother's tearful admiration—"Oh, what a thing for me, Arthur, that you are grown up and a man, and able to do what is right in such a dreadful difficulty as this! You put me in mind more and more of your dear father when you settle so clearly what is to be done. He was always ready to act when I used to be in a flutter, which was best. And, oh, how good has the Father of the fatherless been to me in giving me such a son!"

"Ah, mother," said the young minister, "you gave premature thanks before, when you thought the Father of the fatherless had brought poor Susan a happy lot. Do you say the same now?"

"Always the same, Arthur dear," cried his mother with tears—"always the same. If it is even so, is it me, do you think, or is it *Him* that knows best?"

After this the agitation and distress of the first meeting gradually subsided. That mother, with all her generous imprudence and innocence of heart, was, her son well knew, the tenderest, the most indulgent, the most sympathetic of all his friends. Though the little—the very little insight he had obtained into life and the world had made him think himself wiser than she was in some respects, nothing had ever come between them to disturb the boy's half-adoring, half-protecting love. He bethought himself of providing for her comfort, as she sat looking at him in the easy-chair, with her eyes smiling on him through their tears, patiently sipping the tea, which was a cold and doubtful infusion, nothing like the fragrant lymph of home. He poked the fire till it blazed, and drew her chair towards

it, and hunted up a footstool which he had himself kicked out of the way, under the sofa, a month before. When he looked at the dear tender fresh old face opposite to him, in that close white cap which even now, after the long fatiguing journey, looked fresher and purer than other people's caps and faces look at their best, a thaw came upon the young man's heart. Nature awoke and yearned in him. A momentary glimpse crossed his vision of a humble happiness long within his reach, which never till now, when it was about to become impossible for ever, had seemed real or practicable, or even desirable before.

"Mother, dear," said Vincent, with a tremulous smile, "you shall come here, Susan and you, to me; and we shall all be together again—and comfort each other," he added, with a deeper gravity still, thinking of his own lot.

His mother did not answer in many words. She said, "My own boy!" softly, following him with her eyes. It was hard, even with Susan's dreadful danger before her, to help being tearfully happy in seeing him again—in being his guest—in realising the full strength of his manhood and independence. She gave herself up to that feeling of maternal pride and consolation as she once more dried the tears which would come, notwithstanding all her efforts. Then he sat down beside her, and resigned himself to that confidential talk which can rarely be but between members of the same family. He had unburdened his mind unconsciously in his letters about Tozer and the deacons; and it cannot be told what a refreshment it was to be able to utter roundly in words his sentiments on all those subjects. The power of saying it out with no greater hindrance than her mild remonstrances, mingled, as they were, with questions which enabled him to complete his sketches, and smiles of amusement at his descrip-

tive powers, put him actually in better humour with Salem. He felt remorseful and charitable after he had said his worst.

"And are you sure, dear," said Mrs Vincent, at last resuming the subject nearest her heart, "that you can go away to-morrow without neglecting any duty? You must not neglect a duty, Arthur, not even for Susan's sake. Whatever happens to us, you must keep right."

"I have no duty to detain me," said Vincent, hastily. Then a sudden glow came over the young man, a flush of happiness which stole upon him like a thief, and brightened his own personal firmament with a secret unacknowledgable delight; "but I must return early," he added, with a momentary hesitation—"for if you won't think it unkind to leave you, mother, I am engaged to dinner. I should scarcely like to miss it," he concluded, after another pause, tying knots in his handkerchief, and taking care not to look at her as he spoke.

"To dinner, Arthur? I thought your people only gave teas," said Mrs Vincent, with a smile.

"The Salem people do; but this—is not one of the Salem people," said the minister, still hesitating. "In fact, it would be ungracious of me not to go, and cowardly, too—for *that* curate, I believe, is to meet me—and Lady Western would naturally think——"

"Lady Western!" said Mrs Vincent, with irrestrainable pleasure, "is that one of the great people in Carlingford?" The good woman wiped her eyes again with the very tenderest and purest demonstration of that adoration of rank which is said to be an English instinct. "I don't mean to be foolish, dear," she said, apologetically; "I know these distinctions of society are not worth your caring about; but to see my Arthur appreciated as he should be, is——" She could not find words to say what it was—she wound up with a little sob. What with trouble

and anxiety, and pride and delight, and bodily fatigue added to all, tears came easiest that night.

Vincent did not say whether or not these distinctions of society were worth caring about. He sat abstractedly, untying the knots in his handkerchief, with a faint smile on his face. Then, while that pleasurable glow remained, he escorted his mother to his own sleeping-room, which he had given up to her, and saw that her fire burned brightly, and that all was comfortable. When he returned to poke his solitary fire, it was some time before he took out the letter which had disturbed his peace. The smile died away first by imperceptible degrees from his face. He gradually erected himself out of the meditative lounge into which he had fallen ; then, with a little

start, as if throwing dreams away, he took out and examined the letter. The more he looked at it, the graver and deeper became the anxiety in his face. It had every appearance of being genuine in its bad writing and doubtful spelling. And Vincent started again with an unexplainable thrill of alarm when he thought how utterly unprotected his mother's sudden journey had left that little house in Lonsdale. Susan had no warning, no safeguard. He started up in momentary fright, but as suddenly sat down again with a certain indignation at his own thoughts. Nobody could carry her off, or do any act of violence ; and as for taking advantage of her solitude, Susan, a straightforward, simple-minded English girl, was safe in her own pure sense of right.

CHAPTER XIII.

Next morning Mr Vincent got up early, with an indescribable commotion in all his thoughts. He was to institute inquiries which might be life or death to his sister, but yet could not keep his mind to the contemplation of that grave necessity. A flicker of private hope and expectation kept gleaming with uncertain light over the dark weight of anxiety in his heart. He could not help, in the very deepest of his thoughts about Susan, breaking off now and then into a momentary digression, which suddenly carried him into Lady Western's drawing-room, and startled his heart with a thrill of conscious delight, secret and exquisite, which he could neither banish nor deny. In and out, and round about that grievous doubt which had suddenly disturbed the quiet history of his family, this capricious fairy played, touching all his anxious thoughts with thrills of sweetness. It seemed an action involuntary to himself, and over which he had no power ; but it gave the young man an equally in-

voluntary and causeless cheer and comfort. It did not seem possible that any dreadful discovery could be made that day, in face of the fact that he was to meet Her that night.

When he met his mother at breakfast, the recollection of Mrs Hilyard and the charge she had committed to him, came to his mind again. No doubt Susan would take the wanderers in—no doubt they were as safe in the cottage as it was possible to be in a humble inviolable English home, surrounded by all the strength of neighbours and friends, and the protection of a spotless life which everybody knew ; but yet—That was not what his strange acquaintance had expected or bargained for. He felt as if he had broken faith with her when he realised his mother's absence from her own house. Yet somehow he felt a certain hesitation in broaching the subject, and unconsciously prepared himself for doubts and reluctance. The certainty of this gave a forced character to the assumed easiness with which he spoke.

"You will go to see Mrs Hil-yard," he said, "I owe it to her to explain that you were absent before her child went there. They will be safe enough at home, no doubt, with Susan; but still, you know, it would have been different had you been there."

"Yes, Arthur," said Mrs Vincent, with an indescribable dryness in her voice.

"You will find her a very interesting woman," said her son, instinctively contending against that unexpressed doubt, "the strangest contrast to her surroundings. The very sound of her voice carries one a thousand miles from Salem. Had I seen her in a palace, I doubt whether I should have been equally impressed by her. You will be interested in spite of yourself."

"It is, as you say, very strange, Arthur," said Mrs Vincent—the dryness in her voice increasing to the extent of a short cough; "when does your train start?"

"Not till eleven," said Vincent, looking at his watch; "but you must please me, and go to see her, mother."

"That reminds me, dear," said Mrs Vincent, hurriedly, "that now I am here, little as it suits my feelings, you must take me to see some of your people, Arthur. Mrs Tufton, and perhaps the Tozers, you know. They might not like to hear that your mother had been in Carlingford, and had not gone to see them. It will be hard work visiting strangers while I am in this dreadful anxiety, but I must not be the means of bringing you into any trouble with your flock."

"Oh, never mind my flock," said Vincent, with some impatience; "put on your bonnet, and come and see her, mother."

"Arthur, you are going by the first train," said his mother.

"There is abundant time, and it is not too early for *her*," persisted the minister.

But it was not so easy to conquer that meek little woman. "I feel

very much fatigued to-day," she said, turning her eyes mild but invincible, with the most distinct contradiction of her words to her son's face, "if it had not been my anxiety to have all I could of you, Arthur, I should not have got up to-day. A journey is a very serious matter, dear, for an old woman. One does not feel it so much at first," continued this plausible defendant; still with her mild eyes on her son's face, secure in the perfect reasonableness of her plea, yet not unwilling that he should perceive it was a pretence, "it is the next day one feels it. I shall lie down on the sofa, and rest when you are gone."

And, looking into his mother's soft eyes, the young Nonconformist retreated, and made no more attempts to shake her. Not the invulnerability of the fortress alone discouraged him—though that was mildly obdurate, and proof to argument—but a certain uneasiness in the thought of that meeting, an inclination to postpone it, and stave off the thought of all that might follow, surprised himself in his own mind. Why he should be afraid of the encounter, or how any complication could arise out of it, he could not by any means imagine, but such was the instinctive sentiment in his heart.

Accordingly he went up to London by the train, leaving Mrs Hil-yard unwarned, and his mother reposing on the sofa, from which, it is sad to say, she rose a few minutes after he was gone, to refresh herself by tidying his bookcase and looking over all his linen and stockings, in which last she found a very wholesome subject of contemplation, which relieved the pressure of her thoughts much more effectually than could have been done by the rest which she originally proposed. Arthur, for his part, went up to London with a certain nervous thrill of anxiety rising in his breast as he approached the scene and the moment of his inquiries; though it was still only by intervals

that he realised the momentous nature of those inquiries, on the result of which poor Susan's harmless girlish life, all unconscious of the danger that threatened it, hung in the balance. Poor Susan! just then going on with a bride's preparations for the approaching climax of her youthful existence. Was she, indeed, really a bride, with nothing but truth and sweet honour in the contract that bound her, or was she the sport of a villanous pastime that would break her heart, and might have shipwrecked her fair fame and innocent existence? Her brother set his teeth hard as he asked himself that question. Minister as he was, it might have been a dangerous chance for Fordham, had he come at that moment without ample proofs of guiltlessness in the Nonconformist's way.

When he got to town, he whirled as fast as it was possible to go, to the address where Susan's guileless letters were sent almost daily. It was in a street off Piccadilly, full of lodging-houses, and all manner of hangers-on and ministrants to the world of fashion. He found the house directly, and was somewhat comforted to find it really an actual house, and not a myth or Doubtful Castle, or a post-office window. He knocked with the real knocker, and heard the bell peal through the comparative silence in the street, and insensibly cheered up, and began to look forward to the appearance of a real Mr Fordham, with unquestionable private history and troops of friends. A quiet house, scrupulously clean, entirely respectable, yet distinct in all its features of lodging-house; a groom in the area below, talking to an invisible somebody, also a man, who seemed to be cleaning somebody else's boots; upstairs, at the first floor balcony, a smart little tiger making a fashion of watering plants, and actually doing his best to sprinkle the conversational groom below; altogether a superabundance of male attendants, quite in-

compatible with the integrity of the small dwelling-place as a private house. Another man, who evidently belonged to the place, opened the door, interrupting Vincent suddenly in his observations—an elderly man, half servant, half master, in reality the proprietor of the place, ready either to wait or be waited on as occasion might require. Turning with a little start from his inspection of the attendant circumstances, Vincent asked, did Mr Fordham live there?

The man made a momentary but visible pause; whatever it might betoken, it was not ignorance. He did not answer with the alacrity of frank knowledge or simple non-information. He paused, then said, "Mr Fordham, sir?" looking intently at Vincent, and taking in every particular of his appearance, dress, and professional looks, with one rapid glance.

"Mr Fordham," repeated Vincent, "does he live here?"

Once more, the man perused him, swiftly and cautiously. "No, sir, he does not live here," was the second response.

"I was told this was his address," said Vincent. "I perceive you are not ignorant of him; where does he live? I know his letters come here."

"There are a many gentlemen in the house in the course of the season," answered the man, still on the alert to find out Vincent's meaning by his looks—"sometimes letters keep on coming months after they are gone. When we knows their home address, sir, we sends them; when we don't we keeps them by us till we see if any owner turns up. Gen'lman of the name of Fordham?—do you happen to know, sir, what part o' the country *he* comes from? There's the Lincolnshire Fordhams as you know, sir, and the Northumberland Fordhams; but there's no gen'lman of that name lives here."

"I am sure you know perfectly

whom I mean," said Vincent, in his heat and impatience. "I don't mean Mr Fordham any harm—I only want to see him, or to get some information about him, if he is not to be seen. Tell me where he does live, or tell me which of his friends is in town, that I may ask them. I tell you I don't mean Mr Fordham any harm."

"No, sir?—nor I don't know as anybody means any harm," said the man, once more examining Vincent's appearance. "What was it as you were wishing to know? Though I aint acquainted with the gen'laman myself, the missis or some of the people may be. We have a many coming and going, and I might confuse a name.—What was it as you were wishful to know?"

"I wish to see Mr Fordham," said Vincent, impatiently.

"I have told you, sir, he don't live here," said the guardian of the house.

"Then, look here; you don't deceive me, remember. I can see you know all about him," said Vincent; "and, as I tell you, I mean him no harm; answer me one or two simple questions, and I will either thank or reward you as you like best. In the first place, Is this Mr Fordham a married man; and has he ever gone by another name?"

As he asked these questions the man grinned in his face. "Lord bless you, sir, we don't ask no such questions here. A gen'laman comes and has his rooms, and pays, and goes away, and gives such name as he pleases. I don't ask a certificate of baptism, not if all's right in the pay department. We don't take ladies in, being troublesome; but if a man was to have a dozen wives, what could we know about it? Sorry to disoblige a clergyman, sir; but as I don't know nothing about Mr Fordham, perhaps you'll excuse me, as it's the busiest time of the day."

"Well, then, my good man," said Vincent, taking out his purse, "tell

me what friend he has that I can apply to; you will do me the greatest service, and I——"

"Sorry to disoblige a clergyman, as I say," said the man, angrily; "but, begging your pardon, I can't stand jabbering here. I never was a spy on a gen'laman, and never will be. If you want to know, you'll have to find out. Time's money to me."

With which the landlord of No. 10 Nameless Street, Piccadilly, shut the door abruptly in Vincent's face. A postman was audibly approaching at the moment. Could that have anything to do with the sudden breaking off of the conference? The minister, exasperated, yet becoming more anxious, stood for a moment in doubt, facing the blank closed door. Then, desperate, turned round suddenly, and faced the advancing Mercury. He had no letters for No. 10; he was hastening past, altogether regardless of Vincent's look of inquiry. When he was addressed, however, the postman responded with immediate directness. "Fordham, sir—yes—a gentleman of that name lives at No. 10—leastways he has his letters there—No. 10—where you have just been, sir."

"But they say he doesn't live there," said Vincent.

"Can't tell, sir—has his letters there," said the public servant, decidedly.

More than ever perplexed, Vincent followed the postman to pursue his inquiries. "What sort of a house is it?" he asked.

"Highly respectable house, sir," answered the terse and decisive functionary, performing an astounding rap next door.

In an agony of impatience and uncertainty, the young man lingered opposite the house, conscious of a helplessness and impotence which made him furious with himself. That he ought to be able to get to the bottom of it was clear; but that he was as far as possible from knowing how to do that

same, or where to pursue his inquiries, was indisputable. One thing was certain, that Mr Fordham did not choose to be visible at this address to which his letters were sent, and that it was hopeless to attempt to extract any information on the subject by such frank inquiries as the minister had already made. He took a half-hour's walk, and thought it over with no great enlightenment on the subject. Then, coming back, applied once more at the highly respectable uncommunicative door. He had entertained hopes that another and more manageable adherent of the house might possibly appear this time—a maid, or impressionable servitor of some description, and had a little piece of gold ready for the propitiatory tip in his hand. His hopes were, however, put to flight by the appearance of the same face, increased in respectability and composure, by the fact that the owner had thrown off the jacket in which he had formerly been invested, and now appeared in a solemn black coat, the essence of respectable and dignified servitude. He fixed his eyes severely upon Vincent as soon as he opened the door. He was evidently disgusted by this return to the charge.

"Look here," said Vincent, somewhat startled and annoyed to find himself confronted by the same face which had formerly defied him; "could you get a note conveyed from me to Mr Fordham?—the postman says he has his letters here."

"If he gets his letters here they come by the post," said the man, insolently. "There's a post-office round the corner, but I don't keep one here. If one reaches him another will. It aint nothing to me."

"But it is a great deal to me," said Vincent, with involuntary earnestness. "You have preserved his secret faithfully, whatever it may be; but it surely can't be any

harm to convey a note to Mr Fordham. Most likely, when he hears my name," said the young man, with a little consciousness that what he said was more than he believed, "he will see me; and I have to leave town this evening. You will do me a great service if you will save me the delay of the post, and get it delivered at once. And you may do Mr Fordham a service too."

The man looked with less certainty in Vincent's face.—"Seems to me some people don't know what No means, when it's said," he replied with a certain relenting in his voice. "There's things as a gen'leman ought to know, even enough—something happened in the family or so; but you see, he don't live here; and since you stand it out so, I don't mind saying that he's a gen'leman as can't be seen in town to-day, seeing he's in the country, as I'm informed, on urgent private affairs. It's uncommon kind of a clergyman, and a stranger, to take such an interest in my house," continued the fellow, grinning spitefully; "but what I say first I say last—he don't live here."

"And he is not in town?" asked Vincent eagerly, without noticing the insolence of the speech. The man gradually closed the door upon himself till he had shut it, and stood outside, facing his persistent visitor.

"In town or out of town," he said, folding his arms upon his chest, and surveying Vincent with all the insolence of a lackey who knows he has to deal with a man debarred by public opinion from the gratifying privilege of knocking him down, "there ain't no more information to be got here."

Such was the conclusion of Vincent's attempted investigation. He went away at once, scarcely pausing to hear this speech out, to take the only means that presented themselves now; and going into the first stationer's shop in his way, wrote

a note entreating Mr Fordham to meet him, and giving a friend's address in London, as well as his own in Carlingford, that he might be communicated with instantly. When he had written and posted this note, Vincent proceeded to investigate the Directory and all the red and blue books he could lay his hands upon, for the name of Fordham. It was not a plentiful name, but still it occurred sufficiently often to perplex and confuse him utterly. When he had looked over the list of Fordhams in London, sufficiently long to give himself an intense headache, and to feel his undertaking entirely hopeless, he came to a standstill. What was to be done? He had no clue, nor the hope of any, to guide him through this labyrinth; but he had no longer any trust in the honour of the man whom his mother had so rashly received, and to whom Susan had given her heart. By way of the only precaution which occurred to him, he wrote a short note to Susan, begging her not to send any more letters to Mr Fordham until her mother's return; and desiring her not to be alarmed by this prohibition, but to be very careful of herself, and wait for an explanation when Mrs Vincent should return. He thought he himself would accompany his mother home. The note was written, as Vincent thought, in the most guarded terms; but in reality was such an abrupt, alarming performance, as was sure to drive a sensitive girl into the wildest fright and uncertainty. Having eased his conscience by this, he went back to the railway, and returned to Carlingford. Night had fallen before he reached home. Under any other circumstances, he would have encountered his mother after such an ineffectual enterprise, conscious as he was of carrying back nothing but heightened suspicion, with very uncomfortable feelings, and would have been in his own person too profoundly concerned about this dread-

ful danger which menaced his only sister, to be able to rest or occupy himself about other things. But the fact was, that whenever he relapsed into the solitary carriage in which he travelled to Carlingford, and when utterly quiet and alone, wrapped in the haze of din and smoke and speed which abstracts railway travellers from all the world,—gave himself up to thought, the rosy hue of his own hopes came stealing over him unawares. Now and then he woke up, as men wake up from a doze, and made a passing snatch at his fears. But again and again they eluded his grasp, and the indefinite brightness which had no foundation in reason, swallowed up everything which interfered with its power. The effect of this was to make the young man preternaturally solemn when he entered the room where his mother awaited him. He felt the reality of the fear so much less than he ought to do, that it was necessary to put on twice the appearance. Had he really been as deeply anxious and alarmed as he should have been, he would naturally have tried to ease and lighten the burden of the discovery to his mother; feeling it so hazily as he did, no such precautions occurred to him. She rose up when he came in, with a face which gradually paled out of all its colour as he approached. When he was near enough to hold out his hand to her, Mrs Vincent was nearly fainting. "Arthur," she cried, in a scarcely audible voice, "God have pity upon us; it is true: I can see it in your face."

"Mother, compose yourself. I have no evidence that it is true. I have discovered nothing," cried Vincent, in alarm.

The widow dropped heavily into her chair, and sobbed aloud. "I can read it in your face," she said. "Oh! my dear boy, have you seen that—that villain? Does he confess it? Oh, my Susan, my Susan! I will never forgive myself; I have killed my child."

From this passion it was difficult to recover her, and Vincent had to represent so strongly the fact that he had ascertained nothing certain, and that, for anything he could tell, Fordham might still prove himself innocent, that he almost persuaded his own mind in persuading hers.

"His letters might be taken in at a place where he did not live for convenience sake," said Vincent. "The man might think me a dun, or something disagreeable. Fordham himself, for anything we can tell, may be very angry about it. Cheer up, mother; things are no worse than they were last night. I give you my word I have made no discovery, and perhaps to-morrow may bring us a letter clearing it all up."

"Ah! Arthur, you are so young and hopeful. It is different with me, who have seen so many terrors come true," said the mother, who notwithstanding was comforted. As for Vincent, he felt neither the danger nor the suspense. His whole soul was engrossed with the fact that it was time to dress; and it was with a little conscious sophistry that he himself made the best of it, and excused himself for his indifference.

"I can't bear to leave you, mother, in such suspense and distress," he said, looking at his watch; "but—I have to be at Lady Western's at half-past six."

Mrs Vincent looked up with an expression of stupified surprise and pain for a moment, then brightened all at once. "My dear, I have laid out all your things," she said, with animation. "Do you think I would let you miss it, Arthur? Never mind talking to me. I shall hear all about it when you come home to-night. Now go, dear, or you will be late. I will come and talk to you when you are dressing, if you don't mind your mother? Well, perhaps not. I will stay here, and you can call me when you are ready, and I will bring you a cup of tea. I am sure you are tired,

what with the fatigue and what with the anxiety. But you must try to put it off your mind, and enjoy yourself to-night."

"Yes, mother," said Vincent, hastening away; the tears were in her gentle eyes when she gave him that unnecessary advice. She pressed his hands fast in hers when he left her at last, repeating it, afraid in her own heart that this trouble had spoilt all the brightness of the opening hopes which she perceived with so much pride and joy. When he was gone, she sat down by the solitary fire, and cried over her Susan in an utter forlornness and helplessness, which only a woman, so gentle, timid, and unable to struggle for herself, could feel. Her son, in the mean time, walked down Grange Lane, first with a momentary shame at his own want of feeling, but soon with an entire forgetfulness both of the shame and the subject of it, absorbed in thoughts of his reception there. With a palpitating heart, he entered the dark garden, now noiseless and chill in wintery decay, and gazed at the lighted windows which had looked like distant planets to him the last time he saw them. He lingered looking at them, now that the moment approached so near. A remembrance of his former disappointment went to his heart with a momentary pang as he hesitated on the edge of his present happiness. Another moment and he had thrown himself again, with a degree of suppressed excitement wonderful to think of, upon the chances of his fate.

Not alarming chances, so far as could be predicated from the scene. A small room, the smaller half of that room which he had seen full of the pretty crowd of the summer-party, the folding-doors closed, and a curtain drawn across them; a fire burning brightly; groups of candles softly lighting the room in clusters upon the wall, and throwing a colourless soft illumination upon the pictures of

which Lady Western was so proud. She herself, dropped amid billows of dark blue silk and clouds of black lace in a low easy-chair by the side of the fire, smiled at Vincent, and held out her hand to him without rising, with a sweet cordiality and friendliness which rapt the young man into paradise. Though Lucy Wodehouse was scarcely less pretty than the young Dowager, Mr Vincent saw her as if he saw her not, and still less did he realise the presence of Miss Wodehouse, who was the shadow to all this brightness. He took the chair which Lady Western pointed to him by her side. He did not want anybody to speak, or anything to happen. The welcome was not given as to a stranger, but made him at once an intimate and familiar friend of the house. At once all his dreams were realised. The sweet atmosphere was tinged with the perfumy breath which always surrounded Her; the room, which was so fanciful and yet so home-like, seemed a reflection of her to his bewildered eyes; and the murmur of soft sound, as these two lovely creatures spoke to each other, made the most delicious climax to the scene; although the moment before he had been afraid lest the sound of a voice should break the spell. But the spell was not to be broken that night. Mr Wentworth came in a few minutes after him, and was received with equal sweetness; but still the young Nonconformist was not jealous. It was he whose arm Lady Western appropriated, almost without looking at him as she did so, when they went to dinner. She had put aside the forms which were intended to keep the outer world at arm's length. It was as her own closest personal friends that the little party gathered around the little table, just large enough for them, which was placed before the fire in the great dining-room. Lady Western was not a brilliant talker, but Mr Vincent thought her smallest observation more precious than

any utterance of genius. He listened to her with a fervour which few people showed when listening to *him*, notwithstanding his natural eloquence; but as to what he himself said in reply, he was entirely 'oblivious, and spoke like a man in a dream. When she clapped her pretty hands, and adjured the Churchman and the Nonconformist to fight out their quarrel, it was well for Vincent that Mr Wentworth declined the controversy. The lecturer on Church and State was *hors de combat*; he was in charity with all men. The curate of St Roque's, who—blind and infatuated man!—thought Lucy Wodehouse the flower of Grange Lane, did not come in his way. He might pity him, but it was a sympathetic pity. Mr Vincent took no notice when Miss Wodehouse launched tiny arrows of argument at him. She was the only member of the party who seemed to recollect his heresies in respect to Church and State—which, indeed, he had forgotten himself, and the state of mind which led to them. No such world existed now as that cold and lofty world which the young man of genius had seen glooming down upon his life, and shutting jealous barriers against his progress. The barriers were opened, the coldness gone—and he himself raised high on the sunshiny heights, where love and beauty had their perennial abode. He had gained nothing—changed in nothing—from his former condition: not even the golden gates of society had opened to the dissenting minister; but glorious enfranchisement had come to the young man's heart. It was not Lady Western who had asked him to dinner—a distinction of which his mother was proud. It was the woman of all women who had brought him to her side, whose sweet eyes were sunning him over, whose voice thrilled to his heart. By her side he forgot all social distinctions, and all the stings contained in them. No prince could

have reached more completely the ideal elevation and summit of youthful life. Ambition and its successes were vulgar in comparison. It was a poetic triumph amid the prose tumults and downfalls of life.

When the two young men were left over their wine, a somewhat grim shadow fell upon the evening. The curate of St Roque's and the minister of Salem found it wonderfully hard to get up a conversation. They discussed the advantages of retiring with the ladies as they sat glum and reserved opposite each other—not by any means unlike, and by consequence, natural enemies. Mr Wentworth thought it an admirable plan, much more sensible than the absurd custom which kept men listening to a parcel of old fogies, who retained the habits of the last generation; and he proposed that they should join the ladies—a proposal to which Vincent gladly acceded. When they returned to the drawing-room, Lucy Wodehouse was at the piano; her sister sat at table with a pattern-book before her, doing some impossible pattern in knitting; and Lady Western again sat languid and lovely by the fire, with her beautiful hands in her lap, relieved from the dark background of the billowy blue dress by the delicate cambric and lace of her handkerchief. She was not doing anything, or looking as if she could do anything. She was leaning back in the low chair, with the rich folds of her dress sweeping the carpet, and her beautiful ungloved hands lying lightly across each other. She did not move when the gentlemen entered. She turned her eyes to them, and smiled those sweet welcoming smiles, which Vincent knew well enough were for both alike, yet which made his heart thrill and beat. Wentworth (insensible prig!) went to Lucy's side, and began to talk to her over her music, now and then appealing to Miss Wodehouse. Vincent, whom no

man hindered, and for whose happiness all the fates had conspired, invited by those smiling eyes, approached Lady Western with the surprised delight of a man miraculously blessed. He could not understand why he was permitted to be so happy. He drew a chair between her and the table, and shutting out the other group by turning his back upon them, had her all to himself. She never changed her position, nor disturbed her sweet indolence, by the least movement. The fire blazed no longer. The candles, softly burning against the wall, threw no very brilliant light upon this scene. To Vincent's consciousness, bewildered as he was by the supreme delight of his position, they were but two in a new world, and neither thing nor person disturbed the unimaginable bliss. But Miss Wodehouse, when she raised her eyes from her knitting, only saw the young Dowager leaning back in her chair, smiling the natural smiles of her sweet temper and kind heart upon the young stranger whom she had chosen to make a *protégé* of. Miss Wodehouse silently concluded that perhaps it might be dangerous for the young man, who knew no better, and that Lady Western always looked well in a blue dress. Such was the outside world's interpretation of that triumphant hour of Vincent's life.

How it went on he never could tell. Soft questions spoken in that voice, which made everything eloquent, gently drew from him the particulars of his life, and sweet laughter, more musical than that song of Lucy's, to which the curate (dull clod!) gave all his attention, rang silvery peals over the name of Tozer and the economics of Salem. Perhaps Lady Western enjoyed the conversation almost half as much as her worshipper did. She was amused, most delicate and difficult of all successes. She was pleased with the reverential devotion which had a freshness and tender humility conjoined with sensitive pride,

which was novel to her, and more flattering than ordinary adoration. When he saw it amused her, the young man exerted himself to set forth his miseries with their ludicrous element fully developed. They were no longer miseries, they were happinesses which brought him those smiles. He said twice enough to turn him out of Salem, and make him shunned by all the connection. He forgot everything in life but the lovely creature beside him, and the means by which he could arouse her interest, and keep her ear a little longer. Such was the position of affairs, when Miss Wodehouse came to the plain part of her pattern, where she could go on without counting; and seeing Lady Western so much amused, became interested and set herself to listen too. By this time Vincent had come to more private concerns.

"I have been inquiring to-day after some one whom my mother knows, and whom I am anxious to hear about," said Vincent. "I cannot discover anything about him. It is a wild question to ask if you know him, but it is just possible; there are such curious encounters in life."

"What is his name?" said Lady Western, with a smile as radiant as a sunbeam.

"His name is Fordham—Herbert Fordham—I do not know where he comes from, nor whether he is of any profession; nor, indeed, anything but his name. I have been in town to-day——"

Here Vincent came to a sudden stop. He had withdrawn his eyes from that smile of hers for the moment. When he raised them again, the beautiful picture was changed as if by magic. Her eyes were fixed upon him dilated and almost wild. Her face was deadly pale. Her hands, which had been lying lightly crossed, grasped each other in a grasp of sudden anguish and self-control. He stopped short with a pang too bitter and strange for utterance. At that touch all his fancies

dispersed into the air. He came to himself strangely, with a sense of chill and desolation. In one instant, from the height of momentary bliss, down to the miserable flat of conscious unimportance. Such a downfall was too much for man to endure without showing it. He stopped short at the aspect of her face.

"You have been in town to-day?" she repeated, pointedly, with white and trembling lips.

"And could hear nothing of him," said Vincent, with a little bitterness. "He was not to be heard of at his address."

"Where was that?" asked Lady Western again, with the same intent and anxious gaze.

Vincent, who was sinking down, down in hopeless circles of jealousy, miserable fierce rage and disappointment, answered, "10 Nameless Street, Piccadilly," without an unnecessary word.

Lady Western uttered a little cry of excitement and wonder. She knew nothing of the black abyss into which her companion had fallen any more than she knew the splendid heights to which her favour had raised him; but the sound of her own voice recalled her to herself. She turned away from Vincent and pulled the bell which was within her reach—pulled it once and again with a nervous twitch, and entangled her bracelet in the bell-pull, so that she had to bend over to unfasten it. Vincent sat gloomily by and looked on, without offering any assistance. He knew it was to hide her troubled face and gain a moment to compose herself; but he was scarcely prepared for her total avoidance of the subject when she next spoke.

"They are always so late of giving us tea," she said, rising from her chair, and going up to Miss Wodehouse, "I can see you have finished your pattern; let me see how it looks. That is pretty; but I think it is too elaborate. How many things has Mary done for this ba-

zaar, Mr Wentworth?—and do tell us when is it to be?"

What did Vincent care for the answer? he sat disenchanted in that same place which had been his bower of bliss all the evening, watching her as she moved about the room; her beautiful figure went and came with a certain restlessness, surely not usual to her, from one corner to another. She brought Miss Wodehouse something to look at from the work-table; and fetched some music for Lucy from a window. She had the tea placed in a remote corner, and made it there; and insisted on bringing it to the Miss Wodehouses with her own hands. She was disturbed; her sweet composure was gone. Vincent sat and watched her under the shade of his hands, with feelings as miserable as ever moved man. It was not sorrow for having disturbed her;—feelings much more personal, mortification and disappointment, and, above all, jealousy, raged in his heart. Warmer and stronger than ever was his interest in Mr Fordham now.

After a miserable interval, he rose to take his leave. When he came up to her, Lady Western's kind heart once more awoke in his behalf. She drew him aside after a momentary struggle with herself.

"I know that gentleman," she said, quickly, with a momentary flush of colour, and shortening of breath; "at least I knew him once; and the address you mention is my brother's address. If you will tell me what you want to know, I will ask for you. My brother and he used not to be friends, but I suppose—. What did you want to know?"

"Only," said Vincent, with involuntary bitterness, "if he was a man of honour, and could be trusted; nothing else."

The young Dowager paused and sighed; her beautiful eyes softened with tears. "Oh, yes—yes; with

life—to death!" she said, with a low accompaniment of sighing, and a wistful, melancholy smile upon her lovely face.

Vincent hastened out of the house. He ventured to say nothing to himself as he went up Grange Lane in the starless night, with all the silence and swiftness of passion. He dared not trust himself to think. His very heart, the physical organ itself, seemed throbbing and bursting with conscious pain. Had she loved this mysterious stranger whose undecipherable shadow hung over the minister's path? To Vincent's fancy, nothing else could account for her agitation; and was he so true, and to be trusted? Poor gentle Susan, whom such a fate and doom was approaching as might have softened her brother's heart, had but little place in his thoughts. He was not glad of that favourable verdict. He was overpowered with jealous rage and passion. Alas, for his dreams! Once more, what downfall and overthrow had come of it! once more he had come down to his own position, and the second awakening was harder than the first. When he got home, and found his mother, affectionately proud, waiting to hear all about the great lady he had been visiting, it is impossible to express in words the intolerable impatience and disgust with himself and his fate which overpowered the young man. He had a bad headache, Mrs Vincent said, she was sure, and he did not contradict her. It was an unspeakable relief to him when she went to her own room, and delivered him from the tender scrutiny of her eyes—those eyes full of nothing but love, which, in the irritation of his spirit, drove him desperate. He did not tell her about the unexpected discovery he had made. The very name of Fordham would have choked him that night.

CHAPTER XIV.

The next morning brought no letters except from Susan. Fordham, if so true as Lady Western called him, was not, Vincent thought with bitterness, acting as an honourable man should in this emergency. But perhaps he might come to Carlingford in the course of the day, to see Susan's brother. The aspect of the young minister was changed when he made his appearance at the breakfast table. Mrs Vincent made the most alarmed inquiries about his health, but—stopped abruptly in making them by his short and ungracious answer—came to a dead pause; and with a pang of fright and mortification, acknowledged to herself that her son was no longer her boy, whose entire heart she knew, but a man with a life and concerns of his own, possibly not patent to his mother. That breakfast was not a cheerful meal. There had been a long silence, broken only by those anxious attentions to each other's personal comfort, with which people endeavour to smooth down the embarrassment of an intercourse apparently confidential, into which some sudden unexplainable shadow has fallen. At last Vincent got up from the table, with a little outbreak of impatience.

"I can't eat this morning; don't ask me. Mother, get your bonnet on," said the young man; "we must go to see Mrs Hilyard to-day."

"Yes, Arthur," said Mrs Vincent meekly; she had determined *not* to see Mrs Hilyard, of whom her gentle respectability was suspicious; but, startled by her son's looks, and by the evident arrival of that period, instinctively perceived by most women, at which a man snatches the reins out of his adviser's hand, and has his way, the alarmed and anxious mother let her arms fall, and gave in without a struggle.

"The fact is, I heard of Mr Fordham last night," said Vincent, walking about the room, lifting up and setting down again abstractedly the things on the table. "Lady Western knows him, it appears; perhaps Mrs Hilyard does too."

"Lady Western knows him? Oh, Arthur, tell me—what did she say?" cried his mother, clasping her hands.

"She said he could be trusted—with life—to death," said Vincent, very low, with an inaudible groan in his heart. He was prepared for the joy and the tears, and the thanksgiving with which his words were received; but he could not have believed how sharply his mother's exclamation, "God bless my Susan! now I am happy about her, Arthur. I could be content to die," would go to his heart. Susan, yes!—it was right to be happy about her; and as for himself, who cared? He shut up his heart in that bitterness; but it filled him with an irritation and restlessness which he could not subdue.

"We must go to Mrs Hilyard; probably she can tell us more," he said abruptly; "and there is her child to speak of. I blame myself," he added, with impatience, "for not telling her before. Let us go now directly—never mind ringing the bell; all that can be done when we are out. Dinner? oh, for heaven's sake, let them manage that! Where is your bonnet, mother? the air will do me good after a bad night."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs Vincent, moved by this last argument. It must be his headache, no doubt, she tried to persuade herself. Stimulated by the sound of his footstep in the next room, she lost very little time over her toilette. Perhaps the chill January air, sharp with frost, air full of natural exhilaration and refreshment, did bring a certain relief to the young Nonconformist's aching temples and exasperated

temper. It was with difficulty his mother kept time with his long strides, as he hurried her along the street, not leaving her time to look at Salem, which was naturally the most interesting point in Carlingford to the minister's mother. Before she had half prepared herself for this interview, he had hurried her up the narrow bare staircase which led to Mrs Hilyard's lodgings. On the landing, with the door half open, stood Lady Western's big footman, fully occupying the narrow standing-ground, and shedding a radiance of plush over the whole shabby house. The result upon Mrs Vincent was an immediate increase of comfort, for surely the woman must be respectable to whom people sent messages by so grand a functionary. The sight of the man struck Vincent like another pang. She had sent to take counsel, no doubt, on the evidently unlooked-for information which had startled her so last night.

"Come in," said the inhabitant of the room. She was folding a note for which the footman waited. Things were just as usual in that shabby place. The coarse stuff at which she had been working lay on the table beside her. Seeing a woman with Vincent, she got up quickly, and turned her keen eyes upon the new-comer. The timid doubtful mother, the young man, somewhat arbitrary and self-willed, who had brought his companion there against her will, the very look, half fright, half suspicion, which Mrs Vincent threw round the room, explained matters to the quick observer before her. She was mistress of the position at once.

"Take this to Lady Western, John," said Mrs Hilyard. "She may come when she pleases—I shall be at home all day; but tell her to send a maid next time, for you are much too magnificent for Back Grove Street. This is Mrs Vincent, I know. Your son has brought you to see me, and I hope you have not come to say that I

was too rash in asking a Christian kindness from this young man's mother. If he had not behaved like a paladin, I should not have ventured upon it; but when a young man conducts himself so, I think his mother is a good woman. You have taken in my child?"

She had taken Mrs Vincent by both hands, and placed her in a chair, and sat down beside her. The widow had not a word to say. What with the praise of her son, which was music to her ears—what with the confusion of her own position, she was painfully embarrassed and at a loss, and anxiously full of explanations. "Susan has, I have no doubt; but I am sorry I left home on Wednesday morning, and we did not know then they were expected; but we have a spare room, and Susan, I don't doubt—"

"The fact is, my mother had left home before they could have reached Lonsdale," interposed Vincent; "but my sister would take care of them equally well. They are all safe. A note came this morning announcing their arrival. My mother," said the young man hastily, "returns almost immediately. It will make no difference to the strangers."

"I am sure Susan will make them comfortable, and the beds would be well aired," said Mrs Vincent; "but I had sudden occasion to leave home, and did not even know of it till the night before. My dear," she said, with hesitation, "did you think Mrs Hilyard would know? I brought Susan's note to show you," she added, laying down that simple performance in which Susan announced the receipt of Arthur's letter, and the subsequent arrival of "a governess-lady, and the most beautiful girl that ever was seen." The latter part of Susan's hurried note, in which she declared this beautiful girl to be "very odd—a sort of grown up baby," was carelessly abstracted by the prudent mother.

The strange woman before them

took up the note in both her hands and drank it in, with an almost trembling eagerness. She seemed to read over the words to herself again and again with moving lips. Then she drew a long breath of relief.

"Miss Smith is the model of a governess-lady," she said, turning with a composure wonderfully unlike that eagerness of anxiety to Mrs Vincent again—"She never writes but on her day, whatever may happen; and yesterday did not happen to be her day. Thank you, it is Christian charity. You must not be any loser meantime, and we must arrange these matters before you go away. This is not a very imposing habitation," she said, glancing round with a movement of her thin mouth, and comic gleam in her eye—"but that makes no difference, so far as they are concerned. Mr Vincent knows more about me than he has any right to know," continued the strange woman, turning her head towards him for the moment, with an amused glance—"a man takes one on trust sometimes, but a woman must always explain herself to a woman: perhaps, Mr Vincent, you will leave us together while I explain my circumstances to your mother?"

"Oh, I am sure it—it is not necessary," said Mrs Vincent, half alarmed, "but Arthur, you were to ask"—

"What were you to ask?" said Mrs Hilyard, laying her hand with an involuntary movement upon a tiny note lying open on the table, to which Vincent's eyes had already wandered.

"The fact is," he said, following her hand with his eyes, "that my mother came up to inquire about some one called Fordham, in whom she is interested. Lady Western knows him," said Vincent, abruptly, looking in Mrs Hilyard's face.

"Lady Western knows him. You perceive that she has written to ask me about him this morning. Yes," said Mrs Hilyard, looking at the

young man, not without a shade of compassion. "You are quite right in your conclusions; poor Alice and he *were* in love with each other before she married Sir John. He has not been heard of for a long time. What do you want to know, and how is it he has showed himself now?"

"It is for Susan's sake," cried Mrs Vincent interposing, "oh, Mrs Hilyard, you will feel for me better than any one—my only daughter! I got an anonymous letter the night before I left. I am so flurried I almost forget what night it was—Tuesday night—which arrived when my dear child was out. I never kept anything from her in all her life, and to conceal it was dreadful—and how we got through that night——"

"Mother, the details are surely not necessary now," said her impatient son. "We want to know what are this man's antecedents and his character—that is all," he added, with irrestrainable bitterness.

Mrs Hilyard took up her work, and pinned the long coarse seam to her knee. "Mrs Vincent will tell me herself," she said, looking straight at him with her amused look. Of all her strange peculiarities, this faculty of amusement was the strangest. Intense restrained passion, anxiety of the most desperate kind, a wild will which would pause a nothing, all blended with and left room for this unfailing perception of any ludicrous possibility. Vincent got up hastily, and, going to the window, looked out upon the dismal prospect of Salem, throwing its shabby shadow upon those dreary graves. Instinctively he looked for the spot where that conversation must have been held which he had overheard from the vestry window; it came most strongly to his mind at that moment. As his mother went through her story, how Mr Fordham had come accidentally to the house—how gradually they had admitted

him to their friendship—how, at last, Susan and he had been engaged—her son stood at the window, following in his mind all the events of that evening, which looked so long ago, yet was only two or three evenings back. He recalled to himself his rush to the telegraph office; and again, with a sharp stir of opposition and enmity, recalled, clear as a picture, the railway-carriage just starting, the flash of light inside, the face so clearly evident against the vacant cushions. What had he to do with that face, with its eagle outline and scanty long locks? Somehow, in the meshes of fate he felt himself so involved that it was impossible to forget this man. He came and took his seat again with his mind full of that recollection. The story had come to a pause, and Mrs Hilyard sat silent, taking in with her keen eyes every particular of the gentle widow's character, evidently, as Vincent could see, following her conduct back to those springs of gentle, but imprudent, generosity and confidence in what people said to her, from which her present difficulties sprang.

"And you admitted him first?" said Mrs Hilyard, interrogatively, "because——?" She paused. Mrs Vincent became embarrassed and nervous.

"It was very foolish, very foolish," said the widow, wringing her hands; "but he came to make inquiries, you know. I answered him civilly the first time, and he came again and again. It looked so natural. He had come down to see a young relation at school in the neighbourhood."

Mrs Hilyard uttered a sudden exclamation—very slight, low, scarcely audible; but it attracted Vincent's attention. He could see that her thin lips were closed, her figure slightly erected, a sudden keen gleam of interest in her face. "Did he find his relation," she asked, in a voice so ringing and distinct, that the young minister

started, and sat upright, bracing himself for something about to happen. It did not flash upon him yet what that meaning might be; but his pulses leapt with a prescient thrill of some tempest or earthquake about to fall.

"No; he never could find her—it did not turn out to be our Lonsdale, I think—what is the matter?" cried Mrs Vincent; "you both know something I don't know—what has happened? Arthur, have I said anything dreadful?—oh, what does it mean?"

"Describe him if you can," said Mrs Hilyard, in a tone which, sharp and calm, tingled through the room with a passionate clearness which nothing but extreme excitement could give. She had taken Mrs Vincent's hand, and held it tightly with a certain compassionate compulsion, forcing her to speak. As for Vincent, the horrible suspicion which stole upon him unmanned him utterly. He had sprung to his feet, and stood with his eyes fixed on his mother's face, with an indescribable horror and suspense. It was not her he saw. With hot eyes that blazed in their sockets, he was fixing the gaze of desperation upon a picture in his mind, which he felt but too certain would correspond with the faltering words which fell from her lips. Mrs Vincent herself would have thrown herself wildly upon him, and lost her head altogether in a frightened attempt to find out what this sudden commotion meant, had she not been fixed and supported by that strong yet gentle grasp upon her hand. "Describe him—take time," said her strange companion again—not looking at her, but waiting in an indescribable calm of passion for the words which she could frame in her mind before they were said.

"Tall," said the widow's faltering alarmed voice, falling with a strange uncertainty through the intense stillness, in single words, with gasps between; "not—a very

young man—aquiline—with a sort of eagle-look—light hair—long and thin, and as fine as silk—very light in his beard, so that it scarcely showed. Oh, God help us! what is it?—what is it?—You both know whom I mean.”

Neither of them spoke; but the eyes of the two met in a single look, from which both withdrew, as if the communication were a crime. With a shudder Vincent approached his mother; and, speechless though he was, took hold of her, and drew her to him abruptly. Was it murder he read in those eyes, with their desperate concentration of will and power? The sight of them, and recollection of their dreadful splendour, drove even Susan out of his mind. Susan, poor gentle soul!—what if she broke her tender heart, in which no devils lurked? “Mother, come—come,” he said, hoarsely, raising her up in his arm, and releasing the hand which the extraordinary woman beside her still clasped fast. The movement roused Mrs Hilyard as well as Mrs Vincent. She rose up promptly from the side of the visitor who had brought her such news.

“I need not suggest to you that this must be acted on at once,” she said to Vincent, who, in his agitation, saw how the hand, with which she leant on the table, clenched hard till it grew white with the pressure. “The man we have to

deal with spares nothing.” She stopped, and then, with an effort, went up to the half-fainting mother, who hung upon Vincent’s arm, and took her hands and pressed them close. “We have both thrust our children into the lion’s mouth,” she cried, with a momentary softening. “Go, poor woman, and save your child if you can, and so will I—we are companions in misfortune. And you are a priest, why cannot you curse him?” she exclaimed, with a bitter cry. The next moment she had taken down a travelling bag from a shelf, and, kneeling down by a trunk, began to transfer some things to it. Vincent left his mother, and went up to her with a sudden impulse, “I am a priest, let me bless you,” said the young man, touching with a compassionate hand the dark head bending before him. Then he took his mother away. He could not speak as he supported her down stairs; she, clinging to him with double weakness, could scarcely support herself at all in her agitation and wonder when they got into the street. She kept looking in his face with a pitiful appeal that went to his heart.

“Tell me, Arthur, tell me!” She sobbed it out unawares, and over and over before he knew what she was saying. And what could he tell her? “We must go to Susan—poor Susan!” was all the young man could say.

THE FIRST GUID DAY.

It is the showery April—
The spring-time has begun,
And o' the comin' summer
There's a promise in the wun'.
The hawthorn buds are burstin',
The birds, in chorus gay,
A hymn o' thanks are warblin'
For the First Guid Day.
The breeze is warm and westlin',
The firs sae softly rustlin',
To doves amang them nestlin'
Say, "Winter's passed away."
While clouds o' downy lightness
Float on in snowy whiteness,
As if to aid the brightness
O' the First Guid Day.

It is the herald, April—
The farmer looks abroad,
And thinks how such a sunshine
Will dry the wettest clod.
Stoor-clouds he sees in fancy
Ahint his harrows play,
While dreams of wealth are whispered
By the First Guid Day.
And see! by yonder plantin',
Athort the lea-riggs rantin',
Wi' tails in air tossed wanton,
His stirks leap jauntily.
And why are they sae canty,
While grass is yet sae scanty?
They feel the coming plenty
In the First Guid Day.

It is the buddy April—
The roads wi' bairns are thrang,
Whase fairy glee is burstin'
In rude and rapturous sang;
Ilk little face but lately
Sae joyless and sae blae,
Is wreathed wi' smiles and roses
On the First Guid Day.

And hark ! that gentle hummin'
From yonder cottage comin',
Is it the careless thrummin'
O' fingers skilled to play ?
Oh no ! it is the singin'
O' bees around it wingin',
The gladsome tidings bringin'
O' the First Guid Day.

It is the joyous April ;
We feel—we kenna hoo—
As if the world were better,
And our lease o' life were new.
Our hearts are beatin' lightly,
And on life's brambly brae
The upward path seems smoother
On the First Guid Day.
The lark on wings untirin',
To reach the lift aspirin',
The bard below is firin'
To sing a crownin' lay.
All nature says, " Be cheery,
O' gladness never weary,
But banish all things eerie
Frae the First Guid Day."

DAVID WINGATE.

THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE.

To print with care, and place on the shelf of the student's library, in the shape of a readable book, some ancient manuscript difficult of access and hard to be deciphered, is just that task which a liberal government can, and ought to accomplish. No boon of this kind could be more valuable to the historical student than the book before us, which, if it were only out of gratitude to Her Majesty's Treasury, and the Master of the Rolls, and all the public-spirited men who have urged the necessity of printing such historical records, we ought not to allow to pass unnoticed. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, as Mr Thorpe tells us in a preface which is, unfortunately, only too brief, comprises the period from the invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar, to the accession of Henry II., A.D. 1154; and is, conjointly with the ecclesiastical history of Beda, the principal source whence our early chroniclers have derived their matter.

Lappenberg, in his 'History of England under the Saxon Kings,' speaks of this record in the following terms:—"After Beda, the chief sources of the early history of England, and one of the most important in the whole historiography of northern Europe, is the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, composed in the language of the country, and, in the later centuries, abounding in contemporaneous narratives. A thorough critical examination of its *authorities, manuscripts, and versions*, would be a work of the highest utility for English history, but which has hitherto been but very partially attempted, and without any great result. Such an examination is

the more difficult, *as the texts of the manuscripts, or rather the elaborations of them, which have been written in various monasteries, often differ from each other, and have, in the printed edition, been by their editors blended together without regard either to dialect or locality.*" In the edition which is now published, the texts of the several manuscripts are printed apart and entire. How much this will facilitate that critical examination which Lappenberg deems so desirable, need not be insisted on. A translation is added, which embraces the several texts where these agree or can be collated; all material deviations or additions are placed in a separate part of the page, with an indication of the manuscript whence they are derived. The publication is very complete, and will be available to the English reader as well as the Saxon scholar.

Who wrote the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle? and in what age was it written? These are questions which we naturally ask; but, as is the case with many ancient records, the answer is very unsatisfactory. Where it begins to be a chronicle of contemporary events—which is the most important question—may probably be detected by a careful examination of the text itself. But who the authors were is altogether unknown, except that they must have been, for the most part, monks. Nothing is told us in the Chronicle itself of its authorship; nor is there any collateral evidence to throw light upon this subject.

There are some peculiarities in the case which, at the same time, provoke and balk our curiosity. Differing manuscripts are found in

'The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, according to the several original authorities, edited with a translation by Benjamin Thorpe, member of the Royal Society at Munich, &c. &c. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls.'

separate monasteries, and yet it is held indisputable that these several manuscripts, whether West-Saxon or Mercian, are derived from a common original. Who issued this original to the several monasteries by whom it was copied with alterations or additions? or is the similarity between the manuscripts to be accounted for by some comparison, at stated times, of independent records, and a reduction of them to one standard? Such a process as this, it is suggested, might have taken place where the several monasteries were really each keeping a record of contemporaneous events. It is a mere conjecture; and the earlier part of the Chronicle is evidently not a contemporaneous record. The materials of this portion are traced to Eusebius and some other ecclesiastical histories.

Might not some safe inference be drawn from the *language* of the Chronicle? This, it is reasonable to suppose, must have undergone some changes during the two centuries from the time of Alfred to the death of Harold. Yet Mr Thorpe assures us that the language is the same throughout, both in its vocabulary and its inflexions. Not until some time after the Conquest do we observe any material corruptions: they then begin to be manifest. If, now, one should be tempted immediately to frame a theory, that the whole of the Saxon Chronicle (so far as it relates to Saxon times) was written, or re-written, about the time of the Conquest—(older materials being worked up at this *ri-facciamento*)—a host of objections would start to view, and we should have still more difficulty than ever in accounting for the variations of the several manuscripts.

It is certain that *some* Saxon Chronicle existed from an early time. Alfred deposited a copy of a Chronicle at Winchester, where it was fastened by a chain, so that all who wished might read. Mr Thorpe adds—"A further corroboration of the existence of the

Chronicle in its present form in the days of King Alfred, is the circumstance that his friend Asser, Bishop of Sherborne, translates and incorporates much of its matter in his Latin life of his royal patron, from the year 849 to 887." Indeed, of the conjectures that have been thrown out, that which wears the air of greatest probability, is that the Chronicle owes its origin to Alfred; that he, or some one prompted by him, composed the earlier portions; and that he gave injunctions for its continuance. It has been noticed that a more copious narrative commences from the year 853, or soon after Alfred's birth; and also, that the account of the acts of that prince is, in all the manuscripts with one exception, strikingly similar, while on other occasions they frequently deviate from each other.

It will illustrate, however, the obscurity which attends on all the species of historical criticism, if we remark, that in a case where we find a similar passage in a Latin and a Saxon book, it may be extremely difficult to decide which was the original and which the translation. We have seen that Mr Thorpe speaks unhesitatingly of Asser translating into his biography of Alfred passages from the Saxon Chronicle. Lappenberg, on the contrary, speaks just as confidently of "extracts from Asser's 'Life of Alfred' being transferred with a few variations into the Chronicle." This historian is inclined to believe that the whole body of the Chronicle, or at least a large portion of it, was originally composed in Latin, the language of the Church, and afterwards translated into Anglo-Saxon. If we suppose that the translation was executed at a much later period than the earlier portions were written, this would account for the fact already mentioned, that the Saxon language employed bears no trace of variety of epoch.

Turning from the question of

authorship to the Chronicle itself, the first thing we are struck by is the *capriciousness* which seems to have reigned over the selection of the materials. It opens with brief scraps of civil and ecclesiastical history, which are as disconnected as those notices of memorable events which are strung together by our makers of almanacks.

"An. 35. In this year the blessed Peter the Apostle filled an episcopal chair in the city of Antioch.

An. 37. In this year Pilate slew himself with his own hand.

An. 39. In this year Caius (Caligula) succeeded to the empire.

An. 40. Matthew in Judæa began to write his gospel."

These brief notices, not perhaps of the most authentic character, remind one, as we have said, of nothing so much as the annals of our almanacks, where you may see the *Fall of Sebastopol* and *Thomson the poet*, *The British Bank* and *The Pleiades*, all following each other in a row. As we proceed, the notices become longer and more connected; but we are still surprised at their brevity, and at the strange selections, or rather the strange omissions, that are made. Facts and controversies which we imagine must have "made all England ring from side to side," have left no record of themselves here. Was this the effect of ignorance? Was the recording monk unaware of the importance of events familiar to himself, and which were of a quite natural order? Has he, in perfect good faith, omitted the earlier controversies between the regular clergy and the monks, because he was simply too familiar with them, while he took care to notice that "bloody rain" fell in England, or that "fiery dragons were seen flying in the air," because he really considered these as the great events of the year? Or did some more intelligent system not apparent to us preside over his selections and omissions?

We turn to the era of Dunstan,

that great champion of the monks and reformer of the clergy, and are surprised to find how meagre are the notices of one who did so much for the Church. Amongst the traditions of the authorship of the Chronicle, one assigns the earlier portion to Dunstan himself. This must be regarded merely as an instance of that readiness which men have always shown to assign to a great name whatever deed or writing is going about the world without a recognised author. If Dunstan wrote this portion of the Chronicle which refers to his own times, he must have had a modesty and self-abnegation that no one has hitherto suspected in him.

It is probable that his own contemporaries were not fully aware how extraordinary a man was living amongst them. For extraordinary in more senses than one, this great monk and bishop, this morose fanatic and able administrator of the kingdom, must have been. Of noble birth, of ardent piety, of domineering spirit, and a prey to some of those constitutional infirmities which often exalt the powers of the intellect, while they tend to raise the most gloomy hallucinations, one sees that Dunstan was fitted to be the superstitious reformer of a superstitious age. We must judge him by the times in which he lived. The Christianity of those times was mainly this—to combat the ferocity and licentiousness of very barbarous men, by a severe and ascetic religion, teaching chiefly by the examples of the austere monastery. To reform the monastic institution was the great *revival* of those days. An ascetic piety, and the authority of a church held together in unity of power by its great chief at Rome—monarch and apostle in one—these were the instruments he had to work with. He inevitably stirred up a large party against him, and that amongst the clergy as well as the laity. Celibacy was by no means a practice, or discipline, which all the clergy at that time

approved; and there had been in the Anglican Church, from the earliest period of its foundation, a party averse to the spiritual dominion of the See of Rome. This party the energetic proceedings of Dunstan and his disciples roused into a corresponding activity; and the civil discord of the times was still further embroiled by the two ecclesiastical factions contending for the favour and the direction of the reigning monarch.

Our Chronicle, coming as it does from the very heart of the monarchy, might be expected to be warm in praise of the great restorer of the Benedictine rule. It is no such thing. Had the spirit of reform—had this attachment to a very severe discipline—already declined when this part of the record was indited? We are simply told, “In this year Abbot Dunstan was driven over the sea.” His death is jotted down in the same brief manner.

It will be remembered that after the death of Edgar there was, under his successor Edward the Martyr, a reaction against Dunstan and the monastic party. Some of the expelled clergy had fled into Scotland, and they now returned, bringing with them from that country Bishop Bearnhelm, a man distinguished by his eloquence and his excellent understanding, for the purpose of aiding them against Dunstan in the synods which then were so frequently holden. In a council at Calne, the archbishop, after an able address by this Bearnhelm, arose, and terminated his reply with some words to the effect that he left his cause to Christ! At this moment the floor of the room gave way, and many of those present were hurt, and some killed. The archbishop and his friends stood firm. It may be worth mentioning that this, which has been converted into a miracle, or an attempt on the part of Dunstan to gain the credit of a miraculous interposition, is told in the Chronicle in the simplest manner imaginable,

without any suggestion of the supernatural. “In this year all the chief ‘witan’ of the Anglo race fell at Calne from an upper floor, except the holy Archbishop Dunstan, who alone was stayed upon a beam; and some there were sorely maimed, and some did not escape with life.”

What the designs of Dunstan were for the reformation of the Church, may be judged of by the character and conduct of his chief followers. Athelwold, appointed bishop of Winchester by King Edgar, was one of those most zealous in prosecuting his designs. An entry touching this Bishop of Winchester is worth perusing:—

“An. 963. In the year after he was hallowed he made many monasteries, and drove the clerks out of the bishopric, because that they would not hold any rule, and set monks there. He made there two abbacies, one of monks, one of nuns; all that was within Winchester. Then afterwards he came to King Edgar, and besought him that he would give him all the monasteries which heathen men had before ruined, because that he would restore them; and the king blithely granted it. And the bishop then came first to Ely, where St Etheldrith lies, and caused the monastery to be made; then gave it to one of his monks who was named Birthnoth, then hallowed him abbot, and there set monks to serve God, where whilom there were nuns. Then bought he many villages (cotliff) of the king, and made it very rich. After that Bishop Athelwold came to the monastery that was called Medeshamstede (Peterborough), which whilom was destroyed by heathen folk: there found he nothing but old walls and wild woods. Then found he, *hidden in the old walls*, writings that Abbot Headda had ere while written, how King Wolfhere and Ethelred his brother had built it, and how they had freed it *against king and against bishop*, and against all secular service, and how the Pope Agatha had confirmed it by his writ, and the Archbishop Deusdedit. He then caused the monastery to be wrought, and set there an abbot called Aldulf; and placed monks there, where before then was nothing. He then came to the king and caused him to look at the writings which had been found: and the king then answered and said, ‘I, Edgar, grant and give to-day, before God and the Arch-

bishop Dunstan, freedom to St Peter's monastery, Medeshamstede, from king and from bishop. And so I free it that no bishop have any command there, besides the abbot of the monastery. And I give the town, which is called Oundle," &c. &c.

Title-deeds may be found in old walls, but that they should suit so exactly the great monastic party then predominant in England, looks suspicious. We hope we do not wrong the memory of good men, but the Bishop of Winchester, like his celebrated master, might not have been quite averse to the *pia fraus*. The munificent Edgar receives, as the reader will suppose, his due share of panegyric from the chronicler, who even breaks out into poetry on the occasion :—

"Here ended
The joys of earth—
Edgar of Angles, King.
He chose him another light,
Beauteous and winsome,
And left this frail,
This perishable life.

Was no fleet so insolent,
No host so strong,
That in the Angle race
Took from him aught,
The while the noble king
Ruled in the royal seat."

This was just praise, and the whole country might well congratulate itself on the comparative peace enjoyed through the reign of Edgar. In another copy of verses, inserted on the same occasion in one of the varying manuscripts, the eulogium does not seem so appropriate, neither does the writer appear to be quite consistent with himself. So generous and prosperous a king must have been pious, and a favourite of heaven; and yet there were certain irregularities the good monk could not quite pass over :—

"He was widely among nations
Greatly honoured.
God's name zealously,
And on God's law meditated
Oft and frequently,
And God's praise exalted
Wide and far.
One misdeed he did,
However, too frequently.
That he foreign

Vices loved,
And heathen manners
Within this land
Brought too fast;
And outlandish men
Hither enticed,
And pernicious people
Allured to this country.
But may God grant him
That his good deeds
Be more prevailing
Than his misdeeds,
For his soul's protection
On the longsome journey."

Whether the poetic effusions which are scattered through the Chronicle were written by the chroniclers themselves, or whether they were quotations from some lost poems, our antiquarians do not take upon them to decide. The present editor thinks that the latter opinion is the more probable one. In general the strain of the poetry does not rise above what might be attributed to the writers of the prose. One exception may be pointed out; some verses on the famous battle of Brunanburh, fought A.D. 937. In this battle Athelstane engaged the Danes, under their great leader Anlaf, or Olaf, as he is called here. The Danes had made alliance both with the Irish and the Scots. Anlaf sailed from Ireland to the Humber with six hundred and fifteen ships, and joined Owen of Cumberland and other northern allies. A story, related of more than one hero, is told of the Danish chief, that he disguised himself as a harper to gain admission into the camp of Athelstane, where he played before the king and his guests. Having obtained all the information he wanted, he retired; but what was he to do with the gratuity that the king had unconsciously bestowed on the proud Dane? He buried it in the earth. This action was observed by a soldier who had formerly served under him, and whose suspicions had already been aroused. He communicated his discovery to the king, and advised him to change his quarters. He did so. In the evening, Worstan, Bishop of Shireburne, arrived with a body of forces,

and took up the position previously occupied by the king. In the night Anlaf entered the camp, and his first victims were the bishop and all his attendants. Unfortunate bishop! But what brought a bishop into such a trap? "*Que diable allait il faire dans cette maudite galère.*"

Two days after this event, the memorable battle of Brunnanburh, in Northumberland, was fought. It was one of the most momentous conflicts of the period. The victory lay with the Saxons. Anlaf fled in his ships back to Ireland. Five kings and seven yarls were left dead upon the field. Here are a few specimens of the ode which some forgotten poet wrote on the occasion :—

" This year King Athelstane,
Lord of earls,
Ring-giver * of warriors,
And his brother eke,
Eadmund Atheling,
Life-long glory
In battle won
With edge of sword,
In Brunnanburh.
The field streamed
With warrior's blood.
What time the sun up
At morning tide,
The glorious star,
Glided o'er grounds,
God's candle bright,
The eternal Lord's,
Until the noble creature
Sank to its setting.
There many a warrior lay,
By javelins scattered.
Northern men,
O'er the shield shot.
So the Scots eke
Weary, war-sated.
The West Saxons forth
The live-long day,
In martial bands
Followed the footsteps
Of the hostile nations."

And so on, with here and there a flash of the poet's rage, if there is nothing of the art or beauty of poetry. There is a lament over the assassination of King Edward, and an account of the murder of the young prince, Alfred, son of the Confessor, which the editor points

out to our notice, and which he describes as "immetrical poetry;" but we are not sure that we should be justified in taking up our space by extracts from them.

This battle of Brunnanburh arrested for a time the tide of Danish conquest; but, the reign of Edgar excepted, we are perpetually reminded by the chroniclers of the ruin and misery brought upon the land by those fierce northmen. Ethelred the Unready, as every schoolboy remembers, increased the evil, and added disgrace to disaster by buying a short and precarious peace from the treacherous invaders. We are glad to find that the citizens of London were capable of rallying for self-defence :—

" An. 994. In this year came Olaf (Anlaf) and Svein to London on the nativity of St Mary (Sept. 8), with ninety-four ships; and then they were obstinately fighting against the town, and would also have set it on fire. But they there sustained more harm and evil than they ever weened that any townsmen could do to them. For the holy mother of God, in that day, manifested her mercy to the townsmen, and delivered them from their foes. And they then went thence, and wrought the greatest evil that ever any army could do, in burning, and harrying, and in manslayings, as well by the sea-coast as in Essex, and in Kent, and in Sussex, and in Hampshire. And at last they took their horses and rode as far as they could, and were doing unspeakable evil. Then the king and his 'witan' resolved that they should be sent to, and promised tribute and food, provided they would cease from ravaging; and they then accepted that. And all the army then came to Southampton, and then took winter-quarters; and there they were fed from all the realm of the West Saxons, and they were paid sixteen thousand pounds of money."

It is the same miserable story again and again—how these ferocious Danes "harried and burnt and slew" wherever they went. No part of the country was safe. A village or a town was suddenly in-

* Rings were worn about the head, round the neck, the arms, the wrists, on the fingers, the ankle, and probably even round the waist.

vaded, pillaged, burnt, all the inhabitants that could not escape killed, and, if any opposing force could be assembled, the enemy was off with their booty to their ships before they could be attacked. The nation became utterly disorganised through fear and incessant alarm : no systematic plan of defence was acted on ; nor is it easy to conceive how a country, exposed to sudden inroads of this description, could defend itself. The Chronicle says in one place :—

“There were all the ‘witan’ summoned to the king, and they should then advise how their country should be defended. But though something was then resolved, it stood not even for a month : at last there was not a chief man who would gather a force, but each fled as he best might ; nor even at last would any shire assist another. . . . They had now overrun East Anglia, Essex, Middlesex, Oxfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, half of Huntingdonshire, much in Northamptonshire ; and, south of the Thames, all Kent, and Sussex, and Hasley, and Surrey, and Berkshire, and Hampshire, and much in Wiltshire. All these calamities befell us through evil counsels, that tribute was not offered them in time, or they were not fought against ; and when they had done the worst evil, then a truce and peace was made with them. And nevertheless, for all this peace and tribute, they went everywhere in flocks, and harried our miserable people, and robbed and slew them. And then in the year between the nativity of St Mary (Sept. 8) and St Michael’s mass (Sept. 29) they besieged Canterbury and entered it, through treacherous wiles, for Elfmaer betrayed it, whose life the Archbishop Ufeah had before saved ; and they there took the archbishop, and the king’s reeve, and the Abbess Leofrun, and Bishop Godwine. And the Abbot Elfmaer they let go away ; and they took there within all the men in orders, and men and women. It was not to be told to any man how many people there were. And in the town they were after that as long as they would ; and when they had reached the town, they went to their ships and led the archbishop with them.”

Every one remembers the desperate expedient to which Ethel-

red had recourse ; he plotted a general assassination of the Danes. This event is touched upon very lightly in the Chronicle, and is partly excused on the ground that the king apprehended a similar treachery and assassination from the Danes. One is tempted to think that the importance of this event on the current of the history has been exaggerated.

“An. 1002. And in that year the king commanded all the Danish men who were in England to be slain. This was done on the mass day of St Bricins, because it had been made known to the king that they would plot against his life, and afterwards those of all his ‘witan,’ and then have his realm without any gainsaying.”

With no fleet that could encounter the Danes on sea, we know not how the most warlike king could have defended the country from their sudden and unforeseen incursions. Such a king might have prevented them from settling on the land. Under our Ethelred the Unready, they both pillaged and destroyed, and also, when *this pleased* them, took possession of the soil. They made settlements, where they lived in obedience to their own laws, just as if they were colonising a newly discovered country. The inhabitants appeared to have been quite cowed. Never has the same name before or since sunk to such debasement. In battle, we are told, one Dane was sufficient to withstand ten Englishmen ; and whole bodies of Christians had been seen to flee before two or three heathen pirates. The only chance of peace for the terror-stricken populace was submission to a monarch of the conquering race, who might govern the whole country with some degree of equity.

The peculiar circumstances of the case seem to us sufficient to account for the degradation into which we see the Saxon falling. We need not speculate, as some have done, on other causes of dege-

neracy, nor attribute to him the vices of a "Byzantine civilisation," a term which Lappenberg has rather oddly applied. There was one advantage—(advantage, if we look at men merely as combative creatures, as trained bull-dogs, whose sole business is fighting)—which the heathen invader retained. He retained a religion which exercised its power chiefly in exalting the courage of battle. The Saxons, by becoming Christians, were not perhaps very often converted into lovers of peace, but they, at all events, were removed from the excitements of a religion which gave all its rewards to the brave man dying in battle. They had deserted that faith which was still animating the Danes, which awarded a *walhalla* of continued feast and song, and clashing swords, and eternal youth and strength to the hero falling in his blood; but had nothing better than a cold and joyless underworld, a dreary and desolate existence, for the mortal who died peacefully in his bed. Many a legend tells of warriors plunging the sword into their own breast to escape this miserable futurity. These heathens had a still lower pit—"filled with foulness, peopled with poisonous serpents, dark, cold, and gloomy"—which they reserved, it is said, for the perjurer and secret murderer; but which, we suspect, must have been devoted chiefly to their enemies. The great criminals who might have earned by their crimes a place in that *nástrond* would also have earned by their valour and their violent death a seat in the halls of *Walhalla*. This *nástrond*, Mr Kemble tells us, answers to those infernal regions which we depict as enveloped in flames; and he makes the ingenious observation, that "fire was too cheerful in the North to be sufficiently an object of terror: it appeared otherwise in the East, where coolness is the greatest of luxuries."

This terrible religion the Saxon

had at all events deserted; and so far as they had listened to the teaching of the Christian clergy, and especially to that of the Christian monks, they had become peacefully disposed. This, happily for the human race, must always be the effect of the genuine reception of Christianity. As Christianity is intended for all mankind, it is intended to bring peace upon the whole earth. Meanwhile, when a nation is beset by enemies, and cannot relinquish the profession of arms, its teaching may at the moment be injurious, owing to this very aversion to war, which forms one of its glorious characteristics. Christianity was no doubt in this way one of the causes of the disruption and fall of the Roman empire. That event we may have ceased to deplore, but we may still partly account for it by the entirely new train of thought and feeling which Christianity introduced. What was the Roman empire or any national life to those who were united to each other by the new bonds of Christian fellowship? The *Church* was as much above the *nation* as heaven was higher than earth. When Christianity had been longer in the world, and had become the religion of kings and of the ruling classes, some compromise was inevitably effected between its peaceful teaching and the present necessities of war. That the Saxon population, like the people in the Roman empire, had been somewhat alienated from war by the teaching which emanated from the numerous monasteries established throughout the land, may be readily admitted, notwithstanding the well-known fact that amongst many of the Saxon warriors a quite heathen spirit of bravery had been imported into their new religion of Christianity. Both facts may very well be true. It is impossible that the monasteries reformed by Dunstan could have existed in the land without having an influence on the national charac-

ter, and yet anecdote after anecdote might be told to convince us that the Christianity of the Saxons was sufficiently warlike. Here, for instance, is Siward, an old earl, who, amongst other achievements, fought for Edward the Confessor against Macbeth (Shakespeare's Macbeth) and certain Normans allied with him—no Scandinavian hero could be more reluctant to die peacefully in his bed. "He fell sick," thus runs the narrative, "soon after the re-establishment of peace, and saw the moment approach which he had ever looked on with contempt. 'I feel shame,' said he, 'not to have fallen in one of so many battles, and to have been preserved to die like a cow. Case me at least in my mail of proof, gird on my sword, lift on my helmet, place a shield in my left hand, a gilded axe in my right, that I may die like a valiant soldier that I am.'"

Our historians uniformly represent the Saxons as being subdued and broken in spirit by their Danish invaders, and the act of treachery and assassination of which they were guilty, under the instigation of Ethelred, is quite in consistency with this representation. It is a cowardly people, no longer capable of open resistance, who have recourse to such means for wreaking their revenge; but, with or without this act of treachery on the part of the Saxons, it is evident that as long as England offered booty and a prize to the bold unsettled Northmen, there could be no hope of peace. There would have been no peace but that which followed on an entire subjection to the Danes. The ascent of Canute to the throne of England was the most fortunate event that could have occurred. Soon after this event the northern regions, which had poured out these terrible invaders, became themselves more settled, more civilised, — became Christianised, and kept their inhabitants at home.

We turned with some curiosity to see what was written in the Chronicle of King Canute (if we may still call him by this old familiar and pronounceable name; our modern historians give us *Cnut*), but we were disappointed. The account is very meagre. We hear nothing even of his conduct towards the Church. One would like to know something of the theology of Canute. If the story be true of the manner in which he rebuked his too flattering courtiers, he was not, in any respect, a commonplace man. One would like to know also something of a certain Eadwig, "king of the churls," who is twice mentioned, and the last time as having been put to death by Canute. Was this same Saxon patriot some Robin Hood of whom no songs have been sung,—some inglorious Wallace of whom his country has been quite heedless? The chronicler seems to hold the balance with an impartial and most indifferent hand between Edmund Ironside, the Saxon, and his Danish rival. He is chiefly awake to the ruin which both armies bring upon the country. For the king's troops—"they harried in their part, and Cnut in his part." Mention is not even made of that trait of heroism in Edmund which is elsewhere recorded of him, that he challenged the Dane to single combat, in order that the lives of the two armies might be spared; Canute, on the plea that he was a much more slender man than his rival, declined this mode of terminating the contest.

The chronicler passes from the Saxon dynasty to the Danish, and back from the Danish to the Saxon, without any note or comment. "There Cnut had the victory, and won him all the English nation." And after the death of Harthacnut—who died, we are told, "as he stood at his drink, and suddenly fell to the earth with a terrible struggle"—we are simply informed that "all the people received Eadward for king, as was his natural

right." There is one piece of information the chronicler seldom fails to give—that is, where the dead man is buried. In the case of Harthacnut another curious item is mentioned, very characteristic of the times:—"In this year King Harthacnut died at Lambeth. And he was king over all England two years, less ten nights; and he is buried in the old monastery at Winchester with King Cnut, his father. And his mother, for his soul, gave to the new monastery the head of St Valentine the Martyr."

And now all things are preparing for a new conquest and another change of dynasty. Edward himself, by his introduction of many Norman ecclesiastics into the realm, facilitated this change. Other countries may boast of never having been conquered: England has to confess that she has advanced by being repeatedly conquered; her conquerors having blended with the population and becoming an integral part of the nation itself. The Romans, indeed, deserted our soil; they left, however, many arts behind them, and many public buildings, baths, temples, and private edifices. The country was more richly endowed with these than is generally supposed, if Lapenberg is correct, when he tells us that "the Angles and the Saxons, when they established themselves in Britain, dwelt within Roman walls, and walked amid spacious structures and beautiful works of Roman art." As to the Angles and Saxons, they enriched the country with their own Teutonic race. The Saxon had, from some causes, degenerated, and the Dane conquered him, and afterwards sat down side by side with him, and infused fresh vigour into the nation. He brought no refinement, and added nothing to the great art of government. Then came the Norman, introducing his own peculiar tastes, and reducing all the various elements into a great po-

litical unity. Here is the first note of the approaching conquest:—

"An. 1066. In this year King Harold came from York to Westminster, at the Easter, which was after the midwinter in which the king died. Then was seen over all England such a sign in the heavens as no man ever before saw. Some men said it was the star Cometa, which some men call the haired star; and it first appeared on the eve of Litanía Major, the 8th of the Kal. of May, and so shone all the seven nights. And shortly after, earl Tostig came from beyond sea into Wight, with as large a fleet as he could get. And King Harold, his brother, gathered so great a naval force, and also a land force, as no king here in the land had before done; because it had been made known to him that William the Bastard would come hither to win this land; all as it afterwards came to pass."

At the accession of William the style of the Chronicle alters, becomes more diffuse and more animated. Intimations, too, occur which prove we have the writing of a contemporary before us. After the battle of Hastings we have entries like the following:—

"And Count William went afterwards again to Hastings, and there awaited whether the nation would submit to him; but when he perceived that they would not come to him, he went up with all his army which was left to him, and which had afterwards come over sea to him, and harried all that part which he passed over until he came to Berkhamstead. And there came to meet him Archbishop Ealdred and all the best men of London, and then, from necessity, submitted, when the greatest harm had been done; and it was very imprudent that it was not done earlier, as God would not better it for our sins. Then on midwinter's day Archbishop Ealdred hallowed him king at Westminster; and he pledged him on Christ's book (the Gospels), and also sware, before he would put the crown upon his head, that he would govern this nation as well as any king before him had best done, if they would be faithful to him. Nevertheless, he laid a very heavy contribution on the people, and then in Lent went over sea to Normandy. And Bishop Odo and Earl William* remained here

* William Fitz Osborn, created by the Conqueror Earl of Hereford.

behind, and wrought castles widely through the nation, and oppressed the poor people; and even after that it greatly grew in evil. May the end be good when God will!"

Under the year 1087 we find a very energetic description of the Conqueror, and the kind of rule he established in England. We must find space for a portion of it:—

"There was a very heavy and very pestilent year in this land. Alas! how miserable and how rueful a time was then! when the wretched men lay, driven almost to death, and afterwards came the sharp famine and almost destroyed them. Who cannot feel pity for such a time? or who is so hard-hearted that cannot bewail such misfortune? But such things befall for a folks' sins, because they will not love good and righteousness; so as it was in these days, that little righteousness was in this land with any man, *save with the monks alone, wherever they fared well.* . . . Also in the same year, before the assumption of St Mary (August 15), King William went from Normandy into France with a force, and made war upon his own lord Philip the King, and slew a great part of his men, and burned the town of Mantes, and all the holy monasteries that were within the town; and two holy men, who obeyed God and dwelt in a hermitage, were there burnt. This being thus done, William turned again to Normandy. A rueful thing he did, and a more rueful thing befell him. How more rueful? He fell sick, and was severely afflicted. What can I tell? Sharp death, that leaves neither powerful men nor humble, took him. He died in Normandy, on the next day after the nativity of St Mary (Sept. 9), and was buried at Caen in the monastery of St Stephen, which he had formerly created, and afterwards manifoldly endowed. Alas! how false and unstable is this world's wealth! He who was before a powerful king, and lord of many a land, had then of all his land only a portion of seven feet; and he who was whilome decked with gold and with gems, lay there covered over with mould! . . . If any one desires to know what kind of man he was, or what worship he had, or of how many lands he was lord, then we will write of him so as we understood him who have looked on him, and, at another time, sojourned in his court. The King William, about whom we speak, was a very wise man, and very

powerful, more dignified and strong than any of his predecessors were. He was mild to the good men who loved God, and, over all measure, severe to the men who gainsaid his will. In his days was the noble monastery at Canterbury built, and also very many others over all England. This land was also plentifully supplied with monks, and they lived their lives after the rule of St Benedict. So also was he a very rigid and cruel man, so that no one durst do anything against his will. He had earls in his bonds who had acted against his will, bishops he cast from his bishoprics, and abbots from their abbacies, and thanes into prison, and at last he spared not his own brother Odo. Among other things is not to be forgotten the good peace that he made in this land, so that a man who had any confidence in himself might go over his realm, with his bosom full of gold, unhurt. . . . But he was so obdurate that he recked not of the hatred of them all; but they must wholly follow the king's will, if they would live, or have land, or property, or even his peace. Alas! that any man should be so proud, to raise himself up, and account himself above all men! May the Almighty show mercy to his soul, and grant him forgiveness of his sins!"

The Chronicle is continued to the death of King Stephen, and a very dreadful account is given of the miseries that fell upon the land during a reign when any one who could build a castle and gather retainers could defy all laws, human or divine. They imprisoned men, and tortured them with the most ingenious cruelty to extract from them whatever property they possessed. But the record here has been well examined by all our historians, and unless it were for something in the *manner* of the narrative, it would be useless to make further quotations. One remark will inevitably suggest itself to the reader. A chronicler may be living in the very day when the transactions he records take place, but he may be very ill informed. Credulity may receive as truth the exaggerated rumour of the hour. And we have here some undoubted instances of credulity. In the very same paragraph in which the atrocities of these castle-builders (we

cannot call them nobles) is described, we have the following narrative :—

“In this time the Jews of Norwich bought a Christian child before Easter, and tortured him with all the same tortures with which our Lord was tortured; and on Longfriday* hanged him in a road, in hatred to our Lord, and afterwards buried him. They imagined that it would be concealed; but our Lord showed that he was a holy martyr. And the monks took him and buried him honourably in the monastery; and through our Lord he makes wonderful and manifold miracles, and he is called St William.”

This narrative was received in the reports of the day, and the same reports might have brought to the too credulous ears of the monks some of the tortures he mentions as being inflicted by the nobles in their castles. There is a kind of credulity, however, which deals with the marvellous or miraculous which ought not to disparage a witness when he relates purely historical events. Of this kind of credulity there are many instances in the Chronicle, and yet not so many perhaps as would be expected. Some of those which refer to meteorological phenomena, or appearances in the heavens, will be read with interest by the man of science: he will be able sometimes to detect, under a description distorted or exaggerated by the sentiment of fear, an account of some natural phenomena. In other instances he will be utterly at a loss to explain how the story arose.

For example, the appearance in the sky of two or more suns together, owing to some peculiar refraction of light, is a spectacle which has often been witnessed. For an instant the spectator may doubt which is the mock sun and which the real one. Here we have an account of two moons *seen at opposite sides of the heavens*:—“On Thursday before Easter were seen two moons in the heavens before

day, one in the east and the other in the west, both full.” Has anything similar to this been ever observed? It may be worth noting, as a proof at least of the different hands occupied upon the manuscript, that while in the year 1117 an eclipse of the moon is mentioned by the simple name of an *eclipse*, it is in the year 1110 elaborately described as some quite anomalous event:—“On the fifth night of the month of May the moon appeared in the evening brightly shining, and afterwards by little and little its light waned, so that as soon as it was night, it was so completely quenched that neither light nor orb, nor anything at all of it was seen. And so it continued very nearly until day, and then appeared full and brightly shining.” On the other occasion it is simply said—“The moon was far in the night, as if it were all bloody, and afterwards eclipsed.”

We may detect, we think, the *aurora borealis* in the following description:—“An. 1131. This year, after Christmas, on a Monday night, at the first sleep, the heaven was, on the north side, all as though it were burning fire, so that all who saw it were so affrighted as they never were before.” But what is to be said of the fire that is described in the following passage? We will quote the whole paragraph; it is full of wonders, natural and supernatural:—

“An. 1122. In this year King Henry was at Christmas in Norwich, and at Easter in Northampton. And in the Lent-tide before that the town of Gloucester was burnt while the monks were singing their mass, and the deacon had begun the gospel ‘*Præteriens Jesus*.’ Then came the fire on the upper part of the steeple, and burned all the monastery and all the treasures that were there within, except a few books and their mass-robcs. This was on the day the 8th of the Ides of March (March 8). And afterwards on the Tuesday after Palm Sunday was a very violent wind on

* “The Scandinavian nations still say Longfriday for Good Friday.”

the day the 11th of the Kal. of April (March 22); after which came many tokens all over England, and *many spectres were seen and heard*. And on the night of the 8th of the Kal. of August (July 25) *there was a very great earthquake over all Somersetshire and in Gloucestershire*. Afterwards, on the day the 6th of the Ides of September, that was on St Mary's mass-day, there was a very great wind from the third hour of the day to the second night. Afterwards there were many shipmen on the sea and on (fresh) water, who said that they saw in the north-east a *great and broad fire near the earth, which at once waxed in length up to the sky; and the sky separated into four parts, and fought against it as if it would quench it; but the fire, nevertheless, waxed up to the heavens*. The fire they saw in the dawn, and it lasted so long till it was light over all."

Can any meteorologist suggest an explanation of this wonderful fire, or must we conclude that the good monk had been listening to some traveller's story? The report of a great earthquake felt in Somersetshire is neither without probability nor without interest. There is nothing said to connect the appearance of the *spectres* with any remarkable event; unless they portended the defeat, which is mentioned in the next paragraph, of the monastic party in their struggle against the regular clergy for the appointment of an archbishop of Canterbury. The primacy was vacant, and the Bishop of Salisbury, who, as the chronicler says, "*ruled all England*," was resolved that no monk should have it. The prior and the monks of Canterbury had a candidate of their own, but the Bishop of Salisbury, who "*never loved the rule of monks*," defeated them. Our chronicler seems, in good faith, to regard the triumph of the monks as identical with the triumph of religion. One may concede to them that the Norman bishops, with a few splendid exceptions, were not, on their side, very faithful representatives of the apostles.

There is no more spirited sketch in the book than that of Henry of

Poitou, who was a relation of the king's (Henry Beauclerc) and of the Count of Poitou. This man seems to have brought dissension wherever he went. He was constantly obtaining some new clerical appointment, which he lost again by his misconduct, or deserted for another more lucrative. His last and greatest offence was his obtaining the abbacy of Peterborough. "All that he could take, within and without, from clerical and from lay, he sent over sea, and did no good there, nor any good left there." At another time our chronicler exclaims, "May God Almighty have his mercy over that wretched place!" And the miseries of Peterborough kindle some wild imagination that reads more like a nightmare than anything else. A host of devils seem to have welcomed this Henry of Poitou to the abbey, which he pilaged and dishonoured. "Let it not to any one seem incredible, and that we say not sooth; for it was fully known over all the land, that as soon as he came thither, which was on the Sunday when they sing '*Exurge quare, O Domine*,' then immediately afterwards many men saw and heard many hunters hunting. The hunters were black, and large, and ugly, and all their hounds black, and broad-eyed, and ugly; and they rode on black horses and on black bucks. This was seen in the very deer-fold in the town of Peterborough, and in all the woods that lead from the same town to Stamford; and the monks heard the horns blow that they blew in the night. Truthful men, who observed them in the night, said, from what it seemed to them, that there might well be about twenty or thirty horn-blowers. This was seen and heard from the time that he came thither, all the Lenten-tide on to Easter. This was his entrance; of his exit we cannot yet say aught. God provide."

Although this publication is designed rather for the writer than the mere reader of history, yet the

excellent translation of Mr Thorpe will be perused, we think, with pleasure by very many who make no pretence to be either scholars or antiquarians. Those who like such reading as *Froissart*, for example, will find much amusement in turning over the pages of this translation. And perhaps the perusal of such a work may teach them how much they owe to the labours of the modern historian, who has to compile his classical narrative out of many imperfect and broken records. It is well that all of us should occasionally look into what are called the historian's authorities, that we may know something of the difficulty of constructing a complete intelligible narrative. We should learn to excuse the historian when he is, here and there, found to be at fault; we should learn not to expect perfect accuracy even in the most carefully constructed narrative. Contemporary writers are the very best authorities we have; and contemporary writers are frequently under some flagrant bias, or they omit to mention some essential circumstance, for the very reason that it is so familiar to themselves that they cannot calculate upon a time when it will be un-

known. There are many entries in this Chronicle which the writer no doubt thought perfectly clear, but which to us require a world of explanation. This is to be sought elsewhere, and perhaps will be sought in vain. Turn, for instance, to p. 184 of this Chronicle; you meet with a recital which bears the impress of being written by a contemporary of a most strange disturbance amongst the monks of Glastonbury. The writer has omitted to state, —what no doubt was quite familiar to his own mind—the motives or circumstances that led to this disturbance; and thus, though a curious scene is brought very readily to the imagination, it remains, without some explanation from other sources, a quite unintelligible narrative. We read of an abbot calling in the laity to shoot down his monks. A quarrel between an abbot and his monks is nothing very startling; but a dispute conducted in this manner piques our curiosity. We do not quote the passage, for we have already devoted a considerable space to extracts from this Chronicle, which we must now leave, with a repetition of our admiration of the perfect manner in which it has been edited and translated.

PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON.

EVERYBODY who knows anything about the American Republic knows that, for the first half of the years which this century counts, its affairs were administered by men of great ability. Those men were either the leaders of the Revolution, and the framers of the constitution, or the inheritors of the traditions of those sagacious statesmen. It is equally well known that, for the second half of the same period, the Presidential chair has been filled by a dreary succession of nonentities, whose scarcely-remembered names are associated with no principles or policy, and who were merely the cards and counters of gambling politicians. The short interval between these two classes is sharply marked by the distinct figure of Andrew Jackson. If he was not a great statesman like the Fathers of the Republic, he was quite as far from being a nonentity. His own merits alone, whether great or small, raised him to the chief office of the State; and that politician must have been both bold and astute who would have ventured to play the dangerous game of making the stern and uncompromising "Old Hickory" the tool of a party. As the most popular and powerful American since Washington—as a favourable specimen of American character in its later and lower development—as one who played a chief part in important events—he possesses unusual claims to notice; but, beyond all this, he demands attention at the present juncture as having done more than any other public man to stamp, with their present well-known characteristics, the most conspicuous features of the modern Union.

Jackson, the posthumous son of a poor Irish emigrant, who squatted with his family in North Carolina, was born in that State in 1767. In boyhood he not only displayed the irascibility and resolute pugnacity

which continued to distinguish him in all positions, private and public, but he developed another peculiarity not so common, and scarcely so much entitled to indulgence in youth,—“He was,” says his biographer, “a swearing lad from an early age; and, indeed, he needed to begin early, in order to acquire that wonderful mastery of the art to which he attained in after life, surpassing all known men in the fluency and chain-shot force and complication of his oaths.”

This early proficient in profanity was also precociously initiated in the adventures and mishaps of war. As a boy of fourteen he began to take part in the desultory skirmishes between Tories and Whigs, siding with the rebels, and was cut down, as well as his brother, by a dragoon officer, whose boots they had refused to clean when prisoners. This was but the beginning of a long course of ill-usage. They were cruelly treated on the road to the jail in which they were confined at Camden, where, by the villany of a contractor who cheated the prisoners of their rations, they were nearly starved. Their hopes were at one time raised by the approach of a force under General Greene, who encamped within a mile of the town; but, through a crevice in the fence around the prison, Andrew had the mortification to see Greene's troops (twelve hundred in number), confident in their superior force, and careless of precaution, attacked by Lord Rawdon with nine hundred men, and put to flight. The youthful prisoners were afterwards exchanged, but not till they had both caught the small-pox; and they made the journey home, Andrew on foot, his brother on horseback, over forty miles of wilderness, while suffering under the first attacks of the disorder, and from their still unhealed wounds. The brother died, and Andrew recovered with difficulty;

and, while still an invalid, he lost his mother, who, going with two other charitable women to Charleston, to comfort the prisoners there with food and medicine, died of the fever of the prison-ships. Andrew was not yet fifteen when he had become thus familiar with the ills of life.

After being a saddler's apprentice, and, according to some authorities, a schoolmaster—though what he could possibly be qualified to teach, except swearing, does not appear—he became, at the age of eighteen, a student of law, and in two years had qualified himself to practise in the courts of North Carolina. At this time he was a very tall, thin, and straight youth, with sandy hair, blue eyes, and a long freckled face. He was an excellent horseman, very fond of racing, and still fonder of cock-fighting; and, in his tastes and style, appears to have been one of those young men of pleasure so often to be met with in communities that lie on the outskirts of civilisation, who would be condemned as irreclaimably vulgar, low, and disreputable, if judged by a social standard more refined and exacting than their own, but whose excuse lies in the fact that the desire for amusement natural to their age can only be gratified in the rude sports and in the questionable society which such circumstances afford. One of his friends being appointed a judge in Tennessee, gave Jackson the office of solicitor or public prosecutor in that district, which then formed part of the territory of North Carolina. The country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi was then inhabited by settlers, many of whom had obtained grants of land from the State as the reward of their services in the Revolution, and who maintained an incessant contest for life and property with the hostile Indian tribes that surrounded them. Men were shot down at their own doors. The labourers who tilled the ground, and the women who went to the fields to gather fruit,

were protected by guards—and if a man went to drink at a spring, another covered him with his rifle. Jackson's future wife's father was killed while alone in the woods, and it was never known by what hand he fell. The young solicitor's business lay in two places far apart—Jonesboro and Nashville; and, in the course of seven years' practice, he made the journey between them twenty-two times. These legal expeditions were of themselves a valuable military experience; for the whole track, nearly two hundred miles in length, was infested by savages, whose hostility was incessantly active, and whose endless stratagems forced the strong and well-armed parties that alone could venture to traverse the road, to be always vigilant, observant, and ready for conflict. His friend the judge, and his companions, were once surprised, and escaped with difficulty by swimming a river, leaving horses and baggage to the Indians; and some of Jackson's own personal adventures were as hazardous and romantic as those of Cooper's hero the Leather-stocking.

The nature of Jackson's legal practice explains the difficulty there else might be in understanding how a youth of twenty, after two years' study of law, varied extensively with drinking, cock-fighting, and rowdiness, could be qualified for the duties of his profession. Disputed claims for land, cases of assault, and the collection of desperate debts, made the chief part of his business, which was very considerable and profitable.

"Jackson's arrival, as we have intimated," says his biographer, "was most opportune. The only licensed lawyer in West Tennessee was engaged exclusively in the service of debtors, who, it seems, made common cause against the common enemy—their creditors. Jackson came not as a lawyer merely, but as the public prosecutor, and there was that in his bearing which gave assurance that he was the man to issue unpopular writs and give them effect. The merchants and others who could not collect their

debts, came to him for help. He undertook their business, and executed it with a promptitude that secured his career at the bar of Tennessee. Before he had been a month at Nashville, he had issued, it is said, seventy writs to delinquent debtors. He was the man wanted. And this was the first instance of a certain good fortune that attended him all through his life: he was continually finding himself placed in circumstances calculated to call into conspicuous exercise the very qualities in which he excelled all mankind."

The circumstances of Jackson's marriage were just as odd and original as those of his legal career. In the first years of his residence at Nashville he boarded with a widow named Donelson, some of whose relations probably gave a name to the Fort Donelson which has just been so conspicuous in the civil war. With the widow also lived her daughter and the daughter's husband, Captain Robards, a suspicious and irritable spouse, who, having previously lived unhappily with his wife, was now jealous of Jackson. Andrew's friends say that this jealousy was the cause of his subsequent proceedings, and not the consequence of previous intimacy with Mrs Robards. However that may be, when she left her husband in 1791 on the ground of ill treatment, Jackson accompanied her down the river from Nashville to Natchez. Thereupon the legislature of Virginia granted a divorce to Captain Robards, and Jackson married the lady. This step was, however, premature, for the divorce was not complete till the Act of the Legislature had been followed by proceedings in the supreme court of Kentucky. The divorce having gone through the first stage, Robards let the matter rest, and the new-married pair continued to live together "beloved and esteemed," says one of his friends, "by all classes." At the end of two years, however, the troublesome Robards interrupted their domestic felicity by applying to the court for the completion of his divorce, which was now made

final: whereupon, in 1794, Jackson got married over again.

"He was most prompt," Mr Parton tells us, "to defend his wife's good name. The peculiar circumstances attending his marriage made him touchy on this point. His temper, with regard to other causes of offence, was tinder; with respect to this it was gunpowder. His worst quarrels arose from this cause, or were greatly aggravated by it. He became sore on the subject; so that, at last, I think he could scarcely hate any one very heartily without fancying that the obnoxious person had said something, or caused something to be said, which reflected on the character of Mrs Jackson. For the man who dared breathe her name, except in honour, *he kept pistols in perfect condition for thirty-seven years.*"

Practising steadily in his two court-houses of Nashville and Jonesboro—which were built of logs, the one 18 feet square, the other 24—Jackson continued to grow in wealth and consequence. He dabbled in trade, and bought land. In 1796 Tennessee was admitted as a State into the Union, and the solicitor was then a person of so much influence as to be elected as its first representative, and became the Honourable Andrew Jackson. He was what was then known as a democrat, though the signification of the term has since undergone wide changes.

"A democrat of that day," says Mr Parton, "was one who sympathised with, and believed in, the French Revolution; who thought the United States doubly bound—bound by gratitude and by community of principles—to aid the French Republic in her struggle with the 'leagued despotisms;' who thought it due to the human race that the Mistress of the Seas should be humbled, and that the United States ought to assist in that undertaking; who hated kings, nobles, and all privileged orders, with a peculiar warmth of animosity; and who believed in Republicanism, pure and simple, as established by the Constitution, and as expounded by Jefferson."

Some of the principles of the party are placed in a strong light by the list of toasts given at a banquet of the Tammany Society of

New York, in the year when Jackson became a representative. No. 6 is as follows :—"Citizens Jourdan, Bonaparte, Moreau, Bournonville, and the other brave officers and soldiers of the French armies ; success to their arms, and may their exertions secure the constitution and liberties of the French Republic. (Six cheers.)" No. 9 is still more remarkable :—"Eternal love and gratitude to the French nation ; may the men who would connect us with Great Britain justly incur the resentment of every genuine American. (Twelve cheers.)" No. 14 is also devoted to the display of anti-British feeling :—"A speedy evacuation of this city by all the Tories, Royalists, and British emissaries ; may their retreat be to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.' (Fifteen cheers.)" But No. 15 is the most notable of all, as showing what are democratic notions of true liberty :—"May the tricolor flag soon wave in triumph *on the Tower of London*, and may the oppressed citizens of Britain regain their lost rights and enjoy perpetual freedom." Such was the party with which the England-hating representative for Tennessee identified himself at the beginning of his political career. "He belonged," says Mr Parton, "to the most radical wing of the Jeffersonian party—the 'Mountain' of the House of Representatives." He made himself so popular in Tennessee by successfully advocating, in the House, a vote of compensation for services rendered by the state militia against the Indians, that in 1797 he was elected to the Senate. In the following year he resigned the office of Senator, and returned to pursue, in Tennessee, avocations which he considered more profitable and important, and which had been almost entirely interrupted by his attendance on Congress, and by the length of the way between Nashville and Philadelphia, the journey demanding at that time six weeks for its performance. On his return, he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court. "Tra-

dition reports," says Mr Parton, significantly, "that he maintained the dignity and authority of the bench while *on* the bench ; and that his decisions were short, untechnical, unlearned, sometimes ungrammatical, and generally right. When not blinded by passion, by prejudice, or by gratitude, Judge Jackson's sense of right was strong and clear. Moreover, the cases that came before the courts of Tennessee at that day were usually such as any fair-minded man was competent to decide."

While such was his demeanour on the bench, however, no citizen was more resolute in maintaining the right of private quarrel, and in personally redressing his own injuries, than the Judge of the Supreme Court. He was very easily offended, and became, then, implacable against the offender. His quarrels and disputes were incessant. Among others, he maintained an inextinguishable feud with the chief personage of the state, Governor Sevier, whom he challenged—and for some time these dignitaries went about begirt, like ancient barons, with a retinue of adherents, and prepared for mortal combat. Meeting in this way, a scuffle ensued between them, which ended, however, without perdition of souls, and the quarrel ultimately took the form of a paper war. But whatever the degree of his enemy, Jackson was equally ready for the encounter. When President, he gave the following belligerent counsel, and illustration of its value, to a friend who expected to be attacked in the streets for supporting his administration :—

"Now, Mr B.," said the general, "if any one attacks you, I know how you'll fight with that big black stick of yours. You'll aim right for his head. Well, sir, ten chances to one he'll ward it off ; and if you *do* hit him, you won't bring him down. No, sir" (taking the stick into his own hands), "you hold the stick *so*, and punch him in the stomach, and you'll drop him. I'll tell you how I found that out. When I was a young man practising law in Tennessee, there was a big bullying fellow that wanted to

pick a quarrel with me, and so trod on my toes. Supposing it accidental, I said nothing. Soon after, he did it again, and I began to suspect his object. In a few minutes he came by a third time, pushing against me violently, and evidently meaning *fight*. He was a man of immense size, one of the very biggest men I ever saw. As quick as a flash I snatched a small rail from the top of a fence, and gave him the point of it full in his stomach. Sir, it doubled him up. He fell at my feet, and I stamped on him. Soon he got up, *savage*, and was about to fly at me like a tiger. The bystanders made as though they would interfere. Says I, 'Gentlemen, stand back, give me room, that's all I ask, and *I'll* manage him.' With that I stood ready, with the rail pointed. He gave me *one* look, and turned away, a whipped man, sir, and feeling like one. So, sir, I say to you, if any villain assaults you, give him the *pint* in his belly."

His pursuits, legal and commercial, had by the year 1798 made him a rich man. He possessed at that time not less than 50,000 acres of land, worth five dollars an acre. But one of his speculations turned out badly, and nearly ruined him. He had sold land to a rich Pennsylvanian merchant named Allison, receiving payment in long-dated notes. With these, endorsed by himself, he purchased goods in Philadelphia to sell again in Tennessee. But, before the notes became due, Allison failed, and Jackson was called on to provide payment for them in money. This he managed to do, but with such sacrifices, that he resolved to relinquish his judgeship, and to devote himself to business, with a view of retrieving his affairs. Accordingly, in 1804, he quitted public life, and became a trader. He cultivated a large farm by the labour of his slaves. He was one of the few owners of a cotton-gin, and took cotton in exchange for goods. He dealt in a great variety of commodities brought from Pittsburg down the Ohio, such as cloth, calico, blankets, salt, grindstones, hardware, gunpowder, cowbells, and whatever else the people of the neighbourhood wanted. In payment he received,

not money, but the produce of the country, which he sent down the Cumberland, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, in flat-bottomed boats, to Natchez, where it was sold. The late Judge and future President might be seen at this period selling his goods, through a narrow window of his store, to the Indians, whose thievish propensities rendered it necessary to exclude them from the interior of the establishment. While thus actively engaged, he continued to expend his superabundant energies on sporting pursuits. He fought cocks, and backed his birds more ardently than ever. He was well known as a breeder of horses, and, in particular, became the owner of Truxton, a famous Virginian horse, who won for him many races, and whose descendants are still highly prized in Tennessee.

In these times, too, he became a Major-General—elected, as we learn later, by a majority of only one vote—apparently without passing through any of the tedious preliminary grades, and without being at the pains to establish any special claim to the rank; for, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, he was dubbed with unhacked rapier, and upon carpet consideration. But the most remarkable passage of his life, in these earlier years of the century, was his famous duel with Dickinson, which exhibits strongly his most marked characteristics, good and bad—his cool and fixed determination, and his quarrelsome temper and savage and implacable animosity.

Dickinson, like Jackson, was a lawyer and a dealer in horses. He was reputed the best shot in Tennessee. The General twice heard, from some good-natured friend, that Dickinson had spoken offensively of Mrs Jackson; and bad feeling therefore already existed between them when the final cause of quarrel arose. It originated in a match between Jackson's horse Truxton, and one belonging to a friend of Dickinson, in which the latter paid forfeit; and the point in dispute

was, whether Jackson had or had not asserted that the notes in which the forfeit was paid were not payable on demand, as had been agreed on. A long and extremely unintelligible correspondence on the subject between the General and Dickinson's friend Swann was, according to the laudable custom of America, published in the Nashville newspaper, 'The Impartial Review.' To the first statement on the subject the General replied, says Swann, "in a letter couched in the following ambiguous expressions :"—

"Let me, sir, observe one thing: that I never wantonly sport with the feelings of innocence, nor am I ever awed into measures. If incautiously I inflict a wound, I always hasten to remove it; if offence is taken where none is offered or intended, it gives me no pain. If a tale is listened to many days after the discourse should have taken place, when all the parties are under the same roof, I always leave the person to judge of the motives that induced the information, and leave them to draw their own conclusions, and act accordingly. There are certain traits that always accompany the gentleman and man of truth. The moment he hears harsh expressions applied to a friend, he will immediately communicate it, that explanation may take place; when the base poltroon and cowardly tale-bearer will always act in the background. You can apply the latter to Mr Dickinson, and see which best fits him. I write it for his eye, and the latter I emphatically intend for him."

This is, as Mr Swann said, sufficiently ambiguous, the only clear part of it being the insult to Dickinson. But the gallant Swann, who had no reason on earth to mix in the quarrel, replies in the following heroic terms :—

"General Andrew Jackson,—Think not that I am to be intimidated by your threats. No power terrestrial shall prevent the settled purpose of my soul. The statement I have made in respect to the notes is substantially correct. The torrent of abusive language with which you have assailed me is such as every gentleman should blush to hear; your menaces I set at defiance; and now demand of you that reparation which one gentleman is entitled to receive of another. My friend, the bearer of this, is

authorised to make complete arrangements on the field of honour.

THOMAS SWANN.

"NASHVILLE, Jan. 12, 1806."

The next act in the drama was an assault made on Swann in a tavern by the General, armed with a stick and a brace of pistols. What the settled purpose of Mr Swann's soul might be did not appear, for the General, after delivering a blow with his stick, fell back over a chair into the fireplace, where a "power terrestrial," in the shape of some bystanders, pinned him down, and prevented further mischief. But Swann had shown Jackson's letter to Dickinson, who wrote an insulting missive to the General, and then went on a journey. Pending his return, the interest of the dispute was maintained, for the readers of the Nashville 'Impartial Review,' by the publication of numerous affidavits, first, on the main question, whether Jackson had made the assertion imputed to him about the notes, and, secondly, the collateral issue, whether Mr Swann was a gentleman. A still more active interlude was the appearance of two new adherents of the champions, who plunged into the newspapers and the quarrel with all the ardour of principals, fought a duel, in which one was shot through the thigh, and who proceeded to publish new statements and new affidavits.

It seems incredible in these times that people could really have quarrelled about such unintelligible trifles. But duels were so common as to be matters of course at that time and for many years after in America; and Miss Martineau says that in 1834 more duels were fought in New Orleans than there are days in the year.

At length Dickinson returned: a formal challenge was exchanged, and arrangements for the duel were concerted by the seconds and solemnly committed to paper, the Nashville public taking immense interest in the progress of the affair. So far as any likelihood of interruption, or of interference of the

law, could exist, it would appear that they might have fought at noon in the public square in presence of the inhabitants. Nevertheless, they thought proper to ride a long day's journey across the Kentucky border. On the day preceding the duel two cavalcades set forth from Nashville, like knights riding to a tournament,—Sir Dickinson and his compeers in high spirits, shooting at marks as they went, and leaving taunting messages for the foe when he should pass by;—Sir Jackson in close council with a revolutionary Paladin named Overton, who discussed with him the probabilities of the duel, and the best means to be taken to insure victory, while the general body of adherents rode after. They slept at two inns near the appointed spot, to which they repaired next morning.

"Dickinson's second," says Mr Parton, "won the choice of position, and Jackson's the office of giving the word. The astute Overton considered this giving of the word a matter of great importance, and he had already determined *how* he would give it if the lot fell to him. The eight paces were measured off, and the men placed. Both were perfectly collected. All the politenesses of such occasions were very strictly and elegantly performed. Jackson was dressed in a loose frock-coat, buttoned carelessly over his chest, and concealing in some degree the extreme slenderness of his figure. Dickinson was the younger and handsomer man of the two. But Jackson's tall erect figure, and the still intensity of his demeanour, it is said, gave him a most superior and commanding air, as he stood under the tall poplars, on this bright May morning, silently awaiting the moment of doom.

"Are you ready?" said Overton.

"I am ready," replied Dickinson.

"I am ready," said Jackson.

The words were no sooner pronounced than Overton, with a sudden shout, cried, using his old-country pronunciation,

"FERE!"

"Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired. Overton, who was looking with anxiety and dread at Jackson, saw a puff of dust fly from the breast of his coat, and saw him raise his left arm and place it tightly across his chest. He is surely hit, thought Overton, and in a bad place, too. Erect and grim as Fate he stood,

his teeth clenched, raising his pistol. Overton glanced at Dickinson. Amazed at the unwonted failure of his aim, and apparently appalled at the awful figure and face before him, Dickinson had unconsciously recoiled a pace or two.

"Great God!" he faltered, 'have I missed him?'

"Back to the MARK, sir!" shrieked Overton, with his hand upon his pistol.

"Dickinson recovered his composure, stepped forward to the peg, and stood with his eyes averted from his antagonist. All this was the work of a moment, though it requires many words to tell it.

"General Jackson took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. He looked at the trigger, and discovered that it had stopped at half-cock. He drew it back to its place and took aim a second time. He fired—Dickinson's face blanched; he reeled; his friends rushed towards him, caught him in their arms, and gently seated him on the ground, leaning against a bush. His trousers reddened. They stripped off his clothes. The blood was gushing from his side in a torrent. And, alas! here is the ball, not near the wound, but above the *opposite* hip, just under the skin. The ball had passed through the body below the ribs. Such a wound could not but be fatal.

"Overton went forward and learned the condition of the wounded man. Rejoining his principal, he said, 'He won't want anything more of you, General,' and conducted him from the ground. They had gone a hundred yards, Overton walking on one side of Jackson, the surgeon on the other, and neither speaking a word, when the surgeon observed that one of Jackson's shoes was full of blood.

"My God! General Jackson, are you hit?" he exclaimed, pointing to the blood.

"Oh! I believe," replied Jackson, 'that he has pinked me a little. Let's look at it. But say nothing about it *there*,' pointing to the house.

"He opened his coat. Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He had sent the ball precisely where he had supposed Jackson's heart was beating. But the thinness of his body, and the looseness of his coat combining to deceive Dickinson, the ball had only broken a rib or two, and raked the breast-bone.

"He despatched one of his retinue to Dr Catlett to inquire respecting the condition of Dickinson, and to say that the surgeon attending himself would be glad to contribute his aid towards Mr Dickinson's relief. Polite reply was returned

that Mr Dickinson's case was past surgery. *In the course of the day General Jackson sent a bottle of wine to Dr Catlett for the use of his patient.*

"But there was one gratification which Jackson could not, even in such circumstances, grant him. A very old friend of General Jackson writes to me thus:—'*Although the General had been wounded, he did not desire it should be known until he had left the neighbourhood, and had therefore concealed it at first from his own friends. His reason for this, as he once stated to me, was, that as Dickinson considered himself the best shot in the world, and was certain of killing him at the first fire, he did not want him to have the gratification even of knowing that he had touched him.*' Poor Dickinson bled to death.

"But the matter did not rest here. Charles Dickinson had many friends in Nashville, and Andrew Jackson many enemies. The events preceding, and the circumstances attending the duel, were such as to excite horror and disgust in many minds. An informal meeting of citizens was held, who could hit upon no better way of expressing their feelings, than sending the following memorial to the proprietors of the '*Impartial Review*':—'*The subscribers, citizens of Nashville and its vicinity, respectfully request Mr Bradford and Mr Eastin to put the next number of their paper in mourning, as a tribute of respect for the memory, and regret for the untimely death, of Mr Charles Dickinson.*'

"Seventy-three names, many of which were of the highest respectability, were appended to this document. Mr Eastin had no hesitation in promising to comply with the request.

"Upon his couch, at the Hermitage, General Jackson heard of this movement. With his usual promptitude, he despatched to the editor the following letter:—'*Mr Eastin: I am informed that at the request of sundry citizens of Nashville and vicinity, you are about to dress your paper in mourning, "as a tribute of respect for the memory, and regret for the untimely death, of Charles Dickinson."* Your paper is the public vehicle, and is always taken as the public will, unless the contrary appears. *Presuming that the public is not in mourning for this event, in justice to that public, it is only fair and right to set forth the names of those citizens who have made the request. The thing is so novel, that names ought to appear, that the public might judge whether the true motives of the signers were "a*

tribute of respect for the deceased," or something else that at first sight does not appear.'

"The editor, with equal complaisance and ingenuity, contrived to oblige all parties. He placed his paper in mourning; he published the memorial; he published General Jackson's letter; and he added to the whole the following remarks:—'*In answer to the request of General Jackson, I can only observe that, previously, the request of some of the citizens of Nashville and its vicinity had been put to type; and as soon as it had transpired that the above request had been made, a number of the subscribers, to the amount of twenty-six, called and erased their names. Always willing to support, by any acts, the title of my paper—always willing to attend to the request of any portion of our citizens, when they will take the responsibility on themselves—induced me to comply with the petition of those requesting citizens, and place my paper in mourning. Impartiality induces me also to attend to the request of General Jackson.*'"

When the war of 1812 broke out, Jackson was not among the militia generals selected for active service by the Government. His admirers have been at some pains to account for this on political grounds; but the fact is, that Jackson had no claim whatever to such a distinction. He was known, out of his immediate circle of friends, only as a fierce, overbearing, quarrelsome man, easily offended, and with a tremendous power of animosity. He was probably looked on as an officer with whom superior and subordinates would alike find it difficult to serve, and who would be likely to give trouble to the Government. At any rate, if such were the grounds on which he was passed over, he did his best to justify them. He offered his own services and those of 2500 volunteers of his division to the President, who accepted them, and he was ordered to conduct his force towards New Orleans. "If anything," observes Mr Parton, "dimmed the brightness of the prospect before him, it was the fact that the commanding officer at New Orleans was the man whom, of all others in the world, he de-

spised—General James Wilkinson. He felt a premonition, that on his arrival in New Orleans he should have a collision of some kind with Wilkinson. So confidently did he expect it, that he took his duelling pistols with him, and a small supply of a very superior kind of powder that was formerly employed on the field of honour."

Whether General Wilkinson suspected these little arrangements or not does not appear; but, luckily for himself, he ordered the approaching auxiliary with the duelling-pistols to halt at Natchez; and, a short time afterwards, Jackson received from the Government an order to disband his volunteers, whose services were no longer required. This was no doubt mortifying; and the General felt it so keenly that he announced his intention of disregarding the orders of the minister, and marching his men back to Tennessee as an organised body. This resolution he executed; and we are informed that it was the endurance of fatigue displayed on this march which earned for him the title, by which he was afterwards so generally known, of Old Hickory. Moreover, this preference of the interest of his corps to the desire of the Government, joined with the solicitude which he displayed for the welfare of his men throughout the expedition, raised him to great popularity in his State, entirely effacing the stigma that had rested on him since Dickinson's death.

Thrown once more on his own resources for the gratification of his belligerent propensities, he was very soon in the full enjoyment of a fresh feud, growing out of the circumstances of a duel in which he acted as second. His new foe was Colonel Benton, who had just done the General a signal service, by prevailing on the Government to relieve him from the expenses he had incurred in the unauthorised march of his corps from Natchez to Tennessee, and which it would have ruined him to pay. Benton's bro-

ther had been a principal in the duel, and had complained of Jackson's conduct as his adversary's second; rousing the Colonel's indignation to such a pitch against the man whose cause he had just been advocating, that, as we are told, "Jackson took fire at last, threw old friendship to the winds, and swore by the Eternal that he would horsewhip Tom Benton the first time he met him." In pursuance of this design he and his partisans attacked the Benton faction in the door of a hotel in the public square of Nashville; and, in the disgraceful scuffle that ensued, Jackson was brought to the ground severely wounded by a pistol-shot in the shoulder.

While he lay thus disabled, news arrived at Nashville of a dreadful massacre committed by the Creek Indians on the inhabitants and garrison of a small fort in Alabama. The fellow-feeling of the Tennesseans, who had suffered so much at the hands of the red men, prompted them to equip a military force for the defence of Alabama, then part of Mississippi territory. Jackson was invited to command one of the two divisions of volunteers, and rose from his sickbed, still feeble and maimed, to lead it against the marauders. He found his first difficulty in a circumstance which is not without significance in the present war. The division was encamped on the Tennessee river, the same on which stands Fort Henry, lately captured by the Northern troops and flotilla. It had been arranged that provisions which had been collected at Knoxville, 300 miles up the stream, should be sent to meet Jackson at his camp. But the Tennessee, like most of the Western rivers, is not navigable in its upper waters in dry seasons; the provisions were detained till there should be a rise in the river, and the troops were nearly starved. Jackson's merits as a soldier are better displayed in the hardihood which enabled him to maintain the spirits of his troops under these privations, than in the

actions with the savages, who were always greatly outnumbered, and to whom no quarter was given. After he had twice destroyed great numbers of the Creeks, want reduced his force to inaction first, and then to mutiny. The General was at last constrained to accompany his volunteers and militia towards a point from which they expected supplies, with the understanding that, when food should be obtained, they should return to face the enemy. They met a drove of cattle approaching, which they slaughtered and ate; and then, instead of keeping the terms of the bargain, "the army, filled with beef and valour, felt itself able to cope even with General Jackson." They continued their homeward march, which the General, making a detour, intercepted, and stopped the movement by a fire of a novel kind.

"The manner, appearance, and language of General Jackson, on occasions like this, were," says Mr Parton, "literally *terrific*. Few common men could stand before the ferocity of his aspect and the violence of his words. His ability in swearing amounted to a talent. Volleys of the most peculiar and original oaths, ejected with a violence that cannot be imagined, scared and overwhelmed the object of his wrath. Aware of his powers in this respect, he would feign a fury that he did not feel, and obtain his ends through the groundless terror of his opponents. The mutineers were put to flight as much by the terrible aspect of the General, as by the armed men who were with him."

But neither oaths nor entreaties, though they prevailed for a time, could induce the volunteers to remain beyond the date when they considered themselves entitled to return to their homes. His army fell to pieces. New troops, however, were raised, and with these Jackson advanced, in the spring of 1814, to his final conflict with the Creeks.

The remnant of these warriors, 900 in number, with 300 women and children, had fortified themselves in a deep bend of the Tallapoosa, a main tributary of the Alabama. The loop formed a long

narrow peninsula, containing a hundred acres of woodland, and only 350 yards across at the neck. This space, from bank to bank, the Creeks had filled with a line of loopholed breastwork, of heavy logs, backed by mounds of timber and brushwood, such as Indians like to fight behind. At the end of the peninsula stood their huts, on the bank of the river; and a line of canoes was there drawn up, on which the red men relied as a means of escape in case of defeat.

Jackson, approaching this position with 2000 men, perceived that the Indians had penned themselves up for slaughter. Sending his trusty adherent General Coffee, with a force, to cross the river at a ford two miles distant, and cut off the retreat, he brought up his two guns to a neighbouring eminence, and proceeded to batter the stockade. This fire produced no effect, but Coffee not only reached the position assigned to him, but sent some Indian swimmers to bring to his side of the river the canoes of the Creeks, in which he passed over some of his men. These, setting fire to the huts, created a diversion in the rear, under cover of which Jackson stormed the stockade, and nearly all the warriors of the Creeks were destroyed. This blow broke the power of the tribe, and they sued for peace without further resistance.

In these exploits there is evidently nothing to show that Jackson would have been what was called, in his own time, an able general. To defeat, with superior numbers of well-armed men, a wretched Indian tribe, affords no criterion by which to judge of his ability to meet the experienced European generals of that day. Probably there were plenty of backwoodsmen in the States who could have planned and executed the attacks on the Indians as well as Jackson. But the qualities which he really exhibited to a remarkable degree, were those of resolution and constancy, enabling him to conduct the enterprise to a successful end,

under all the disadvantages of scanty supplies, inexperienced and discontented troops, formidable obstacles of ground, and his own personal sufferings; for the wound received in his last affray quite unfitted him to bear the privations of the campaign, which ruined his health for life. And the reputation he had acquired was so considerable that the commission of Major-General in the United States Army was bestowed on him, and he was appointed to the command of the south-western division of the forces.

At this time the abdication of Fontainebleau had brought peace to Europe. The power of England, constantly augmented by sea and land during the long war with Napoleon, was now free to direct all its efforts against the Americans. Regiments from Spain were sent across the Atlantic to reinforce Canada, and to threaten the enemy's coasts; and the overwhelming force of the English navy was directed to the enforcement of the blockade, and the extinction of American commerce. At a time when the problem of how the Federal Government is to find the means of carrying on the war of conquest against the South is so interesting, Mr Parton's account of the finances of the Union, after two years of war, deserves attention:—

“In May 1814, just before the bad news came (of peace in Europe), a sum of nine millions (dollars) was borrowed by the Government, at rates varying from eighty-five to eighty-eight. In August, when the Government's need was sorest, and the news of June 6th had done its worst, a loan of six millions was advertised for, but only three millions could be obtained, and that by a loss of more than twenty dollars in every hundred. Colonel MacHenry, in his Memoirs, mentions an amusing instance of the poverty of the Government during the last months of war. ‘There was not even money enough to buy fuel to keep the cadets at West Point from perishing, when resort was had by them to every old building and outhouse, to fence-rails, and shrubs, and roots, until Governor Tompkins threw in five hundred dollars' worth of wood, which was

met by the cadets on its way to the Point, and borne to their quarters on their shoulders.’”

And the money necessary to enable Jackson's force to reach New Orleans was obtained by Mr Monroe on his private credit; all attempts to raise the small sum required, on Government securities, having failed.

When Jackson took the command of the south-western division of the national army, a British expedition was threatening the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The points of expected attack were Mobile and New Orleans. A British squadron sent against Fort Bowyer, which protected Mobile, was repulsed by the fire of the work, and he was able to concentrate his attention on the defence of New Orleans. In the beginning of December 1814, he rode into the town, where he found plenty of hands ready for the defence, but no head to organise them. For the particular work required he was excellently adapted. He had sufficient reputation to be looked on as an authority where all were ignorant of war; his decision of character enabled him to control the miscellaneous and disorderly population; and his experience of the rude levies of the Western States taught him how to employ their imperfectly disciplined masses to the best advantage. He had begun by appealing to the patriotism of the States in a series of addresses, which Mr Parton seems to admire very much, but which are tinsel imitations of the bulletins of Napoleon; the bad taste, as in all caricatures, being more faithfully rendered than the genius. In these ambitious productions, in which the English are “the base and perfidious Britons,” “the common enemy of mankind, the highway robber of the world,” we are told we have Jackson's spirit in Livingstone's language. What they would have been if written in his own language we may divine from the fact, which his biographer has recorded with seeming approval,

that he used to speak of the British troops as the "red-coat rascals," "the red-coat villains"—a coarse ruffianism which is best excused by a recollection of the sufferings he had undergone in his boyhood.

It is not necessary here to review the operations ending in the repulse of the British from New Orleans. They have been often described and discussed, especially by the present Chaplain-General, who, as a subaltern of Pakenham's force, took an honourable part in the actions of which he afterwards gave to the world so vivid a picture. What we are at present concerned with is the degree of military talent displayed by Jackson, on an occasion which gave him at once such immense celebrity, and subsequently raised him to the chief magistracy of the Republic. It is well known that he was menaced in an unexpected quarter, and that, but for the escape of a prisoner, the surprise might have been complete; that his attempt to drive back the advanced-guard of the English by a night attack, boastfully and confidently undertaken, proved a total failure; that the line of defence, which the delays in landing and advancing gave him time to construct, was incomplete, and, as the event showed, left a point unguarded which might have been penetrated with fatal effect. The British attacked his line where it was strongest, and under circumstances which appeared hopeless to the most sanguine and gallant spirits of an army accustomed to victory. Advancing, in broad day, over a space swept by impregnable batteries and the broadsides of auxiliary vessels, they were mowed down without ever closing with, or even seeing, the enemy; and the defenders, doubly superior in number, fought behind their intrenchments in perfect security. We must remember that the circumstances were precisely those in which discipline and soldiership lost their advantage, and which made recruits count for as much as vete-

rans. Giving Jackson credit, then, for promptitude, energy, and iron determination, we find nothing to entitle him to high rank as a general. The histories of European wars afford us numerous examples of defences showing far more conduct and hardihood, but which have conferred on those who achieved them no particular distinction. To account for the enduring popularity which this single action secured to Jackson, it must be remembered, first, that the men who gave themselves to be slaughtered by his rude borderers and militia, had amply proved themselves more than a match for the most formidable troops in Europe; and, secondly, that the action was measured, not by a European, but an American standard, which the experience of their wars had not contributed to elevate. There were no rival reputations on the continent to detract from his, and, henceforth, Columbia was as proud of him as a hen of her one chick.

Jackson was by no means the kind of man to let his good fortune pass unimproved for want of due celebration. For some time he was engaged in passing under triumphal arches, receiving crowns of laurel, and in "causing to be prepared an address, recounting in glowing words the leading events of the campaign, and taunting the enemy with the miserable frustration of their designs." In the South he was the most admired and applauded of all Americans—in the North everybody was inquiring who this unknown conqueror might be. Fortunately for the victor, peace was made before he again fronted the enemy, for fresh success could scarcely have increased his fame among his countrymen, and the English had succeeded in a second attack on Fort Bowyer, and would have advanced under circumstances which might perhaps have reversed the fortune of war, and consigned Jackson's to the limbo of so many abortive reputations. Of the use made of his

victory by his Government, to disguise the terms on which peace was concluded, the following testimony of an American writer is quoted by Mr Parton: "All that could be maintained was, that we had made war charging the enemy with very gross enormities, and we had made peace saying not one word about them! Madison and his party had, in fact, swallowed the declaration of war whole, and it naturally caused some uneasy qualms in the region of digestion. 'Let us, however,' said they, 'put a good face upon it; we can hide our shame for the moment in the smoke of Jackson's victory; as to the rest, why, we can brag the country into a belief that it has been a glorious war!' Madison set the example in a boasting message, and his party organs took up the tune, and have played it bravely till the present day." So effectually was it played that a vast portion of the distasteful feeling engendered in other nations by American arrogance is due to the strange belief, which the people were thus encouraged to entertain, that they had acquired a great reputation in war.

The General was one of two officers of his rank retained in the service at the conclusion of the war, and commanded the southern division of the army of the Republic. His popularity at this time is thus described:—"He was the darling of the nation. Nothing had yet occurred to dim the lustre of his fame. His giant popularity was in the flush of its youth. He could go nowhere without incurring an ovation, and every movement of his was affectionately chronicled in the newspapers. It was not possible to overstate his popularity in his own State. He was its pride and boast and glory. Tennesseans felt a personal interest in his honour and success. His old enemies either sought reconciliation with him or kept their enmity to themselves. His rank in the army, too, gave him unequalled social eminence; and, to add to the other felicities of

his lot, his fortune now rapidly increased, as the entire income of his estate could be added to his capital; the pay of a major-general being sufficient for the support of his family." A few years later, Henry Clay spoke of him as "that distinguished captain, who has shed so much glory on our country, whose renown constitutes so great a portion of its moral property." The General did not, however, enjoy his fame in idleness. He negotiated treaties with the Indians; and, in an enterprise against the Seminoles in Florida, he violated Spanish territory in the most arbitrary manner, and placed his Government in the predicament of either provoking a war with Spain by supporting his acts, or bringing themselves into discredit with the people, by disavowing so popular a violator of law as himself. He took great interest in the Belgian campaign of 1815, lamenting Napoleon's fall, and deciding that the Emperor's fatal error consisted in not burning Paris after Waterloo, and throwing himself on the country, as he averred he would himself have done. He also enjoyed a great number of quarrels with various persons, either on private grounds, or on public considerations, which he always made personal. It was a necessity of his life that he should be the Capulet to a never-ending succession of Montagues, upon whom to vent his superabundant acrimony. Among the most conspicuous of these unfortunates were General Adair and the present General Winfield Scott, with whom he had a paper war, maintained on Scott's side with courtesy and sense, on Jackson's with the vilest and most insane abuse, ending in a challenge. But the person who enjoyed the distinction of his fullest wrath was more eminent than these. "Jackson," we are told, "never hated any man so bitterly nor so long as he hated Henry Clay." The cause of this superlative and abiding hostility was, that Mr Clay, in his public

capacity, had censured Jackson's raid against the Indians in Florida. Shortly afterwards we hear, in relation to the same subject, that "the opposition of General Harrison, though expressed in the mildest and most courteous terms, excited in the mind of Jackson a peculiar and lasting animosity, which, a few years later, he had an opportunity to gratify in a striking manner." While his conduct was under inquiry, he raved like a madman, and swore he would cut off the ears of every member of the committee who reported against his conduct. In fact, between ill-health and ill-temper, he appears to have been scarcely sane at times. In 1821, on the cession of Florida, he was made Governor, and in that quality had a dreadful dispute with the Spanish commissary. "The Governor, Don Andrew Jackson," wrote a Spanish officer present at the scene, "with turbulent and violent actions, with disjointed reasonings, blows on the table, his mouth foaming, and possessed with the furies, told the Spanish commissary to deliver the papers. . . . Lastly, the Governor, Don Andrew Jackson, after having insulted the Spanish commissary with atrocious words," &c. In fact, this offspring and spoiled child of democracy was a horrible despot, and democracy itself beheld his arbitrary proceedings with high approval. It must have been a great relief to the Government, however, when this fiery auxiliary retired again into private life, for the Secretary of State said that he dreaded the arrival of a mail from Florida, not knowing what General Jackson might do next. But the General was not always in this ireful condition. His usual demeanour in society was said to be courteous and dignified. Daniel Webster described him as grave, mild, and reserved.

Such was the man, then, who was now to be the favourite candidate of the people for the chief magistracy. In youth he had been illiterate and dissolute. In man-

hood he had carried to the judicial bench the violence and lawlessness of his previous career. As a soldier his talents were never proved to be of a high order. As a government official he acknowledged no law but expediency, and was reckless how far his arrogant assumptions might embarrass his Government, knowing that they pleased the people, who were masters of the Government. He had shown all his life that his temper was fierce, intractable, and vindictive. His prejudices were ridiculously strong. His capacity, though good, was by no means extraordinary, and his culture so slender, that his official and other important writings were always transcribed by some friend whose powers of composition were greater than his own. His remarkable qualities were,—a strong will, that remained equally unshaken whether it impelled him to a right or a wrong course—a habit of authority, and a fearless temper. His faults of disposition were balanced in private life by cordiality in his friendships, easy good-temper to his dependants, and probity in his dealings. Among his minor characteristics vanity was conspicuous, rendering him boastful and self-laudatory on the subject of his own exploits and abilities, and ridiculously open to flattery. When it is remembered that a democracy proposes to remedy the evil chance which, in other forms of government, may place incompetent persons at the head of affairs, the choice of a man like Jackson, on the ground of his single military achievement, proves that that part of the problem of politics is still unsolved. Jefferson and Clay both expressed their disapproval of the selection of a military chieftain for the Presidency. "I cannot believe," says Clay, "that the killing of two thousand five hundred Englishmen at New Orleans qualifies for the various difficult and complicated duties of the chief magistracy." But the people thought otherwise.

In 1824 Jackson's friends put

him in nomination for the Presidency, which was to be vacant in the following year. In order to stand this ordeal a man must either be conscious of a very blameless life, or must be very indifferent to the exposure of his faults; for it is the playful custom of political parties in America to investigate strictly the career of a hostile candidate from his cradle, and to exhibit its defects in the strongest colours. In the exercise of this privilege of free electors, compared with which the pillory would be a mild infliction, the General's life underwent a strict scrutiny, and catalogues of his misdeeds were drawn up calculated to save much trouble to his recording angel. One adverse citizen made a collection of his fights and quarrels, discovering, as he stated, "nearly one hundred fights, or violent and abusive quarrels." Another inquired minutely into the details of his marriage, and represented poor Mrs Jackson, then sixty-one years of age, as a light character. Another investigator assailed the memory of his mother, then deceased about forty-five years. One of the Bentons, who owed him a grudge for his conduct in the duel already mentioned, and whose pistol-ball he still carried in his shoulder, drew up a pamphlet charging him with thirty-two crimes and misdemeanours. He had, in his military capacity, ordered eleven persons to be executed. These executions were all recounted; and a hostile editor issued a series of handbills, each bearing the outline of a coffin-lid, on which was inscribed the name of one of the victims. At his second nomination a number of his friends formed a body-guard for the defence, not of his person, but his reputation, by refuting slanderous stories, which was known as the Whitewashing Committee; and, as his eulogists were no less indefatigable than his opponents, materials were speedily collected for a character antithetical enough to have delighted Pope or Macaulay.

Jackson obtained a plurality of votes, but not a majority—that is to say, he had more than any other candidate, but not more than the sum of all the others. According to the law of the constitution, therefore, the conditions of election were unfulfilled, and the duty of selecting a President from the three candidates who stood highest devolved on the House of Representatives. In this assembly Henry Clay was all-powerful, and with him, therefore, the choice practically rested. It remained for him to choose between Adams and Jackson, the third candidate being incompetent from ill-health. Clay had always been opposed to Adams; but, for reasons already recorded, he preferred him, a statesman, to Jackson, a mere soldier. By his influence Adams was elected, and Clay became Secretary of State. The sting of defeat was sharpened for Jackson by the fact that the people had preferred him to Adams; and it was inevitable that one of his temper should not only hate Clay more than ever, but seek to justify his hatred by some plausible accusation. He proclaimed, and professed to believe to the end of his life, that Adams and Clay had made a corrupt bargain to defeat him, Clay selling his influence for the promise of the Secretaryship, which was generally understood to carry with it the Presidency in reversion. In those days, too, it was understood that a President who should give no special cause of complaint would be re-elected for a second term of office. All Jackson's energies were now concentrated, first on defeating Adams at his renomination; and, secondly, on revenging himself on the authors of the imputed coalition and their supporters.

In 1828, accordingly, he came into the field prepared for victory by a four-years' canvass. This time he was elected by a large majority of the people. His desire for vengeance had been sharpened by fresh electioneering attacks on himself and on his wife, whose end was sup-

posed to be hastened by their effects, and to whom he was deeply attached. The course he now took to punish his enemies and reward his friends formed a new and most disastrous era in the history of the republican government.

The President had always possessed the power of removing at pleasure all persons in the civil employment of the Government. The power extends not merely to those ordinarily known as official personages, ministers, consuls, and clerks in public offices, but to the postmasters and persons employed for the collection of the revenue, each of whom carries with him a body of dependants. Hitherto this power had never been used, for the presidents had been chosen not because they were successful intriguers, but because they were eminent statesmen; the bribe of promised office had been needless; and they were glad to retain in their situations those servants of the Government whom experience had qualified to conduct the routine of public business. Thus the possession of a government office was regarded as a provision for life, and he who filled it depended for advancement on the character he could establish for rectitude and efficiency. To displace persons from, or appoint them to, these offices, for their political opinions, was rarely, if ever, resorted to. Even the Cabinet was not, of necessity, changed with the President.

But at Jackson's inauguration Washington overflowed with office-seekers, his adherents. Their expectations, in whatever way excited, were amply fulfilled. The words of Falstaff, when, in exultation at the accession of his young prince, he exclaims, "Happy are they that have been my friends, and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!" exactly express the policy of the new President. He proceeded at once to expel from office all who had opposed him, and to replace them with his friends. Public servants, against whom there was no

complaint, were thus turned adrift on the world, and the capital was filled with ruined and despairing men and their destitute families. But the evil went far beyond these immediate distresses. The system once begun must be continued: no candidate could in future hope to succeed who had not been lavish of his promises. A President must enter on his office as Brennus entered Rome, or as William the Conqueror entered England, rewarding his adherents with the spoils of the vanquished. Places, as Adams had prophesied, became the prize not only of partisanship but of slander. Men of character no longer cared to leave other grooves of life for so precarious a benefit as office; and hence the action of Government was embarrassed, and its credit impaired, by a crowd of incapable and defaulting servants. The object was no longer to strive for the recommendation which able and faithful service formerly brought, but to extract from the post all the emolument it could be made in a given time to furnish. The effect of such a system on the State was of necessity most disastrous; but the mischief did not end here. Where prizes were counted not by thousands but by scores of thousands, every man who had a vote had also a chance of Government employment. Thus office-seeking was unlimited, and corruption spread into all classes and all parts of the community, tending inevitably to make vast numbers dependent for success in life less on their industry than on their dexterity in political gambling. A new class sprang up, also, in the intriguers and wire-pullers, who aimed at directing the votes of the masses, and thus influencing the elections. Here, again, the man of character, who had position and profession to lose, could not compete with the needy adventurer; politics became the most ignoble of trades; and a candidate for the Presidency must place himself in

contact with what most men of honour would consider pollution, as the price of success. Hence the Presidency itself fell to the lot, not of men of ability or merit, nor even of successful intriguers, but of puppets placed in competition to serve the purposes of trading politicians. The incoming President found his attention entirely engrossed in allotting the rewards of office to those who had elected him specially for that purpose; while his predecessor, having nothing further to bestow, had long been neglected as a dried-up fountain. Anybody who wishes to ascertain the effect of this on the character of the chief magistrates need only compare those who came after Jackson with those who preceded him. It is a favourite boast with republicans that their president, as the people's choice, occupies a prouder position than any monarch. One great point of superiority which they claim for their political institutions is in this power of selection. But to be beneficial, this power must be so used as to suit the man to the position. When, therefore, an American, uttering the above sentiment, points at the same time to a Tyler, a Polk, or a Lincoln, he places himself in an inevitable dilemma. Either the President is the man of all others best suited to the chief position in the State, which is not to the credit of the nation that produced him; or he is not the best choice that could have been made, and the system has therefore so far failed. And when we see not only that a succession of failures is possible, but that they are a natural result of the system, it becomes clear that one of the most vaunted advantages of democracy is an illusion.

It was to this change we alluded when, at the beginning of this article, we spoke of the influence which Jackson exerted on the character of the nation. What the nature of that change was we have seen;—its effects are witnessed in the politics and statesmanship of the modern Union, the evils of

which many of their wisest men foresaw, and warned the nation against, and which all who have thought deeply and fairly on the subject have lamented. We are not sure that with Monroe really originated the doctrine which goes by his name, and which proclaims the extension of the Union over the whole continent, regardless of the claims and possessions of others, as the rightful destiny of Americans. But if so, he may certainly share with Jackson the obloquy of inflicting a deep injury on the character of the nation. The mind of the people was thus habituated to regard spoliation as legitimate; and, when the change of system had lowered the character of public men, that arrogant and aggressive policy was initiated which could not but cause to other Powers just offence and alarm.

But though Jackson was the author of this change, it had perhaps become inevitable. Before his time, the Presidents had been named by a "Congressional Caucus"—that is, by an assembly of members of the legislature—and their nominations had been accepted by the people. It was to break through this practice that Jackson's popularity was used to effect a direct appeal to the people. Under the old system the capital had been the focus of political intrigue; under the new, the sphere of that intrigue expanded till it included the whole country, and every district was a centre of party influence. In these circumstances it was probably certain that, sooner or later, the system of official plunder should become organised. But though we may thus acquit him of originating what but for him would never have existed, we must condemn the system which conducted inevitably to such results: and to Jackson still attaches the stigma of having, for the gratification of personal resentment, accelerated the downfall of the old official system, through the breaches of which such a flood of corruption poured to inundate the Union.

The eight years of Jackson's presidency are not marked by many incidents which will greatly interest English readers. His crusade against the bank—his mode of enforcing the claim of America for an indemnity from France—and his contests with adverse parties and politicians, are all marked by the same qualities of character and of temper that distinguished his previous career. But, in 1832, South Carolina took the step known as "nullification," which is of great interest and importance at the present time, on account of the light it sheds on the causes of the civil war in America.

The South had long complained of a protective tariff, the operation of which, it averred, was to tax it for the benefit of Northern manufactures. It happened in that year that Jackson's administration was sorely perplexed by a problem that has rarely formed the difficulty of governments—namely, how to dispose of a surplus revenue. The income of the Federal Government was nearly double its expenditure. Amidst the various modes suggested of providing for this unusual embarrassment, the South very naturally proposed that the protective tariff should be relaxed in their favour, and the income thus reduced to the level of the expenditure. But the Northern protectionists would not hear of this, and wished that the surplus should be raised as before, but divided afterwards among the States. Upon this, South Carolina—whose policy and sentiments were at that time represented by Calhoun, a statesman upon whom Jackson concentrated a large share of his animosity—proclaimed her right to withdraw from a Union, the operation of which was to her unjust and oppressive, and threatened to put the right in practice. This fact is sufficient to prove, what has often been loudly denied of late, that the irritation produced by an obnoxious tariff is sufficient to account for secession.

Jackson, like many men who are violent democrats in theory, was a tremendous autocrat in practice. He had always been opposed to the Federal party—he had been placed in office with the aid of the advocates of State-rights. As a private individual, or a senator, it is likely that he would have taken the side of South Carolina, especially if the adverse view had been represented by any of the numerous public men who had incurred his displeasure. But logic and consistency were not in the catalogue of the President's merits. When, therefore, the dissenting State proclaimed the tariff laws null and void within her territory, and announced her intention to secede if an attempt should be made to enforce them, the President, in a proclamation full of indignant Federalism, denounced the secession, took steps to assert the Federal supremacy by force of arms, and avowed his intention to make Mr Calhoun a State prisoner, if any collision took place between the State and the Federal government. South Carolina responded with defiant meetings and military preparations, and the conflict of our day seemed about to be anticipated, when Congress passed a measure of compromise which satisfied the malcontents and averted secession. Probably the President lamented as much as anybody this peaceable termination of the dispute, which deprived him of the opportunity for a campaign, and prevented him from indulging one of the most cherished dreams of his later life—that of hanging Mr Calhoun.

The President's proclamation was considered a masterpiece by the Federalists, and is probably the best known of his public writings. Read by the light of recent events, its fallacies are sufficiently transparent. The argument, of which the whole performance is an expansion, is the now familiar one, that the principle of secession must be wrong and false, because a government

that may thus be set at nought and defied would be an absurdity. But the answer is, that a government based like that of the Union is an absurdity directly it attempts to assert its supremacy. Put it in the simple form of a supreme government existing by permission, and it is a manifest contradiction in terms. It is effective so long as all choose to submit, but no longer; long toleration may increase its confidence and stimulate its arrogance, but cannot augment its strength, nor knit more closely the ties which are but ropes of sand. The inevitable tendency of democracy is the oppression of a minority; and the result of oppression in such a system is dissolution. "Were we mistaken, my countrymen," asks the President, "in attaching this importance to the constitution of our country? Was our devotion paid to the wretched, inefficient, clumsy contrivance which this new doctrine would make it? Did we pledge ourselves to the support of an airy nothing—a bubble that must be blown away by the first breath of disaffection?" Most reflecting people would now give to these questions an answer quite opposite to that which the interrogator triumphantly anticipates.

Through the whole of his presidency, and through the years of retirement which succeeded it, he continued to be the idol of the American people. The fact is, that he came to the surface in a time and country whose characteristics he embodied; his faults and virtues were the faults and virtues of the American people. Theirs were his energy, self-dependence, and decision; theirs his arrogance, bigotry, and lawlessness. His disregard of the rights of foreign powers, his fearless assumption of responsibility in aggression, were high merits in the eyes of a filibustering populace. His boastfulness and vanity were more than tolerated, because they represented exactly the pretensions of his countrymen.

His theoretical republicanism and his arbitrary practices were the true reflection of the spirit of democracy. And he was the last man in whom the people saw a chief who followed his own ideas, right or wrong, uninfluenced by popular opinion, and who was in unison with the spirit of his age, not because he yielded to it, but because he controlled it.

Jackson's violent prejudices were in great measure caused, no doubt, by his ignorance, which was extreme. He appears to have had the faculty of believing exactly what he wished to believe, not in the ordinary limits, but to the extent of being actually possessed by a thorough conviction. People were angels or devils exactly as it suited him to endow them with celestial or infernal attributes; and no acts of theirs, except their submission to, or rebellion against, his will, could change their destiny. In his latter years he became religious, and desired to be publicly admitted into the church. The divine who records this phase of his existence reports that the venerable convert or "candidate," as he terms him, answered the questions respecting doctrine and experience very satisfactorily; but that there was great difficulty in getting him to declare that he forgave his enemies. This obstacle, however, was at length surmounted, and he made public profession of his faith; but that did not at all prevent him from attacking anybody who differed from him, or censured him, with his customary virulence. He used to read at this time a great deal in the Prayer-book—principally, we suspect, the Communion, or Denouncing of God's anger against sinners, with special application to Clay and Calhoun. His latest moments appear to have been clouded by regrets that he had not caused this latter statesman to undergo the last penalty of the law.

We cannot, however, part from this sturdy character without doing justice to its better points. We

have been judging him principally as the man selected for a great office; but we can well understand that no man had warmer friends than he, nor more devoted adherents. There was much that was amiable and lovable about him. If he was relentless in his animosity, he was equally constant in his friendships. In domestic life he was gentle and winning—in social life distinguished by a fine and antique courtesy; and success and popularity certainly developed in him no latent faults of disposition, but rather softened and refined him. The finest trait in his mixed character, and a very remarkable one, was his tender and chivalrous affection for his little old homely rustic wife. The illusory light in which he saw her must have emanated from some innate nobility of his own—it transfigured for him her whole life, and made her memory sacred. “Heaven,” said the old man, after she was dead, “will be no heaven for me, if I do not meet her there.”

Nor can we part from Mr Parton without acknowledging the various and considerable talent he has

shown in this biography. From the common fault of biographies it is free—it does not transmute the faults, nor exaggerate inordinately the merits, of its hero. It is voluminous, certainly, extending through three big volumes, each of six or seven hundred pages; yet we cannot say what portions we would have retrenched, for all have legitimate connection with the subject, and, even where that connection is slenderest, a vivid sidelight is generally thrown on events and topics and manners which interest the general reader. There is ample evidence of industry, honesty, and humour; and the tangled questions of American politics are lucidly stated and sensibly discussed. The most amusing chapter is “the Successful Politician”—where the career of a youth who takes office under Jackson and Van Buren is told in a way that would have made it a very agreeable separate story or magazine paper. And the chapter that shows most weight and power of analysis is, as it should be, that which gives the summary of Jackson’s character and career.

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THE NEW EXHIBITION.

THERE are some things which owe their success to repetition, and are never done full justice to without ample and frequent rehearsals. A new habit may be hard to form ; but, when once formed, it clings like iron ; and a new part naturally gains finish and reality with every additional performance. The rule is all but infallible in art, where it is only after the machinery has ceased to creak, and the scenes glide smoothly, that perfection is attainable : and it is equally the case in all individual work which practice makes perfect. But the rule does not apply to events. Certain acts in life must be done but once to preserve their full force and dignity ; and the repetition of an unusual effort, once brilliantly successful, is but too often an elaborate failure. We might claim credit for some wisdom in these observations, were it not that everybody will instantly divine what they refer to, and that most people will be conscious of certain suggestions to the same effect which have entered their own minds during the past month. It is not that we have entered for another grand industrial race against the world, with all its prizes and

penalties—nor that we are bent on repeating on a larger scale a skilful effort of art, which once gained universal applause. It is that we have violated the order of nature to a certain extent, and aimed at the repetition of a great Event—a rash attempt, unknown to the usages of history. Ten years ago we did a great thing, which our neighbours imitated, with more and less success, as was natural. Now that the little circle of imitations is over, we have had the temerity to take our place again in the field, and boldly to repeat the grand experiment. The attempt was, under any circumstances, almost rash in its boldness. The first Industrial Palace took the world by storm, an unprecedented and almost inconceivable achievement ; but other repetitions of the *Exposition Universelle*, in other places, have worn out all the freshness and much of the dignity of the idea. In face of that familiarity which breeds contempt, and of the natural exhaustion or satisfaction of curiosity which the Irish, French, and Italian shows might be expected to produce, we have once more pitched the mighty tent, and called together the nations. It is under a changed firmament that

the new Palace of Art and Skill raises its shining roofs. Dark historic clouds are upon the sky, which, ten years ago, were of a serenity almost too intense to be human; and the deepest pathos of love and grief, sublimer elements than even Art, throw a certain shadow over the jubilee: but the fact is accomplished by this time beyond the reach of adverse prophecy or cautious doubt. There is a second Great Exhibition. We have repeated our Event, and have not made it a failure. Eleven years after, through utter revolution and change of almost everything around—through complete failure of all our hopes and prophecies—in a new world moved by other aims, and distracted by livelier passions,—the Crystal wonder of 1851 has found a mightier, more elaborate, costly, and splendid successor. Again, the peaceable London crowds, plentiful enough of themselves in all conscience, begin to be jostled off their own streets; and from all the corners of the earth the tide has set in towards that suburb, at other times so tranquil in mild respectability, where hitherto the Brompton Boilers, triumphant erection of modern art, have been the height of excitement. Nobody pauses at the Brompton Boilers now; but the world itself lounges in between the Park and the Opera to improve its mind before dinner, underneath the domes which are bigger than St Paul's and St Peter's, more grandiose and superb in size, if one could but realise it, than Brunelleschi's dome: and where already the hum of many tongues proclaims a grand gathering-place and rendezvous for all civilised nations. So far the Repetition, perilous as it was, has vindicated itself.

The morning of this Mayday, breaking as it did in momentary tears, to be followed by that poetic radiance of a spring morning which is more delicious and exhilarating than any later sunshine, called to myriads of minds a gleam of retrospection so universal and involun-

tary, that it is impossible to approach the gates of the new Palace without giving expression to that inevitable thought. Though the earth is fixed and does not alter, is this the same world we are living in nowadays? Ten years is often a period as distinct in its smaller sphere as a century; and what human creature can contemplate without emotion the course of these, which have taken so much off every man's life, and added so much to most men's experience? Few periods are so clearly rounded into identity. It would be vain to scrutinise the private memories which rise in many hearts gazing over these ten years, and the one melancholy additional twelvemonth which has intervened, as they proceed in the wake of the crowd to the new celebration. For here and there a placid soul which has lived through them unmoved, how many climaxes and agonies of life throb in the remembrance of those smiling men and women who give no sign! Thank Heaven for those who are happier and better; but how many a soul has gone down in the battle since then—how many an existence has been shorn of all things that make life sweet! One cannot take off one's hat to answer the gracious salutation from that passing carriage, without thinking of the other carriageful of girls one saw that other Mayday, just as fearless and fair and unforeboding of evil. Within the boundaries of these two holidays, how many an entire life has concentrated its history! Just beginning *then* in its blossom, its orange flower, its bridal promise; and *now*, with all its little epic, wrought out and left behind! But more emphatic still is the universal story. It was not that we feared nothing that last Mayday. It was that we persuaded ourselves to believe that henceforward there could be nothing to fear. It was the grand millennium of convenience and safety which we were inaugurating. Under the crystal roof all the European sisters, and all the wilder nymphs

beyond the seas, exchanged the kiss of peace; and we had it all our own way that one hour in our lives. Nobody in earth or heaven contradicted the confident prophecy. The pitiful skies showed no portents, but gave us sunshine and plenty for our jubilee; and not a cloud disturbed the rising or the setting of that day of peace. It was Happiness, all crowned and radiant, that gazed on the joyful nation with her Queen's eyes of royal blue; and Reason, founded on a world of arguments, promised endless perpetuity to the calm. Just then the calm was deepening into that intensest thrill of silence which precedes the storm, had we but known it, but we did not know; and the pipings of peace went on till a quite different kind of utterance—sharp laconic droppings of distant inconceivable guns—thrust off the trumpeters, with conclusive distinct speech, into tremulous shrills of fear and wonder. Our grandfathers, a century ago, had no more favourite topic than the vanity of human expectations, a theme most fruitful in morals. This time the lesson has been on a grander scale. Since we first let our garlands drop from our hands, and recognised the new influence which had come upon the earth, what a stormy, splendid succession has been upon the lurid skies! Sebastopol; and that charge, which was not war, but more splendid—a dutiful unconscious martyrdom. India; with martyrdoms all conscious, heroic hope, despair, and constancy. Then the loud echoes rolling nearer, deluges of blood and tears upon the smiling Lombard plains, our nearest neighbours' sons falling, like our own, upon the battle-field. What a tempestuous sequel to the happy augury! Scarcely any other ten years of the world's history has scored its record so deep upon the mortal soil, or upon the hearts of men. In 1851 we were all safe, and safety was divine. In 1862, we cannot tell what new horror, what new danger, may arise at any moment. Then a soldier

was a necessary evil, gradually to be done away with and superseded, as the world grew wiser. Now, nothing stirs the popular heart with a warmer delight than to reckon the thousands of our boys who know how to handle their weapons, and to hear that they pleased the practised eye of the great soldier of our day. It is Peace who is superseded in the second grand festival of the nations. We may believe in her disconsolate presence, as our clever caricaturist depicts her, seated on an Armstrong gun; but she is at best but a spectrum of her former self—a shadowy and distant hope. It is by making war carnage, by taking from it all those personal emergencies which develop heroes, by converting it into a murderous duel between iron and iron, cruel skill against skill, that we now hope to win back again the frightened Angel. The Warrior and Black Prince are her arks of refuge: she has no place in the procession this May morning. While we creep along through the sunshiny Park, with its radiant lines of carriages, and all its spring foliage bursting into tender fulness, the same assured sweet sunshine falls upon bloody fields of actual war; upon brooding discontents that bide their time; upon science busy all over the world in maturing the art of massacre. Such is the present aspect of the world to which, ten years ago, every wind of heaven and voice of earth whispered, "Peace, peace!"

Another difference still more distinct, because individual, makes the occasion memorable. The heart of the holiday has been taken out of it by a hand which no man can gainsay. For twice ten years the Queen—for whose comfort it is safe to say there is not a subject she has, who would not willingly resign a part of his own—was as happy and prosperous as her people's wishes could have made her. Trouble never seemed to breathe upon that serene royal firmament. Health, love, and peace made the palaces of England a joy in the

world. We had no associations but those of happiness with the Royal Lady for whom men have learned to pray—no form of words but the loyal aspirations of the heart. Of all honourable men, the Prince who stood highest in English society was the most honourable and spotless—a true, tender, and noble gentleman. Ten years ago the husband gave to the wife the most exquisite pleasure which it is possible to give to a woman. He could not make her greater, richer, or more supreme than she was, as other men are blessed to do for the women they love. It was a loftier and more exquisite homage which the Prince rendered to his Lady and ours. He made her queen of an unique and unparalleled triumph, which was the work of his own patient genius and persevering toil. He wrought out the original idea, through discouragements and opposition of all kinds. He endured the prejudices, the difficulties that interposed in the way; he guided it through the gradual success, the final completion; and when this work was done which took the world by storm, he who could not add an empire to her crown, since time and fate forbade, placed his Queen upon a new throne which all her kingdoms had not given her, and added the delicate laurel of her husband's triumph to the crowns more wealthy, but less sweet. That time and hour brought the Two from their height of rank to the level of nature, where it is still the man who rejoices to bestow, and it is the woman who is most blessed to receive. Hush! speak low. Last night, when the darkness fell over her widow's veil and her tears, have not you heard how she went softly away out of Windsor, maybe to cheat her heart with the silent haste of her journey, and blunt the keenness of the anguish in merciful fatigue and weariness; travelling through all the dewy night, through the rich midland country, by the grey Cumberland hills, mistress of all the wealth and all the love of England;

but all that wealth and all that love cannot buy back her crown of joy. Hush! there will scarcely be an eye to-day throughout all these smiling multitudes that will not grow dim, nor a heart but will turn aside out of the rejoicing, to follow with an ache of almost more than sympathy, that pathetic, hasty journey of the Queen!

We will save trouble by acknowledging at once to begin with, and without any controversy, that the new building is as admirable an example of plain, honest, unpretending—nay, dogged and determined—ugliness, as can be seen anywhere. As it faces you, side by side, with its long horizontal and tall upright lines, standing up defiant, it is impossible to doubt that the stubborn pile means to be ugly, and is beyond a thought or attempt at disguise on the subject. All is perfectly plain and open and aboveboard. It has certain things to do, and means to do them; but as for beauty, nobody intended it, and that is not the vocation of this candid edifice, which scorns to assume a virtue which it does not possess. What it may come to, if those honest lengths and breadths of wall come under the hand of a decorator, we will not venture to predict; but the experiment would seem to be a very doubtful one. The whole question of decoration is one on which the English mind is, to start with, so thoroughly undecided, the very fundamentals are so uncertain, and the want of public confidence in anybody's opinion, even its own, so overwhelming, that there seems little likelihood of any successful achievement in that way for long years to come. Plaster and paint and gilding may, it is true, relieve a blank wall, or make a tedious stretch of unoccupied space endurable; but the genius of the nation seems to run as little in the way of such embellishment as, luckily, the taste of the nation at present prizes it. The Exhibition building is by itself a perfectly simple and natural production of

the native railway-station style of architecture. It had to be built in a year, and at a certain arbitrary rate of expense. Architecture proper has nothing to do with such undertakings. In ten years indeed, and with an unlimited purse, no doubt a building worthy of the noblest uses—worthy of England, her picture-galleries, her curious collections, her ancient fame in that noble constructive art—could and would be created, if we thought it worth the time and the toil. But it is clear that we do not think the end worthy such means as could alone secure it; and doing the thing by a chance leap, as we have now done for a second time, the fact is, that we have succeeded quite as well as we deserve. Sir Joseph Paxton gave to his exceptional and sudden conception the very character of temporariness and quaint accidental beauty which befitted the occasion. Captain Fowke has made *his* solidly convenient and serviceable, not to be surpassed for light, space, and means of internal access. The best thing that we can do is to be grateful, and say as little as possible about the matter. It suits our national temper better to give to any great national festivity an accidental and unpremeditated aspect, than to confess even to ourselves that it is worth caring and planning for. If it comes right, so much the better; if not, why, we can make it do: and the result is in perfect accordance with such a mode of operations. With these preliminaries thoroughly understood, we need fear no foreign criticism. The building belongs not to any branch of orthodox English art, but to the chapter of accidental architecture which is peculiar to England. The artist of '51, being a gardener, made us a palace where flowers could bloom and trees grow; the artist of '62, being a soldier, has made us a house through which columns of soldiers could march and wheel, with communications as clear, and internal access as distinctly secured, as in a well-regulated camp. Both

qualities are valuable in their way, but they have nothing to do with architectural art. Nobody will ever forget the fairy grace and lightness of the first,—the flowers, the foliage, and the fountains—the running sparkles of light with which the whole edifice betrayed itself among the trees; and the gratification with which we contemplate the clear, logical, and soldierly interior lines of the second—its legible arrangements and subdivisions—its thoroughly well-diffused yet nowhere glaring light—is, if less striking, still solid of its kind. But true art is as far apart from one as from the other. By the means which we have used to produce these two buildings, we neither will nor can ever produce anything worthy to be mentioned or criticised among structures meant for posterity. Their entire character is accidental; but it is perhaps only those who are to the manner born who will recognise this distinguishing peculiarity. It is one of those individual national characteristics which elude the observation of a foreigner. That acute observer asks why the thing is so ugly, with contemptuous wonder, and nobody can answer him. The other was not ugly; but that was no fault of ours. It came by its beauty accidentally, just as the building in Kensington has come by its ugliness. We put into a lottery for the edifice we require, and the article turns up just as it happens. This is what our quick-witted visitors will never understand. They throw the blame with unthinking injustice upon the meritorious and hardworking craft of architects, who are totally irresponsible in the matter. One naturally inquires, it is true, whether it might not be wiser to have Mr Scott's help on this subject, than to badger that unfortunate artist into Greek, instead of the ancient native vernacular which he can wield so nobly; but it is an idea which has not occurred to anybody connected with the actual conduct of the undertaking. Neither Mr Scott nor his

compeers have anything to do with the matter. Legitimate art is put out of court to start with ; and as luck would have it, here is our engineer-captain this time, with soldierly instincts of precision and regularity, instead of the natural gracefulness of Paxton's inspiration in glass. The Accidental architect makes very creditable work in his own way of his undertaking ; but when witty critics in Leicester Square break their lance of sarcasm on the new monster, they miss the mark all unwittingly, and never perceive the true aspect of the matter. A French art-critic who should draw conclusions as to our Stanfields or Landseers by means of amateur sketches in some public collection, would scarcely be more completely at fault ; and it would be well to have this truth impressed upon our lively visitors, who see so clearly, yet perceive so little. English art has never been put on its trial for any such requirement of modern civilisation. English art is innocent and irresponsible, as for the Kensington domes, so for many of the most hardly criticised constructions throughout England. The school of Accidental architecture, of which the Great Exhibition of 1862 is so striking an example, deserves a more distinct recognition at the hands of the public than it has yet received.

But the unloveliness of the building outside is much modified within. The first aspect, looking from the wide sunbright opening at one end to the corresponding space at the other, through the lofty and well-proportioned nave, with its subdued and softened light, its sparkles of colour, its airy magnitude and shady lightness, if not so fascinating as the first glance into the Hyde Park palace, forms a very striking and effective picture. Here, upon its crimson platform, is the throne pathetically vacant ; and from the vast circle under the dome, where the brightness of daylight is all but excessive, the eye goes forward through the splendid vista of the

nave to the other wide bay of light, which closes the brilliant perspective. Nothing could be better in its kind than the dramatic subduing of light, and careful disposition of colour, which thus bursts into sunshine and noble fulness of space at each end of the building. Stretching out from each dome in exact symmetrical arrangement, two helpless arms form a transept perfectly artificial and stilted, without any spontaneity or dignity of form ; but the nave, with its depth and loftiness, descending into cool and shadowy space below, ascending into soft day above, with a conscious steadiness and force in the composed but graceful arc of the roof ; and the bright termination into which it rounds off, expanding into fuller light, a higher level, and a breadth of less occupied space, is of itself extremely effective, very nearly as successful in point of art as it seems to be in adaptation to practical uses. This is the only beauty about the building. The domes are imposing only to those whose imagination can be impressed by the figures of their measurement, and remind one of anything in the world rather than the majestic vault of St Peter's, or the sunless splendour of St Mary of the Flowers ; nor has there even been an effort to perfect the effect by making the construction of these great openings visible through the perspective of the nave. Something larger and rounder at the other end is all that one can make of it ; but still the bold entrance of the colourless daylight on either hand throws up with a certain softened brilliancy of contrast the lofty line of roof between, rich with colour and gleaming with flags, which it is refreshing and exhilarating to return to, after all the more ignoble arrangements around and below.

This nave was the last chance of the building for beauty and dignity. After Captain Fowke had done his worst, the good genius who presides over accidental efforts still kept this

possibility unimpaired. A certain amount of character and individuality, capable of being developed into splendour in skilful hands, remained. But the exhibitors have come gallantly to the rescue, and done all that men and tradesmen could to put an end to the peradventure. The necessities of the case visibly demanded width of space, some nobility of form in the objects selected for this position, a moderate level of height in the centre line, and a certain regularity of arrangement. All these conditions have been triumphantly defied. A collection of glass temples, mausoleums, and cages of every variety of height, form, and ugliness, stand here and there through the crowded area, breaking up the tide of visitors into sudden eddies and dangerous little whirlpools of crowd. Smothered among the multitude of these independent erections, which every man has built for himself and not another, with the noblest indifference to anything like agreement or harmony, appears here and there the gleaming whiteness of a marble figure, which, overpowered underneath the shadows of the surrounding structures, nobody can possibly hope to see. Where it is the great Armstrong gun which strides across the way with grim solemnity and significance, bringing to a dead stop the most light-minded passenger, there is an appropriate force in the interruption which nobody can gainsay. All the revolutions of the time since we met under the elm-trees in the Hyde Park Palace of Peace, speak with sententious brevity and force in the cruel polish and brightness of that deadly passive power. It is in some degree the moral of the show, uttering conclusions more convincing than philosophy. But there is no affinity with that stern presence in those mystic temples sacred to the cloths of Bradford

and the weapons of Birmingham; and who can forgive the ugly gigantic case, some thirty feet high, which does not even enshrine any princely show of porcelain or glittering jewels, but thrusts itself direct in his way, with nothing better than a display of candles to account for its obtrusive presence?*

This last exasperation of unloveliness carries all the defects of the new Exhibition to a climax. And the haste and imperfection everywhere visible, unfinished work and packing-boxes on every side, mar whatever may happen to be effective, even in detail. Nothing, indeed, has been done that could be helped; no man has put himself out of the way, so far as it appears—except perhaps the decorators who seized out of chaos that one palpably successful roof—to secure any pictorial effect at all to the confused scene.

But notwithstanding all these drawbacks, and notwithstanding the still greater disadvantage under which the Royal mourning throws this favourite project of the good Prince whom we all lament, the pageant of the 1st of May was perhaps as successful as in a nation not given to such scenic studies a ceremonial of the kind could ever be. At some moments the *coup d'œil* was of the most brilliant description, and now and then gleams of real human feeling, unwonted in such an assembly, gave to the scene a still higher interest. The long length of the nave was thronged by a sparkling summer crowd, rich in all the accessories of embellishment—groups of fair faces, with their pearly tints and pink reflections, seraph heads softly veiled in softest drapery, half transparent mists and clouds of lace. Half disclosed and half revealed by the extraordinary “trophies” dispersed through the nave, this brilliant mass found a centre and cli-

* Since the above was written, measures have been taken to abate the visible nuisance, and it is to be hoped that before the popular tide sets in, a different and better effect will have been secured.

max in the still more brilliant crowd assembled under the eastern dome, from which brightest point of all the orchestra sloped upwards, enclosing with its dark border of musicians a daisy band of female singers, white-bonneted, and in modest bloom. Just beneath, the great people in a glittering half-circle, with the Duchess of Cambridge and her daughters representing absent royalty, gathered round the platform upon which the ceremony of opening, begun in the other end of the building, was to be completed. Brilliant uniforms of every variety of splendour lighted up the magnificent crowd, in which the ladies, with their white cloaks and soft-hued dresses, toned down the scarlet and golden lights which might have been too dazzling but for their harmonising presence. A sudden gleam of sunshine coming in over the crowd, as they sat, in all the flutter and expectancy of suspense, awaiting the arrival of the procession, flashing resplendent on the fantastic gold lace of the trumpeters, seizing here and there upon an eminent bit of scarlet, and bringing out an occasional flash of white more intensely radiant in spotless negation of colour than any colour could be, made a magical effect. Here the ladies took their natural advantage in natural brightness of dress and looks; but the uniforms and diversities of male costume, the furred red cloak, the black academical gown, the Windsor uniform, beattified policeman-garb, the court-dress, so appalling to most of its wearers, had their full effect in a throng, not too large to permit the identification of all its leading members, but large enough to fill the ample semi-circle, and give splendour to the space in which all the colour and light of the building culminated. The most careful artistic grouping could not have surpassed the chance combinations of this splendid circle, backed by the vast slope of the orchestra, with the lesser world of society in fluctuating motion and

suspense, at its feet. The entire scene was at its brightest, all eyes directed towards the further end, at which the distant procession had appeared, distant thrills of trumpets echoing far off as they entered, and the rustle of expectation growing upon all sides, when suddenly, by some unexplained mistake or misunderstanding, the whole orchestra suddenly rose, with a momentary flutter of all its leaves of music like the touch of a passing breeze, and over the heads of the startled assembly, suddenly raised to its feet in the very moment of its expectation, there poured forth from a thousand voices the grand familiar burden of 'God save the Queen.'

The touch was magical; nobody expected or seemed to have calculated upon that sudden burst of song. At the other end the official details of the ceremony had begun; but within sight and hearing of that orchestra suddenly uplifting its wondrous voice, with what seemed a spontaneous inspiration, one thought, and one only, touched the chord of tears in every man's heart. Where was She then? Hurrying on far away in Scotland, into the shadow of the compassionate hills; hot clangour of wheels in her ears driving out the distant echoes of this jubilee; few words said, one might be sure; wistful children vainly trying to throw a little radiance of smiles about her through their tears—wistful people on the way refraining from very love their usual welcome. Like a sudden sight of Her in the sudden journey, the uplifting of that unexpected anthem went to the heart of the crowd. God save the Queen! dear always, never so dear as now. From the midst of the pageant, of which, but for this, she would have been the centre, that pathetic sudden song burst forth like an irrestrainable outcry of pity and love. Never was expedient of sorrow more touching than that womanly flight out of sight and hearing on this day, too suggestive and full of memories. God send her the weariness she

seeks—the sleep that He gives His beloved! No better prayer can we pray for her in the sudden anguish of contrast that seizes upon us; there is no more to be said. Now the bright procession gleams along the encumbered lines, half lost in opening gulfs of crowd—now the wild Celtic pibroch wakes an alien echo—now the brilliant tide pours forward, every man a name for history, every figure pointed out to eager bystanders, and gazed at like a miracle. Oh, absent Queen! not a gazer there but in the depths of his heart yearns and is troubled for you.

When the Duke of Cambridge had taken his place with his brilliant retinue, the fair Saxon Frederick-William on one hand, the dark Swedish-French Oscar, impersonations of their different races, on the other, the ceremony proceeded. Music as fresh as the inspiration of to-day, but as perfect as if the practice of years had breathed skill into the fingers of every performer—music, which was trusted to no accident like the building, but committed to the worthiest hands, and framed for the special purpose—gave a heart and centre to the ceremonial. Nothing could be more perfect than the execution, and nothing more respectfully attentive than the crowd, which was not, however, moved by any evident thrill of emotion or sensation, but received the performance calmly, without apparent enthusiasm. After giving devout audience to the compositions of MM. Auber and Meyerbeer, it was, perhaps, scarcely to be expected that the Bishop of London should meet with equal attention, and his voice was audible to but a limited number; but when the splendid strain of the Hallelujah chorus burst into the air, filling, as it seemed, the entire building with that volume of grand harmony, all other sounds and commotions were swept into oblivion before the magnificent ascription of praise. It was the climax of all the day's proceedings—the highest vocal expression yet discovered by man of that

which, in dim Latin and indifferent English, with a certain reticent, and sometimes rude, but unfailing national piety, is carved over half the buildings in England, and over and over again imprinted in vague sentences upon the walls of this special edifice—"The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" Without evermore saying or singing this broadest of all fundamental truths, no English celebration could be complete. To say national piety, is perhaps too strong an expression; but nowhere does that stubborn sense of religion, which is sometimes to be found in utter disjunction from personal goodness, make itself more clearly apparent than in the universal acknowledgment, habitual to this country, of the supremacy of God. Though the crowd had already been standing throughout the prayer—which, considering that it was generally inaudible, seemed of rather excessive length—everybody continued to stand with tenacious steadiness through these twin choruses, both so solemn and splendid, which wound up the proceedings,—a double monarchy, in infinite gradation, but equally dutiful acknowledgment, which the English crowd confessed, as it always does, with uncovered head and attitude of reverence. God above who reigns over all; and here the Queen. Solemn confession of the heavenly monarch, blessing and prayers for the earthly—what more does any national ceremony demand? Having made it, the work was complete; and with a flourish and thrill of trumpets, startling the echoes—with a rustle of excitement and triumph in the crowd, and a fluctuating cheer, which eddied off down the nave and through the avenues wherever there was voice enough to catch it up, the second Great Exhibition was declared open, and the pageant of its first day came to an end.

When the brilliant mass broke up and poured forth over the building—flowing, a tide of colour and animation, from dome to dome, appearing and disappearing on the higher

level, the Royal party did what every other person of sense will do on entering this Exhibition. They proceeded to the Picture Gallery. This Picture Gallery alone would be enough to give magnificence to the whole undertaking. Nothing like it has ever been seen in England. A long extent of well-lighted and not ill-proportioned rooms, where few pictures worth seeing can fail of finding a good place, and where the studious public may mark and note, not only the progress of art among ourselves during the last hundred years, but also the differences and contrasts between art in England and in other countries, is a boon to be gratefully accepted and prized. No former Exhibition, at least in England, has so much as attempted this worthy and valuable work. One can pass from Ward to Delaroche, and see them exchange countries in the catholic inspiration of genius; and one can learn a new and subtle phase of national difference and human likeness from the resemblances and contrasts on either side of the line which separates the *genre* pictures of England from those of France. Among the higher productions of religious art, there is perhaps nothing in our own division of this great and splendid duel between the nations which could be fitly placed beside the Belgian picture of the young Christian asleep,* with his rude wooden cross in his innocent hands, upon whom that Roman slave, with an indescribable stolid awe and immovable cruel compassion in his wonderful face, opens the doors which separate him from the crowded amphitheatre and the hungry lions; and certainly nothing on the other side, though theirs is the faith more used to pictorial expression, could stand for a moment

by the 'Light of the World'—most divine in unutterable sadness of modern pictures. Class by class, and almost line by line, the student may learn those differences which are not to be described in words; while at the same time he traces back our own wholesome and vigorous school of painting into the tender graces of Reynolds and the dramatic genius of Hogarth. We have no space to enter into this most interesting examination; but whatever may be said of anything else under these domes, the Picture Gallery is glorious,—a collection worthy all the pains that have been expended in drawing it together—an unique and unparalleled effort for which we may well be grateful. Such an evidence of intercourse and friendship among the nations—such a means of giving knowledge of each other, and acquaintance with each other's individual merits—has perhaps a higher human value than any interchange of inventions or emulation in fabric and manufacture. The one perfects our domestic elegances and improves our apparel; the other conveys the familiar traits of our brother, who is a stranger, into our hearts.

This is the gem and glory of the new Exhibition—one with which the old Exhibition had absolutely nothing to compare. We stop short at this welcome point of superiority. The inevitable contrast, which is the first thing made by everybody on entering, is not to be spoken here; and in right of this, if of nothing else, we have a right to conclude the work successful which has collected a larger display of those things of beauty which are joys for ever, under one roof, even though that roof may have little in it either lovely or joyful, than any other attempt has ever yet succeeded in doing, or has even attempted to do.

* A martyr in the time of Diocletian.

MRS PETHERICK'S AFRICAN JOURNAL.

[The following Journal has been sent to us, with a letter, dated Khar-toum, December 1, 1861, by Mrs Petherick, wife of the celebrated African traveller, who, with noble devotion, is accompanying her husband in his arduous attempt to penetrate to the sources of the Nile, with the hope of meeting the expedition of our gallant friend Captain Speke, who is advancing from Zanzibar on the south-east coast with the same object.

When Mrs Petherick wrote, the stout-hearted travellers were in high health and spirits, on the point of starting for the far interior.

God grant them health and success, and a safe return to their friends! —Ed. B. M.]

AFTER a prolonged stay at Cairo, waiting the arrival of gunpowder, which had been shipped from England some months before, we were not able to effect a start until the last day of June 1861.

We had taken possession of a fine dahabyeh a fortnight previously, and had lived entirely on board. Three other boats were laden with baggage. We visited the glorious ruins of Thebes, Karnac, &c.; but these have been often described so eloquently and so graphically, that I refrain from paying my poor tribute to those magnificent relics of the past. In the course of three weeks we arrived at Assouan. Here is the first cataract, which is not passable except during the high Nile. We there left the boats, and proceeded on horseback to Shalat, some two miles distant, opposite the lovely island of Philæ; on it there are the ruins of an exquisite temple.

At Shalat we received the hospitality of the Roman Catholic mission, settled here most comfortably. They had abandoned their station at Gondokoro, and also their important one at Khartoum, so many of their followers having died. We went on board another dahabyeh, destitute of the comforts of the last.

Miani, the Italian traveller, who reported he had reached a place called Guluffi, far in the interior of Africa, paid us a visit. He was on his way to Cairo direct from Khar-toum, disappointed in his hope of

reaching Gondokoro, and continuing his researches, having been supplied with ample funds by the Egyptian Government to enable him to do so. His boat, he said, when at anchor opposite Khartoum, sprang a leak and went down, spoiling his goods, provisions, &c. &c. He was thus compelled to abandon, for the time at least, his expedition. Miani is a fine old man, of prepossessing appearance. He was dressed in the Turkish costume, but with a voluminous turban; his snowy beard descended low.

In two days we set sail for Korosko, and arrived at that place on the morning of the 1st of August. I had imagined it a town of some importance, and, while preparations were made for landing, looked out for a minaret or two; but I saw only a few mud houses. Our tents were soon pitched near some date-palms, and within two hundred yards of the river. Korosko is situated on the east bank of the Nile, on the confines of the Nubian or Aboo Hamad desert. On the opposite shore is the Lybian desert, a most uncomfortable, hot-looking plain. Shortly after our arrival the sheikh of the camelmen, appointed by the Government, paid us a visit; he was attended by three or four wild-looking Arabs. These men wore no covering on the head; their own luxuriant hair, plaited into a hundred little tails such as Top-sy delighted in, formed a natural

shade that defied the sun's rays. Their only clothing consisted of a long piece of dingy calico worn round the loins. The Sheigh Ahmed, a remarkably handsome man, wore an enormous white turban, a silk handkerchief of many colours lightly cast over it, a loose robe of blue calico, and capacious white Turkish trousers, and the red slippers of the country, turned up at the toes; he rode a knowing-looking donkey, almost covered by a bright long-haired goat-skin.

The salutations between Petherick and the Sheigh were so prolonged, the Arabs also participating, that I evinced a true womanly curiosity as to the meaning of such a demonstration, and heard, for the first time, that my husband was regarded as a benefactor of Korosko and of the desert tribes to Berber. I was told that in 1856 the present Viceroy of Egypt crossed the Nubian desert; and he was so convinced that the hardships were too great to be endured, that he ordered the route to be closed, knowing well that the way by Dongola was far more easy, as water there was always to be had, and the pasturage was in many places luxuriant. This closing the road presented serious obstacles to the Khartoumers; and Petherick, when on his way to England some time after, had an interview with his Highness the Viceroy. He urged upon him that, if both routes were accessible, travellers could choose between them, and that the people, whose existence depended upon the hire of their camels, and who were now suffering severely, would be relieved. The Viceroy in consequence revoked his decision, and Petherick was regarded as the means of his doing so.

The sheigh, greatly to our chagrin, said that, notwithstanding the letter he had received some time previously from Petherick, begging him to retain two hundred camels for the transport of our baggage, &c., he could only procure seventy; the dry season was so far advanced, and food was so difficult to be pro-

cured, that the owners did not wish their beasts to be worked. Petherick at once determined to proceed, leaving the remaining baggage with an old and trustworthy servant, Mustapha, who had waited for many months our arrival at Cairo.

But when we proceeded to load the poor weak camels, nearly all the boxes were over-weight. This was a blow, as all those from whom goods had been purchased had been particularly requested not to allow any package to exceed two hundredweight. Truly is it said the last hair will break the camel's back: these animals refused to carry their loads; it might be only a few lb. more in some of the cases, in others far beyond this; but the result was the same. The consequence was, that as no carpenter was near, and the servants about us were ignorant of the use of a hammer, Petherick had to alter the cases himself. He went at it with a will, but the heat was terribly against him; daily at noon the chamseen, or simoom wind, blew for hours at intervals, carrying with it clouds of fine penetrating sand. I was soon aware of its freaks; and at its approach would envelop myself in a large white Algerian burnous, throw myself on the ground, and there remain until the gust was over.

On the 5th of August sufficient work had been executed to enable us to send off the seventy camels to Berber, where four of Petherick's boats had been waiting two months. We were obliged to remain at Korosko, so much was yet to be done to the boxes. We determined to make the best of a bad position, and got out a table and chairs for the tent, and sundry little comforts. The horses had come by land from Assouan; and it was arranged that daily, before the sun was up, we should give them fair exercise.

Living as it were in public, we could bear no sides put up to the tent. Though we slept always in the open air, not an intrusive glance

or step did we ever experience: no backsheesh was demanded: not a child even approached; all respected the privacy so desirable.

We had some fine fowls bought for slaughter, but they became pets during the river voyage, and thus escaped their intended doom. These fowls were the objects of nightly attack; foxes, wild-cats, dogs, in turn assailed their cage, placed high in a mimosa tree. Our pets' cry of distress sounded the alarm, and Petherick, who had always his gun at hand, and revolver pistols beneath his rug, would take aim; and on three consecutive nights shot an intruder. After this the visits became more rare.

The women of Korosko came daily to inspect the palm-trees; the dates were ripening rapidly, and promised an abundant harvest. These women, clad in loose flowing robes, barefooted, sometimes carrying a child astride their hip or shoulder, walk with inimitable grace.

One morning a boat left for Dongola bearing some rough-looking soldiers, who had remained at Korosko a night. Soon after their departure, a woman of the village came as usual to look to her trees; sundry bunches of dates were missed. Never shall I forget her superb attitudes—grand, because they were unstudied. She lifted on high her arms, from which the drapery fell back: beautifully-moulded arms they were, encircled by ivory bracelets. For a brief moment she was silent, and then her tongue became vehement. She prayed that the robbers might be smitten by blindness because their eyes had regarded enviously the fruit—that those who, knowing it stolen, ate of it, might be choked, and so on. From my heart I pitied the poor creature: all in the Egyptian land are so heavily taxed; every fruit-bearing tree has its impost; and no relief, if the crop fails, can be obtained. At a distance the hair of the women appeared to me arranged in natural curls—small ones over the forehead,

increasing in length at the back; but on inspection these supposed ringlets were plaits, so fine and numerous that it was with difficulty I made out the difference. All wear necklaces of beads or pebbles, and bracelets of ivory, stained sometimes into a pretty pattern: nearly all have cuts in their face, which they paint blue, and also their lips. The girl-children wore the rachat—a fringe of thinly-cut thongs of leather—round the loins; the boys were in nature's livery, and were young imps revelling in the dust, and similar pastimes. Food was so scarce, that had it not been for cases of preserved meats, &c., from Crosse and Blackwall's, we should have fared badly. There was but little game, and during our stay only a few doves were bagged: in the evenings, however, we had some success in fishing. The people use a spear attached to a long cord, and when a fish of large size is seen, they throw it with force, and generally capture it. We daily observed the rapid rising of the Nile: our landmarks were one by one swept away; and a little promontory on which the fishing-rods were placed at sunset for our use, with rugs, a dragging net, &c., had disappeared one morning. The river had covered it.

The Egyptians and Arabs believe that at midnight, on the 17th of June, a blessed drop of dew falls from heaven, and from that moment the river increases. The night is kept as a festival; many pray in the mosques; the boats are bedecked with flags, firearms are discharged constantly, and the women along the banks yachareet wildly. When this drop was supposed to fall, we were in the dahabyeh off Boulac (old Cairo). The enthusiasm of our crew became almost frantic; they sang, they beat drums, and fired the whole night. After this date the river changed its colour. It is first of a green hue, and in a fortnight it becomes reddish, very thick, and it is impossible to drink it with any feeling of satisfaction,

unless filtered. The means used are simple enough: the water is poured into large porous earthen jars, and with it a small portion of alum: if this is not to be had, a handful of lentils (like our dried pease) answers as well.

On the 15th of August we amused ourselves by inflating our India-rubber boat, and launching it for the first time. The servants were utterly dismayed, and entreated us not to put off from shore; but their remonstrances were not heeded. The banks by this time were crowded, and many divested themselves of their scanty clothing, prepared to rescue us, so positive were they that a capsizing must ensue. However, all went well. We were accompanied only by a little boy, Achmed, and for two hours remained on the water, allowing the current to carry the boat with it, and then pulling our way back. We had a fishing-line, but made no use of it, as a swarm of small fish, the white-bait of the Nile, leaped into the boat. They had evidently been pursued by a monster of the deep, and took an acrobatic jump to evade him. We counted sixty-three of these delicious-eating morsels. At this time there was no need of a lamp; we dined by the light of the moon.

We were greatly plagued by scorpions. They were in all places: open a box, one was sure to be seen capering about; get up from a seat, the chances were you had been sitting on one. Snakes too abounded, most of them poisonous. During the day I always had a pair of pincers near me, and many specimens of these reptiles I had the pleasure of placing in a bath of spirits prepared for their reception.

One day a weird-looking woman, a fortune-teller by profession, begged an audience: she was allowed to seat herself on the ground; and, throwing a handful of cowrie-shells before her, commenced her predictions, all of the brightest. The small sum of money given her gave great satisfaction; but

she looked with yearning eyes towards my sewing apparatus, and begged for a few needles. I made up a small parcel with cotton, &c., and handed them to her: she was so delighted, that, taking from her neck a piece of twine to which two valuable scarabei were attached, she placed them at my feet and withdrew.

When we were at Assouan, a disbanded soldier arrived from Alexandria. With many more he came up to Petherick and respectfully asked if he would take him into our service. There was something honest in the man's face; and finding that he was a Dinka, and, as such, would be useful as an interpreter when we were amongst that tribe, it was arranged that he should at once join us. His story was a strange one, as told to our people, and reported to us by Mustapha. When his regiment moved from Cairo to Alexandria, he left his wife at Cairo. When the Viceroy, upon the Sultan's death, dismissed (from motives of economy) a great portion of his army, this man, Kheir Allah, was in the first batch. They were conveyed from Alexandria in boats, and in receipt of their pay, but were not to land at Cairo. Kheir Allah sent by a supposed friend his money to his wife, begging her to settle her debts and come as soon as possible to the boat. Many hours passed, but no wife appeared. At last, as they were pushing off from the shore, she approached to learn tidings of her husband, not knowing that he was on board. The false friend had not been to her. Kheir Allah had but time to bid her follow him the first opportunity. The poor man was sadly troubled, having given up his pay to be of no service to himself or her.

On the 16th of August some twenty camels were ready to proceed with our baggage. We were glad to accept these beasts in driblets. We accompanied them on horseback a short distance. This evening a light spring-cart, made in London, was put together, and

the following morning a fine camel was put into the shafts, to make the attempt to draw it. Harness for the purpose had been manufactured at Cairo, according to the directions of my husband. A crowd collected to see the strange vehicle. A push was given at the back of the cart, a loud shout raised, and away went the camel as if he had drawn one all his life. The arrangements were perfect; but great doubts were expressed as to the possibility of ever getting the cart through the ravine, the entrance to the desert. His Highness the Viceroy had performed the journey in his carriage, but then his gold and soldiers turned the stones into dust. In an hour back came the camel with the cart; all were satisfied with the experiment.

The weather was fearfully hot, the thermometer daily at 100° in the shade; and on the 20th I was almost inclined to give in; but towards sunset I observed the faint indication of a rainbow, and then my spirits rose, for I felt sure rain was near. I ran to Petherick, who was at some distance (working at the abominable boxes), to point out to him "the promise," but it had disappeared; no one had remarked it. I believe all thought me mad; and I was assured over and over that it had not rained in those parts for nine years: did I think we were to be so favoured?

Disappointed, but still firm in my belief, I hastened back to the tent to gather from around it the many articles scattered about, and to place them in safety. I had as an attendant a very intelligent boy, Achmed, the son of an old Kordofanese servant of Petherick's; he went willingly to work with me, and in a short time we had stowed away in a waterproof tent a considerable number of things; and all that we could cram into the cart we did, covering them over with a sheet of india-rubber cloth. Every now and then my husband would laugh, as *he* only can laugh, at my self-imposed task. However,

the work was hardly finished when a terrific peal of thunder was heard; lightning flashed in every direction, and down came the rain. The sight was grand: the sun had set, and the sky became intensely dark. The figures of the men, as they rushed about the baggage, vainly attempting to cover it, were revealed to us only when the lightning lit up the sky.

The storm lasted six hours. No lamp could be kept a-light; dinner was out of the question. Patiently we sat in the centre of the tent, speculating as to the damage likely to accrue to the baggage, but congratulating ourselves that the journey across the desert would be more favourable, as water might be found in nature's mountain reservoirs, hitherto dry. The morning following was glorious; but when we looked at the palm-trees, it was sad to see them stripped of the rich clusters of dates that had before adorned them. The women and children had come from their homes and lamented disconsolately. Our horses were in a wretched plight—there had been no covering provided for them. Our men also had suffered, for they had found no dry place on which to sleep.

The day passed quickly, looking over the goods and chattels: many were entirely ruined. At night another storm came on, accompanied with rain; our tents were blown down, and no shelter was to be had. The people of Korosko were alike destitute of cover, their houses being mostly built with a simple roof of matting. We, however, would not fancy ourselves inconvenienced; we had exercise enough to keep our minds from dwelling grievously upon our moist, uncomfortable state, as the horses, terrified at the lightning, constantly broke loose: mine, "*Luxor*" by name, would only come at my bidding, and I had indeed to race after him ere he could catch the sound of my voice. Then there was the raising of the tents: all had to lend a hand. I was once lifted off my

feet as I held to a rope of the tent, attempting to peg it to the ground.

The next morning was calm and deliciously cool; but we held ourselves in readiness for more rain, and that we had occasionally for two days, unaccompanied, however, by wind. The Nile had increased alarmingly, and was carrying with it large palm and other trees, heaps of grain, and drowned cattle; and in the ravine of the desert rushed a torrent, bearing the carcasses of hyenas, camels, and quantities of the colchicum plant: all this told how universal had been the storm.

Late in the day a caravan arrived from Berber; and the Sheigh reported to us that great had been the sufferings of travellers and beasts. Water was only to be procured at the midway station—the wells of Murat—and there it was scarce. The heat had never been known so great; and had it not been for the timely rains of the last two days, one woman, a soldier's wife, must have died, it was said. Our people had been met with at different parts of the desert; some of the camels had broken down, and their loads were left on the ground, and two had died.

During the day we heard a loud crash, and a splash in the Nile, and were blinded for a few moments by clouds of dust. The sakeyeh near to us had fallen into the river; its supports had been carried away by the rush of waters. The sakeyeh is a large wheel, to which are suspended by a chain of ropes many earthen jars reaching the water; the wheel is worked by bullocks, and as the jars are raised the water is emptied into a trough, and is distributed over the cultivated land. All the village turned out to lament, and the confusion was terrific. Our kitchen was under an arch, which formed the support of the wheel; it was destroyed, with our dinner, the cook having a narrow escape.

On the 25th of August several dahabyehs made fast to the bank immediately in front of the tents, and some thousand disbanded negro

soldiers of Said Pasha's landed. It seems retrenchment was the order of the day, and these men were sent to Korosko, others to Dongola, and from those places were to get to their homes as they might. They behaved with the utmost rudeness, passing close to our tents, handling all things about. They evidently wished to provoke an outbreak. Most of them were armed, nearly all destitute of money, and they commenced to sell their clothing to the people; and because ours would not buy, threatened them in a very hectoring manner. I had great trouble to keep Petherick quiet; he was for fighting the thousand; but he soon became convinced that had he even spoken harshly, they would all have been down upon us, and become masters of the place. We had only four servants at that time, and not one of them would leave to take the horses to water, as they were well aware of the pillaging intentions of these men. At night they bivouacked near to us: our party were well armed, and watched, though apparently sleeping. At dawn the Sheigh sent twenty camelmen to commence the weighing and cording of boxes for eighty camels; these were the poor beasts that had recently arrived. We felt more secure, and went on with the usual occupations of the day; but the morning ride was abandoned.

The Sheigh soon arrived, and told the soldiers it was impossible he could find means to send any of them across the desert, as all the camels likely to arrive we required. He prevailed upon all but some two hundred to proceed by boat to Wadi Halfa, where they would find camels in abundance to convey them by way of Dongola. The two hundred soldiers still remained at Korosko, but removed some distance from us. One of them came to Petherick, anxious to join us, as he was without means; and he offered that, if provided with quarters, and allowed to accompany us to Khartoum, he would make us a present of two boys whom

he looked upon as his own. His proposition was not accepted.

On the 27th, the eighty camels started, accompanied by Kheir Allah, who, before leaving, begged that, if his wife should arrive during our stay, she might be allowed to travel with us: permission was given, and he left a note to be handed to her to that effect. The scene of confusion, when these caravans are loading, is indescribable: the camels moan hideously when being laden; the Arabs, wild-looking men, scream and shout, as each fancies his camel has the heaviest load. The Sheigh, Petherick, and the Arab secretary, sit on rugs beneath the shade of a mimosa tree, and smoke quietly; occasionally a turbulent driver rushes to their presence—an Orson he appears to me, almost naked, and with shaggy hair standing out like Medusa's serpents round his head. A wave of the hand sends him back to his post. These things I observe from my seat in the tent—'tis there the fowls rush for protection when we have these noisy visitors. These fowls, by the way, gave us daily five eggs: each had a different place for laying, in or around the tent. Their going to roost was an amusing sight. Their cage was placed in a tree, and, to enable them to get to it, at sunset I always placed a ladder, up which in turn they gravely stepped.

We now prepared for the final start; more camels were reported as near. A week would suffice, the Sheigh said, for their rest, and then we could bid adieu to Korosko. It was told us that Kheir Allah's wife had arrived, accompanied by her daughter and son-in-law. This man was a fanatic Mussulman, and protested against her serving the unbelievers: he would not permit her to remain with us, and would only give her up to her husband; and they proceeded with four camels to cross the desert. On the 28th of August we received tidings of the dahabyeh Petherick had left at Boulac to be

fitted with every comfort for our trip to Gondokoro. She was coming up with the high Nile, and would pass safely, we trusted, the many cataracts to Khartoum. We heard that Mr Murie, a medical man, who was to accompany us to the interior of Africa, was on board, though we had little thought of seeing the Kathleen when we left Cairo. Before her arrival at Khartoum this was now feasible. Three mornings our rides were extended far along the banks of the Nile, and vainly we strained our eyes for dear old England's flag. But on the evening of the 31st, when we were busily preparing for departure on the day but one following, I saw a European with his attendant approach. I knew it must be Murie, and advanced to meet him. Warm were the greetings; the well-known Scotch accent sounded pleasantly to my ear. Petherick was occupied with the cart that was on the point of starting (we were to pick it up some miles off). The Doctor (for from the moment he joined us he was so called) accompanied me to the hard-working husband. His surprise was great that the Doctor should have made his appearance except in the boat, as we never imagined our prolonged stay at Korosko could have reached his ears; but it had done so at Assouan, where a return dahabyeh, whose reis or captain knew ours, gave a faithful description of our encampment and the cause of detention.

The Doctor had left the dahabyeh at some distance. There was no wind. The men, he said, were thoroughly knocked up, having towed the greater part of the way from Boulac: in the morning we were to expect her. We received good news from our dear English home; and the happy evening we three passed will never be forgotten.

It was decided that the Doctor should proceed with us across the desert instead of going in the boat to Khartoum, as the Kathleen might be delayed considerably: the wind was adverse, and the current dead

against her. The next morning at dawn the dahabyeh was reported as approaching. We went to the bank with guns in hand to salute her. She was gaily dressed with flags, but was ignominiously towed; no wind puffed out the graceful lateen sails. When she neared, we fired, and gave a jolly English "Hip, hip, hurrah!" those on board kept up a running fire, but could not return the cheer. The first thing I revelled in was a bath on board, the greatest possible luxury. Very little work was done that day; the holiday was universal. The morning following, the Doctor's baggage was brought on shore, and also a photographic apparatus, &c. &c., which Petherick had purchased in London, and which, he hoped, the Doctor would turn to good account, as he had undertaken that service likewise. My piano was to be placed in the Kathleen, as no camels could carry it, though made, for the convenience of transport, in two separate parts. But unfortunately both cases exceeded by a few pounds the desired two hundredweight.

A second boat, with heavy chains, cables, and goods, too many for the Kathleen, came up; she was unladen, and the things disposed of, some placed on board the dahabyeh, as she was lightened somewhat by the removal of the Doctor's traps, &c.; others were left in charge of the Sheigh, as being too heavy for camels; and these were to remain at Korosko until the winter. On the 4th of September the Kathleen sailed, taking with her the pet fowls, and the Doctor's stock was brought on shore for the desert eating.

As more camels were now wanted, we did not effect a start until the 7th. Amongst ourselves we mustered eight—Petherick, myself, Dr Murie, and an English boy, Foxcroft (who came out to assist in collecting), formed the European party; the servants—old Mustapha and his son Achmed, Rechan the cook, and Ali, the Doctor's dragoman, formerly a hunter of Petherick's.

Seventy-four camels and luggage went off to the ravine at sunrise, and were to wait for us some little way off. It is always necessary that at first they should proceed some short distance, for the drivers to observe if they are properly weighted; after the first start, all goes on well; the load of each camel is known, and never by any means is it exchanged.

It was almost noon ere Petherick, the Doctor, and myself mounted our horses. The attendants remained to pack up the tents, &c., and were to follow to the rendezvous. Their camels, twelve in number, remained also. The Sheigh and many of the people gave us little gifts, such as dates, &c., and a hearty "Wad, da, nak Allah"—God be with you. We bade adieu to a Monsieur P——, a Belgian, who had arrived some days previously: he was *en route* to Khartoum, but was likely to be detained for want of camels at Korosko as long as we had been.

Entering the ravine, I observed four graves, those of Europeans. I had but time to read the inscription on one; it was to the memory of

MARY WALTON,
Aged 24.

The date I forget, but it was early in 1861. In about an hour we arrived at the encampment, in the stony valley of Korosko, and there remained until three o'clock: the heat was intense, and the confusion around distracting. We again rode as before, but in advance of the caravan. The guide, Hadgi Abdel Gader, a good-looking, intelligent young fellow, was on his camel, the best of the lot: he carried a sword, and had no baggage attached to his saddle. As he was compelled frequently to ride to and fro, his beast could not carry much weight. In the course of two hours we came up to the cart; it was at a stand-still: a wheel had become locked, owing to the expansion of the iron from heat: a skin of water was poured over it, and soon all was made right.

Two sheep had been purchased at

Korosko; they were to serve as food during the journey; but one behaved so badly, never walking in the right direction, that Mustapha was told to place it before him on his camel—no enviable position for man or sheep. The march continued until long after sunset; the moon was not up, and there was but a faint light from the stars. My horse became restive; several times he had shied at the white skeletons of camels and hyenas which in many places we had to pass over; while on both sides of the ravine they lay in countless numbers.

I was tired and timid; we were compelled to ride in single file, and there was no turning back to pick up a straggler. One very difficult pass we came to, and it required the cheering shout of the guide, and a good application of the whip, to make the animals attempt it. It was past nine o'clock ere we reached the halting-place, called Sichreeg. The caravan soon came up; fires were lighted, and preparations made for supper. It was a novel sight, the dusky Arabs unloading the howling camels, three horses, and four donkeys, which occupied a large piece of ground. Our rugs were spread, but I was too excited to rest, and wandered about the encampment. Here are some fine reservoirs, constructed by the order of the late Mehemet Ali. Late at night Mustapha, who had been reported missing, arrived; the wicked sheep had escaped, and he had to follow far into a mountain-gorge ere it could be recovered. The poor man was exhausted, for his camel also had bolted, and he had had to recover him unaided. Orders were given that in the morning the sheep was to be slaughtered, and Mustapha retired inexpressibly happy.

Sunday, 8th.—A start was not made until half-past seven. The camel I was to ride—a female one, or naga, as they are called—had made off in the night, and there was some delay ere she was brought back. Petherick had been unable

to secure dromedaries for our riding, and we had to make the best of very tired worn-out camels. It was not without a nervous beating of the heart that I approached the kneeling, groaning beast, to mount, for the first time, a camel. I had refused the palanquin and bale of bedding used by the female travellers, preferring the saddle of the Soudan—a large basin, as it were, but elongated, with a wooden peg in front, a similar one at the back; to this last a gun was hung, and, supported by a strap, was conveniently placed at the side; as a counterpoise on the other side, my little travelling-bag and large umbrella were suspended.

I wore yellow Turkish boots, very loose and uncomfortable; full Turkish trousers, but over them a brown holland shirt, and a white flannel jacket with capacious pockets; upon my head an enormous straw-hat, over which folds of muslin were rolled. I had a blue veil also, but could never bear it over the face. I was advised to try wire-gauze spectacles; and one day, when the dust was more than usually troublesome, I put them on, but only for a moment; they scorched the eyes. I had determined to be as comfortable as possible, and to forget everything about complexion, &c., so I wisely stowed away the small hand-mirror, and was spared seeing myself a fright.

The naga was snapping at every one near her, and moaning piteously. Her rein, a single cord, was fastened to her fore-feet, so that she could not rise. I was told by Petherick to place my left foot on Ali's knee, who was on the ground, close to the camel's side, and then I was to spring into the saddle. I did so; and crossed my legs around the peg or pommel, and found myself well seated. I was then, as the camel rose, to throw myself backwards, then forwards, and another backward movement would settle the affair. All was done as directed, and I was towering high in the air.

Petherick was soon on his camel,

and at my side. He had quite a show of firearms surrounding his saddle, and was thoroughly at home—wearing a knickerbocker suit and formidable-looking boots; a brigand's hat (without the ribbons) completed his toilet.

I looked round for the Doctor; he was on his camel, well propped up by bedding on each side; Foxcroft was supported in a similar manner. All of us began the march in the best spirits; it lasted until half-past twelve, when we rested under shelving rocks; the shade they afforded was very grateful. We had passed about an hour's journey from Sichreeg, a rock on which was carved the representation of two long-horned bullocks and an antelope. Some time after, the guide pointed out three stones of a great size, placed far apart. He said this spot was known as the Mabaak t'il Naga, or Halting-Place of the Naga. We at once understood that a story was connected with it, and after the noonday rest the guide was summoned to our tent. He seated himself on the sand, and related the following in Arabic; Petherick acted as interpreter to myself and the Doctor.

"Once upon a time there lived at a village called Abu-Teen, north of Abu Hamad, the owner of an extraordinary fast-going naga. She was stolen one day from him, and every inquiry was made as to her whereabouts, but without success. At last Farrah Wallad Onad, the master of the camel, disguised himself as a beggar, and wandered in search of his valuable beast. After many months' search, he found the naga in the village of Am; she was then large with young. Farrah determined to wait in the neighbourhood until the expected offspring was capable of following its mother. When this was the case, he one day approached the naga, and, calling her by name, she knelt down to permit him to mount; unperceived, the three made their escape. Farrah placed the camel and her young one on an island near to his village. Here, for some time, they lived in

security, but a morning came when Farrah found that the narrow pass which led to the river, the only exit and entrance to the island, was guarded by many mounted Shanyhurs. They called to him to surrender and deliver up the camel. Although thus surprised, and escape apparently hopeless, he made the attempt, first killing with his lance the young camel, which it was impossible could follow on the hazardous undertaking. He threw himself into the Nile, the naga with him, and safely they reached the shore. Rather than lose his loved camel, he resolved to leave the country. Without hesitating, he pushed on. It was noon when he left Abu Hamad to cross the Nubian desert, yet by night he had cleared half the distance, and he rested at the wells of Murrat. Ere sunrise he was again on his camel, and at noon he had reached the spot alluded to, which has ever since been called the Halting-Place of the Naga. Here he alighted to refresh himself, but the naga proved restless, and was on the point of starting off, when Farrah threw himself on her back. She made three bounds, and their length is marked by the stones we saw. The first distance measures ten yards, the second fifteen, and the third twenty. No further halt was made until Farrah arrived at his birthplace, the village of Darau, on the Nile, a little above Edfoo."

We listened with interest to this tradition, told with such good faith. At half-past three we prepared for the start, and at four o'clock were fairly off. At sunset a halt: the men expect then their asseyeh, or supper—and we also, for our dinner-hour is now at mid-day. Upon rising, all we have time to take is a cup of coffee and a piece of bread, with a few dates, pocket more, and eat these last *en route*. The early start is everything to desert travellers: were they to wait whilst fires are lighted, and meat cooked, the sun would be well up. I believe we fared better than a great many—we had meat always twice a-day, soup

once, plenty of rice, maccaroni, fowls, &c., coffee, tea—a stimulant when it was positively required, but for a fortnight that was not indulged in. The first day or two our pocket-flasks were in great requisition, and we found ourselves feverish; afterwards, water and cold tea were all we drank. After supper we enjoyed a short sleep; and at nine o'clock were again in the saddle. My hat I now carried at my side, as it impeded the view of the sky; but wore, in lieu of it, a warm woollen hood; and, wrapped in the large white burnous, I would have it we were going to the opera. The camel was behaving delightfully; I fed her with dates, and we became good friends. She never again howled when I mounted or dismounted: the latter operation is not agreeable; the backward and forward movement is then reversed, and an addition is given in the shape of a hearty bump on the camel's part on the ground, which almost unseats you. The march was a long one—it was four hours past midnight ere we halted; gladly we availed ourselves of the brief rest allowed, and slept soundly for an hour and half, when the signal to start was given. This place where we bivouacked is called Hogal il Gourab, and takes its name from the slaughter of a notorious free-booter on the spot. "Gourab possessed a fleet camel, and was thus enabled to commit great ravages in the Nubian desert among the Bishari tribe, many of whom he killed whilst plundering, he always escaping, as no horse or camel in the country could compete with his. Many were the attempts made to seize him—ambuscades laid, but all failed. At length an old woman suggested that it was useless to endeavour to catch Gourab until they had a camel as fleet as his own. An old naga of the race with great difficulty was found, and it was determined to breed from her. In due time a Bakara camel was produced.

When three years had passed, this camel was pronounced fit for service. Gourab's movements having been watched, two armed Bishari men mounted the camel and pursued him; he was overtaken and killed."

At ten o'clock we reached "Koult il Guss," or "the Janissaries' Hillock." A few of these men having escaped from Cairo during the memorable events that followed the accession of Mehemet Ali, sought refuge here, where they dwelt a considerable time; others had fled to Dongola; and eventually the remnant reached Darfour. We rested until two o'clock, and marched until sunset; at nine o'clock we were off again. We were told this night's march would be a forced one. The water-skins had leaked considerably, and there was a scarcity of it.

We started bravely, the solitary sheep keeping up with the head of the caravan. We named him "Pluck," and made a mental resolve he should not be killed. The passes were numerous and rugged, and there was but little light. The carcasses of camels were thickly scattered around. I saw for the first time the constellation of the Southern Cross. At midnight we came to the "Chasm il Bab," or "Portal of the Desert." Here most of the camel-drivers performed a wild dance that would have made the Ojibbeways envious; they then formed a barrier and asked for money. It is always the custom; for at this place a guide and several men, on their journey to Korosko, died for want of water. These Arabs tell you that if it is your wish to return you must pay double. Willingly this fee was given, and they went on their way rejoicing. We then entered "the open," as it is called; and oh the weary march we had! rough places, sandy places, through an interminable (as it appeared to me) "valley without water,"—then another that certainly deserved the same name, but had it not. At last the dawn approach-

ed, and we threw ourselves on the ground for an hour.

On Tuesday the 10th the sun was just up when we were in the saddle, but this time on horseback. We rode until noon, and then sought repose in the caves of Ronakib. Sleep came to us directly, and we felt inclined to quarrel with our dinner when in an hour's time it was served: we contrived, however, to do justice to it. Afterwards Petherick, who had seen a hawk hovering over the fowls, seized his gun and went in pursuit. He soon brought it down. It proved a fine falcon concolor, shot in the wing and not dead. I then realised the truth of the saying, "hawk-eyed"—anything more defiant and bright-looking than the poor wounded bird's eyes I could not have imagined. We placed it in a basket, and at my earnest entreaty it was to be made a pet of. From this place fifty or more of our camels, the horses, and the cart also, pushed on to the wells. The few skins of water now remaining were carefully guarded. I saw Petherick become anxious, and we were all pretty well done up; however, at three o'clock we again started, with a determination not to be beaten. The boy Foxcroft behaved admirably. He was always cheerful, and he became a great favourite with the men, to whom he would sing English songs, the chorus of one of which they soon caught up. At six o'clock a bivouac, supper, and a start at nine. The moon was now up and bright. We all kept together, made the men dance and sing (we did the latter, too, ourselves); this was to make the time pass quickly. The Doctor's "Wait for the waggon" was in great request. The camels went faster, we found, when a noise was made. At times sleep would so overpower me I was obliged to dismount and walk. It was 4 A.M. ere we halted.

Wednesday, 11th.—Rested but one hour and half, for at six o'clock the start was made. No water doled out this morning for ablu-

tions. I could not cheer up Petherick; our camels were fast breaking down. We came up to several of our abandoned loads; the cart also was left in solitary state. We pushed on, and at one o'clock two camels laden with water and two of our men approached. The delight with which we beheld them I can never forget; and it was with difficulty, from emotion, I could greet them with the usual salutation in Arabic, "God is great." Halted soon afterwards in a delightful valley—the mimosa trees in profusion, some herbage too; butterflies in abundance. Our caravan had remained here, as water was found in the rocks close by. Rain had evidently fallen plentifully—the flowers of the herbage, yellow and violet coloured, gladdened the eye. We did not rest much, there seemed so many things to do and collect. The hawk was let out of his basket, and ate the entrails of a pigeon. A venomous snake was caught and placed in a bottle. The horses got loose, and I had the usual dance after mine.

At half-past six o'clock started, and reached Suffur at half-past eight; here a lengthened halt was to be made. We revelled in the idea; slept almost immediately; and did not rise until early on the following morning, the 12th. The tents were then put up, and the Doctor prepared to take photographic views. The scenery was charming—bold hills, luxuriant trees, and in the distance a grand ravine. The natural reservoirs were here, and contained, the guide said, abundance of rain-water. The servant Ali, several camels and men, retraced the route, to pick up the loads and take the cart to pieces, as the camels, wearied, would not draw it any longer, and the men said they could carry it better. At ten o'clock they started, we firing a salute by way of encouraging them. Petherick, myself, and old Mustapha rode to the reservoirs to water the horses. They were a long way off, and we found it a terrible

undertaking—the last mile we dismounted and led the horses, for they were literally stepping upon rocks. The sun was scorching, and this intended pleasure-trip proved the only real discomfort I experienced throughout the journey. The water was muddy in the extreme; it was impossible to drink it without its being filtered; I was disappointed, therefore, of the draught so ardently anticipated. Many camels we passed going and returning to this almost inaccessible place.

The cattle were unable to approach close to the reservoirs, and were served in turn from a wooden bowl: this to the thirsty camels must have been very tantalising. Our return was more perilous than the journey there, and nearly the whole distance we led our horses. The only horse shod lost his shoes, and in consequence suffered severely on the entire route. Poor beast! soon after his arrival here at Khartoum, he was set to draw the cart, and intrusted to the care of Ali, who, it seems, made a show of the turn-out to the great delight of the Khartoumers, and drove him furiously over the plain. When brought back he was observed to be ill, and from that time never rallied. A fortnight after it was deemed advisable to shoot him.

When at dinner two dromedaries with their riders approached; one proved to be a friend of Petherick's, an Effendi G——, and his servant. They were *en route* to Cairo from Berber. He told us how anxiously we were expected by the reis and crew of the boat that had so long awaited us.

Sept. 13th.—During the night a traveller direct from Khartoum bivouacked near to us. Early in the morning he came to our tent, and introduced himself as the Marquis Antonori, a Venetian. He had travelled up the White Nile, and had visited Petherick's station among the Djour tribe on Bahar el Gazal. He had made a magnificent collection of birds: ornithology was his passion. We found him a de-

lightful companion during his short sojourn at Suffur. He told us Petherick's men had been most kind to him; he was short of beads, and they supplied him with a sufficient quantity to carry him on to Khartoum. He said, had it not been for those men he must have starved, as money was of no value to the natives.

We made some pretty geological specimens, and collected different grasses. At night the cart (taken to pieces) and the abandoned loads were brought safely into camp. A start was then arranged to take place on the following morning. No views, greatly to our regret, had been taken, as some important chemicals were in the abandoned boxes; but no more time could be afforded.

Saturday, 14th.—The start was long delayed, as so many things had to be repacked; but at ten o'clock we were off. The hawk died. At twelve o'clock bivouacked in a charming place, the Wadi Dellâch. Magnificent doum palm-trees flourished here: they extended in a line as far as the eye could reach from N.E. to S.E. Many specimens of plants were collected here, and it was reluctantly we left about three in the afternoon. We were now literally passing through the garden of the desert. The scenery was varied in the extreme. We saw the mirage; and, though prepared for its deception, I could hardly realise that it was not water, so faithfully were trees and mountains reflected. Most of the camels and horses were in advance—they appeared wading; and my Luxor I expected to see every moment kicking up his heels, as he always refused to enter the water.

We pushed gallantly on, and a short time before nine o'clock reached the wells of Murrât. During the preparations for supper we led the horses to the wells, followed by that wonderful sheep Pluck. How soon animals know those who are kind to them! These beasts would come with or without a bidding to us; often at night, owing to the insecure fastening of

their stakes into the loose ground, one or other of them would get away, and always made straight to the spot where we were resting, and neigh and caper about until we got up, as they well understood, to give them something extra to eat.

The water in the wells is extremely brackish, and was drunk therefore in moderation.

Sunday, 15th.—Before sunrise a good start was made, and at noon we rested at Bergab il Alwân, a wide sandy plain,—heat excessive, and the wind high. The Doctor's tent was blown down, and ours had a fight to hold its own. At half-past three again on our camels, but they were wearied, and could travel but slowly. At sunset the usual halt, and at nine o'clock the start. Met a caravan of slaves, most of them on donkeys; they appeared to be children. The owners or agents rode fine dromedaries. Several camels laden with water and grain accompanied them. The wind had died away, the moon was intensely bright, and the camel-men, in high spirits, performed a native dance; some played on their rude musical instruments, others brandished their swords, others fired off guns. Every one was in a state of excitement, and no one knew for what. At midnight reached a grand mountain.

Monday, 16th.—Off at sunrise; passed through a rocky defile, trying to us all; the pass narrow, mountains on each side: we felt stifled. At noon reached a sandy plain; the wind was then so high that our tents could not be pitched. Little huts of the boxes were made, and very comfortable we found them; we had, however, to creep in and out, and remain in a sitting posture. When the sun went down the rugs were removed outside, and we there passed the night. By this time the camels had consumed all the grain provided for the journey, and they now had to eat of the herbage. Near us there was a great deal of it; and in the mountains to our right there were reservoirs of rain-water, so our detention here was solely on account of the camels.

Tuesday, 17th.—Off at 6 A.M.; passed the highest point of the desert. The weak state of the camels became now painfully apparent. We had already three stalking with the caravan, unable to carry their loads; and many were dropping behind. On both sides of the route lay hundreds of skeletons of these animals, and very many whose carcasses, only partially eaten by hyenas, tainted the air. At noon bivouacked at Adar Amar, the red mountain; at 3 P.M., broke up, but not before collecting pretty grasses, and many butterflies too—none, however, rare ones. At seven o'clock the halt for supper; at that time the lamps were lighted, as the moon had not yet risen, and we caught a number of handsome moths, attracted by the glare of the candles. In less than two hours the well-known cry of the guide, Sheigh Abd il Gader, protector of the camels, told us the camels were being laden; and, reluctantly enough, we had to shake off the "forty winks" we had promised ourselves. At midnight arrived at the mountain Gereibât, and remained near it for the night.

September 18th.—March at sunrise through a mountain-range. The guide drew our attention to a mountain to the west called "The Lofty." A story was connected with it, and at the noonday halt he promised to tell it. Bivouacked at twelve o'clock in a delightful valley—hills surrounding it—the herbage luxuriant—caterpillars and butterflies abounding.

The guide came after dinner, and, in his animated manner, related the following:—

"When Churshid Pasha, accompanied by a large staff of officers, attendants, &c., passed the mountain Gereibât, on his way to the Soudan, where he was appointed governor, a cavalry officer (a *bon vivant*) remained behind with a guide and three Mamelukes. It is supposed they became intoxicated; and when some hours afterwards they proceeded, as they imagined, in the direction of the caravan, they lost their way, keeping to the west

until they reached the "Lofty" mountain alluded to. They were not missed until the caravan arrived at Abu Hamad, when scouts were sent in search of them. At the foot of the "Lofty" mountain, under the shade of a tree, the bodies of the officer and Mamelukes were discovered: they had perished for want of water. They were all covered over with branches of trees, cut off by these wretched men, and placed over them to prevent the attacks of birds of prey. The remains of the guide were not found until twelve months after, when some Arabs, in search of a stray camel, arrived at a nook near the top of the mountain, and there his bones were discovered. His shield and arms were taken to his friends. Two of the camels reached the river, and the others died."

At three o'clock broke up, and rested at seven o'clock at Abou Neteishât, so called from a herb which grows there. A weary march until four the following morning, when we dismounted in a fine wadi, called Mugram. We were in advance of the caravan considerably, and too tired to wait for the rugs, pillows, &c. I rolled myself up in a burnous, made a rest for my head of the saddle, threw myself on the sand, and slept gloriously for one hour. At half-past five on Thursday morning the march was resumed. This day, Sept. 19th, we expected to reach Abu Hamad, and all of us were in high spirits. The camels had fresh life in them, knowing they were near water, and got on rapidly; the men sang and danced, and, as we neared Abu Hamad, they commenced firing. At eleven o'clock we were in sight of that place; many came out to meet us. A rakuba or shed was prepared for our reception.

The Sheigh sent four sheep as a present, some fruit, and a large pitcher of merrissa (the beer of the country). This was disagreeable upon first tasting it, it was so thick; but in the course of a day or two we found it palatable. Two of the

sheep were given to the men, and a grand feast was made. They were partial to merrissa, and the consequences became very evident. In the afternoon a good-looking Arab youth came down to the river-side to bathe, and he selected a spot opposite to where I was resting in the shade. Mustapha, who was on guard, civilly asked him to move out of my sight. The boy, furious at the request, rushed upon him, drawing at the same time a knife which he wore suspended from his arm by a strap. There was a great outcry from our people. Petherick, who had been sleeping, sprang to his feet, and thrashed the boy soundly, who went howling away. Soon after, the Sheigh came to apologise for the behaviour of his son, for he was the offender, and to beg our acceptance of more fruit, &c. The following morning a hunter of Petherick's, who had returned to his home, near Abu Hamad, invalided from wounds received up the White River, came to greet us. He, too, had brought presents—fodder for the horses, and a quantity of dates. He had much to relate, and my husband, acting always as interpreter, repeated *verbatim* his stories. I treasured them in my memory, and, without exaggeration, in my turn tell them.

Early last year (1860) several traders from Khartoum, with their boats, and many men, were at Gondokoro to purchase ivory. One day five of these men went to a village in the neighbourhood, and there, in an occupied hut, were guilty of a great indecency. The female natives about the place, hearing from their wives and daughters of the indignity, followed the five men of Khartoum, and killed them. The Khartoumers, a body of some hundred and fifty, went to the village, sacked it, and carried off many people and cattle. Flushed and elated with success, and laden with booty, they were surprised in an ambushade by the natives, and were powerless to defend themselves. One hundred and thirty-six were killed—pierced by lances;

the remaining few escaped to the boats, many, however, wounded severely. This account gave Petherick great concern, but I suggested that one-half only was to be believed; and in that old adage he trusted. This trust was dispelled, however, when we proceeded on our way, for all was confirmed, and at Khartoum it was officially narrated. Looking thus to the bright side, we were amused at the description Hassein gave of a wonderful bird brought to Khartoum by some of Petherick's men from the interior of Africa. This bird, he said, could talk Arabic—it sang, it whistled, and imitated every sound it heard. It was thus regarded as worth untold wealth; and the possessor of the bird left it at the consulate, receiving in return a promise to pay to him £45 if Petherick accepted the bird. We felt convinced this bird was a parrot; but the extraordinary anecdotes of its sagacity, &c. &c., made us imagine it might prove a myth. Hassein admitted he had never seen the bird, but he knew that its "sayings and doings" were the talk of the country. To our great surprise he also assured us that several of the Neam Neams had accompanied our men from their station at the village of Mundo on their last journey to Khartoum, and were awaiting at the consulate the arrival of Petherick.

Hassein had a painful story to relate concerning the death of a comrade during their hunting expedition. A party of Petherick's men, six in number, headed by the agent, Abderachman, met with a drove of elephants. In the excitement of the chase Abderachman became separated from his party, and the beast, into which he had fired several times, infuriated, in turn attacked him; he, however, made an adroit turning into the bush, and the elephant rushed past him. Abderachman reloaded his rifle, and cautiously advanced. He perceived that the animal was pursuing a negro, who, ignorant of the hunt, was taken unawares. This

man, armed only with a lance, made for a large ant-hill, round which he ran rapidly, the elephant following. Abderachman fired, the ball telling; the beast turned again upon his old foe. The negro then threw his lance, which pierced the animal's side. The elephant, evidently enfeebled from loss of blood, made for an open glade, where he stood staggering. At this moment the party of hunters approached, and advanced close to the animal. Abderachman called out to beware, as there was mischief yet in him; but, not heeding the warning, they fired a volley into him. Madly furious, he turned upon the men, when all fled; but the ground, rent into fissures by the action of the sun upon it after the heavy rains, was uneven, and one man, Mahommed, fell several times, the elephant gaining upon him rapidly. For the fourth time the man rose, when his head came in contact with the elephant's tusk, which instantly scalped him partially. The beast then seized with his trunk the arm of Mahommed; it was broken in a second, and he was free. He crept under the elephant's stomach, coming out between his hind legs, and thus escaped; for Abderachman planting at this moment a ball in the elephant's heart, he fell dead.

Mahommed was carefully tended by his companions. They put gunpowder into the wound in the head, and bandaged it up; the arm was braced with splinters; but in a fortnight mortification set in, and he died. The scalp wound was cured, and it was the injured arm that caused the poor fellow's death.

Saturday, Sept. 21st.—We were breakfasting in the shed, when we were startled by the appearance of a gaunt-looking man who entered, and in a very feeble voice gave his name Monsieur Sponée. It was some time ere he could make himself understood, he was so weak; but a cup of coffee and a little stimulant revived him, and he was able to tell that he had arrived but a few moments before at Abu Ha-

mad, in a boat from Khartoum ; that he was employed by his highness Halim Pasha to convey to Cairo a number of animals then on board, but that he had been stricken by fever. He asked for that necessary medicine, quinine, of which he was destitute. It was given, of course ; and hearing that there were two Abyssinian women on board who also were ill, the Doctor prescribed for them.

In the evening we visited the boat to see the collection. There were some beautiful birds, a fine giraffe (its companion had died), antelopes, and many other animals—none destined, however, to reach Cairo. We heard, soon after our arrival here, that in one of the cataracts the boat went down, and all on board were drowned but Monsieur Sponée ; and he, poor fellow, upon reaching Dongola, died from the effects of his immersion and fever.

Sunday, 22d.—It was late in the afternoon ere we started to continue our land journey, keeping, however, generally in view of the Nile ; and as little water required to be taken with us, the camels were less heavily laden. We were all wonderfully refreshed by our rest, and confidently hoped to arrive at Berber in five days. A few miles from Abu Hamad we came up to a group of our camelmen surrounding one of their comrades, who was on the ground insensible. On inquiry, we found that this man, soon after our arrival at Abu Hamad, had returned the same day with a herd of camels to the Wadi Mugram, where we had slept for a short time in the morning. There was fine pasturage ; and thither the camels were taken to feed, and were only brought back an hour before our start. The man had been insufficiently provided with food ; and, without eating at Abu Hamad, continued his onward route, and fell, from positive exhaustion, at the place we found him. Covering him up warmly, and giving him a restorative, we pushed on until after sunset, and encamped in a fertile district. The sick man, rid-

ing on a camel, in a short time came up, accompanied by his companions. The cook had prepared him some good soup, and he was soon pronounced well.

We rested until three o'clock the following morning, when, the moon being favourable, we determined to take advantage of her light. Never from my memory can be effaced the glory of the sky—watching the rising and setting of the stars—all becoming familiar to us, and we greeted them by name—until the mighty sun appeared, when moon and stars waxed faint and dim before his presence. How soon his rays made glad all animated things ! Butterflies flitted about, insects began to chirp, and the birds flew joyously hither and thither. We also, feeling its influence, doffed our warm mantles, put on the broad hats, and gaily bade the good morning welcome.

At eight o'clock there was a dismount, a rug spread on the ground, and a collation of moist biscuit and dates served. This rest lasted only a few minutes. Wistfully the bulk of camels defiled past—no repose for them ; but the horses and Pluck refused to go on, neighing and coaxing us for a share of the repast ; and, to the indignation of the drivers, I fed them with dates. This day, 23d September, the march was long and fatiguing. It was two o'clock ere the halt was made ; and, quite knocked up, as the heat was terrific, we, to the annoyance of the guide, pulled up when within two miles of the village of Gagee.

Long before Petherick left England, a marble tablet had been consigned to his care by the relatives of the late Mr Melly, who, dying at Gagee, was buried in the neighbourhood ; and it was their earnest wish that the memorial stone should be placed on his tomb in the presence, if possible, of Petherick. To avoid delay, a messenger was sent to the village, to invite the Sheigh to our tent. He was absent, but his uncle, a fine old man, named Ali Wood Nassa, returned with the guide. He informed us that his brother, Hassan Wood al

Hassan, Sheigh of Gagee when Mr Melly died, had also been dead a few months, and that his son, a mere youth, filled his father's place. With alacrity, he consented to lead us to the tomb, a mile distant. Our horses were saddled, and we rode slowly thither, the men carefully carrying the white marble slab.

It bears the following inscription :—

“PEREGRINO RISPETTA LA TOMBA
DELLO STRANIERO.

“In memory of ——— Melly of Liverpool, England. Born at Geneva, 12th of May 1802; died at Gagee, near this spot, 19th January 1851. Returning from Khartoum, whither he was led by a love of science and natural history, accompanied by his family, consisting of his wife, two sons, and one daughter, he was here attacked by fever, and died in his tent after five days' illness. This tomb was erected over his grave in 1851, with unsolicited courtesy, by Latif Pasha, then Governor of the Soudan; and in November 1859, this tablet was sent from Liverpool by Mr Melly's family, who are indebted to the kindness of Mr John Petherick for bringing and placing it here.”

At the foot of the tablet a sentence in Arabic is carved, to the same purport as the Italian one at the head—“Respect the tomb of the stranger.” As we approached a mound of some extent, Ali Nassa pointed to a tomb on the summit—the one we sought. It was surrounded by the graves of the natives, all beautifully neat. That fanaticism existed not here was evident; and proudly Ali Nassa mentioned that the body of the unbeliever was permitted to rest in peace next their dead, many of whom were regarded as saints. Carefully examining the tomb, which was built of rude brick, it was found to have suffered considerably from the heavy rains; and Petherick decided that it should be restored ere the stone was placed permanently. As the Moslems never suffer a change in their graves to be made without the offering of a bullock or sheep, respecting their feelings, one was ordered to be slaughtered the following morning.

After placing the tablet on the tomb in the most conspicuous position, we re-mounted and rode to Gagee. The sun had set when we arrived there. The Sheigh (who had returned to the village) had thoughtfully sent angeribs for our use. We gladly availed ourselves of them, feeling very weary; but ere there was time to get to sleep, the youthful Sheigh presented himself. Safi, the son of the deceased Sheigh, Hassan Wood al Hassan, a graceful well-grown boy of some fourteen years, saluted us with the ease of a well-bred man. Slightly touching our hands with his lips he said, “Consul, your people have asked for a sheep, for vegetables, tendering the money, but we are poor, and do not possess any, or all would have been placed at your feet. We, too, have eaten for some time only barley. Seed is sown, and our harvest will soon be ripe; rain has fallen, and the grass will spring; then our goats and herds can return from their pasturage far hence. I have a goat—will you drink of its milk?” He presented a gourd containing some, and delicious I found the draught—nearly the only one I had tasted since our departure from Cairo; and I am now reminded to assure all travellers in hot countries, that weak tea, *without* sugar or milk, is most acceptable to the palate, and thirst is soon quenched by it. Safi, remarking that it was possible we might feel tired, took his leave, saying that at sunrise he would return; and again we prepared for repose. The angeribs were placed in an open space, as we never sought at night the shelter of trees, for we had found that in their vicinity snakes and scorpions abounded; but the wind rose, a few drops of rain fell, and we were obliged to remove to a grove of magnificent doum palm-trees. The wind howled through their branches like the sound of the sea in a storm. Lightning was frequent; and, fearing a heavy fall of rain, we allowed ourselves no sleep, as all, in that case, must have been on the

alert to cover the baggage. We had sundry races after garments, hats, &c. carried off by the wind ; and it was a relief when morning dawned.

When the first faint streaks of light appeared we were up ; and, making our way to the river, we discovered a little creek, in which it was delightful to bathe head, hands, and feet. The only intruders were a pack of grouse who came to drink. Petherick, always ready for sport, having his gun, brought down several : they proved an agreeable addition at breakfast and dinner. We attempted to reach the ruins of a church not very far from Gagee ; but, remembering the Sheigh's appointment, we returned. I did not forget to inquire about the ruins, and for answer received the following : "It was a church before the era of Mohammed, and when the world had but one mother."

At the encampment we found Safi. He entered gladly into the plan arranged for the restoration of the tomb, and though a child at the time of Mr Melly's death, he remembered him perfectly, having been several times in his tent ; and he told us many of the painful incidents. Strange to say, our guide, Hadji Abdel Gader, was at the time of the funeral on his way to Berber, and hearing that ceremony was about to be performed, he attended. To this day the death of the "Inglesse" is mentioned with sorrowful respect. No bullock fit to kill could be procured in Gagee ; it was therefore arranged that a sum of money should be made over to Safi the Sheigh ; and his faithful promise was given in the presence of his people, that the alterations and restoration of the tomb he would, by his Prophet, carry out.

At this time the uncle put in an objection to his nephew being intrusted with the money. He said, "The old heads are wise, the young foolish." The Sheigh rose, saying, "By the bones of my father, I will do the thing that is good ; in me you see him. Con-

sul, God is great, and you will come this way again ; punish me if I shall have done what is bad." The money was handed to him ; he made a bag for it in his loose white robe. Ali Nassa, still angry, talked to his partisans. One hour before, when strolling about the village, which is situated on the banks of the Nile, lovely groups of the palm-tree and the fragrant mimosa surrounding it, and the land cultivated, speaking of the simple character of the people, of their frugal living, I had said, "Surely this is the Happy Valley ;" but now, as I observed the countenances of the men, I thought "the apple of discord has been thrown." What will the end be ?

That Safi faithfully fulfilled all he promised we have received proofs. A traveller who arrived at Khar-toum some time after us, said that, passing Gagee, he observed the graves ; and, the white tablet particularly attracting his attention, he dismounted from his camel to read the inscription ; and he assured us that the tomb was in perfect repair.

Petherick presented the old man with a handsome fez or cap, and to the Sheigh a similar one. The latter accepted it with much grace ; and, placing it on his head, he stood as if it had been a crown, so dignified was his air. At ten o'clock we started, the people wishing us all the good possible ; and many messages of remembrance were to be conveyed to the Melly family. The people seemed to look upon them as a part of themselves. We marched until noon, when we settled down near the river for some hours, needing, in truth, repose ; afterwards a short march until sunset, and then a glorious rest.

Wednesday, 25th.—Three hours before sunrise we were in the saddle, and marched until twelve o'clock ; a few moments allowed only to partake of soaked biscuit and dates at the usual breakfast-time. I was too tired to observe where we encamped at noon, for I went to sleep in a moment, and could not even

be roused to eat the dinner prepared. At three o'clock we were off again. Passed a long, straggling, but pretty village; each mud house had its separate plot of cultivated ground. At sunset bivouacked on the borders of a creek formed by the waters of the high Nile. The fish were leaping furiously, but we were all too much knocked-up to try to capture them. Towards morning the wind blew violently. Twice my horse broke loose and raced madly about the camp.

Thursday, 26th.—Two hours before sunrise we were *en route*. A stony desolate moor was crossed at first, and at sunrise we were passing a village called Senna. Near to the river at this place a number of devotees lived, whose business it was to teach the Koran. Our servant Ali had been a pupil, but he cannot possibly do justice to his preceptors, as a more unprincipled fellow never lived; yet he is universally liked, and he is a clever servant.

On the summit of a lofty rock there is the tomb of the Sheigh. The guide gravely mentioned that to this day, if any good Mussulman, upon entering the river, implores the Sheigh's protection, no crocodile will touch him; those who by any accident have been eaten, suffered in consequence of not having done so.

There was a cataract near this village; we plainly heard the rushing water, but had no time to visit it. At ten o'clock bivouacked on the bank of the river, in a most delightful locality; the palm-trees in groups formed nature's tents, and we all had our private apartments. I picked up many large shells, some pretty insects, and different grasses. It was about two o'clock when we continued the journey, and prepared in good spirits to cross the Moor of the Donkey—the Akabil il Homâr. Some time after sunset we reached the middle of the moor, a bleak sterile spot—there remained for the night. A camp-fire near us made known that other travellers were there encamped; it was too dark to

be able to distinguish if it was a caravan of slaves. Petherick being concerned at the increased traffic in slaves, and having met three of those wretched caravans in the desert proceeding to Cairo, sent a servant to ascertain. The travellers were traders in gum, and were direct from Khartoum. They reported how anxiously we were expected at that place, and at Berber. The high Nile was everywhere causing great damage, they said.

Friday, 27th.—Two hours before sunset (the moon still favourable) we broke up. The Moor of the Donkey was crossed before eight o'clock, and we arrived again at the river. Soon after the morning's march began, we remarked one of the camel-men running like an antelope past us. Asking the guide what this was for, he said, "He goes to his wife, who lives on an island far from here; when he gets to the river he will swim across, and when we are opposite that place we shall find him waiting for us." And so it was: we came up to him—he was dressed in a snow-white wrapper, carelessly draped round him, and the dingy garment previously worn was discarded. We asked if he found all well at his home. "Yes, God be praised," he replied. Here the country was very lovely; magnificent trees, fine rocks, the land cultivated, cattle herding; and all, with the glorious Nile, formed a delightful picture. We soon passed from that fertile scene to cross another barren moor, Akabil il Yascint, or the Moor of the Hippopotamus, so called from one of these animals having strayed from the river, and, losing its way, was found far inland by the Arabs. The march was a long and trying one—no halt for ten hours. As we ascended the highest part of the moor, the men sang lustily, saying the village was near where we ought to rest; so on we went, but it was a weary time ere we reached that haven. Bivouacked in the neighbourhood of the village, near some splendid doum palms, and remained there for the night.

Saturday, 28th.—Started again long before sunrise. The Doctor's camel died an hour before. We heard this with regret, for he had proved a patient animal, and we reproached ourselves with having travelled too far the preceding day. Most of the camels were knocked up, and, with their loads near to them, were left behind. We expected to reach Berber this day. The Doctor, mounted on a miserable camel, kept up with us. We noticed that Ali was dressed very grandly, and that he rode a donkey instead of his camel. Asking the reason, he said, "My village is before; 'tis there my wife and mother live; they have sent me this donkey that I may be able to ride quickly and see them for a few moments. Will you give permission?" It was granted. The sun was rising as we drew near this village: it was prettily situated. Each hut had its plot of cultivated ground, and groves of the palm and mimosa surrounded it. As we passed we heard great cries of joy from the people of the village; their welcome to Ali. He soon rejoined us.

The approach to Berber was across a vast sandy plain. The sun was high, and we were all suffering from the heat and fatigue; we had been in the saddle ten hours. Berber appeared in sight long ere we reached it. It seemed a town of importance; the governor's house occupied a large space of ground.

We were met by the reises and crews of our boats, and by the servants who had preceded us at different times with the baggage from Korosko. All crowded round us, almost impeding the progress of the camels. Guns were fired in every direction, and a large portion of the people turned out to give us a welcome. I was an object of great curiosity, as I believe I was the first female to ride across the desert seated only on the simple camel-saddle.

The governor sent messengers to say that his small house in a garden had been prepared for our recep-

tion, and that all he possessed was at our disposal. The burning heat was almost unbearable; the ground was baked and rent into fissures for a great distance around Berber; the high Nile had far outstretched its boundaries, and, but a short time previously, boats had floated where we rode. When we dismounted, and were fairly under a roof once more, the relief the cool shade afforded was intense. The draughts of delicious filtered water I shall long remember. During the journey I often shut my eyes not to see the muddy water we were frequently compelled to drink. I gave myself up to absolute repose. Though many visitors came and departed in rapid succession, I looked not upon one. Presents of sheep, fruit, grain, &c., were many, and the people blessed Petherick for the part he had taken in the reopening of the road between Korosko and Berber.

Sunday, 29th.—Passed a wretched night, and, though sleeping in the open rahooba, we missed the pure air of the desert. Myriads of insects preyed upon us. We seriously speculated as to the possibility of ever again being able to inhabit a bedroom; we had found so great a charm in the Bohemian life lately led.

Petherick received visits from the governor, attended by a numerous suite, and from the leading men of the place. He was occupied all day. I remained delightfully undisturbed, in the inner room, my heart full of gratitude that we had in safety and health arrived thus far. In the evening strolled dreamily and happily about the garden. A Frenchman, recently arrived from Khartoum, passed an hour with us. He was at Berber for change of air, weak from a severe attack of fever. He said that many at Khartoum were ill. The season was a most unhealthy one. He also informed Petherick of the death of an old and esteemed friend, a Dr Peney, a Frenchman. He was medical inspector for the Soudan in the service of the Egyptian Govern-

ment. He died at Gondokoro early in this year: he had been accompanied to that place by his wife. He went to Gondokoro, at the request of the Viceroy, on a scientific mission, to continue his researches in botany, and to discover, if possible, plants that might, in his profession, be made useful to the people of the Soudan.

Monday, 30th.—Petherick and the Doctor were off to the boat before sunrise; much had to be done, and the camels that had been left at the last stage had not yet arrived. I was wonderfully refreshed, and, with Achmed, netted many butterflies, insects, &c. The two guides and my own particular camel-man came to bid us farewell. It was not without emotion I did so; they seemed as friends to me; in many ways they had shown so much thoughtful consideration. My heart echoed their fervent prayer, "That God would guard us; that fortune, in all our just endeavours, would smile upon us; and that on our return journey they might again accompany us." I intrusted a quantity of dates to them for the naga I had ridden, though pretty well convinced she would not receive them: as one morning, during the march, when we passed the head of the caravan, the horses being with it, calling a camel-man, I gave him, for "Luxor," my reserve store of biscuit and dates. He looked up joyously, and said 'twas better for him than the horse, and instantly ate them.

When at dinner, speaking of some of the adventures, I remarked that I thought there had been only one fall from a camel: this was Rechan, the cook, who, leading Petherick's horse, was pulled from his lofty seat, as "Arab" suddenly stopped on hearing our approach. He got up immediately, not in the least hurt, sprang on the neck of his camel, and was soon in his place. But the Doctor said he had witnessed one on entering the space before the Governor's garden at Berber, which was enclosed by a paling of stakes a little apart. Through two of them

a camel could just pass, and all were going safely through, but Achmed's camel took an opening to the right. It was too narrow, and down came the boxes and little Achmed violently to the ground. The boy was on his feet in a moment, as he saw his father approach with a whip to beat him for having fallen, but this the bystanders prevented.

Tuesday, October 1st.—Preparations for departure—busy all day. Kheir Allah's wife, who had reached her husband in safety, made herself useful; she had no objection to serve the unbelievers. It was sunset when we mounted to ride to the boats, and it was too dark to see anything of the town. It appeared a long straggling place. Quite a procession accompanied us to the river. Petherick had told me his boat, though a large and fine one, was perfectly destitute of anything comfortable, and I was agreeably surprised to find myself surrounded by all that was so. Lamps were lighted, furniture purchased at Silver's in London suitable for a boat, all well arranged, and I was at home. My husband, the Doctor, and Foxcroft had worked hard all day to surprise me thus. We expected to sail that night. The horses and three servants were to go on by land, accompanied by the camels, to carry grain. The Doctor and Foxcroft, attended by Kheir Allah and his wife, had a boat to themselves: two smaller ones were laden with baggage.

Wednesday, 2d.—At daylight still fast to the moorings, and many packages not stowed away. I had full time to observe the boat; she was very large, not very clean, and there was not an atom of paint about her, so different from the gay Cairo dahabyehs. The cabins admitted more light than came in through the windows; this had its advantage, as more air was circulated. I found that both lower and upper deck were covered with packages, so at once abandoned the idea "of walking the deck." All these boats have a woman on board to grind the corn, which they do

in the primitive way, between two stones. Ours was the wife of the mate, and she had a dear little girl, some two years of age,—not a bit of clothing about the bairn. I soon made friends by giving her a yard or so of bright red calico: this the mother draped round the child, and a tropical bird she looked, flitting over the spars and ropes that in confusion were scattered around. At mid-day there was a favourable breeze, and all ready for a start. The British colours were flying from the mizzen; the sails were let loose; and a great cheer, led by Petherick and the Doctor, well supported by all, told when the ropes were being pulled in. The people on shore fired a salute; our men returned it as we were fairly off. The wind soon died away, and then commenced a repetition of the scenes we had witnessed from Cairo (or Boulac) to Korosko, when the greater part of the crew would leap from the boat, bearing a rope, scramble up the banks, and tow us bravely on. Often the boat would run aground, sometimes on a rock; then the efforts of the men to get her off were taxed to the utmost. Sometimes they would wade up to their armpits in the river for a long distance, where the banks were impracticable, singing lustily to frighten the crocodiles from approaching. The boat occasionally floating over trees would bump upon them; often the branches of others would make a sweep into the cabin-windows, tearing everything away as we were dragged along. The crew, after towing, always left off at sunset, when their supper was served to them on the bank, where they also slept. The sheep (we had, when starting, seven) were let on shore to pick up the herbage; and we generally strolled about, bringing down a bird or two: these the Doctor and Foxcroft stuffed; Achmed was the butterfly-hunter; and in all the collections we were fortunate.

About half-way between Berber and Damer there is a beautifully-wooded island, on which we landed.

Some bright-coloured birds were shot. Soon after we sailed through a fine range of mountains. A cataract was here, which was got over without trouble, as the river was so high. At Damer the salt of the country is procured from the soil, by evaporation, in great quantities. If there was no wind favourable, which was generally the case, the Doctor came to our boat, "The Lady of the Nile," to breakfast and dine.

The river scenery from Berber to Khartoum far surpasses that from Cairo to Korosko. In many parts it was wildly grand. One night the wind rose, and the men came on board. It blew a gale, and the boats scudded along rapidly; this lasted for some hours, and good way was made. On another occasion fourteen of the men were on shore towing; the rope broke, and a gust of wind sprang up. A small sail was loose; it filled, and away flew the boat, short of hands. Petherick took the helm; the large sail was let out, and, leaving the men to come up when we were next becalmed, we went gallantly on for eight hours. At sunset the wind died away, and during the night the crew returned.

Wherever we stopped, if near a village, the Sheigh always came, and sheep by the half-dozen at a time were presented to Petherick. The men fared well; and indeed they deserved it, for they went through a great deal of fatigue. It was a pleasant time we passed—the climate I delighted in—all of us were so light-hearted, and the tempers were as sunny as the sky.

At the town of Matemma, Abd il Majid, Petherick's principal agent on the upper part of the White River, joined us. He had waited our arrival at that place one month. He had deemed it advisable to meet us here, in order to secure Petherick's undivided attention to all he had to relate ere we reached Khartoum, as he was sure that there others, and a pressure of business, would render it almost impossible

to do so. He mentioned with horror many of the atrocities committed against the negroes, and that in consequence they rose upon all indiscriminately, and massacres were numerous. Last year, near Gondokoro, a sad tragedy took place. Nickla, chief of his tribe, a man of wealth, and regarded as a rain-prophet, had failed in his promise to bring down the rain. His people waited day after day with impatience, and, furious at the delay, they rose upon him and attacked him. He defended himself valiantly for a long time, but at last he was overpowered and cruelly murdered.

On the bank opposite Matemma is Shendy, the ancient capital. It was here that Ismail Pasha met with his terrible fate. Some way beyond, the river runs between several lovely islands, all luxuriant with trees. Then appear two rocks, one called Djebel dil, the other Ahgher il Assal, the Rock of Honey. These form the boundary between the provinces of Berber and Khartoum. Here we observed a wreck, and the reis said it belonged to a Khartoum merchant, a friend of Petherick's. The strong current carried her on to the Honey rock a few months previously, and a great part of her cargo was lost. A cataract of no importance near. Still further on there is a solitary rock in the middle of the river; then comes a range of mountains called Djebel Gurri. Here the river winds through a ravine, with here and there a tree upon the otherwise barren rocks.

We then came to a large village called Gog Nerefissa, under which, when the river is low, is a dangerous cataract called Sof Sof, or Recham, meaning Mercy. Still further on is a village called Wallad il Bassal. On the east bank there are barren mountains, Djebel Mellikeet, and on the same side is the village of Tamania; opposite, on the west bank, are the mountains Djebel Sheigh il Taib; then, still on the west, near to Khartoum, are long sterile mountains of trap rock, the Djebel Kerrerri: a village of the same name stands below. A few

days of fitful sailing and steady towing brought us within a short distance of Khartoum. Great efforts were made one evening to reach it—I think it was on October 11th, but I had taken no note of time since leaving Berber, and now do not trust to my memory. The men were knocked up, and soon after sunset left off towing. The following morning the wind was dead against us; all day the crew slowly dragged along the boat. About three o'clock a cry was raised that Petherick's felucca was coming towards us from Khartoum; and there she was, sailing gaily before the wind, her colours flying. A rapid firing was kept up by her men and by ours. She was soon alongside, and the friends of Petherick came on board, accompanied by several of our elephant-hunters, and an old and valued servant, Ibrahim. Such a scene of joy ensued that it became almost a pain. We heard that the baggage sent from Korosko across the desert a few days after our arrival there had reached Khartoum only four days previously, so contrary had been the winds from Berber.

Here the two rivers, the Blue Nile and the White Nile, flowed side by side. A marked difference was in their colour.

It was sunset ere we arrived at Khartoum. The firing had been incessant, and the shore was crowded with people. As we stepped from the boat Petherick was almost separated from me as his friends crowded to greet him. We could hardly force a passage to the consulate. I cannot even now recall my feelings. As I entered the courtyard I was fearfully agitated; and when an inner yard was reached, and the women set up a shrill yachereet of joy, the guns still firing, and when the threshold was crossed, and my husband embraced me, and bade me "welcome home," I was fairly overcome. By-and-by a good burst of tears, tears of thankfulness, relieved me, and I was able thoroughly to appreciate the luxurious dinner provided. The host of servants, bear-

ing each a dish with a cover of finely plaited straw, stained in many colours, attracted my attention. The joy in their faces, the blessings oft repeated, the shaking of hands at every available moment, the continued firing, the blaze of lights, now and again the women's thrilling yachereet, the wild beating on the drums, made us all strangely excited. Yet somehow the eyes would become blinded as we thought of those "at home;" and the Doctor proposed their health, and began a speech, but never finished it,—his heart was too full.

The next morning how sad the change! Letters bearing mournful intelligence were received. Petherick's father, so loved, so honoured, was dead. This was the second blow we had met since leaving England. The first was the death of my husband's brother's eldest son, a boy of some four years, a daring child, and passionately fond of horses. Playing about one, he received a kick in the chest, and died in a few hours. How soon these shocks were followed by a third, in the death of Professor Queckett, a man esteemed by all, one in whom was no guile!

It was quite true that some Neam Neams had accompanied our men from their station at the village of Mundo. Abderachman, an agent left there by Petherick in 1858 (not the Abderachman I before mentioned as having killed the elephant—he had been with the Djour tribe), had married Wangyo, granddaughter of Gorla Sheigh of Beringi. Wangyo was the promised bride of Petherick; but he not having claimed her, she became the wife of Abderachman. I was charmed with her appearance. Her figure was slight and graceful, and her eyes the most beautiful I ever beheld—such innocent, confiding-looking eyes. She was a mere girl, yet the mother of two children, the last one born here, and attended by a circumstance so peculiar that I cannot but relate it, as showing the propensity to cannibalism. Her labour was difficult and protracted. By some of her

people it was suggested that if she drank of her husband's blood, all would go well. He instantly opened a vein in his arm, to which she applied her lips, and sucked greedily the life-fluid. The child saw the light shortly after.

She was accompanied to Khartoum by her uncle Ringa, the son of Gorla Sheigh of Beringi, and by Boonganipan, daughter of Pereka, son of Yaquatti, a Neam Neam Sultan—but we called her always Halima. Halima, a girl of some twelve years at that time, appeared to me of forbidding countenance. She was naked, with the exception of the rachat. But, trusting that I might teach these people a few of the blessings of civilisation, I asked her if she would serve me. She looked in my face steadily with a searching stare, and replied, "Yes; I think I shall like you." I at once took her under my charge, and the first thing, of course, was to dress her. I gave some materials to be made up for her to a negress, but one who disowned being connected with that race (ten months previously, this woman had fled to the consulate, on the death of her master, fearing she might be sold as a slave): she refused to work for a negress, and packed up her things and left this place. During the period I have named, she had been supported, of course, at Petherick's expense.

I was then obliged to sew the garments myself, giving Halima lessons so that she might soon be able to do so. She was an apt pupil, and learnt readily, and is now a fair seamstress. A more intelligent girl, one also who has not to be told a thing twice, I have never met. I could fill pages recounting her many acts of thoughtfulness, and of affection too. I had been but a few days at Khartoum, when, writing to the loved ones at home, tears were falling from my eyes. Halima had observed me, drew near with a pocket-handkerchief which she had taken from the case, having sprinkled it with eau-de-Cologne; and tenderly wiped the tears away. I looked up, surprised, and saw

traces of deep emotion in her face. Now, here was a girl who had seen but for a few hours the little refinements of life ; instinctively she accepted them, and delicately ministered her services ; and so it has continued. She was a Topsy until lately—the romp of the place ; but she now feels a responsible being, and guards like a dragon all things under her care. Her own particular goods and chattels are a source of occupation when not engaged for me. I gave her a box for her clothes, as also a workbox, with its fittings. These are constantly tidied ; and as additions are made, according to the improvement in her sewing, her possessions are becoming numerous.

One day the untamed nature of the girl broke out. We went as usual for the early morning ride before starting. I had been eating some bread and jam ; what I was unable to finish I gave to Halima. She, it seems, put this into a cupboard, and after a time, when her work was over, sat down to partake of it. Achmed, not aware that this forbidden fruit had been given to her, claimed a share, and attempted to snatch it from her. She flew at him like a tigress, and, on our return, the battle was at its height. As we dismounted in the outer court, screams from our quarters were heard ; we hastened our steps, and in the rakooba we saw Halima held back by the cook, with whom she was struggling to get at Achmed. He was protected by some one or other, and blood was streaming down his cheek. Halima, not caring for our presence, plunged and tore like a maniac. Petherick tried to restrain her, but she screamed, “I will have his blood ; I will not rest till I have bitten his ear.” She had already bitten his face. Words were of no use, so Petherick laid his stick across her shoulders, and away she flew to the garden, where she remained the whole day, rolling on the moist ground under the banana trees. I allowed no one to go near her ; the passion, I was sure, would soon exhaust itself.

At sunset I was in the saloon, and saw at the door a bedraggled figure wanting, yet fearing, to come in. This was, of course, Halima. I said to her quietly, “When you are neat and washed I will speak to you.” I heard a sobbing as she turned away. In half an hour, she had washed the soiled frock, put on another, and had mastered her temper. I drew her to me and spoke words of kind rebuke ; I kissed her, and, utterly subdued, she laid her head upon my shoulder, and asked pardon. Since then Halima fights the good fight to conquer herself. The following morning I noticed that she took from Achmed a robe I had given him, and which he was making lame attempts to sew, and finished it for him.

Ringa, the uncle of Wangyo, expressed a desire to make himself useful to us, so he, with Achmed, was appointed to wait at table. Very soon he understood his duties. He tells fearful anecdotes of his race ; but unless convinced of the truth I will not pain our friends at home by recounting them. They are too horrible to be believed.

The poor sheep “Pluck,” two days after our arrival here, died from the effects of a serpent’s bite. I did so regret him. The wonderful bird proved to be a parrot, the well-known lavender, with red tail. He was not at all clever, and during our residence here has picked up but one trick, and that to me was at first a trouble. It has always been Petherick’s habit to whistle in a peculiar way when he approaches my whereabouts, and it is also my habit to run to meet him when I hear it. One day I heard this whistle, and went to greet my husband, but he was nowhere to be seen. I returned somewhat put out to the saloon ; again the signal sounded, again I was disappointed. This occurred four times, and at last in a pet I said aloud, “I know you are hiding, and I will no longer look for you.” By-and-by again the whistle ; no movement on my part : and when my husband entered the room his

first exclamation was, "Are you ill?" so surprised was he to miss the usual salutation; but it proved that Polly was the culprit, for while we were talking she repeated her song, startling even Petherick, so exact was the imitation.

Of my African home I cannot speak too highly. The climate is delicious, and I have not known a day of ill health since leaving England; but a disagreeable eruption, called Nile buttons, troubled me some time: this is prevalent after the high Nile. Petherick was laid up from rheumatic fever immediately after our arrival; the Doctor had a slight attack of ague, and Foxcroft also; but these attacks were traced to their own imprudence, such as throwing off clothing when heated. I am convinced that, to a certain extent, health is in our own hands—regular exercise, no abandonment to the noon hour's sleep usually indulged in by residents here, moderate living, rising before the sun, going to bed some three hours after its setting, and a careful regard to the chills and heat of the country. Flannel, heretofore my detestation, is indispensable. It is true, at present the weather is cold, like our winter at home, so great is the contrast; and the clothing I wore at the close of last year is the same I now gladly adopt, and find that flannel is like Paddy's greatcoat, "it keeps both the cold and the heat out."

The consulate is situated but a short distance from the river. The house and buildings occupy a very large space of ground. The garden is a fine one, in which all the fruit-bearing trees of the East flourish. We have horses, bullocks, cows, donkeys, gazelles, a great ant-bear, birds and poultry of every description, sheep, and a large flock of goats. These last a fine boy, Selim, a Shillook, takes daily to pasture in the neighbourhood of Khartoum. One morning, accompanied by a boy of his own tribe, who likewise herds the goats of his master, they went as usual to the herbage. They remarked some Arabs

seated under a tree, who called to them to approach. They did so, fearing no evil; but the Arabs rose and attempted to capture them. The boys flew like the wind in the direction of the town; but Selim, who had been seized by his ferda, a long piece of calico, rapidly unwound himself from it, and thus escaped, leaving his garment in their hands. These boys, when at a convenient distance, turned to see if they were pursued; but no—the Arabs had mounted their camels and were flying in the opposite direction. These Arabs were probably of the Shookaryeh tribe, who yearly come to Khartoum with their grain, and who have no hesitation in seizing any people they conveniently can, and selling them as slaves. The following morning we doubted if Selim would take his flock to pasture, but he did so, saying, "I will keep clear of all trees and bushes where men might be hidden."

One night, some time after our arrival, and when the moon was full, it was whispered that our people wished to dance before us. Consent was willingly granted, and seats were placed for us. About twenty of the servants stood in a semicircle. They began with singing a doleful melody, clapping their hands to the measure. One of the women's children, a pretty girl of some seven years, stepped forward: she moved her feet slowly to the time, and advanced. She danced with her head, back, and arms, curving her body until her head almost touched her heels; and when close to me, she jerked her head forwards so violently, that her necklace slipped over and fell into my lap. A drum was then beaten—this was done by the hand—and a boy of ten years, a Djour, took his turn to exhibit. The music was more lively, and he ran rapidly about, occasionally bending his head, and leaping as if he were going through a circus hoop. His performance over, Achmed came forward to dance the Kordofanese dance. His movements I can hard-

ly describe, so eccentric were they : his elbows, keeping time with his feet, touched at each step his ribs, whilst his knees met beautifully, and saluted each other. The music beat faster, and those who were clapping their hands crowded round, and did so almost under Achmed's feet, after the fashion of the popular Spanish dancers. He also jerked his head when close to us, so that the tassel of his fez fell over his face.

The Neam Neams danced most gracefully, humming a low melody : their movements were very calm. Ringa was in advance of the females Wangyo and Halima : they linked together their arms, and followed him. Sometimes they separated, and the three would, still singing, go through the figure of eight. Selim, the Shillook, bounded forwards. He had taken off his blouse, wore only drawers, and a feather (I am sure it was plucked from a turkey's tail) was placed upright in his stiff curling hair. His leaps were truly astounding ; He required no music, but danced in his own wild way. Suddenly a cry of defiance came from him, and he looked as if he saw a foe ; and then he did in pantomime what he really, if weapons had been in his hand, would have done. He threw imaginary spears, evaded others ; he crawled along the yard like a serpent ; and sometimes he was motionless as a stone ; and had one not been closely watching, one might have been deceived. He feigned death ; and then, as those who thought him so perhaps approached, would leap upon them. Ringa watched these manœuvres with great interest, and, when they were ended, proposed to show what the Neam Neams did when they attacked an enemy. He also discarded his robe ; and, arming himself with a wicked-looking curved hatchet, and putting his arm through the sling of a large oblong shield, he sang himself into a fury, and then a grand imaginary combat took place. It was horrible, for

when he had his foe on the ground, he ripped him open, as it were, with the hatchet.

The days pass far too quickly. We are up before the sun, and in the saddle for a gallop over the plain outside Khartoum. Petherick now rides a beautiful Arabian horse. It was a colt when he left for England. He has been brought up by hand on a milk diet, and, in consequence, we have called him "Baby." His dam died a week after his birth. Baby's paces are beautiful ; and when he is properly trained, he is destined to carry me. He often far distances Luxor ; and when pulled in, and I am again at my husband's side, Luxor makes great snaps at the colt's tail. It is evidently a jealous freak on my horse's part—he can only show a shortish tail, whilst Baby's reaches the ground.

We generally have two attendants, whose dress is showy in the extreme ; and they always use the handsome Turkish saddle, with silver-mounted trappings. They carry our guns, so that, when any game is seen, they are readily handed to us ; and as our horses stand fire well, there is no difficulty in the way of dismounting. We return in an hour—Petherick to his work, and I pay the garden a visit, in which we have planted many English flower and vegetable seeds ; and I have also generally time, before the gong sounds for nine o'clock breakfast, to hold a concert. To the kindness of poor Dr Penny's widow I am indebted for a piano, mine being on board the Kathleen, still on her way from Korosko. The musicians who assist are the birds. When they hear the first chords, they assemble, outside and in. They sing joyously, and chirp. Even parrot Polly does her best to add to the harmony. I have many pretty captives in a small aviary, but before we leave I shall liberate them, as I fear they might not be carefully tended. The houses here have spacious and very lofty rooms. The birds build their nests in the

rafters which support the flat roof ; and as the windows are always open, they are constantly flying to and fro. There is a fountain in one saloon, and thither they come to drink. After breakfast, which is a very social and substantial meal, we pass a short time in the garden, and then part—Petherick to his duties, and I to mine. We seldom see each other until dinner-hour, at three o'clock. Sometimes visitors may happen to call, but there are few Europeans here, and the Turks I do not see. After dinner, a walk in the garden on the shady side, where the palm and the fig trees are numerous, or beneath the shelter of the vines, when the grapes are forming. This indulgence is but brief, for there is still more work to be done ; and again we separate, to meet when the sun is getting low, and then we visit the animals and pets. The antelopes, gazelles, and goats try to put their noses into our pockets ; the horses also, as they know well we carry with us nuts and bread for them. We have a multitude of donkeys, bought for our use in the interior ; and generally, when our sunset stroll begins, we see the Doctor and Foxcroft, mounted on two of the best, starting for their short evening ride.

When the sun is fairly down and the lamps lighted, coffee is served. We read a little, have plenty of music, and play backgammon. Then comes a grateful thanksgiving, and the day is ended.

The difficulties to be encountered in the getting up the expedition from this place to succour Captains Speke and Grant cannot be exaggerated. The negroes have been cruelly used, and the razzias upon them numerous, and thousands have been carried into slavery. They now mistrust all, and in turn attack strangers—no longer able to distinguish friend from foe. As those who are employed in the slave-trade find it a lucrative one, they prefer it ; and it is with much

trouble soldiers or sailors can be engaged here to undertake a legitimate trade. Petherick's agent had, previous to our arrival, secured an efficient body of men for three boats, to proceed to Gondokoro, there to await the advent of Speke. All require five months' pay in advance ; and when that is, as a matter of course, paid to them, several run away.

It took but a few days of Petherick's time to arm and equip these men well ; but the wind was against the sailing of the boats. The extraordinary high Nile was the cause of this ; and not until the 15th of this month (November) did the north wind blow. They then set sail, but the treacherous breeze died away for many hours ; and, some three miles from Khartoum, the boats were made fast to the shore, and four of the hired soldiers went off with their guns. This is of frequent occurrence, and a very troublesome thing it is to hunt up these deserters—generally without success. We follow with four boats as soon as possible, and with upwards of one hundred and twenty men, well armed. Forty-three soldiers went with the first boats, and they, with a principal agent of Petherick's, were, on their arrival at Gondokoro, to proceed at once towards the south, in the direction of the Lake Nyanza, to meet Captains Speke and Grant. We take up with us some thirty donkeys and three horses : these are intended to carry the beads and baggage as we march in the interior. Negroes, we hear, will not carry loads at this time, so disaffected are they. The feuds amongst the various tribes are furious and many.

We have health, we have hope and energy to bear us up ; and we humbly trust that we may, in due time, be enabled to send to our friends at home a faithful account of our journey to the equator, and of a meeting with the brave travellers we go in search of.

CAXTONIANA :

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON LIFE, LITERATURE, AND MANNERS.

By the Author of 'The Caxton Family.'

PART V.

NO. VII.—ON RHYTHM IN PROSE, AS CONDUCTIVE TO PRECISION AND CLEARNESS.

IN every good prose writer there will be found a certain harmony of sentence, which cannot be displaced without injury to his meaning. His own ear has accustomed itself to regular measurements of time, to which his thoughts learn mechanically to regulate their march. And in prose, as in verse, it is the pause, be it long or short, which the mind is compelled to make, in order to accommodate its utterance to the ear, that serves to the completer formation of the ideas conveyed; for words, like waters, would run off to their own waste were it not for the checks that compress them. Water-pipes can only convey their stream so long as they resist its pressure, and every skilled workman knows that he cannot expect them to last unless he smooth, with care, the material of which they are composed. For reasons of its own, prose has therefore a rhythm of its own.

But by rhythm I do not necessarily mean the monotonous rise and fall of balanced periods, nor the amplification of needless epithets, in order to close the cadence with a Johnsonian chime. Every style has its appropriate music; but without a music of some kind it is not style—it is scribbling. And even when we take those writers of the last century in whom the taste of the present condemns an over-elaborate care for sound, we shall find that the sense which they desire to express, so far from being sacrificed to sound, is rendered with singular distinctness; a merit which

may be reasonably ascribed, in great part, to the increased attention with which the mind revolves its ideas, in its effort to harmonise their utterance. For all harmony necessitates method; and the first principle of method is precision.

In some exquisite critical hints on "Eurythmy," Goethe remarks, "that the best composition in pictures is that which, observing the most delicate laws of harmony, so arranges the objects that they by their position tell their own story." And the rule thus applied to composition in painting, applies no less to composition in literature.

In metaphysical works, the writers most conspicuous for harmony of style are those in whom the meaning is most clear from misconception. Thus Hume, the subtlest of all our metaphysicians, is the one whose theories have been the least obscure to his commentators or disciples; for his theories themselves led him to consult, in "every combination of syllables or letters,"* that euphony which, by pleasing the ear (or, through sympathy, the eye that "runs over the book"), allures the attention of the mind, and, while it increases the lucidity of the author by the deliberation with which he selects his expressions, quickens the intelligence of the reader by the charm that lightens the fatigue of its tension; whereas the meaning of Locke is often made needlessly difficult by the ruggedness of his style, and many of the erroneous deductions which his followers have drawn from his system may be

* Hume, 'Why Utility pleases.'

traced to the want of that verbal precision which a due culture of euphony seldom fails to bestow.

Much has been said, with justice, against the peculiar modes of euphony elaborated by Johnson and Gibbon; too pompous and grandiose; too remote from our homely vernacular: granted. But that does not prove the care for euphony to be a fault; it only proves that the modes of euphony favoured by those illustrious writers were too perceptibly artificial to be purely artistic. Yet no critic can say that Johnson and Gibbon are obscure; their meaning is much plainer than that of many a writer who prefers a colloquial diction. Not only in spite of the fault, but because of the fault, we impute to their styles, Johnson and Gibbon are—Johnson and Gibbon. And if you re-formed their rhythm to simpler modulations, accordant to your own critical canons, they would no more be Johnson and Gibbon, than Pope and Gray would be Pope and Gray

if you reconstructed the ‘*Essay on Man*,’ on the theories of Wordsworth; or, by the ruthless excision of redundant epithets, sought, with Goldsmith, to improve the dirge of the ‘*Elegy*’ into the jig of a ballad.

It is not, then, that rhythm should be cultivated only for the sake of embellishment, but also for the sake of perspicuity; the culture of rhythm in prose defeats its own object, and results in obscurity, if it seek to conceal poverty of thought by verbal decorations. Its uses, on the contrary, are designed for severe thinkers, though its charm may be insensibly felt by the most ordinary reader,—its uses are based on the common-sense principle, that the more the mind is compelled to linger on the thought, the more the thought itself is likely to emerge, clear and distinct, in the words which it ultimately selects: so metals, opaque in the mass, are made translucent by the process of solution.

NO. VIII.—ON STYLE AND DICTION.

There is a great distinction between the art of style and what the phrenologists call “the organ of language.” In Jeremy Taylor, for instance, we are dazzled by the opulent splendour of diction with which the preacher comes in state to our souls. High priest of eloquence, to his sacred tiara the many royalties of genius contribute the richest gems of their crowns. But no teacher of style would recommend as a safe model to his pupil the style of Jeremy Taylor. Still more noticeable are the absolute command, and the exquisite selection, of words in Sir Thomas Browne. Milton himself, in the ‘*Lycidas*’ or ‘*Comus*,’ has scarcely a more curious felicity of phrase, a more dulcet arrangement of sound, than the ‘*Essay upon Urn Burial*’ displays in its musical prose. Yet who would contend that the style of Sir Thomas Browne was that of pure classical

English? Attempt to imitate the ‘*Urn Burial*,’ and you fall into quaint affectation.

I know not if any of his contemporaries, mighty prose-writers though they were, had, on the whole, so subtle and fine a perception of the various capacities of our language as the author of ‘*Tristram Shandy*.’ With what finger—how light and how strong—he flies over the keys of the instrument! What delicate elegance he can extract from words the most colloquial and vulgate; and again, with some word unfamiliar and strange, how abruptly he strikes on the universal chords of laughter. He can play with the massive weights of our language as a juggler plays with his airy balls. In an age when other grand writers were squaring their periods by rule and compass, he flings forth his jocund sentences loose and at random; now up to-

wards the stars, now down into puddles; yet how they shine where they soar, and how lightly rebound when they fall! But I should have small respect for the critic who advised the youthful author to emulate the style of Sterne. Only writers the most practised could safely venture an occasional, restrained, imitation of his frolicsome zoneless graces.

On the other hand, no praise of Addison's style can exaggerate its merits. Its art is perfectly marvellous. No change of time can render the workmanship obsolete. His style has that nameless urbanity in which we recognise the perfection of manner—courteous, but not courtierlike; so dignified, yet so kindly; so easy, yet so highbred. Its form of English is fixed—a safe and eternal model, of which all imitation pleases—to which all approach is scholarship—like the Latin of the Augustan age. Yet I know not whether we could justly say that Addison possessed a very extensive command of language; certainly not a command equal to that of the writers I have just named. His jewels are admirably set, but they are not of the largest size, nor of the most precious water.

Of Goldsmith we may say much the same. His idea of the beauties compatible with chastity of style was limited, but he realised his own idea with exquisite finish of execution. And there is no English writer, Addison alone excepted, to whose lucid periods, always elegant and never effeminate, a young man of genius, desiring to form a style attractive alike to scholars and the populace, should more sedulously devote his days and nights.

But there are standards of heroic achievement which are seldom attained without many bold errors in the trial—errors not incurred by those who are contented with standards of less lofty elevation. We may guess at once where Goldsmith would fail in the rarer beauties of

language, when we find him rebuking the muse of Gray for that luxuriance of epithet which made its characteristic embellishment. From a treasury of poetic expression, enriched by a learning as copious as Johnson's, and selected by a taste more comprehensive than Goldsmith's, Gray extracted those jewels of phrase which render his verse original by the inimitable arrangement of its spoils. He is among poets what Cellini is among artists; ornament is less the accessory grace than the essential merit of his designs.

Lord Bolingbroke's Political Essays, and many of his letters in familiar correspondence, are often admirable alike for arrangement of style and richness of language. And his mode of composition is in singular accordance with the nature of his subjects and the dignity of his station. He was a patrician statesman, and in treating of state affairs he speaks with authority, and not as the scribes—"Quodam modo, præseferens in dicendo nobilitatem suam."* His irony is majestic, his lamentations are reserved and masculine. His graces of language are those which become an accomplished statesman. He is not a poet, and he takes from poets no ornaments obsolete or far-fetched. He assumes to be a man who has brought into active life the love of letters; like the English friend of Rousseau's St Preux, "he has been conducted to philosophy through the path of the passions." His quotations and his images harmonise with the character he assumes. His similes and illustrations are no wanton enrichments of fancy; they support the argument they adorn—like buttresses which, however relieved with tracery, add an air of solidity to the building against which they lean, and, in leaning, prop. Withal, he has been a man of the world's hard business—a leader of party, a chief among the agencies by which opinion is moulded and action is con-

* Quintilian, in describing the oratory of Messala.

trolled. And therefore, amidst his natural stateliness, there is an absence of pedantry—a popular and genial elegance. His sentences flow loose as if disdainful of verbal care. Yet throughout all there reigns the senatorial decorum. The folds of the toga are not arranged to show off the breadth of the purple hem; the wearer knows too well that, however the folds may fall, the hem cannot fail to be seen.

Perhaps the charm of Bolingbroke's writings is in some degree caused by the interest which it is impossible to refuse to the peculiarities of his character and the vicissitudes of his life—an interest to which his very errors contribute, as they do to that which the human heart so mournfully yields to the infirmities of genius in Byron or Burns.

In this English Alcibiades, what restless, but what rich vitality! We first behold him, like his Athenian prototype, bounding into life, a beautiful ambitious youth, seizing on notoriety as a substitute for fame; audacious in profligate excess—less, perhaps, from the riot of the senses, than from a wild joy in the scandal which singles him out for talk. Still but a stripling, he soon wrenches himself from so ignoble a corruption of the desire for renown. He disappears from the haunts that had rung with the turbulent follies of a boy—he expends his redundant activity in travel—and learns the current language of Europe to so nice a perfection, that, in later life, Voltaire himself acknowledges obligations to his critical knowledge of French.

He returns to England, enters Parliament at the age of twenty-two, and wins, as it were with a bound, the fame which a free state accords to the citizen in whom it hails the sovereign orator of his time. Nor of his own time alone. So far as we can judge by concurrent testimonies of great weight, Henry St John was, perhaps, in point of effect upon his audience,

the most brilliant and fascinating orator the English Parliament ever knew; Chesterfield, himself amongst the most accomplished of public speakers, and doing full justice to Chatham, to whom he ascribes “eloquence of every kind,” still commends Bolingbroke as the ideal model of the perfect orator. And Chatham must have accepted as truthful the traditions of his precursor's eloquence, when he said he would rather win back from oblivion Lord Bolingbroke's unreported speeches than Livy's lost books—an opinion endorsed by the severer taste of a yet higher authority, Chatham's son.

And how soon all this splendour is obscured! Queen Anne dies; and the councillor of Queen Anne is denounced as a traitor to King George. What a scene, for some highbred novelist, might be laid in the theatre itself, the night in which Bolingbroke vanished from the town he had dazzled and the country he had swayed! The playhouse is crowded;—all eyes turn to one box;—there sits serene the handsome young statesman whom, says Swift, with rare felicity of compliment, “men respect, and women love”——

Curious tongues whisper—“But what is really the truth? Is there any proof against him? It is said the articles of impeachment are already drawn up; the Whigs are resolved to have his head. “Tut, impossible! See how gaily he smiles at this moment! Who has just entered his box—an express? Tut, only the manager. My lord has bespoken the play for to-morrow night.”

The curtain falls—falls darkly on an actor greater than any Burbage or Betterton that ever fretted his hour on the mimic stage. Where behind the scenes has my lord disappeared? He is a fugitive on the sea. Axe and headsman are baffled. Where next does my lord reappear? At the playhouse in Paris. All eyes there, as in London, are fixed on the handsome young statesman.

And lo ! even there, he is Minister of State — distrusted, melancholy minister of a crownless and timid Pretender ! He who gave Europe the Peace of Utrecht—he who had supplied ammunition and arms to Marlborough, is an exile in the Court of the Bourbon, or rather in the mimic court of the Bourbon's pensioner, and plotting a buccaneer's foray on the shores of disdainful England. He has told us himself how soon that episode in his life came to a close; and if the cause he had espoused was a wrong one, we may include his mistake in the general amnesty long ago granted to Jacobites.

And now Alcibiades, in a new phase of multiform genius, affects to be Socrates himself. King George has set a price on his head, and he sits quietly down to show that that head is worth a much higher price than the letterless Guelph has offered for it. From his secluded chateau in France he sends forth that marvellous pamphlet which secured to the silenced orator his rank amongst the highest of contemporaneous writers.*

This was perhaps really the happiest period of his life. Then, perhaps, he sincerely felt that august contempt for the gods of ambition, which he laboured hard, but with imperfect success, to sustain through the length of days yet in store for the passionate would-be Stoic ; for then he first knew the calm of a virtuous and genial Home. A very early marriage had proved unfortunate, and his hearth had been lonely throughout all the triumphs of his official career. The death of his first wife, shortly after his exile, allowed him to form nuptials more auspicious. The second Lady Bolingbroke, a Frenchwoman, appears to have been all that his heart had sought elsewhere in vain ; accomplished, gentle, cheerful, tenderly

devoted to him. To this amiable woman, so far as we know, his fidelity never swerved. With that marriage end all the anecdotes of his daring and lawless gallantry. And out of all the friends whom this once paramount chief of party had rallied round him, whom does he select to negotiate terms for his return to his native shores ? What friend but the sweet second self. His trust is placed in the resolute heart and quick woman-wit of the faithful wife. Not the least interesting passage in the romance of his checkered career, is that where the plot of the drama shifts once more into Court comedy. Lady Bolingbroke, baffling all the shrewd arts of Sir Robert Walpole, entrapping the saturnine King with a golden bait set for the German gorgon who ruled him,† hastening back to her lord victorious, as Walpole, an hour too late, comes out of the royal closet foiled and discomfited. The Tories look up. The High Church smooths its band with decorous delight. Woe to Walpole and the Whigs ! Lord Bolingbroke,

“The Senate's darling and the Church's pride,”

can return to England.

But Walpole is not so artless a spider as to be destroyed by a wasp, whatever its sting or its nippers. True, the wasp has broken one mesh of the web, but to that hole in the wall, wherein sits the spider despot, the wasp never shall bring either nippers or sting. Lord Bolingbroke may return to England, but Lord Bolingbroke shall not re-enter the doors of Parliament. The voice of Achilles must not be heard from the ramparts on which his form reappears. Perhaps so signal a compliment was never yet paid to that eloquence by which Euripides tells us great States can be overturned.‡

* The Letter to Sir William Windham.

† The Duchess of Kendal. The price paid to this lady for her good offices is said to have been £11,000.—*Etough Papers*.

‡ Lord Bolingbroke's pardon passed the Great Seal in 1723. The bill which restored him to his title and estates passed in 1725. (Lady Bolingbroke visited

Lord Bolingbroke is now far advanced in middle age, but long years are yet before him. Lost to the Senate, his stately mournful image is seen distinct in the groves of Academe. He is still "that prodigy of parts" for whom the dark misanthropy of Swift softens into reverent affection. He is still that "lord of the silver bow," from whom Pulteney borrows his piercing shafts. He is still that "accomplished St John," from whom Pope takes the theme and the argument of a poem unequalled in didactic solemnity and splendour, since Lucretius set to music the false creed of Epicurus. No Guelph and no Walpole can interdict genius from fame. But fame alone seldom comforts the man who has trained his mind from youth to the pursuit of power.

Throughout all Bolingbroke's Correspondence, though he seeks with no ignoble simulation to appear serene, his melancholy is intense. To ambition excluded from its fair field of living action, the gardens of philosophy, like those of the Homeric spectre-land, are landscapes without a sun.

But at last the sun itself, so radiant in the morn, so obscured in the noon and evening of his life, breaks faintly forth on eyes it can rejoice no more. Walpole at length has fallen. A new Ministry is formed, to whom the attainted traitor is a patriot martyr. A new generation has arisen, for whom the errors of one whose works have charmed their taste, whose sorrows have moved their hearts, are merged in renown or atoned by penance.

The Prince of Wales selects as his political teacher and councillor the man whose voice had been gagged, lest the throne of the Guelph should reel before the breath of its trumpet-peal. The sun rests upon slopes smoothed to the stride of ambition — if ambition has still

heart and strength to renew the journey. But all the old man, weary and worn out, now needs from earth, are six feet of mould never lit by the sun!

The day that he sank into the grave, critics might have predicted to his memory a popular and enduring honour among the names which adorn a nation; for his political faults were those which friends could well contrive to palliate, and foes well afford to excuse. True, he had desired and had schemed to place a Stuart on the throne yet held by a Stuart, and to give to Anne a successor in her brother, rather than in a German prince who could not speak a word of our language, and who has left us no cause to suspect that he ever said a wise or a good thing in his own. We are glad that in this Lord Bolingbroke failed; we can all now acknowledge that the welfare of England was best consulted by the exclusion of the former dynasty. But that Bolingbroke for a few months thought otherwise, is but to say that he thought with perhaps half his countrymen, since Walpole's only excuse for violating the Constitution by the Septennial Act, and suppressing opinion by corrupting its organs, is that, if England could have spoken out, there would have been a cry loud enough to have rent the land in twain, of "God save the King—on the other side of the water!" Bolingbroke's private errors in his earlier years had been long since cancelled by manners unimpeachably pure since the date of his second marriage. All that was before the world in the writings he had published, abounds in maxims as loftily moral as ever, under the Attic Portico, bade the soul take from Virtue an armour invulnerable to the shafts of Fortune. His political tenets were those which the soundest thinkers of this day tacitly

England a second time to negotiate for this object with Lady Harcourt and the Duchess of Kendal.) The attainder was, however, kept up, lest, as Bolingbroke writes, "so corrupt a member should come again into the House of Lords, and his bad leaven should sour that sweet untainted mass."

adopt. Nothing has ever yet been written more practically wise on the true interest of England in her relations to foreign states, than will be found in the numbers of the 'Occasional Writer,' which treat of "the Balance of Power;" nothing more nobly liberal than the old Tory chief's eloquent plea for the popular principle of Parliamentary representation and the purity of election ever emanated from a Reform Committee. And at the day of his death he was confessedly the finest prose-writer, both in thought and in form, that had yet devoted genius and learning to the warfare of party politics. But all these title-deeds to unquestionable repute he himself destroyed as ruthlessly as the Stuarts he had once served had destroyed their own to a less enviable throne. He had written, in the spleen of compulsory leisure, and at an age when reason was weakened and imagination dulled, a long, tedious, pointless, nerveless essay, or rather bundle of essays, intended to advance the morality of Deism against the religion of Christianity. Pope, in the graceful epigram which compliments Chesterfield, had said—

"Accept a miracle instead of wit,
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ."

But Bolingbroke, in his argument against miracles, is chastised by a phenomenon that might have seemed a miracle in himself. Not two lines, but four thick volumes, are writ by the hand of St John, in which not one gleam of superior genius is visible from the first page to the last. But perhaps the most singular feature of this poor performance is its extreme irresolution of purpose. In some passages the author lauds Christianity in terms as glowing as a Clarke or a Baxter could have used in its honour. He says, "No religion ever yet appeared in the world whose natural tendency was so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind: if it has had a contrary effect, it has it apparently, not really."—"Chris-

tianity is founded on the universal law of nature."—"Christianity, genuine Christianity, is contained in the Gospels—it is the word of God; it requires, therefore, our veneration and a strict conformity to it." Here he only seems about to imply a distinction between the Gospels and the other writings in the New Testament; yet elsewhere he reurges all that deists have ever written against the authenticity of the Gospels as the word of God.

But whatever the sins of Bolingbroke's deistical work, there is no evidence to show that he designed it for publication—much evidence to favour the supposition that he never meant it to be published.

Unfortunately, in his will he bequeathed to David Mallet the copy-right of works, whether published or privately printed, enumerating them by name, and the copy of all his MSS., with the whole of his library.

The deistical essays are not mentioned in the will. It was said by those intimate with Bolingbroke that he had exacted from Mallet a promise that they should not be published. This Mallet denied; but his character for veracity is not unquestionable. Bolingbroke himself, in a letter to Swift, and in allusion to these very essays, or at least to the opinions they embody, not only disclaims the notion of giving them to the public, but expresses himself with the indignation natural to a thoughtful statesman, against the "*esprit fort*—in English, free-thinker"—whom he looks on as "the pest of society, because his endeavours are directed to loosen its bonds," and declares that he not only disowns, "but detests the character." It is probable enough that, as a politician, Bolingbroke would have shunned to publish the principles at which he had arrived as a metaphysician. And certainly such was the opinion of those who knew his mind the best—his relation Lady Harlington, and his friend Lord Cornbury.

The last wrote feelingly and nobly to Mallet, entreating him to sup-

press certain criticisms of Church History which had appeared in the Letters on History. Mallet refused, and, bent on making the most money he could by his legacy, not only retained those criticisms, but published the MSS. which fastened on his patron's memory the very character that patron had emphatically declared that he not only disowned, but detested.

Dull as this posthumous book unquestionably was, it did not less shock all sects of Christians because uninviting to all classes of readers. The design of the incendiary was sufficiently evident for odium, though it came out, upon trial, that his match was too damp, and his powder too scanty, to enable him to scorch a beam of the building he had meant to burn down. A name which had just before been assailed from each old reproach, its claims on admiration denied by none, its titles to respect but feebly criticised by ousted placemen, became branded by an attainder more withering than all which can be framed by the wit of lawyers, and signed by the hand of kings. And, naturally enough, Bolingbroke's bitterest revilers now were those who had been his warmest partisans before. He—the boast and pride of the Tories, their most eloquent chief, their most accomplished author—he to send forth from the tomb, over which they had wreathed their pious funereal garlands, a traitor's instruction to the common foe for the downfall of that divine Acropolis, which was at once the temple of their worship and the stronghold of their force! Every story of his boyish excesses was revived; every excuse for his political errors was ignored. And if to this day his very genius is questioned, his very style hypercritically carped at, it is not from what he did in his life, but for what—perhaps against his injunctions—an unscrupulous mercenary did on his behalf, when his ears were closed to the voice of man's judgments.

Horace Walpole—who, with his usual levity, calls Bolingbroke's

Metaphysical Divinity “the best of his writings”—says, “as long as there are parsons, he will be ranked with Tindal and Toland. Nay,” adds the slighter infidel, with his cynical sneer—“nay, I don't know whether my father won't become a rubric martyr for having been persecuted by him.”

We Christians may, however, afford, nowadays, to Bolingbroke at least, the same indulgence we accord to a less harmless offence in Gibbon. Of Gibbon we have expurgated editions for the perusal of families; we need take little pains to expurgate the editions of Bolingbroke of his posthumous work; we defy it to do the least mischief.

But whatever the sins of the man or the defects of the writer, still, for every student of the age in which he stands forth surrounded by all the Muses, there is a fascinating interest in the name of St John. And in reading his works, that ineffable charm to which I have before referred as their special characteristic, is in some degree heightened by the spell which the author himself holds over us, as he held, in his own day, over minds so acute and so various as those of Pope and of Pulteney, of Chesterfield and of Swift.

Still, the chief element of the charm is in the writing itself. Whatever our interest in the character and life of a man, he could not charm us in his writings if his writings themselves had no charm. Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh excite a personal interest, deeper, more unqualified, more enduring, and far more general, than that which we give to Bolingbroke. But their writings, though stamped with an equal genius, have not an equal charm. It is a labour to read through the ‘Arcadia,’ though it abounds with rare beauties of phrase and fancy; or the ‘History of the World,’ though it has passages matchless for masculine dignity of style. Once in our lives we may perform such task from a pious sense of the reverence due to England's worthies. Few repeat the dutiful but tedious ceremonial. But

no lover of beautiful English can ever be contented to read only once 'The Patriot King,' 'The Letter to Sir William Windham,' 'The Reflexions upon Exile.' Let the volume which contains those writings lie on the table amidst the most popular books of the present day, and it will be chosen for the sake of renewed delight by any true man of letters. Or, should the lad fresh from college take it up for the first time, if there be any promise of author or statesman within him, his eye will soon sparkle and his cheek glow.

Burke formed much of his own style from the study of Bolingbroke. Every reader knows that the 'Vindication of Natural Society' was considered a felicitous imitation of Bolingbroke's manner, and on its first appearance ascribed by many to Bolingbroke himself. Indeed, Warburton has said that Burke never wrote so well as when he emulated Bolingbroke; a saying that, somewhat to my surprise, Dugald Stewart approves, so far as it applies to style.*

And in those maturer writings in which Burke attains a height far beyond the reach of his predecessor, there is still the trace of Bolingbroke's early influence. The periods retain certain peculiarities of musical cadence, a certain mannerism in the conduct of argument, that remind us of the model on which the master has improved. Burke has not only far

loftier qualities of mind than Bolingbroke—a knowledge of books, though not of men, more accurate, comprehensive, and profound—a reasoning more subtle, an imagination more splendid—but this superiority in gifts and acquirements is accompanied by an equal superiority over Bolingbroke in the very beauties for which Bolingbroke is most remarkable. He excels him in luxury and pomp of language; he excels him in discipline and art of style. The most sovereign genius will be always that, whether in prose or verse, which unites in the highest degree the faculty of reasoning with the faculty of imagination;—the most beautiful writing, either in prose or verse, will be that which unites the logical arrangement that satisfies our reason with the splendour of language that delights our imagination. And it appears to me that, in this felicitous union, we have no prose writer who is the equal of Burke.†

Burke's command of style is so great, that as by some he was mistaken for Bolingbroke, so by others he has been identified with Junius; though perhaps no style can less resemble another than the loose sweep of Bolingbroke resembles the geometrical precision of Junius. Burke's language is so rich and bold in illustration, in imagery, in variations of rhythmical harmony, that it employs all the resources of poetry, while adhering, with very rare exceptions, to the laws which

* "If on other occasions he has soared higher than in his 'Vindication of Natural Society,' he has nowhere else (I speak at present merely of the style of his composition) sustained himself so long upon a steady wing."—Dugald Stewart 'On Taste,' Essay III., chap. iv.

† In thus saying, I am by no means insensible to Burke's occasional blemishes; nor do I deny altogether Dugald Stewart's assertion "that the defect was in his *taste*, which, left to itself, without the guidance of an acknowledged standard of excellence" (Dugald Stewart is referring here to Bolingbroke as that standard), "appears not only to have been warped by some peculiar notions concerning the art of writing, but to have been too wavering and versatile to keep his imagination and his fancy, stimulated as they were by an ostentation of his intellectual riches, and by an ambition of Asiatic ornament, under due control." But there is no writer who has not some faults, and faults of taste are perhaps those the most common to the highest and the lowest order of writers. The taste of Shakespeare and Milton is not always unimpeachable. But it is to the greatest writers that Adam Smith's exclamation applies—"How many great qualities must that writer possess who can thus render his very faults agreeable!" If we desire to find a writer without fault, we must not look for him amongst the greatest writers.

the ear and the taste assign to the lawful dominion of prose. But his excellence is that of the writer, not of the orator. In reading his speeches, the beauty of their composition will be felt in proportion as we forget that they were composed to be spoken. They are not framed according to the fundamental and necessary principles of effective oratory, but on the rules—which, as I have elsewhere said, are not only differing, but antagonistic—that regulate the method of elaborate essay. The genius of oratory is more irregular and abrupt; it is akin to that of the drama, inasmuch as it does not address men one by one, each in his quiet study, but a miscellaneous audience, which requires to be kept always verging towards that point at which attention relieves its pressure by the vent of involuntary applause. To move numbers simultaneously collected, the passions appealed to must be those which all men have most in common; the arguments addressed to reason must be those which, however new or however embellished, can be as quickly apprehended by men of plain sense as by refining casuists or meditative scholars. Elaborate though Cicero's orations are, they are markedly distinct in style from his philosophical prelections. The essayist quietly affirms a proposition; the orator vehemently asks a question. "You say so and so," observes the essayist about to refute an opponent; "Do you mean to tell us so and so?" demands the impassioned orator. The writer asserts that "the excesses of Catiline became at last insupportable even to the patience of the Senate;" "How long will you abuse our patience, Catiline?" exclaims the orator. And an orator who could venture to commence an exordium with a burst so audaciously abrupt, needs no other proof to convince a practised public speaker how absolute must have been his command over his audience. What sympathy in them, and what discipline of voice, manner, counte-

nance in himself, were essential for the successful licence of so fiery a burst into the solemnity of formal impeachment!

Oratory, like the Drama, abhors lengthiness; like the Drama, it must keep *doing*. It avoids, as frigid, prolonged metaphysical soliloquy. Beauties themselves, if they delay or distract the effect which should be produced on the audience, become blemishes. Burke, from the very depth of his understanding, demands too great a tension of faculties little exercised by men of the world in general, not to create fatigue in an assembly which men of the world compose. And his ornaments, which do not seem redundant when read, would appear in speech too artificial for that spontaneous utterance which oratory, even when prepared, must condescend to simulate. Again, Burke wants that easy knowledge of everyday life which is more or less essential to a popular public speaker. For each day upon each question there is a something which the party he represents wishes to have said—a something, which it would have been a rashness to say yesterday, will be a platitude said to-morrow—but said to-day, has a pertinent wisdom that may turn the scales of debate. Now, the true orator, however aiming at immortality, must not neglect the moment; for he who speaks what the moment needs, is eloquent without effort. But Burke knew little of what was said at the clubs, and what it was all-important should be said in Parliament at the right time. And what he might know of such popular common-sense matters, and deign to repeat in his own way, he would so transform in the re-creating process of his glowing intellect, that not one man in a hundred would have muttered, "That's *my* thought"—how clearly he puts it!"

We see in this the contrast between Burke and Fox. Fox studies far more diligently than is generally supposed—in the quiet of his bedroom, which he does not leave till

noon. But he, then, has his levee of gossiping partisans: he hears all that the town says—all that his party thinks it would be useful to say; and the facts or reflections his mind has already stored are at prompt service for the immediate want. Burke comes to join him just in time for the debate, weary, as he himself complains, of the forenoon's mental labour, and so little in sympathy with the humours and passions of the time and place, that, when he rises to speak, a matter-of-fact partisan plucks him by the coat-tail, with an imploring entreaty to hold his tongue.

That Burke was no popular speaker in Parliament, except upon those rare occasions when all considerations of mere taste give way to the desire to hear what a first-rate intellect has to say upon matters that vitally affect the State, must be ascribed far more to the matter of his speeches than his personal defects as a speaker. It may be very true that he had an untunable voice—a strong brogue—an ungainly gesture; but I think I can cite proof sufficient to show that Burke's *delivery*, in spite of its defects, was that of an orator—that is to say, it was a delivery which increased, not diminished, the effect of his matter. Mr Fox, in the last motion he ever made in the House of Commons, thus, in words which have escaped the notice of those who have discussed the question of Burke's merits as an orator, refers to a speech of Burke's upon the abolition of negro slavery: "It was perhaps the most brilliant and convincing speech ever delivered in this or any other place by a consummate master of eloquence; and of which, I believe, there remains in some publications a report that will convey an inadequate idea of the substance, though it would be impossible to represent the *manner*;"—the voice, the gesture, the manner, was not to be de-

scribed—O, si illum audissem, si illum vidissem!"*

Now, as many must then have been present, by whom Burke's delivery would have been familiarly known, it is clear that a man of Fox's sound taste and sense would never have indulged in a compliment, not only to the matter, but still more emphatically to the *manner* of the departed statesman, had it not been recognised as truthful. If the matter had been really marred by the defects of delivery, Fox's cordial praise would have seemed a malignant irony. In fact, the House of Commons is an audience that is very soon reconciled to mere personal defects. It is the triumph of an impassioned and earnest speaker to overcome all hostile impressions on eye and ear which at first interpose between his mind and his audience. Fox's gesticulation was extravagant and graceless; his articulation, in spite of lengthened practice, was so indistinct from rapidity, that he himself in one of his latest speeches observes, that no reporter could catch his words with sufficient accuracy for faithful report. Yet I doubt not that, though indistinct in the gallery, he contrived to make himself very intelligible to the House. The late Mr Sheil had almost every defect which tradition ascribes to Burke; an unmistakable brogue—a voice so shrill that its tones were compared to daggers of splintered glass; while in spite of its shrillness, the ear was laboriously strained to distinguish the sense of the sound that shivered as it struck on the tympanum. His action was that which in itself is most distasteful to an audience that abhors the theatrical; it was theatrical, and theatrical to excess. Yet Sheil was surpassed by none of our time in his immediate effect upon the House of Commons. He dazzled and fascinated an attention always eager, sometimes breathless. If his effects were transient—if the *quality* of the effects was not equal

* On the Abolition of the Slave Trade, June 10, 1806. Fox's Speeches, vol. vi. p. 662.

to the degree—it was not because of his voice and gestures. His deficiencies as an orator, whatever they might be, were intellectual; the physical deficiencies he redeemed—they were forgotten while he spoke. But Mr Sheil's speeches were composed not upon literary but oratorical principles. It was the form in which he cast his thoughts that made him an orator of mark, beyond the standard of his political knowledge and his intellectual capacities—as it was the form in which Burke cast his thoughts that forbade him to gain, save on rare occasions, that sovereign ascendancy over his audience, which, by political knowledge and intellectual capacities, was his unquestionable right. Any young man with the ambition to become a public speaker can test for himself the truth of my remarks. Let him take up one of Pitt's or Fox's speeches on the French Revolution. They are very badly reported, but enough of the original remains to show the mode in which those masters of the art of oratory conducted the argument they severally advanced. Let him declaim aloud, to any circle of listeners, some of the more animated passages in those mutilated harangues; and if he can declaim tolerably well, he will perceive at once that he is speaking as parliamentary orators speak—that the effects require no histrionic skill of delivery; they are palpable—popular; the sense is easily uttered and quickly understood, and will even at this day excite a certain sensation in listeners, because it embodies elementary differences of opinion, and places those differences in the light and the warmth of the broadest day. Let him then try to speak aloud one of those grand essays which are called Burke's Speeches, and he will soon find the difficulty of suiting phraseology so uncolloquial, and reasoning so refined, to the tone and gesture of a practical debater. They would require a delivery as skilful as that which the more metaphysically thoughtful, or the more abstracted-

ly poetic, passages of Shakespeare require in an actor—in order to conciliate the imagination to an involuntary jar upon the reverence with which, in reflective stillness, we have been accustomed to ponder over oracles so subtle, conveyed from penitralia so remote. It is the same with many famous works in didactic or moralising poetry, which a person of ordinary refinement will peruse, when alone, with pleasure, but which become wearisome when read aloud; whereas other works akin to the drama, and therefore to oratory, may please and impress more when spoken than they do when perused in the closet. The 'Death of Marmion,' or 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' almost requires to be recited in order to be fully appreciated. But who would wish to hear *recited* the 'Excursion,' or the 'Essay on Man'?

It is more than doubtful whether Burke himself ever spoke his speeches as they are now printed. They were carefully revised for publication, and revised in order to be perfect literary compositions—filed from the roughness, and elaborated from the haste, of oral utterance; and, therefore, it is as literary compositions that they seem to me to deserve our reverential praise and requite our impassioned study—models, as nobly instructive to the young writer, as they would be fatally injurious to the young orator.

To close these remarks, it is according to the nature of the author's work that we should more or less give the preference to richness of language, or to concinnity of style.

In writings that treat of the ordinary business of life, or seek to explain rather than suggest, symbolise, or depict, some selected truth, we naturally prefer a style compact and lucid, dispensing with a pomp of words which would be an ostentation impertinent to the simplicity of the occasion. On the other hand, in those classes of composition which are more or less generic to poetry, inasmuch as they are chiefly ad-

dressed to the imagination, and through the imagination wind their way to the reason, a style of architectural structure, with all its proportions measured by an inch scale, would be destructive to the effects which the writer desires to produce. To enlist the imagination on your side, you must leave it free to imagine for itself.

When we want practically to build a dwelling-house, let the builder show us his plan in plain geometrical outlines. We suspect that there is something wrong in his construction, that there is some defect which he desires to conceal, when he adds to his drawing the hues of a sunset, or dips the unsightly office-wing into the pleasant gloom of an imaginary grove. But when we wish rather to see on the canvass some ancient legendary castle, some illustration of scenes which heroes have trodden or poets have sung, then we willingly lend ourselves to the beautifying art by which the painter harmonises reality to our own idealising preconceptions; then the thunder-cloud may rest upon the ruined battlements, then the moonlight may stream through the gaping fissures, or, then, the landscapes of Spenser's *Fairyland* may take a Nature of their own, never seen on earth, yet faithful to our dreams, as they rise from the pallet of Turner in the glory of golden haze.

Thus, in the literature of romance, we must admit to creative prose a licence analogous to that which we accord to creative verse. For Romance, though its form be in prose, does in substance belong to poetry, obey the same conditions, and necessitate the same indulgence.

Nor is it in fiction alone (wherein audacity in the resources of poetic diction is obviously proportioned to the degree in which that fiction approaches, or recedes from, the poetic aspects of life) that we are compelled to relax severe canons as to the mechanism of style, if we would leave free play to the higher delight derivable from luxury and glow of language. There are sub-

jects which can only be rescued from triteness, by showing those more latent phases of the Material that rest half-hid amid types and parables of the Spiritual. When Jeremy Taylor discourses on Marriage, what new and endearing light the preacher throws upon the sacred mystery of the indissoluble bond, by words and images that exact from our taste the licence it accords to the poet! And there is many a truth, whether found hourly by the side of crowded thoroughfares, or in shadowy dingles and forest-deeps, unpenetrated by the star,—which we may enable science to classify more accurately, and the common reader to comprehend more plainly, if, instead of dry speculation on its botanical attributes, we place in our page the form and the colours of the flower.

Nor, where the imagination of the author has wealth sufficient to render display an appropriate evidence of riches, and not the artifice of the impostor seeking to disguise his poverty, need we fear that the substance of good sense will be slighter for the delicate arabesques, which may give to a thing of use the additional value of a work of art. On the contrary, the elegance of the ornament not unfrequently attests the stoutness of the fabric. Only into their most durable tissues did the Genoese embroiderers weave their delicate threads of gold; only on their hardest steel did the smiths of Milan damaskeen the gracious phantasies which still keep their armour among the heirlooms of royal halls, and guide the eye of the craftsman to numberless fresh applications of former art, though the armour itself be worn no more. The Useful passes away with each generation into new uses. The Beautiful remains a fixed unalterable standard of value, by which the Useful itself is compelled to calculate the worth of its daily labours. This is a truth which, to a superficial thinker, will seem dubious. Every profound thinker will acknowledge it at once.

SIX WEEKS IN A TOWER.

If I have a fancy for living in towers, I suppose I may indulge in it so long as no nocturnal raids are proved against me. It was Burns who sang—

“As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;”

and it was such an old grey Border tower that first attracted my boyhood's fancy. Never could I pass it without laying down my fishing-rod and climbing up an old staircase, in order to muse for an hour beneath the old ash-tree which grew out of its roofless second storey, and weave into wild fancies the blue smoke of my secret youthful pipe. As snatches of the weird Border ballads came to recollection, fierce mosstroopers thronged round me with their riant recklessness and defiant gloom. That tower became associated with blazing hamlets, in whose red glare stalwart figures were snatching “the fat horse and feir woman;” with passion so intense that the King of Terrors became its feeble vassal; and with those dreams of unearthly love and undying sorrow, which passed ever and anon over the hill-side where the hunted marauder lay. I was too young to care much for the interesting fact, that there was a ford beneath, where Scotch lasses,

“A’ plump and strapping in their teens,”

stripped off their shoes and stockings to wade over. It was better to remember that it was the stream of Thomas the Rhymer which murmured by, and to fancy him meeting the Queen of Elfland in her grass-green silk:—

“‘Harp and carp, Thomas,’ she said,
‘Harp and carp along wi’ me;
And if ye daur to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be.’”

‘Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunt on me.’
Synne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon tree.”

Then there was the five-storeyed wooden tower from which the Jam of Bela looks over the flaming wilds of Beloochistan, and marks the caffilah which he thinks may safely become his prey. When Balooch Khan struck first his shield and then his breast as he offered to protect me, while I put up a devout internal prayer for protection from him, how curiously the old Border ballads came to mind, and how forcibly the fact was impressed upon me that I was in a position to realise the charms of the state of society which they depict! For several days, however, I slept in safety under the shadow of that Bela tower, and wandered unharmed among tribes as lawless and marauding as ever blessed the Scottish Border.*

Perhaps, strictly speaking, it was not so much a tower as a tomb in which I passed many pleasant days beside the caves and rock-temples of Ellora; but it had the position, with the appearance, of a tower; and the Mohammedan buried beneath never disturbed the white invader. Stretching beneath like an ocean was rich land bearing the traces of former cultivation, but at that time with scarcely a culinary fire to mingle its smoke with the pillars of rain and cloud which the Indian monsoon whirled over it. Close by were dwellings once occupied by troglodytic monks—vast caves and temples of solid rock, filled and carved over with strange figures, some of half-human, half-bestial shapes, and others of lordly and beautiful forms of races which have now passed away. Above and around these was the *Wilde*—the more savage powers of nature, en-

* See Magazine for September 1857.

croaching on the remains of ancient civilisation: for huge creepers, grass, and prickly euphorbias crept over the finely-chiselled lines; the tiger and hyena slunk in the dusk round the sculptured columns; the poisonous snake glided over the cold stone floors; and on the hills behind might have been heard the rattling matchlocks of scarce tamer men—of Affghans and Rohillas who had descended from their native mountains to batten on the falling Nizam and his dominions.

The tower in which I spent the six weeks of which I have now to give some account, was also in a rather out-of-the-way corner of the world, into which it is not likely that any copies of *Maga* will soon penetrate. It was in the Kwangtung or "Broad East" province of China, and in the district Kwei-shin, which lies on the Tung-kiang or "East River," one of the large streams which form the Pearl or Canton River. Only about a hundred miles distant from Canton on the west, and from Hong-Kong on the south, it was nevertheless a far-off place, in a wild tract of country unknown to Europeans, and in the midst of a peculiar people called the Hakka, who are rather at variance with the other inhabitants of the south of China, and sometimes not particularly peaceful among themselves. As there was nothing from the outer barbaric world to disturb our meditations, I had an opportunity of observing closely the life of that section of the Chinese; and as the Chinese New Year passed during the period of our residence there, I was able to see a little of their domestic happiness and glory.

China is very generally supposed to be the most uninteresting country in the world, and De Quincey has somewhere said that, had he been compelled to live in it, the monotony of its life would have driven him mad; but the monotony and dulness of which he complained have been owing chiefly to the dulness of uninteresting writers, who have done injustice to a picturesque

subject, because they had not the sympathy by which it might have been appreciated, or the imagination by which alone it could have been reproduced. There are few other countries more interesting than China becomes when we are content to regard the actions of its people, however peculiar their circumstances may be, as springing from the ordinary motives of humanity. Beneath its outward uniformity there is abundance of striking variety; comedies and tragedies, with their accompaniments of laughter and of bitter tears, go on there as well as under Occidental skies; and there are few other lands at present in which the traveller is more likely to observe stirring incidents, or to be concerned in them. There was nothing of much importance to be observed from our tower; but I trust even a few apparently trivial details may afford something like a truthful idea of the people and country by which we were surrounded; while the incidents mentioned, and which are related exactly as they occurred, may give some personal interest to the narrative.

But how came we to bend our steps in that direction, and to establish ourselves in a tower? My companion and I had made many excursions together in the south of China, and on one occasion we had such a narrow escape from having our heads taken off, that he is indissolubly associated in my mind with the idea of a butcher's knife. One result of these excursions was, that when he became connected with the scheme of Chinese emigration to the British West Indies, he undertook to carry on operations on the mainland of China and in the country districts. This was a service of some danger; for though the British scheme of emigration, under the superintendence of both the British and Chinese Governments, is unobjectionable, and calculated to effect good, other schemes of a different kind had been in

operation, and, along with many other circumstances, had raised bitter feelings against foreigners in the minds of the Celestials. The emigration to the Spanish West Indies had given rise to some atrocious kidnapping; and the life of a foreigner in a Chinese village was put in danger if any idler happened to call him a "pig-dealer," as the Cuban coolie-brokers were nicknamed. It was very difficult to change this idea of emigration in the minds of the natives; and as the mandarins were secretly opposed to the whole scheme, while many of the country gentry were violently so, it may well be imagined that any person engaged in it, travelling on the mainland, carried his life pretty much in his hand. When the emigration agent passed beyond the Sun-on and Toong-koon districts into that of Kwei-shin, which was still more turbulent, and knew foreigners almost entirely by report, he very soon came to grief, and narrowly escaped with his life.

On his first visit to Tam-shui, a town not far from our tower, the mandarin declined to give him any countenance, and directed him to an inn in the lowest part of the town, where a crowd fell upon him and took away his baggage. Not judging it exactly expedient to remain there, he set off for one of the villages in the neighbourhood; but on his way thither he was attacked by a band of men, who suddenly knocked him into a ditch before he had time to use his revolver, and then confiscated his money, his hat, and all his clothes, with the exception of his nether garments. On rising when the plunderers left, he found that his Chinese followers were nowhere, and he nearly perished from hunger and exposure. The first village he came to afforded a bitter illustration of the opinion formed of those who are down in the world. The villagers came out with their bamboos and drove him away—not, be it noted, because he was poor and had no money to give them, but because, as they said, he

was a bad man; for none but bad men went about in that style at night. Nor is China the only country where such judgments are passed. Further on he found a cold Samaritan in the shape of the keeper of a temple, who gave him a little cold rice, and allowed him to sleep on a table, where he was devoured by mosquitoes. Being unable to swim, he was much troubled by the creeks and rivers on his path; for, seeing his condition, the ferrymen naturally enough demanded pre-payment, and it was only by dint of eloquence that he got across. It says something for the Chinese, however, that he did get on; and if the reader doubts this, let him present himself in similar attire, without money, at Paddington Station or at Wapping Stairs, and see what progress he will make. At Tai-poong, which he managed to reach in a half-starved condition, the mandarin, whom he knew, gave him money and clothes, and sent him on to Hong-Kong.

After this adventure, Laou, the Governor-General of the Two Kwang, gave him a pass which proved useful; but his health had been much injured, and there were various reasons why he should not go again alone into the country. Among others, he wished to take a sum of money with him, to give advances to families that desired to emigrate; and there are plenty of people in China who would have cut him into as many small pieces for the sake of a hundred dollars. Being also unwell, I was about to go and take up a solitary residence in one of my own Chinese haunts, but agreed to accompany my friend, and assist him in protecting his somewhat perilous accompaniment of 1500 dollars. As it turned out, it was well that I went along with him; for he ran some risk, and was soon prostrated by fever and delirium.

Thus it was that two cavaliers (all except the horses) might have been seen landing in the beginning of January last at the town of Kow-

loong, or the "Nine Dragons," and wending their way over a steep mountain-pass. It was always delightful to reach the summit of that pass, and the little tea-house there, the keeper of which invariably told me every time I came, and as a new and interesting fact, that he had a son in Hong-Kong who understood the *Kwei-wa*, or "devils' dialect," meaning English. It was always pleasant to look from this tea-house on the distant harbour of Hong-Kong, and feel that I was leaving Occidental civilisation behind for a week or two at least, and entering on the agreeable variety of Celestial temples, towers, and chopsticks. The pull up to it was stiff and uninteresting, over barren hills; but whenever we began to descend, the scene changed to a picturesque valley, crowded with small fir-trees and cedars, with bright-coloured ferns plentifully growing round huge black rocks, and with a clear mountain stream falling every now and then in white cascades into dark pools. It was night when we reached Shateen, or "Sandy Field," on Mirs's Bay, an arm of the sea which has its entrance about fifty miles up the coast; but finding there was a passage-boat about to start, we made a hasty dinner, and resolved to set off in it. As the night was dark, and the junk was lying some way off, we embarked in little sampans under the light of a grass fire, which made the scene look like crossing the Stygian river in Charon's boat; for our boatmen were sufficiently naked and ugly to have passed in that light for demons; and as the fire cast its gleams only a short way into the darkness which hung over the water, it looked as if ghostly figures were paddling us away to the very domain of Nox and Erebus. The cabin of the junk was occupied by two respectable-looking Chinamen, who were smoking opium, and offered us a place beside them; but we preferred to stretch our blankets under a sort

of shed upon the deck. The night being wet, our coolies and the other passengers pressed in upon us rather inconveniently; and I felt very much as if lying in a coffin in an ancestral vault, with devils moving round, these devils being the boatmen, who were constantly crossing our circumscribed arc of vision in order to shift the sails.

A cold grey morning, with heavy mists hanging over the broad waters of Mirs's Bay, roused us from uneasy slumber, and in two or three hours we reached Shoh-ee-choong, or "Saltfish Creek," where there is a fine sandy beach, a station for passage-boats, a narrow picturesque creek running inland between high banks, a small village, and where we went on shore in order to conclude our short journey by land. Here we were accosted by a messenger and two armed retainers, sent to meet us by Wong a Shui, the landed proprietor with whom we were going to stay. They had been despatched in order to escort us on the road, and to inform us that danger was to be apprehended at a certain place among the hills. Besides the money already referred to, we had a number of articles for presents, stores for our own use, clothing, &c., and so would have been a very acceptable prize. A Shui's man told us that a number of disreputable characters proposed to collect at a theatre which was being erected on the road, and there seize our valuables along with my companion's Chinese agents; but we had had far too much experience of Chinese stories to place much reliance upon them, and were somewhat suspicious of the proposal which was made, that we should take an unfrequented route through the hills. If there was any such danger, there could be little hope of evading it by going out of our way, and the most dangerous thing would be to appear afraid of it.

Our path led first along the banks of the creek, and then over a rocky pass, with deep pools beneath, down to a plain where there

were many villages buried in trees, at one of which I procured a chair and coolies to carry me on, my companion being already provided in that way. I have tried many ways of travelling—in carriages, in palanquins, on foot, on horseback, on camels, and, I may add, on donkeys, for I once rode eighty miles in thirty hours on an Egyptian ass—but as to real enjoyment, I think travelling in chairs in China bears away the palm. It is not a rapid kind of locomotion; but what idea do you get of a country by rattling over it in a railway train? It is not so cheap as going a-foot; but then it is cheaper than horseback, and does not cost more than two shillings a-day. The traveller can dismount from his chair whenever it pleases him, and expand his lungs upon some hill-side, while his coolies have the gratification of trotting on with a very light burden. Every two or three miles he comes to a tea-house, where he can rest under some wide-spreading umbrageous tree, and refresh himself with excellent sweetcakes, made from rice-flour and sugar, and with small cups of milkless and sugarless tea, which infallibly remove any reasonable amount of depression or fatigue. As we were both invalids, and in bad travelling condition, we sustained ourselves, I confess, not so much with tea as with champagne; but the former beverage was my usual support when travelling in China, and very satisfactory it proved to be. Then the tea-house has always its gossip and passing travellers. The poor peasants who may be resting there are easily propitiated by a few cakes, costing an infinitesimally small sum, and the wealthier parties are won over by the present of a cheroot, or by an explanation and illustration of the nature and uses of a revolver. I have also found that, with turbulent persons, the effect of a revolver upon a bottle or on a tile conveys a useful moral lesson. There are some Chinese chairs which resemble nothing so much as coffins raised

on end, and which are thorough instruments of torture. It is best to select a roomy open chair, in which the traveller can stretch himself at will, but with a cover to it to keep off the sun, and sides which can be let down when rain falls. Refreshments, two or three books, revolvers, and other conveniences for the journey, can easily be carried in the chair; and if it is properly made, one can read, sleep, smoke, and do anything short of dancing, within its limits.

The greater part of our journey was over rolling hills covered with dry coarse grass, and with very few villages amongst them. Before reaching the place where our assailants were expected, it was seen that our arms were in order; but the theatre was only half constructed, and only a very few disreputables had collected, who of course offered no annoyance. After the sterile plains immediately before it, we were scarcely prepared for the size and appearance of the residence of the *Lau-Yeh*, or "Venerable Gentleman," with whom we were to reside, and for the number of other castles, rather than houses, in the neighbourhood. Our reception was all that could be desired. The old gentleman and his sons welcomed us cordially, complimented me on my stature, asked us to dinner with them, and offered us rooms below; but we preferred to establish ourselves in the upper room of one of the towers, in order to secure that privacy which a Chinaman scarcely knows how to appreciate or respect.

For two or three days we were occupied only with examining our residence, and the country in the immediate neighbourhood. Wong a Shui's house was a fortified building, of 350 paces in length and 180 in breadth. The outer walls, which were about 30 feet high, and which formed the sides of the first range of rooms, had no windows, but were everywhere pierced with loopholes for purposes of defence; and there were three strong gateways in front. The roofs of the first range

of rooms curved down on the outer walls, meeting them about five feet from the top, so as to leave a pathway, defended by a parapet, all round the roof of the building, except where that pathway was interrupted by the four large square towers, which formed respectively the four corners, and which were also plentifully supplied with loopholes. Inside there were about forty rooms of various dimensions, some large and open, others small and close: these were separated from each other by intervening courts, usually connected by covered corridors. In front of the residence there was a fish-pond, and preparations were being made for the construction of a garden, which was much required to take away the bare aspect of the place, and which was to be surrounded by a high wall, also capable of defence. These *wai*, as the Chinese call them, or fortified residences, are very common in the south and east of the province of Kwang-tung; but I have not noticed them in the tea and silk districts to the west of the Canton River. They are necessitated by the turbulent character of the people, the innumerable clan-fights, and the ever-recurring feuds between the Punti and Hakka. I remember seeing one at a place called Polo, which contained several acres of ground, and was surrounded by enormous massive walls and a broad deep ditch. This one, of our tower, was called Kum-tow-lek, which means, as near as it can be rendered, "a drop from a gold measure." Within a hundred yards there was another *wai* of similar size, occupied by Wong a Shui's brothers; while a little farther off there was a third one, considerably larger and more formidable, belonging to a brother by adoption—a singular old ruffian, of whom I shall have more to say.

Our tower was a very jolly place for invalids—in fact, it was one of those places that either kill or cure; and while it proceeded at once to benefit me, it soon threatened to do

for my companion. Loopholes are very romantic things to peep through (more especially if some fair face be attempting to do so at the same moment); they are interesting, no doubt, and they have their uses occasionally; but the fact is, we had rather too many of them. There were no less than eighteen loopholes in this large upper room where we captives chose to sleep; and as the season was wet and cold, the country bleak and hilly, it may well be believed that they were occasionally regarded with "the eye of cursing." It was in vain that we filled them with pieces of wood, and pasted them over with paper: that only served to create a more hideous noise at night, and by no means to keep out the damp chill wind which howled round our tower. Then the lofty roof was simply composed of tiles, which admitted more wind; the boards below were not particularly close; and, altogether, a cage could scarcely have been more airy. The Chinese of the south never use fires for purposes of warmth, though those of the north dine and sleep on stoves. They meet the winter by putting on more coats, and by sitting in close inner rooms without windows. The cold we experienced in Kum-tow-lek was singularly penetrating, and no amount of clothes we had to heap on was sufficient protection. We sometimes buried ourselves in blankets during the middle of the day, and I got into the way of constantly wearing a Chinese hood of green cloth, which covered all the head except from the lips to the eyes, and rose up into a pyramidal peak above, which might have been a disfigurement to the eyes of foreign devils, but was a recommendation with the Celestials. At one time we tried an earthen pot with a charcoal fire; but that only burned our knees, and the smoke was whirled into our eyes. Our only real defence against the cold was still colder water. Whenever I felt it getting intolerable, I emptied half a bucket of water over

myself, and then took a brisk walk, which brought quite a lively glow. Seldom has hydropathy been pursued under more difficult circumstances, or with better results. At first this process was gone through on the roof, but we discovered to our horror that the opposite tower contained spectators whose gender could not be determined. The Chinese, who avoid cold water in every form, judged our proceedings to be indications of insanity; and the little children used to gather round the door of the room that was finally set apart for our baths, and comment in awestruck whispers on the splashing of the water. Opinions were divided on the subject: there were some who asserted against the explanation of insanity that the bathing was a species of worship; and others, that it was done in expiation of some horrid crime. In one of the classics of the Taiping rebels there occurs the passage (taken, I rather think, from an older work)—“Thang of the Shang dynasty, and Wang of the Chow, honoured God with the intensest feeling: the inscription on Shang’s bathing-tub inculcated daily renovation of mind, and hence God commanded him to assume the government of the empire.” Had this spirit prevailed among the Chinese, we should at once have been elevated to the dragon throne and placed in possession of the vermilion pencil; but “daily renovation” is as rare a virtue among the Taipings as it is with the Imperialists; it is even rarer than it used to be to find Scotchmen acting on their old adage, that “Cleanliness is next to godliness.”

Our host, Wong a Shui, or “Imperial (yellow) Water,” as the characters of his name signified, was a strong, hale, broad-shouldered, good-natured, but firm man of fifty or sixty years. His most striking peculiarity was, that he always seemed to be leaning back against an imaginary wall, and to have made up his mind to put down all

attempts at imposing on him. This is not an unfrequent characteristic of great sachems; but our Imperial friend carried it to an amusing extent, and I never saw him get rid of it except once, when he was decidedly “sprung,” from the unwonted influence of champagne. He was a man of great influence in the district, being consulted on every important occasion by the mandarin of Tam-shui. He had himself purchased a mandarin’s cap and white button, and acted, within certain limits, as a kind of justice of the peace. An exceedingly active and temperate man, he looked after everything himself, smoking no opium, and, except on special occasions, drinking only one small cup of *t’sou*, or light Chinese wine, at his meals. Families and sub-families live together very happily in the Flowery Land. The youthful heir does not think it necessary to set up an establishment of his own, either public or private. He is generally married by his parents at an early age; and if he wishes some less serious arrangement, it is not necessary for him to take a quiet villa in the neighbourhood of St John’s Wood. Grandfathers and grandchildren, principal wives and subordinate wives, live in peace under the same tiles, and never separate, except under the pressure of misfortune, so long as the family has a living head. Thus A Shui’s sons and their wives and families still lived with him in harmony and contentment. The sons I shall designate by their ages. Thirty-Two, the oldest, and Thirty, were fat, lazy, and might have been designated as “bloated aristocrats.” To his other accomplishments Thirty-Two added those of meanness and greed, as became the future head of the family. Twenty-Six was much the best of the lot, being, like his father, modest, active, firm, and truthful. Twenty was pockpitted, presumptuous, and resembled a donkey trying to make itself agreeable. Fourteen was in the disagreeable state of hobbled-

hoysism, but promised to turn out a good man. The defunct eldest brother of all had been sawn asunder by the rebels; but he was represented by his son, a boy of eight years old, with an invariably dirty nose, who, on account of his father's services, had received a pension from the Imperial Government, and the honorary rank of a petty military mandarin. There were also about a dozen more of Wong a Shui's grandchildren, over whom the infantile mandarin affected to exercise severe and judicious control. He also sometimes attempted to command his youngest uncle; but though this was not openly resisted, it usually proved an utter failure from Fourteen's superior knowledge and experience of the world. The wives, except by accident, were not permitted to show us the light of their countenances, but a few elderly female servants and some small girls moved freely about. There were a couple of cooks in the establishment, several male hewers of wood and drawers of water, a schoolmaster, an apothecary who retailed drugs for the family and neighbourhood, a few poor relatives who assumed the dignity of retainers, a carpenter, and a herd or two employed in looking after buffaloes and bullocks.

About two hundred yards from our residence there was a still larger *wai*, containing about two hundred people, belonging to Wong Kum Sau, a brother, by adoption, of our excellent host. I have called this gentleman a ruffian, because we discovered that it was he who had instigated the attack upon my companion at Tam-shui, and there was in his possession some of the plunder that was then taken. He actually had the audacity to show us a bottle of rare Dutch bitters that must have been stolen on that occasion, and to ask us if it was good to drink; for it must not be supposed that we betrayed any knowledge of his previous deeds. Wong Kum Sau was a man of the world. When he found that we were under the

protection of the Governor-General at Canton, and benefiting A Shui by our stay at Kum-tow-lek, his entire system of tactics was changed. Instead of inciting assaults, he overwhelmed us with kindness. He was constantly asking us to dinner; almost every day brought from him a present of wine or fruit; and his ponies were freely placed at our disposal. All this, however, had its special object: he was anxious that we should stay with him, and he threatened his brother with a clan fight if he did not send us over. This formidable neighbour was "a perpetual menace," for we were equally desirous not to offend him, and not to place ourselves under much obligation to him, either of which cards would have suited his game. We knew also that he could have instigated a murderous attack upon us without committing himself. I think I have met men like Wong Kum Sau in quieter parts of the world than Kwei-shin. In person he was upwards of six feet in height, cadaverous, gaunt, yet strong. A confirmed opium-smoker, he also had much relish for strong drinks, and was in all respects a questionable person. To add to his formidable character, he possessed no less than three revolvers, which he was perpetually loading, firing, and cleaning, the first process being performed as far as possible with my ammunition; and gingalls were fired off day and night from his residence, in order to show his martial disposition.

Soon after our arrival, he asked us over to join in the festivities occasioned by the marriage of a young relative of his, who was dressed in yellow silk, while the rest of the party wore bright-blue garments. This thin and feeble-looking bridegroom was only sixteen years old; but I am bound to say that he flourished in the sacred state, for a few weeks after, the *sen lang*, or "new man," looked quite fat and comfortable. These early marriages in China do not seem to injure the race: well-to-do persons, who indulge most in them, and who fre-

quently commit the sin of taking second wives, are usually much superior in physique. We asked to see the bride, but this was refused to the strangers as not conformable to China custom. I have frequently, however, met sedan-chairs carrying the bride home to her husband, and had auricular demonstration of their curious rule, that she should weep and lament on the first half of the journey—that from her father's house; and that she should laugh and rejoice on the half to her new home. Another custom is, that the marriage-chair is locked by her father and mother, and the key is handed over to one of the brides-men, who gives it to the bridegroom on reaching the house. After the poor lady is brought into her husband's home, she has to undergo the openly-expressed criticisms of his relatives, an opportunity of which the female portion sometimes make cruel use. In addition to the *tsai*, or first wife, it is legal for the man who can afford it to take four *tsaieh*, or second wives. These subordinate wives are in the position of half-wife, half-concubine. They cannot be divorced at the husband's pleasure, and have legal claims upon him for support; but they are subject to the first wife, and their children are considered to be her children. This system works pretty well, and a wife sometimes likes her husband to take second wives, in order that the family may have female servants who have an interest in the house. Of course, such a system would be quite out of place in this country, and in China it is rendered useful through the habits of obedience to which Celestial females are trained. Until she is herself a mother, or can claim the child of a subordinate wife, even the first wife is kept in great subjection, both to her husband and to his parents, if they happen to be alive. Consequently, childless wives always wish their lord to take a second rib unto himself. The system cannot be defended, but it has its advantages, and may in many

points be contrasted favourably with the crude concubinage of the East, and the revolting social evil of the West. Wong a Shui offered to provide Chinese wives for us out of his own relatives, but saddled his proposal with the objectionable condition that we should engage not to take them out of China, and provide suitably for them if we ourselves went away. Had we consented, the young ladies would not have had much to say in the matter, as marriages are always conducted for them by their parents, and young men are usually provided for by the same knowing parties. Only those rules annoy which one thinks of resisting, and as Young China has not yet begun to question these marriage arrangements, they do not much interfere with happiness. Even when the parties are not suited for each other, they know that their bed is made, and set themselves to lie on it as they best can. When the marriage is very unsuitable, there is the remedy of suicide, to which the Chinese have so frequent and fond recourse against the diseases to which flesh and spirit are heir. A touching instance of this occurred at Canton some years ago, in the case of a young accomplished girl, who had been unfortunately married to a brutal husband. When on a visit to her parents, she complained to a small party of her unmarried sisters and cousins of the misery she endured, and declared her intention of drowning herself. "Oh!" said these young ladies, "if that is married life, we shall drown ourselves too." So they all joined hands together, and, walking into a fish-pond, became brides of Death.

On the occasion of the marriage there was much feasting and drinking going on. Almost all the party had very flushed faces when we went over, and the foreign wine which we brought added to the mirth. Even Wong a Shui, who was in his mandarin's hat and dress, ceased to lean against an imaginary wall, and became exceeding-

ly talkative and jolly. Only Wong Kum Sau's cadaverous face remained unmoved, as his tall form towered above his friends, and his keen eye noted their weakness. One old man was particularly pleasant. He made the nearest approach to a speech that I ever heard delivered by a Chinaman,—saying that he was so delighted to welcome us; that he was glad to see foreigners (*Fan Yan*, he did not use the objectionable *Fan Quei*, or foreign devil) coming into the Flowery Land in a friendly way, as we were doing; that he wished some of the younger Chinamen would visit our country; that he did not know what our customs were, being himself old and unable to take up new things, but he would treat us according to his own customs, and the admirable laws of Chinese politeness. This old gentleman (who was “screwed”) was so very pressing that he upset a cup of hot wine over my legs; and on this his friends banished him to the outer circle, where he mounted on a sort of drum, and, whenever he caught my eye, drained an imaginary cup of *t'sow* by way of encouragement to me to go on tippling, and to bring myself to the condition which he found so satisfactory at the time. It is only on special occasions that such jollity is allowed, and it is very rarely permitted to go to great excess. It is indulged in more by these Hakkas than by other Chinese. On returning to the tower I was pestered by one of the party—a decayed teacher, and gone case of dipsomania.

There was a good deal of trouble about our walking in the neighbourhood of our tower. The lower class of Chinese have some very curious ideas about gems and jewels buried in the earth, and of the power of foreign devils to discover these. Frequently they had asked me on my excursions to discover for them a *kum-kei-tan*, or “golden fowl's egg,” that being their phrase for hidden treasures. They have even mistaken a bull's-eye lantern as

useful for that purpose, and they regard blue and light eyes as particularly powerful. At Kum-tow-lek the rumour got abroad, from our wandering so much over the hills with no apparent purpose, that we were enriching the *Lau-Yeh* and ourselves by finding enormous quantities of these eggs. Even two intelligent men, collecting revenue for the mandarin of Tai-poong, told us they understood we had been very successful in collecting gems. Once, when I broke a piece of rock on a hillside to examine its structure, I noticed a peasant, who was passing, lay down his panniers, and turn perfectly pale with rage and expectation. This report, which spread abroad, was rather dangerous for us, and annoying to our host, whom it injured, and who besought us not to walk at all, or, at least, to carry a gun when doing so, so that he could explain our conduct by the familiar phrase, *ta ch'ek*, or “bird-shooting.” We saw that we were becoming unpopular, for the Chinese are generally hospitable to foreigners, and very anxious to see them; but at a large magnificent *wai*, with beautiful gardens, only about two miles off, the gates were closed against us, though we did not offer to go in without an invitation; and a crowd which collected outside behaved rather rudely. The pony which Wong Kum Sau gave me the use of was thus acceptable, but not altogether pleasant. The country round had a good many deep crevasses, to be crossed on long granite slabs scarcely two feet wide, which made dubious bridges for even a sure-footed animal. The pony had a habit of diving into turnip-fields, which the bit could not check, and of apparently standing on its head, which the saddle could not bear. A tall fine young military mandarin, the eldest son of Kum Sau, went on it for a visit one day, but he was brought back with what he called a dislocated, but which appeared only a sprained, hip, that laid him up for weeks. The beast was quiet

enough, excepting in its mania for turnips; but it was impossible to mount without some one to hold the enormous saddle, and not always easy to preserve the balance of that cumbrous article, which was about the size of an elephant's back. The first day I tried it, I found my limbs so benumbed on getting home that I had to be lifted off bodily; and the dirty cotton reins broke twice in the course of the ride.

Chinese women of the better classes are kept very much secluded, and we had no intercourse with that department of the house. Once I happened to be sunning myself at the gateway, when the wife of Twenty-Six returned from a visit in a chair. She was a very handsome young woman, and slightly painted in imitation of that profusion of surface-blood which is a desire of the eye to the lemon-coloured Chinaman as well as to the ruddier Occidental. Under some pretence or other, there being only an old female servant present, she delayed for five minutes at the gate in order to gratify her curiosity by taking furtive glances at the foreign devil. We had a tame otter with us, which raised a great disturbance one day by penetrating into the apartments of the ladies, who immediately began screaming; and the married sons looked very suspiciously at the occurrence, as if they imagined it was a scheme on our part for opening up communications. A large shaggy old Siberian dog which I had also excited much curiosity, and the children used to speak of it with bated breath as the "man-eating foreign dog." Much trouble did Wolf cause me by his fondness for chasing bullocks, though otherwise harmless; and ancient women would ask, reprovingly, what I meant by bringing a wild animal of that sort to frighten the people of the Flowery Land. Women, on seeing it, used to exclaim, "*Eiya! lo foo!*"—"Oh dear! a tiger!" and once, when it had got some way in front, I found

a small village turning out to attack it with spears and gingalls. Thus its desperate character, though very useful, was quite undeserved. When I first got it, Wolf was a fine, ferocious animal; but years and heat had destroyed its spirit, and only the lingering weakness for buffaloes remained as an indication of its former fire.

When other exercise was inexpedient, we warmed ourselves by forking grass into the fire of the brick-kiln beside the house. There was a wonderful little boy connected with this kiln, who seemed to carry water all day, and to fork in grass all night, though half an hour of the latter exercise was more than sufficient for us at a time. The fire beneath a relay of bricks was kept burning for three days, and then, for as long a period, all the apertures were closed with moist clay. The grass for the fire was gathered on the hills by poor women and boys, who made about a hundred cash per day by that work, or three dollars (thirteen shillings) per month. They sometimes exclaimed "*Eiya!*" with a sigh, when they found the weight of their bundle below their fond expectation; but, on the whole, they seemed wonderfully happy and full of fun, notwithstanding their hard work and small pay. They laughed as much in an hour as a philosopher would do in a year, and chattered in a way to make one's heart glad and grateful.

One clear frosty morning towards the end of January, when the ground was covered with hoarfrost, which soon disappeared before the sun, we started for the village of Peung-shan, or "Flat Mountain," distant about ten miles. The country on the way was barren but picturesque, with trees surrounding the villages, and the views ending in mountains of imposing form—those on the south bearing the poetic name of Tien-tau Shan, or "Mountains of the Heavenly Head." The *waies* that we passed were in ruins or burned down, showing that local warfare

had been at work. The number of unburied urns, with remains of the dead, proved that the people were suffering from poverty; and there were few of the granite headstones usually raised over the graves of rich persons. Some of the trees about the ruined fortifications were of great size and magnificence. It was remarkable to notice here, as elsewhere among the Hakkas, the total absence of the large public temples and ancestral halls which so abound in all other parts of China. Here the wai was the only large building, showing the turbulent fighting character of the population. P'eung-shan was in a cultivated valley lying between the Heavenly Head and low hills plentifully covered with small firs. Wong Asu, the *Lau-Yeh*, a very venerable gentleman of ninety, excused himself from asking us to sleep in his wai, as it was filled with relatives, who had collected in order to pass the New Year; and we saw that great preparations were going on for that occasion in the way of making lamps and dresses. He gave us quarters in an upper room outside, and provided an inferior dinner of rice, fresh and salt pork, boiled fowl, and dried duck. These dried and smoked ducks look and taste very much like kippered herring, but are considerably tougher. I fancied they were peculiar to China, along with salted eggs, dried oysters, and other palatable edibles of a like kind, but hear that they are to be got in Pomerania and other northern parts of Europe. We were a good deal annoyed by the curiosity of the people, and they informed us that snow used to fall in that district before foreigners occupied Hong-Kong, which put a stop to it. This they considered a grievance which we ought to redress by making them presents; but the causal connection was no clearer than that between Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands. They also asked us for books explaining the Christian doctrine. The next

day happened to be very warm, and in going about some villages for emigration purposes, as also on our way back to Kum-tow-lek, my companion unfortunately over-exerted himself, and aggravated a chronic disease, from which he had been long a sufferer, besides bringing on a very serious attack of fever, which stretched him shaking on his bed immediately after our return.

A day or two after this we were honoured by a visit from the mandarin of Tam-shui, or "Fresh Water," who made his appearance finely clothed in furs and silks, but escorted by a band of most thorough ragamuffins. This, I need scarcely say, was not the same officer who had before refused to receive my companion. His judicial appearance was amusing, as he threw back his head and half closed his eyes when anything was said to him. We could not communicate much with him, as he was from the neighbourhood of Peking, and knew only that dialect; but we gave him a champagne tiffin, and in the afternoon he and we dined with our Wong. The cards of invitation to this dinner were written, as usual, on red paper, and offered us only "a trifling refreshment"—just as in England one is sometimes asked to a superb dinner, with the specious phrase of "come and take a chop." The son who brought up my card noticed that I was examining the Chinese characters with which my name had been represented, and shortly after he brought me another invitation, saying that a mistake had been made in writing the address. This was rather amusing, for in the first card they had ventured on a sly hit, thinking I would not find it out, which, thanks to a dictionary, I was able to do; and in the second they paid me a high compliment. Most sounds may be expressed in Chinese writing by several characters, so in expressing the sounds forming the name of a foreigner, some quiet humour may be indulged in. My name, as written in the first instance, was

"turbulent, unsettled fellow;" but in the second I was called the "generous successful prophet." That I am a prophet was no news to me; but the "successful" was an acknowledgment which had the advantage of being entirely novel. It will be observed that, in reality, these titles were not contradictory; for, where was ever a prophet who was not, in the first instance, regarded as turbulent and unsettled? On descending to dinner each person shook his own hands in a highly respectful manner, and a few minutes elapsed before any person could be induced to sit down first, an honour which was at last accepted by the mandarin. The Chinese are probably the most formally polite people in the world, and carry this politeness into the most ordinary affairs. "What is your lofty surname?" would have been the form for asking our host's name; and he would have replied, "My insignificant surname is Wong." To an inquiry as to his age, the answer probably would have been, "I have vainly passed sixty years." After A Shui had risen from his seat and saluted us in a cup of hot wine, we followed his example, and began appetising ourselves for dinner by eating roasted melon-seeds, burned almonds, sweetmeats, and small slices of orange and ginger. This was beginning with the desert, and soup generally comes near the end of a Chinese dinner, which I hold to be its proper place. After this a cup or two more wine was drunk, and we began seriously to the work of the evening—to the "slight refreshment," which proved to be a four hours' dinner of about thirty different dishes, prepared by a noted cook, who had been brought some distance for the occasion. The fish and soups chiefly excited my approval; but the whole repast was decidedly piquant, and caused no unpleasantness afterwards. A good deal of wine was drunk during dinner, but none afterwards. The use of the *fai-tsz*, "quick boys," or chopsticks, requires a little practice; but

one readily gets expert with them; and they have the advantage of preventing that clattering of knives, forks, and plates which is often heard at Occidental feasts. The mandarin seemed quite a connoisseur in the various dishes which appeared, and made (no doubt) appropriate remarks on them as they were placed on the table. The only one I understood was said of a preparation of fish—"Ah! this is what makes old men young." I regret deeply not having secured the receipt for making this invaluable compound.

The emigration business in which my companion was engaged was getting on well, though he became too ill to take much active superintendence over his agents. Numbers of labourers, with their families, engaged to go to Demerara, and, as they were collected in sufficient numbers, were forwarded to Hong-Kong. It was always seen that they fully understood the nature of the engagements into which they entered, and were perfectly willing. There was no lack of coolies; the only difficulty was to get them to take their wives and families, as it was necessary that a certain proportion of them should be so provided. Most curious ideas some of them had on the subject. A number of women asked us once, with most extraordinary simplicity, if it were true that when the emigrants reached the West Indies they were cut open, and their hearts and livers used for preparing opium? Poetically speaking, this was not so bad, as opium does use up the hearts and livers of a good many of the Chinese. My companion, in reply, asked how, if he were engaged in such a business, they could expect him to acknowledge it? and they then said, "Oh! we heard people saying so, and thought we might discover the truth by hearing you upon the subject." Another legend was that the blood of the coolies was drained off in order to be worked up with the opium. A still more curiously elaborate story, rife

among them, was that the unfortunate emigrant was dipped into the sea by the heels until he was covered by the *hiche de mer*, or sea-slug, which is so much prized as an article of Chinese chow-chow. When a Chinaman does invent a story, I will back him against any other person for giving it verisimilitude by loading it with minute and truthful details. In this respect he is a very Defoe, and at the bottom of his story there will always be found some minute fact on which the whole superstructure is raised. These emigration tales were probably circulated at the instigation of some of the country gentry, who were opposed to the departure of coolies, because that had a tendency to raise the price of labour. Unlike the other Chinese peasantry, who usually have their own little landed properties, we found that the Hakka peasants were very much in the hands of the wealthy lairds. At Kum-tow-lek the neighbouring villagers were, to all intents and purposes, tenants of Wong a Shui. He paid their ground-rent to Government, and undertook that protection and justice were afforded to them while they cultivated the land. With the exception of one-tenth, which they retained for their own use, the whole of the two rice crops went to Wong; but the peasants had the benefit of the turnips, sweet potatoes, ground-nuts, &c., which they could raise between the crops of rice. But this gives an inadequate idea of their dependent condition, for many of them were in debt to our host, and their whole labour was thus so mortgaged that they could only obtain a bare subsistence. It is quite different among the other Chinese, who tenaciously hold their lands upon their own account, and have their village system as a protection against the rule of territorial magnates. Here the villages were mere hamlets, very small and very poor; the village was nothing, and the rich man's house was everything; whereas among the *Punti*, the village has all

the power, and the individual has none to speak of.

As we got into February I began to get alarmed about the state of my companion, who was wasted to a shadow, and become delirious. We had delayed leaving in the hope that he would soon be better able for travel; but now it looked as if he was about to depart for a better country, even a heavenly, let me hope. The first indication of his delirium was rather curious. One night, about eleven o'clock, I was lying awake in bed, in our somewhat dismal tower, when he suddenly said to me, "I say, W——, what are that man and woman doing in the room? I wish you would put them away." This was said so quietly that I was almost taken in by it, and rose, in extreme astonishment, to strike a light. Of course there was no man or woman either; but he still persisted, and continued—"There, don't you see them standing by the pillar?" For three nights, and always at the same hour, these spectres made their appearance; and his delirium became worse, his speech wandering, and his danger extreme. When not closely watched, he would rise during the night, and, opening the door of our room, call into the darkness on far-distant friends. This, I imagine, may have been caused by a confused reminiscence of 'Wuthering Heights,' a book which I had with me, and which he had read during the earlier part of our sojourn. Probably those awful pages which describe Heathcliff calling passionately into the darkness on his dead Cathie may have affected the dreams of his delirium. That tower was a striking enough place, with its solitude, its loopholes, its cold, and its howling winds; but when to these little agreeables were added spectres, a delirious patient, and an apparently dying friend, I began to feel the want of society at night, and to say, with Abou Hassan the wag, "No doubt all these are of the Genii; may Allah, then, deliver me from them happily!"

Of course, it was impossible to remove at that crisis ; and even had I determined to run the risk of conveying him to Hong-Kong, it could scarcely have been managed then. Just before the China New Year boats gave up running—and few persons care to travel by land—as the country is extremely unsafe, from the number of desperate characters who are on the look-out for plunder, in order that they may spend the festival with credit to themselves and comfort to their families. At this time, notwithstanding Wong a Shui's power, four head of cattle were seized within half a mile of his house, and driven away. It was most ludicrous on this occasion to notice the fury with which Thirty and Thirty-two seized their spears, and rushed about, always within a few hundred yards of the house, calling upon the robbers—"the man-faced, dog-hearted ts'aak"—to show themselves. This was precisely the last thing the robbers were likely to do ; but it was grand to hear the denunciations of Thirty-Two, and to see him rushing about shaking his spear. His fat carcass had not got such wholesome exercise for many a day.

All I could do was to watch my companions carefully, and send a messenger to Hong-Kong with a letter to a medical man, asking for more medicine, and for advice how to treat him. Wong Cheong Pak, one of the emigration agents, was despatched on this business ; but he soon came back from Shah-ee-choong, saying he could not get a boat to take him further ; but I packed him off again, with strict directions to find his way to Hong-Kong either by land or sea ; but at all events to find it, at all risks and at any expense.

I shall not readily forget the night of the 7th February, which was the turning-point of my companion's illness. It was a dark, dreary, cold, wet evening, rendering doubly depressing the painful task of watching the poor sufferer, as he moaned piteously in his lethargic

moments, and uttered wild disjointed talk in his more excited moods. Where, I thought, looking on his white face and wasted form, had sunk the full strong stream of life ? or what invisible malign power, hostile to man, was holding him in its deadly grasp ? It was like standing by a shrunken and almost dried-up stream, feebly stealing between slimy stones, and sinking, every now and then, down into some unknown subterranean depth. The dark spirit of Azrael was hovering over our tower, doubting whether there was a soul there to be borne under his wing into the dark kingdom. It was to me rather a relief when, after a tap at the door, Wong a Shui and his eldest son entered with very long faces, and what they imagined, an alarming story. So far as I could understand their statement, it was that the hostility of the gentry to emigration, and our reputation for having collected an immense quantity of gems and jewels, had culminated in a plan of the vagabonds of Tam-shui to attack us that night, and see what they could obtain. They had prepared, said Wong, long bamboo ladders, on which they proposed to mount upon the roof and cut us off in our tower. This was the weak point of our position ; and it was not particularly strengthened by A Shui's remark that all I had to do was to shoot down a few of them, on which the others would go away. In a pitch-dark night it is not so easy to shoot men out of a loophole, and our tower only commanded two sides of the roof. He added that, in the event of an attack, his friends in the neighbourhood would turn out, and that he himself, with his sons, would hold the lower part of the building.

I was at a loss what value to attach to this pleasing information, and whether to make any resistance or not in the event of an attack. Falling into the hands of Chinese, after killing or even wounding any of them, has usually resulted not merely in death, but in *mors omnibus*

cruciatibus; and they, with their obtuse nerves, are ignorant of the amount of pain which can be got out of a nervous vascular European. When Wong left, I resolved to be guided by the course of events, but saw that my revolver was in good order. I had gone to bed, and was dozing very quietly, when two or three gingalls were fired off about midnight from or near the house; but on going out to the roof, I could hear and see nothing. The tower in which we slept had no direct communication with the building below; in order to get down we had to cross the roof, and descend through another tower, in which an old Chinese teacher and two of our coolies usually slept. These parties, I found, had betaken themselves to some safer dormitory, and, moreover, the doors of this second tower were fastened below, so that it was evidently intended to leave us to settle with the Tam-shui men as we best could ourselves. I watched for some time, leaning against the parapet, but the only sounds to be heard were the barking of village dogs, which seemed to indicate that strangers were in the neighbourhood, and the faint sound of the bamboo struck by the watchman at the *wai* of Wong Kum Sau. Chill raw mists from the craggy mountains of the Heavenly Head swept round, obscuring all the stars, and the line of tall bamboos beside the house rustled dolefully in the bleak wind. Even my old dog appeared affected by the dreariness of the situation, and pressed against my knee for companionship. He was the only living thing there I had to trust to; but I knew that above the dark clouds the stars were still shining with calm ineffable beauty; and though one-half of the earth was steeped in darkness and the horror of night, the other smiled gladly in day and sunshine. Shall we receive good and not evil at the hand of God? Pain is the condition of pleasure. There is a vast torture-chamber into which any of us may at any mo-

ment be called to enter, and with which most of us have had some slight acquaintance. For some sin of our own, or some fault of others, there in Kwei-shin, or here in London streets, the grim familiar of that inquisition may beckon us aside to undergo such mental or physical process as may be required. Men go in there lusty and joyous, but we scarcely care to lift the reddened sheet and look on the ghastly face and racked limbs which come out. Yet were it perhaps well to realise more closely than many people are inclined to do the advantages of that department of nature. All the glory and loveliness of life—the intoxicating sense of buoyant strength, the breathing of keen mountain-air, the shock of the nerve-giving ocean waves, the glow of imagination, the deep music of the wheels of thought, the friendly intercourse of truthful manly souls, the mother-eyes that first bend over us with divine love and tears, the clinging hands of infants, that give us strength from their very feebleness, and the one dear face before which our whole being thrills—all these are so connected with, and so necessarily dependent on, their dark contrasts, that these latter will be gladly endured, and even welcomed, by the pious spirit. It is not those who have the most, on the most easy terms, of the sunny side of life, that can appreciate and enjoy it best. The solitary sunbeam which fell at the feet of the prisoner of Chillon, brought more to him of that distant world than we find in the glorious sunny days of summer. We are in the hands, not of an enemy, but of a Friend: suffering is good; the phantom Pain will sink abashed before the steady gaze of a manly spirit and a pure mind; and death, even in its worst forms, is but a fiery chariot prepared to bear the victor to higher realms.

As it turned out, no assailants made their appearance, and my patient was allowed to depart from his particular cell. On returning to

our room I found that he had been perspiring freely, and was sunk in deep, quiet sleep, which assured me that, when I was watching on the roof, the crisis of his fever had safely passed, and he would go on improving from that hour. Thus, when times appeared at the worst, they began to mend. I wearied myself to sleep after this, by writing some verses. They are not brilliant, but I daresay Mr Martin Tupper himself would not have done much better in the circumstances :—

I hear the long-drawn sigh of pain,
The tossing on the bed in vain,
 The muttered words of fear,
As by his spectre-haunted bed,
And round his fever-stricken head,
 Strange memories appear.

Into the damp and sullen night
There breaks a sudden flash of light,
 As, through his gateway bars,
The timid Chinaman explodes
His half-a-dozen gingall loads
 Against the unseen stars.

Surely upon the mist-swept sod
Some powers of darkness are abroad,
 Or in the midnight sky ;
And in the night-wind, damp and chill,
The presence of mysterious ill
 Seems slowly sweeping by.

Dark powers of evil ! whether born
Of earth, or springing from the worn,
 Decaying souls of men,
Back to your gloomy prison-caves,
Or linger by Celestial graves,—
 Ye come not here again.

Far on the bright Atlantic seas
The sunshine gleams, the favouring breeze
 Wafts white-winged vessels home ;
Grouped at the prow the sailors stand,
Their faces lighten as the land
 Gleams through the fresh'ning foam.

Here, by the old Pacific coast,
In darkness goodly ships are tossed,
 Till darkness turn to day ;
Beneath the lurid flash of light,
Amid the pallor of the night,
 They hold their perilous way.

But over ocean, mount, and lawn,
There streams the rosy-coloured dawn,
 The golden light of heaven.
Darker the clouds that o'er us lower,
And gloomier the midnight hour,
 A brighter day is given.

Before this night, when the patient began to get better, he had been attended by an elderly *I-shang* or Chinese physician, who, with his hood on, looked like a doctor of the middle ages, and appeared preternaturally wise as he felt the four pulses and gravely shook his head. His first judgment on the case was that it was *to-to üt*, or "too much heat;" for the Chinese almost invariably divide diseases under that head and under *to-to laang*, or "too great cold." Blood-letting is not used in fevers, for, say they, "a fever is like a pot boiling: the way to cure the patient is to lessen the fire, and not to lose the liquid." Apparently the doctor we called in was a species of homœopathist, for the strong medicines which he prescribed decidedly increased the illness, and, after one or two trials, were consigned to a loop-hole. Several of the remedies fashionable among the Chinese are of this kind, and some of them would astonish people in Europe. Father Ripa mentions that, after a fall from his horse, and when it was feared that his brain was injured, the treatment pursued was to draw a band tightly round his head, the ends being held by two men, while a third "struck the skull vigorously with a piece of wood." This, the Father naïvely adds, "shook my head violently, and gave me dreadful pain. He said it was to set the brain, which he supposed had been displaced; and it is true that, after the second operation, my head felt more free." In order to put right the Father's ribs, which were supposed to have been dislocated, two men held a cloth over his nose until he was almost suffocated. In these days, in this country, when nearly every form of "pathy" has been exhausted, might not some bold Esculapius make a new hit by adopting this Chinese system?

Fooley, the old *sin-shang*, or teacher, who disappeared temporarily from the tower when he heard of the Tam-shui men, was a curious

character. He possessed an infinite capacity of spending time doing nothing, and was usually to be found lying on his face, with his heels saluting us, as we entered the room. Being very poor, bean paste was almost his sole article of diet; but so strong were his old Canton ideas, that when his son, a grown-up man, was offered a lucrative situation at Shanghai in foreign employ, Fooley at once refused to let him go, saying to the obedient youth, "How could you go to Shanghai? what do you know about the great winds and waves?" Wong Cheong Pak, who was sent to Hong-Kong, was a pleasant, garrulous, and useful old man, but he had one peculiarity, which was troublesome. When anything was proposed to be done, he would listen attentively and respectfully, throwing in remarks rather developing the scheme than otherwise, until he began, "If I might be pardoned for observing"—and then he would proceed to show not only that the thing was impossible, but that the very opposite of it ought to be done. The only way to get over him was to admit that it was impossible, but that, with his invaluable aid, even such an impossibility might be accomplished. Leang, another intelligent, well-educated man, who acted as clerk to the emigration agency, had formerly been employed in a mandarin's yamun, where he got no pay, and had come to Hong-Kong in the hope of bettering his circumstances. Having no acquaintances there, he had been obliged to accept employment as a coolie, and my friend's attention was called to him by his wearing silk shoes, and the awkward way in which he carried pails of water.

As the Chinese New Year approached, the indications of that festival became abundant. Fire-crackers were let off at all hours, and almost all work ceased except that connected with the occasion. Wong a Shui had no less than twenty-four instruments of torture preparing for the New Year, in the

shape of large jars of wine that were being roasted, to impart a finer flavour, over grass-fires in one of the courtyards of his house. The day before the festival he and his sons busied themselves posting up "joss papers" on the gateways and walls. These were all of the same character, and the following specimen will serve to indicate their nature :—"May success attend our affairs during the spring-time; the elegance and embellishment of the first night be with us." To us the old man rather affected to sneer at the supposition that these papers could effect any good, and let us know that he only affixed them on account of the weaker brethren.

The Chinese, who have no Sabbath (neither have they sermons), and very few festivals, take several days of enjoyment at the period of the New Year. They dress themselves in their best clothes, exchange presents, and give feasts. The members of any family who happen to be separated, collect together if they can at all manage it. Their accounts are all settled, and no debt is allowed to pass without some satisfactory arrangement. Their houses are ornamented with lanterns and flowers, and offerings are placed on their family altars. Their very ages date from the New Year, and in every way they strive to make it a time of new birth. To me it was more interesting to turn away on this occasion from the large residences with their fire-crackers and gaudy lanterns, their wine-parties and silk dresses, to the humble dwellings of the poor. There was something touching in the aspect of some of these clean-swept hovels, with their solitary little paper lantern at the door, and a couple of oranges, a few dried olives, a handful of red flowers, and a very thin smoking joss-stick on the household altar. Perhaps the only difference in the grandmother's patched clothes was that they had been washed for the occasion; but the faces of some of these Chinese

peasant-women become absolutely beautiful in extreme old age, and they look a great deal nearer heaven than some dowagers to be seen elsewhere. There I would find coolies who had trudged from Hong-Kong or Canton to see their aged parents; and all the toils and troubles of the members of the family were related to each other's sympathising ears. I do not envy the man who can be moved to scorn at the sight of honest poverty striving to keep up the little formalities of its station, to be as respectable "as the lave," and to offer up its humble acknowledgment of the Unseen Power. These things indicate respect for law, order, honesty, and good fame on earth, as they nourish reverence for that which is above.

At the first hour on New Year's morn the firing of crackers and gingalls commenced in earnest, and continued almost uninterruptedly throughout the day. Our host accosted us with a smiling face and a loud *kunghi*, meaning, "I wish you joy," but an equivalent to our "Happy New Year," and a phrase which, I remember, a gentleman on the expedition to the north, who fancied he knew Chinese, used constantly to all Chinamen he met, to their great amazement. Most of the respectable people we knew in the neighbourhood paid us visits, and those who did not sent their cards. Presents also were exchanged; and Wong Kum Sau, of course, made his appearance, and broadly stated, rather than hinted, that some of the foreign wine (meaning champagne), "which made this warm" (rubbing his abdominal region), would be acceptable. The great family party on New Year's Day was held at the *wai* of the elder Wongs; and a few days after A Shui gave his party, at which we were placed in the seat of honour, and where my companion, having so far recovered, was able to show himself for a few minutes. There were no less than eighty Wongs, all males and relations of A Shui, at that dinner, and we were the only outsiders present.

The repast was abundant, but not nearly so varied or refined as at the dinner given to the mandarin. Instead of sitting down, A Shui went about between the tables, pressing his friends to eat, and not a little wine was disposed of after the viands had vanished. The game of morra (*micare digitis*) was commenced; and as the forfeit was to drain a cup of *t'sow*, the fun soon became fast and furious. One old fat gentleman incautiously challenged me to drink against him, cup by cup, no heeltaps being allowed; but a Chinaman has no chance at that game with a foreigner at all accustomed to "tiger's milk," as the Chinese call some of the more potent liquids of the West, so my fat friend very soon became entirely obfuscated. I left him gazing in a state of helpless idiocy at the painting of a devil on the wall; and when I looked into the room an hour or two after, he seemed not to have stirred, and was still engaged in the same profitable occupation. If I was not mistaken, some of his relatives took advantage of his helpless state to "improve the occasion," to the younger members of the vast family of Wong.

As a general rule the Chinese are now very little given to the use of intoxicating drinks, though it is said they sinned a good deal more in that way before opium-smoking became general. Curiously enough, their poets, like those of most other countries, have been celebrated for their love of inebriation. "The Bard," says one Chinese proverb, "prides himself on his poetical and drinking powers." "Who is it," says another, "except the Bard who daily returns home full of wine from the booths on the banks of the river?" A third proverb enters into the rationale of the subject even better than Anacreon and Burns have done:—"The Bard will put off his vests of fur to exchange them for wine. He seeks the wine-shop to soothe his passions. He always satisfies his poetical cravings with wine." Here the moralist

appears to recognise the fact that it is something more than a mere sensual impulse which renders the poet peculiarly open to this species of dissipation. Intoxication is pleasant to him only because it "satisfies his poetical cravings," by transporting him, in its confusion, beyond the boundaries of the actual into his own peculiar ideal world, when the actual presses too close for him to escape unaided from it.

The occupations of the country gentry among whom we stayed were not very varied or exciting. They never appeared to take exercise for its own sake; and only rode out, on ponies or in chairs, in order to transact business or pay visits. They were fond of firing off gingalls and revolvers, and were pretty fair marksmen, but engaged in no kind of hunting. They took some superintendence of the cultivation of the land, and of the various little works going on about, or in connection with, their houses. Lengthy dinner parties, at which much conversation was held, appeared to be their chief amusement; and they were constantly holding serious consultations on subjects about which we could learn nothing.

The word "Hakka" originally means stranger; and the people we were among are called that in opposition to the "Punti," or indwellers of the country. They came from the north, from the province of Kiang-si, and some of them from Fu-kien, and settled on waste lands in Kwang-tung, which they brought into a state of cultivation; but whenever strong enough to do so, they bought or beat out their neighbours from the older cultivated ground. They are a rude people, with much less politeness and education than the other Chinese; but this very defect enables them to get on better with foreigners, as their pride is not so easily alarmed or offended, and they are not so pertinaciously wedded to old customs. Nearly all the coolie corps, the "Bamboo Rifles," employed by us at Canton, and in the expedition

against Peking, were Hakkas. The Punti despise them; but this contempt is mingled with some dread, as the Hakkas are sturdy fellows, and rather fond of fighting. A great deal of local conflict goes on between the two sections, and these fights sometimes assume formidable dimensions. I am almost sure that the Celestial younger brother, Hung Sew Tsuen, is a Hakka. At all events, the nucleus of his followers were and are so; and it will be found that the Tai-ping rebellion is quite as much, if not more, a Hakka movement than it is a religious one, though it is simply a marauding one more than either. The language has been erroneously called the same as that of Fu-kien; but we had a Fu-kien dictionary with us, and found it was even more different from that dialect than from the Canton. There is no published dictionary of the Hakka dialect, but I believe that the Rev. Mr. Winnes, a missionary residing in China, has one in manuscript, with the renderings in German, which it would be well if some society undertook to publish. Puntis and Hakkas scarcely understand each other, unless they have been accustomed to intercourse, from their villages lying close together; but I found that even my very limited knowledge of the Canton tongue was of use to me at Kum-tau-lek, and that the Hakka was much easier to pick up than that former dialect, from its not being so particular about the tones. It seemed to be half-way between the Peking and Canton dialects, as is illustrated by the following table of numerals; but of course there was much greater difference in other parts of the speech than between these:—

CANTON.	HAKKA.	PEKING.
1. Yat	Yih	Yi
2. Yi	'Ni	Rh
3. Sam	Sam	San
4. Sze	Sz'	Sz'
5. 'Ng	'Ng or Woo	Woo
6. Lok	Lok	Lu
7. Tsat	Tsit	Tsi
8. Pak	Pak or Pat	Pak
9. Kow	Kiu	Kiu
10. Shap	Ship	Shi

Wong a Shui, as I mentioned, had a mandarin's button, and acted as a justice of the peace. The sale of these insignia is often accompanied by the understanding that the purchaser is to be at the trouble of exercising some judicial authority. They are sold to men of mark and influence in the country, who may not be disposed to compete at the examinations, but who strengthen the hands of the mandarin, and themselves perform some of the business of a magistrate. They are like our justiceships of the peace, which are usually conferred on tolerably wealthy persons. Our host held his courts of justice in the most free-and-easy manner. I found him engaged one day in standing in judgment on a miserable-looking wretch accused of petty theft, who kowtowed to anybody whenever he got a chance, and seemed to imagine that I was sure to exercise some influence over his fate. Old Wong appeared attending to anything except the case before him. He smoked, drank tea, spoke to me, went into a courtyard to give orders to some labourers, and finally went out of the house altogether to the fish-pond, with the whole posse of prisoner, constables, and witnesses following after. Suddenly he turned round and gave judgment, which was, that the accused should be locked up that night, and receive some strokes of a rattan in the morning. I could see, however, that he was attending attentively throughout, and that his object in moving about, and interrupting the proceedings every now and then, was to keep in check the excitement and loquacity of the accused and accusers. After he passed his judgment, no demur whatever was made, and even the victim for the rattan appeared perfectly satisfied.

So soon as my patient was at all able to be removed, preparations for departure were made, and I really felt sorry at leaving our tower, and the interesting people around. The country in which it was situated had a strange charm. On the other side

of the fields, in front of the house, were little white hamlets standing against a background of graceful bamboos and tall fir-trees. The trees dwindled in size and number on the rolling moorland beyond, which stretched away for miles, and at that season the grass upon it had a brown heathery look. The distant view was bounded by high mountain-ranges, with forests creeping up the glens, light and shadow wandering over the grey crags, and dark heavy clouds giving a gloomy grandeur to the scene. Two books that I had with me were imbued with the spirit of the kind of country which lay around. One of these was the poetical works of the Laureate of the Lakes, which, and especially the 'Excursion,' I read with renewed satisfaction and gratitude, as a voice from one who understood the life of the silent earth, the meaning of the melancholy moon, and of "the forms perennial of the ancient hills."

"The spirit of nature was upon me there;
The soul of beauty and enduring life
Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused
Through meagre lines and colours, and
the press
Of self-destroying transitory things,
Composure, and ennobling harmony."

The other book to which I refer expressed the moorland spirit in its gloomiest, wildest mood. It came from that Yorkshire parsonage where the bird of the life of Emily Bronte beat itself to death against the bars of her narrow cage. Speak of torture-chambers! There are things pass under the eyes of men which they can scarcely see, and cannot prevent, before which all physical pain is insignificant. But what must have been the strength, what the loftiness of that spirit which, in its unhappy youth, displayed the silent endurance which good and even great men learn to practise only in their later years? What the fate that made her

"brave,
Unawed, the darkness of the grave—
Nay, smile to hear death's billows rave?"

But our stay was ended. First A

Shui's broad honest face and then our white tower disappeared in the distance, never, in all likelihood, to be seen again by me, except down the dim vista of the Past, where they will long be visible when many palaces have faded away. Carefully wrapped up, and stretched in his chair, my friend was able to get along easily; but we had a very trying night of it on Mirs' Bay. At Shah-ee-Choong we had to wait a day and a night before we could get a boat, and at last had to content ourselves with the ordinary passage-junk, which was small, rotten, had a hole in its side, and was crowded with twenty-four bullocks and one hundred and three Chinese passengers! All the space below deck was occupied by the bullocks, and how the passengers managed to dispose of themselves above, so as to leave room for the sailors to move, was one of those mysteries which it is impossible to understand without visiting the East. We established ourselves in a covered place on deck, something like the half of a barrel cut longitudinally, with the convex side uppermost. Anticipating what would happen at night, I placed the patient in the inner side of this den, and fortified the outside with our luggage and my own body. But unfortunately the barrel was capable of elongation by a cover which drew out, and when it came on heavy rain during the night, the passengers crowded under this cover, half suffocating us, and dispersing the most fearful odours from their damp dirty clothes. My poor companion was in a fainting condition till we got a board opened, which gave him some air. These hundred passengers added to the unpleasantness of the situation, by hustling and talking loudly and angrily among themselves, while a quarrel broke out among the sailors, in which some very bad language was used, as to whether they should stop or go on. The steersman, a rough character, swore he would go on even if Mirs' Bay were choked up with rocks, giving the very weighty reason that he had sailed

all his life between Macao and Canton; and he had to be dispossessed of the helm by force. The pressure of the crowd was so great that, if I had given way to it, or yielded to their entreaties, we should have run a very fair chance of being squeezed or suffocated to death; and I was only enabled to retain my position by the fortunate accident that there was a very strong coolie next me, whom I convinced, by sundry pricks

with my bowie-knife, that it was more his interest to press outward than to press inward. As the morning was wet, we did not leave till the other passengers had gone, and noticed that they each paid two hundred cash (about tenpence) as their fare, and that each individual cash was handled and examined by the boatmen, so that twenty thousand coins were scrutinised that morning.

THE LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING.

THIRTY years ago, as some who read these pages may remember, there was for a short time an excitement in certain religious circles in London as to some astonishing phenomena then taking place in a Scotch Presbyterian chapel. They were said to be manifestations of spiritual power; strange and unintelligible utterances, unearthly voices, awful prophetic warnings. They were, of course, magnified and exaggerated by some, and coarsely ridiculed by others. They attracted crowds, for a while; there was as much anxiety then, amongst fashionables and unfashionables, to hear the Unknown Tongues, as now to have a *séance* with the spirit-rappers. Men who would not have stirred a yard to have listened to an apostle's message delivered in sober English, went miles to hear something which was certainly unintelligible, and which might (they were told) possibly be Satanic. There was the same morbid craving after the supernatural, and longing for the forbidden, as now. The public had palled of new amusement; to be frightened was more attractive.

Not that the two things are to be compared for a moment in themselves. In whatever light we are to look upon the manifestations

which took place in Regent Square Chapel, they were at least no juggler's tricks or mercenary imposture. They were earnest, whatever they were. There was something awfully solemn in what they professed to be, and good men still hold them to have been. Men and women were claiming there to have received a revival of the ancient gifts of the Church; to have restored on earth the golden age of Faith, in which miracles of healing and gifts of tongues and prophecy were superseding the ordinary graces of Christianity; they spoke, it was asserted, "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." It is impossible—it ought to be impossible—to speak lightly on such a subject; the most credulous belief would commend itself to the sympathy of any earnest mind, rather than the ribald mockery with which it was received by some of the talkers and writers of the day.

There would possibly have been less public attention drawn to these extraordinary claims, but for one name which was connected with them. The Rev. Edward Irving, in whose congregation these revelations were first announced in England, had long been known as a preacher of unusual power and

attraction. Crowds had been drawn to listen, some few years before; to that fervid eloquence, quaint picturesque idiom, and voice of wondrous power and melody—all rendered still more impressive by the form and visage of the preacher, which seemed to fit well with men's ideal of an evangelist. Doubly impressive must all this have been to the few who knew the holy life and conversation of the man. He had a higher claim to be reckoned amongst the great men of his time than could have been conferred by any gift of tongues. But it is in connection with the exciting scenes which have been alluded to, that his name is most familiar to ordinary memories; very few have had any conception what manner of man he really was. And in the remarkable Life before us, the writer claims with good right to have done an act of justice to the dead. She has also done something for which living readers, almost sickened with 'Lives' and 'Correspondence,' will be very grateful. It is saying much in this case to say that the biographer is worthy of the man; and if occasionally we feel that the voice which charms us is that of the warm advocate, not of the calm dispassionate judge, we still recognise an honest admiration as not the least of a biographer's requisites, and are content to have our judgment carried away for a while in the fascination of a narrative over which we cannot stop to philosophise.

Edward Irving was born in 1792 in the little Border town of Annan. His father was a tanner, ranking with the small freehold farmers of the district, but who brought up his three sons to what we call professions—both the other brothers becoming surgeons. Troublous as those times of revolution were, they did not disturb the quiet of Annandale; whose inhabitants bought and sold, and ate and drank

(being by no means averse to moderate conviviality), quite unaffected by the storms in the political atmosphere, which only reached them, after long interval, as very distant rumblings. The religious atmosphere was calm even to deadness—especially, our authoress thinks, in the Church of Scotland; though we fear her English sister gave scarcely more signs of vigour and elasticity in those times. It might have been said of too many English priests, as well as of Scotch ministers, that if they were decorous and respectable, it was as much as they were. They were not always that in Annandale. The then minister of Annan is spoken of as being "always himself in the pulpit—a quaint and melancholy distinction." Even this cautious praise could not have been awarded to his contemporary in a neighbouring parish, if another biography which lies before us is to be trusted.

"Mr Story's immediate predecessor was Mr Brown, described by an old parishioner who remembers him, as 'a gran' preacher, but a wofu' drucken body.' On one occasion Mr B. fell down in the pulpit; Mr Robert Campbell hastened up to see what was wrong. 'Oh! Mr Campbell,' he groaned pathetically, 'you know there's only one thing that'll do me good.' Mr Campbell accordingly retired and procured this elixir, and after a pretty strong dram Mr Brown revived and regained his upright position. This desirable consummation having been attained, Mr Robert was descending the pulpit-stairs to return to his own pew, when Dr Drummond, from the manse seat, addressed him in a stage whisper, 'Tell him to cut it short—tell him to cut it short.' Mr Brown, whose sense of hearing was in nowise impaired by the unpleasant little attack he had had, gave no time for the transmission of this injunction through Mr Robert, but darting a vicious glance down at his principal, said, loud enough for all to hear, 'Tell him I will *not*—tell him I will *not*;' then resuming his interrupted discourse, he preached for an hour and a half."*

What religion there was in the

* 'Memoir of the Rev. Robert Story, late Minister of Roseneath, Dumbartonshire, by R. H. Story.' Macmillan and Co. 1862.

country rested mainly on the old traditions of the soil—those records of bygone “Ages of Faith,” which Puritan Scotland reverences as highly as any church of Catholic Christendom—the acts and the sufferings of those whom Mrs Oliphant calls “the home-spun martyrs of the soil.”

“Perhaps few people, out of the reach of such an influence, can comprehend the effect which is produced upon the ardent, young, inexperienced imagination by those familiar tales of torture endured, and death accomplished, by men bearing the very names of the listeners, and whose agony and triumph have occurred in places of which every nook and corner is familiar to their eyes; the impression made is such as nothing after can ever efface or obliterate; and it has the effect—an effect, I confess, not very easily explainable to those who have not experienced it—of weaving round the bald services of the Scotch Church a charm of imagination more entrancing and visionary than the highest poetic ritual could command, and of connecting her absolute canons and unicturesque economy with the highest epic and romance of national faith. Perhaps this warm recollection of her martyrs, and of that fervent devotion which alone can make martyrs possible, has done more to neutralise the hard common-sense of the country, and to preserve the Scotch Church from overlegislating herself into decrepitude, than any other influence. We, too, like every other Church and race, have our legends of the Saints, and make such use of them in the depths of our reserve and national reticence as few strangers guess or could conceive.”

“The Kirk lay dormant.” If it could have dreamed, its dream might have been like Hecuba’s—a firebrand coming to the birth. For the son that was born to her in the tanner’s house at Annan was to burn, and to make others burn, for a while, with a fire like that of the old Covenanters,—a fire which in the end was to eat into his own heart, and bring to her rather confusion than enlightenment.

But no such anticipations were entertained of the tall robust school-boy whom the thrifty parents sent from the parish school to Edinburgh University—a schoolboy still, for

he was but thirteen—in preparation for the ministry. Some natural turn for mathematics appears to have given his only promise of distinction; running, rowing, and climbing—leaping gates and swimming rivers, and suchlike bodily accomplishments—were the best-remembered characteristics of his youth. Of any such premature solemnity and “elevation of manners” as some have ascribed to him, his present biographer finds no record. Yet the boy who, before he was twelve years old, would walk five or six miles on Sunday to the “Whig” conventicle (established by some early seceders from the Kirk) in the neighbouring hamlet of Ecclefechan, in company with an aged band of “religious patriarchs, the gravest class of the community” of Annan, must surely have given some further tokens that he had that within him which was not common to other boys.

In explanation of his early entrance upon college life, it must be remembered that the prescribed curriculum for a probationer of the Church of Scotland requires eight years for its completion. But it is scarcely a century and a half since the English universities admitted students at the same early age: they were, in fact, then, what the Scottish colleges to a great extent are now—a kind of upper grammar-school. Edward Irving’s brother John, who was about two years older, and who was to study medicine, went with him to Edinburgh; and there, somewhere in the old town, up many flights of stairs, the two boys had their humble establishment; supplied from time to time, from the old house at home, with a box of such stores as the family resources permitted—oatmeal, cheese, perhaps a ham or two; and so carrying on this simple college-life from November till May—the duration of the session—when the summer weather saw them start on their walk home over the hills for their long vacation.

Of Edward Irving’s college stu-

dies and success little seems to be known. Thomas Carlyle, of Ecclefechan aforesaid, his neighbour and college friend of later days, though not contemporary with his four years of actual residence, speaks of him as returning to Annan "with college prizes;" but he does not appear to have gained more than ordinary distinction. His reading was probably miscellaneous and desultory. He subsequently speaks, himself, of Hooker as "the venerable companion of my early days;" and there is a story of his having purchased the volumes out of his slender travelling-purse, and added them to the pedestrian's pack upon his shoulders. Ossian was his waistcoat-pocket companion at college; and when we find the 'Arabian Nights' standing against his name as borrowed from the college library, those who choose to trace the formation of a writer's style to his favourite authors in early years, may very plausibly point to the sources of Irving's imaginative eloquence as well as his antique phraseology.

Having taken his first degree at seventeen, he did what was very common with students intended for the ministry,—after attending one session at the Divinity Hall, he became teacher of a newly established school at Haddington, maintaining himself thus independently for nearly five years, while still nominally resident at the university as a "partial student" of divinity, which merely required him to go up to Edinburgh from time to time to deliver certain necessary "discourses," and undergo examinations. Still, though we have some pleasant records of the boy-schoolmaster, there seem no especial foreshadowings of the future. "Rather a showy young man," some thought him; which, as our authoress warns us, from a reticent north-countryman, is a more than doubtful compliment. A Dr Welsh, to whose little daughter he taught Latin, found him sceptical and argumentative: "this youth will scrape a

hole in everything he is called upon to believe," said he. If he did so in any sense, it was only in his intense desire to see deeper into its mysteries.

After two years he left Haddington to take the mastership of a new school at Kirkcaldy. It was a mixed school, of boys and girls, as is common enough still in Scotland; and it might be worth the consideration of some of our English educationists, who insist so strongly on the early separation of the sexes in our village schools, to note that Irving contrived to impress upon his boys something of that chivalrous deference towards their weaker and gentler companions which is one of the great elements of civilisation, until to be recognised as an "academy lassie" became a safe-conduct through all the snowball *bickers* and other rudenesses of the streets. Irving's natural powers of influence were exceptional; but the same effect has been produced, though perhaps in a less degree, in mixed Sunday schools for the lower classes in England, more especially where a lady's teaching has been brought to bear upon rough ploughboys or street urchins. Yet the young teacher was severe in his school discipline, perhaps to a fault: "a sad tyrant" they had called him at Haddington, though they all loved him nevertheless. Here is a picture of him at Kirkcaldy:—

"Sounds were heard now and then proceeding from the schoolroom, which roused the pity and indignation of the audience of neighbours out of doors. One of these, a joiner, deacon of his trade, and a man of great strength, is reported to have appeared one day, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his elbows and an axe on his shoulder, at the door of the schoolroom, asking, 'Do ye want a hand the day, Mr Irving?' with dreadful irony. Another ludicrous mistake testifies to the general notion that careless scholars occasionally got somewhat hard measure from the young master. Some good men, loitering about their gardens in the neighbourhood of the 'academy,' heard outcries which alarmed them, and, convinced that murder was being accomplished in the school,

set off to save the victim, but discovered, to their great discomfiture, that the cries which had attracted their sympathy came from an unfortunate animal under the hands of a butcher, and not from a tortured schoolboy. These severe measures, however, by no means obliterate the pleasanter recollection with which Irving's pupils recall his reign at the academy. It was not in his nature to work among even a set of schoolboys without identifying himself with them, and carrying them with *him* into all the occupations and amusements which they could possibly be made to bear a share in. On the holidays the young teacher might be seen, with both boys and girls in his train, issuing forth to the fields with such scientific instruments as he could command, giving them lessons in mensuration and surveying, which, half in sport and half in earnest, doubtless, were not without their use to the fortunate lads thus promoted to share his hours of leisure. The same lads went with him to the Firth, where he renewed those feats of swimming which had distinguished him on the Solway; and, sometimes with an urchin on his shoulder, sometimes holding an oar or a rope to sustain the more advanced, sometimes lending the aid of his own vigorous arm, the young Hercules taught, or endeavoured to teach, his pupils to be as fearless in the water as himself."

It was at Kirkcaldy that the term "Irvingite," afterwards applied to his London followers, was first coined as a term of fellowship among the scholars of his "academy," to distinguish them from schools. There too, he met with his future wife, Isabella, daughter of Dr Martin, who then occupied the manse. But his marriage did not take place till after an engagement of eleven years.

Even when, after passing his "trials for licence" before the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy, he preached his first sermon in his native town of Annan, though the "haill town" turned out to hear him, few recognised the prophet in his own country. The chief impression which he seems to have produced was by accidentally tilting over the great pulpit-Bible, and thereby dropping his sermon-notes into the preacher's desk below.

"A perfect rustle of excitement ran

through the church; here was an un-hoped-for crisis!—what would the neophyte do now? The young preacher calmly stooped his great figure over the pulpit, grasped the manuscript as it lay, broadways, crushed it up in his great hand, thrust it into a pocket, and went on as fluently as before. There does not exist a congregation in Scotland which that act would not have taken by storm. His success was triumphant. To criticise a man so visibly independent of the 'paper' would have been presumption indeed."

But at Kirkcaldy, where the young probationer occasionally supplied Dr Martin's place in the pulpit, not even such accidental triumph attended him. It is very likely that his early sermons were somewhat turgid and overwrought; "he had ower muckle gran'ner (grandeur)," his congregation said, and they soon showed by their thin attendance that they much preferred quiet Dr Martin. For three years after he became a licensed preacher he continued his school duties at Kirkcaldy, and none there knew what his real vocation was.

One person alone had some prevision of what was to come; and that was Irving himself. At twenty-six years old he finally gave up teaching, and went to Edinburgh to nurse the gift that was in him. Not content with burning his old sermons, he set to work earnestly to think out new. He did not neglect those collateral studies which go to furnish the preacher's mind with things new and old; he attended the college classes in chemistry and natural history, and rapidly made himself master of French and Italian. He had an honest consciousness of his own powers; but a year passed by, and still there seemed no room for him in the great world of preachers. For no man can preach without an audience; and Scotland, at any rate, seemed to have no audience for him. He turned his thoughts to missionary enterprise. What sort of an evangelist he would have been, is best told in the glowing language of his biographer:—

"It was not the modern type of missionary, going laden with civilisation and a printing-press, to clear his little garden in the wilderness; it was the red-cross knight in that armour dinted with the impress of many battle-fields; it was the apostolic messenger, undaunted and solitary, bearing from place to place the gospel for which he could be content to die."

Human speculation is here tempted to regret that the career which he had thus early marked out for himself was never entered upon. Unfettered by the necessary restrictions of a home Established Church, with the grand field of the world open before him, he might have found—it would seem to us—full scope for that restless energy and enthusiastic devotion which jarred against the sober quiet of modern Presbyterianism. The intense mental and bodily exertion which a missionary life legitimately calls into play—the burning desire to evangelise, the excitement of travel and danger itself—might have proved the healthiest atmosphere for such a spirit; but it was not to be. The more public sphere of home work, for which he had longed, was opened to him. He was asked to preach in the fashionable church of St George's, purposely that Dr Chalmers, the foremost man in the Church—who must already have heard something of the young student's powers—might judge of his qualifications to become his assistant at Glasgow; and to Glasgow, accordingly, he went in that capacity. But neither Chalmers nor his Glasgow congregation, any more than they of Kirkcaldy and Annan, knew whom they had got among them. His "gran'ner" still puzzled them all. The new sermons had still a savour of the old lofty language, which thundered far over the heads of ordinary hearers. Some even questioned his orthodoxy. Irving himself was not surprised or disappointed; his long and unsuccessful probation had taught him not to be sanguine of popular favour. With what his biographer calls "Presbyterian scrupulosity," but

which may have been quite as naturally the proud humility of unappreciated powers, he told Chalmers on his first proposal, "I will preach to them if you think fit; but if they bear with my preaching, they will be the first people who have borne with it!" With one class, at all events, he was popular—rather it was something better than popularity—it was love which he won from the poor Glasgow weavers, then suffering from the pressure of hard times. Irving went in and out among them in their crowded closes and wynds like a brother, showing as much true charity sometimes in sitting down with them to their miserable meal, as in sharing among them all that he could spare from his own humble resources. That was a style of preaching which rarely fails of even this world's success.

But now, after three years' work in Glasgow—work which was a burden and restraint to him always, more or less, because he was working under another's orders, much as he loved and respected Dr Chalmers—his real call came. The independent position for which he sighed in secret presented itself in an invitation from the Caledonian Church in Hatton Garden, to come to London to be their minister. It was the realisation of his hopes—not of preferment, for that, in the ordinary sense of the word, was throughout his life to him a matter of indifference, and the Hatton Garden Church was scarcely able to promise him a stipend,—but of an opening to do some great work for his own hand. "To make a demonstration," as he himself expressed it in a letter to Dr Martin, "for a higher style of Christianity, something more magnanimous, more heroic than this age affects." That was the ambition of Edward Irving's life,—a noble yearning, which trampled all meaner motives under foot; whether it did not become to him a subtler temptation of another kind, is one of the sad questions which will present

themselves to every thoughtful reader of Mrs Oliphant's beautiful narrative.

The "call" enabled him to claim those final "trials," which under the Presbyterian discipline precede ordination; it was, in short, what in the English Church would be called his "title" to orders; up to this time he had only been a "probationer," licensed to preach. He was duly ordained in his native town of Annan, and entered immediately upon his work in London, thirty years old, and full of vigour, joy, and hope. In less than a year he had made the little out-of-the-way chapel in Hatton Garden one of the famous places in London. As in such cases generally, what is called happy accident contributed to his rapid popularity and success. A striking phrase used in one of his sermons, at which Sir James Mackintosh was present, was by him reported to Mr Canning, who was so much attracted by it as to go next Sunday and hear for himself. A discussion upon Church revenues gave the Minister the opportunity of alluding in the House to the eloquence which had charmed him in the remote and poorly-endowed chapel in Hatton Garden. Such an advertisement was enough. Taste and fashion at once took the Scotch preacher under their questionable patronage. The "religious world" crowded to hear him, of course; the fashionable world went also, as to the lion of the day. The little chapel would hold but six hundred, and twice six hundred besieged the doors, and crowded the neighbouring streets, where carriages were ranged *en queue* as though it were a royal drawing-room. Struggles between rival coachmen, and accidents in consequence, gave additional zest to the excitement. "It was an exploit," says one of the periodicals of the day, "to get into the Caledonian Church without loss of life or limb." The preacher's unsympathetic audience of Kirkcaldy and Glasgow

would have been astonished if they could have seen his London chapel crowded with the most fastidious aristocracy in the world. Admission was by tickets; and the sober Scotch elders who distributed and received them, and watched the pious frauds which were committed in order to secure a good place, must have been sore divided between their sense of religious propriety and their flattered national pride. It was not merely that the little church became, according to the testimony of jealous enemies, "a gallery of beauty and fashion;" even Royal Dukes and Cabinet Ministers were drawn into the vortex; and it was asserted, though strongly denied, that dignitaries of the English Church deserted their own parochial duties, to become hearers in "a licensed conventicle." It was the most triumphant and the most unwholesome period of the preacher's life.

It is not difficult, in glancing over Irving's published writings, to understand the causes of his immense popularity, without altogether sharing the enthusiasm. Great portions of his sermons no doubt were extemporised, or at least never committed to writing; but his published orations may be taken fairly to represent his best and highest style of pulpit eloquence. It is easy to conceive, with these specimens before us, how the torrent of impassioned language which Irving poured out of his overflowing imagination startled at once and delighted audiences who were accustomed to the cold, correct, passionless preachers of the day. He seems to have abounded in that apt and copious illustration, drawn alike from Scripture and from subjects of common life, which rouses so effectually the listener's attention, apt to weary of level argument however convincing, and exhortation however fervent; and he did not shrink from those still more attractive topics of personal allusion, of which all orators know the dangerous

value, but which are least justifiable in the pulpit. He attacks Southey and his 'Vision of Judgment,' and eulogises Wordsworth by name. We cannot share the surprise which the authoress has elsewhere expressed, that the published remains of an oratory once so popular should have "fallen into partial oblivion."* There are, undoubtedly, passages whose rich magnificence of language carries us on breathless with the orator until he chooses to pause; and there are, again, terse and striking phrases, like that which caught the fancy of Canning, which bear the impress of a powerful and original fancy, and probably occurred still more frequently in the extemporised portions of his address, struck out in the heat of oratory, and nowhere preserved unless in the memory of some retentive hearer. But there is a vague perplexity in his argument, and a confusion in his exuberant metaphors, which detracts very considerably from the reader's pleasure. Two elements there were, of no little importance in his extraordinary popularity, which the best and most correct of his published sermons must of necessity fail to reproduce. One was the living earnestness of the man. There is no need to go to Aristotle or to Horace for testimony of the inestimable value of this rhetorical qualification. Every audience feels it, and every orator assumes it. The sternest juror softens before the paid advocate's white handkerchief skilfully applied. Earnestness is the one virtue which the pleader—and, alas! the preacher—is bound to assume, even though he has it not. To the latter, it is the first and last of all requisites, not only in a Christian, but even in a worldly point of view. And if we may trust these and all other records of him, no man could have looked upon Edward Irving, and not feel that he was absorbed in the truth of the message which he

had to deliver. Whether what he preached were heretical or orthodox, all must have felt that to him it was the oracles of God. Another secret lay in the commanding person of the preacher. That had struck his less enthusiastic audiences in Scotland—not always, it would seem, favourably. Six feet two, with the proportions of a Hercules and the bearing of a paladin, savoured too much of worldly and carnal advantages in some eyes prejudiced by honest Puritanism. "*That Dr Chalmers's helper!*" said a Glasgow worthy; "I took him for a cavalry officer!" "A wonderful grand gentleman," a servant-girl in the same town described him; "I think he maun be a Highland chief!" Some even told Dr Chalmers that his new assistant looked like a brigand. As he walked through the villages of Scotland, young and old to whom that tall figure was unknown turned round to gaze after him. There can be no doubt that, as Mrs Oliphant says, "his person, his aspect, his height and presence, had all a share in his eloquence." A finely shaped head, well set on his shoulders, long curling black hair, and keen eyes looking out from under thick dark eyebrows, crowned the commanding figure which declaimed from the pulpit in Hatton Garden, and which, according to surrounding adjuncts, or the beholders' temper of mind, might represent the bandit chief or the Baptist in the Wilderness—neither of which comparisons were wholly distasteful to the preacher himself. Even the peculiarity of vision, which his enemies called a squint, had a piquant attraction for some enthusiastic admirers. There was, besides, a voice of wonderful power and compass—his preaching could be heard and understood, it was said, at the distance of a quarter of a mile—but which he knew how to modulate into the most subduing tones of gentle pathos. These phy-

sical aids to gospel eloquence had at least their share in holding the idle world of London in rapt attention—often for full two hours.

In the full blaze of this dangerous glory, it must be remembered that he was always something more and something better than the popular preacher. He was the devoted and affectionate pastor, not only to the immediate members of his flock, but ever “ready at the call of the sick, the friendless, and the stranger, whensoever they addressed him.” In such leisure as he had, he was busy writing and editing. He went through an amount of exhausting labour which few men could have ventured to attempt, and which probably was one of the remote causes of his own early death.

The tide of popular favour remained at its height for something like four years. Then the Hatton Garden congregation, so rapidly increased in numbers and resources, migrated into a new church which they had erected for themselves in Regent Square, which would hold a thousand people; and then, almost as suddenly as it had gathered, the fashionable crowd disappeared. Whether they were tired of their idol, and availed themselves of this natural divorce from the old scene of attraction; or whether, when there was no longer such difficulty of access, the excitement lost its charm—the new church found room enough for all its attendants: “it was always well filled, but no longer crowded,” the official records say. It has been supposed—among others by Mr Carlyle, who certainly had opportunities of estimating Irving’s character—that this sudden reflux left him a disappointed man; that the poison of popular applause “had sapped the healthy vigour of his mind,” and that, “forsaken by the world, he strove either to recall it or forsake it;” and that in this lies the key to the spiritual excitement of his later years. It is hard to read the secret of any man’s heart; but we fully

agree with Mrs Oliphant that all internal evidence goes to the contrary of this. Dr Chalmers, to whose shrewd judgment we think Mrs Oliphant does scanty justice, foresaw his real danger early. Before he had been two months in London, Chalmers expresses his hope “that he will not hurt his usefulness by any kind of eccentricity or imprudence;” and afterwards—long before the final event—fears “that his prophecies will unship him altogether.” That Irving had long looked upon himself as set apart for some great work, and that he was at any time as prepared to accept the status, as he was to undergo the labours, of an apostle, we quite believe; but that he had any taste for fashion, any hankering after mere notoriety—in short, that he looked upon a fashionable and admiring audience in any other light than as souls to be saved,—we find no shadow of proof in any passage of his life.

It is a relief to turn from the dazzle of his public ministry to the quiet scenes of domestic interest which show the heart of the man; and which are touched by the writer with all the delicacy of a woman’s hand, and the power of an accomplished artist. Irving, meanwhile, had married, and brought his wife from the quiet Kirkcaldy manse into the busy world of London. She appears, from first to last, to have shared his every thought and feeling; and the long letters of affectionate communion, which he wrote to her continually during occasional absences, will be read with the deepest interest, as being indeed what the biographer describes them—“the perfect revelation of a man’s heart and of a husband’s trust and confidence,” to which the quaint patriarchal tone of many passages perhaps only gives additional charm. In spite of many extravagances and traces of a dangerous self-estimate, the journal which he kept and sent to his wife from time to time, during her two months’ absence from him (spent in her

father's manse, for the recovery of her health), is one of the most remarkable records that was ever given to the public, and must be read by any who would form a just appreciation of Irving's noble and simple character. Night after night, never too much occupied, or too exhausted by the labours of such days as his were, he sits down to his task of love, though often, as he confesses, with "a great combination against him—a weary hand, a heavy eye, a dull mind, and a late hour." A great sorrow had just fallen upon the young parents—the death of their first-born son. He died at Kirkcaldy, fifteen months old, immediately after the mother's second confinement. Irving felt the loss acutely. The child had been his pride and joy; as he himself worded it in Scripture phraseology—"his excellency and the beginning of his strength." He had been used to carry him in his own arms during his walks with his wife about the streets of Pentonville and its then suburban lanes, drawing thus additional attention to the tall and remarkable figure which carried such an unusual burden. The birth of other children, and even their death, nearly as it touched him, never for a moment dimmed the little image in the father's memory. He talked of him, wrote of him, dreamed of him, for years afterwards. The following extract from one of his publications shows, in his own remarkable language, how real and how noble the sorrow was:—

"Whoso studieth as I have done, and reflecteth as I have sought to reflect, upon the first twelve months of a child; whoso hath had such a child to look and reflect upon, as the Lord for fifteen months did bless me withal (whom I would not recall, if a wish could recall him, from the enjoyment and service of our dear Lord), will rather marvel how the growth of that wonderful creature, which put forth such a glorious bud of being, should come to be so cloaked by the flesh,

cramped by the world, and cut short by Satan, as not to become a winged seraph; will rather wonder that such a puny, heartless, feeble thing as manhood should be the abortive fruit of the rich bud of childhood, than think that childhood is an imperfect promise and opening of the future man. And therefore it is that I grudged not our noble, lovely child, but rather do delight that such a seed should blossom and bear in the kindly and kindred paradise of my God."*

It was to cheer and comfort the bereaved mother, waiting her recovery before she rejoined her husband in London, that Irving undertook the long daily record in the form of letters which has been just mentioned, and which seems to have been the only journal he ever kept. "It is not wonderful," says Mrs Oliphant, "that the wife should have cherished them to the last as too sacred for common sight; . . . few men or heroes have been laid in their grave with such a memorial as envelops the holy name of little Edward; and I think few wives will read this record without envying Isabella Irving that hour of anguish and consolation." We will add that they might well have envied her—if she had survived to know it—the biographer in whose hands the husband's journal has been placed.

We confess that we had rather linger with him in his quiet home at Pentonville, where friends gathered round his early breakfast-table, and joined in his social worship, and listened to his deep and yet practical expositions of Scripture, than follow him to the conferences of the students of prophecy at Albury. There, at the house of Mr Henry Drummond—the clever and sarcastic political debater, whom it is difficult in some respects to identify with any preconceived ideal of an apostle, but who possessed in a remarkable degree that large benevolence which is not one of the least of apostolic virtues—there met together in the winter of 1826, in a kind of religious retreat,

* Preface to 'The Coming of the Messiah,' from the Spanish of J. J. Ben Ezra.

some twenty men, many of them famous or to be famous in their generation, who, differing on many minor points either of religious belief or of church discipline, were agreed in this,—that the Second Advent was near at hand. They remained there, as Mr Drummond's guests, for eight days; "twenty men," as Irving himself describes them, "of every rank, and church, and orthodox communion in these realms," to "deliberate upon the great prophetic questions which do at present most intimately concern Christendom." Their president—or "moderator," as the narrator terms him—was Hugh M'Neil, then rector of the parish; and among the number were Joseph Wolff, Hatley Frere, Peter Borthwick, Lord Mandeville,* and Mr Dodsworth. They spent "six full days in close and laborious examination of the Scriptures;" holding each day three "diets"—for Irving fondly insists throughout upon his own Presbyterian terminology—the first at eight o'clock, the second at eleven, the third at seven in the evening. The whole passage which gives the details of this first conference is highly interesting, though too long for extract. He closes it in these words:—

"The duties of the day were concluded by the singing of a hymn and the offering up of an evening prayer. Such were the six days we spent under the holy and hospitable roof of Albury House, within the chime of the church bell, and surrounded by the most picturesque and beautiful forms of nature. But the sweetest spot was that council-room, where I met the servants of the Lord—the wise virgins waiting with oil in their lamps for the Bridegroom; and a sweeter still was that secret chamber where I met in the Spirit my Lord and Master, whom I hope soon to meet in the flesh."

There can be no question but that these meetings—which were repeated in nearly the same form for five years successively—had

much share in the ripening and developing of Irving's peculiar views. He had adopted, with all the intensity of his nature, the belief which has always possessed some enthusiastic minds ever since the Day of the Ascension—more or less prevalent, from time to time, according as some signs in the world's horizon seemed more directly to betoken it—that the Second Personal Advent was drawing near; might be looked for any day, and was what every Christian ought to hope to live to see. This is not the place to discuss the doctrine further than as it bears upon the phenomena of Irving's mental life. Let this much be said; it is a doctrine few men will be inclined to hold, except such as, like Irving, lead an intensely spiritual life, and walk as it were always in the presence of the Infinite. And it is a doctrine which every Church must needs leave open to each man's individual acceptance, because no Church can have any warrant for insisting on its truth, any more than for asserting its falsehood. It is when such a personal belief is sought to be imposed upon others as an article of faith, or as one of the terms of communion, that it can fairly raise any question of heresy. Together with this belief, and closely connected with it, Irving had long been inclining towards another—the possible restoration to the Church of miraculous gifts, which it had always held as it were *in posse*, and the exercise of which was only suspended from the lack of faith and prayer. To many exponents of Scripture this latter tenet followed by logical sequence from the former; the Spirit was to be poured out in the "last days;" and the "last days" were now. We see what appears to have been almost the first dawn of this hope in Irving's mind, in that remarkable epistolary journal in which he recorded not his acts only, but his inmost thoughts. As he walked in

* Better known as Duke of Manchester. Mr Dodsworth, long an able "High-church" preacher in the Anglican communion, afterwards conformed to Rome.

his garden—his favourite scene for reading and meditation—he had, he says, “certain cogitations of God’s neighbourhood to very holy men, so that it seemed not possible to say whether He might not still work manifest wonders by their hand.” Continually the thought grew upon him, till it absorbed his whole mind and desire; he was confirmed and strengthened in his views by the periodical meetings with kindred minds at Albury; and the whole of his after career was the working out, after his own impulsive fashion, of that which he came to hold not only as a truth, but as *the* truth.

Meanwhile, comparatively early in his London career, he had displayed those peculiarities of temperament which impaired his usefulness, while they threw an irresistible interest about the man personally. What he never could make allowance for, was the limitations of actual life. *Hic cum hominibus, non cum diis, agitur*—was a maxim he would have spurned. “The sublime impracticable” was always his aim. The religious societies of his day—in the eyes of whose managers popular preachers have a distinct pecuniary value—were naturally eager to secure the services of so able an advocate; and Irving, never sparing of himself, readily consented to preach on one occasion for the London Missionary Society. But that excellent body soon found themselves in the position of the man who had impressed a giant to do his everyday work, and was nearly ruined by the impossibility of limiting his new servant’s exertions. Irving preached for them for above three hours, and to such a congregation as had never before been gathered, wet and dreary as the day was.

“But the oration which burst upon their astonished ears was quite a different matter. It had no connection with the London Missionary Society. It was the ideal missionary—the Apostle lost behind the veil of centuries—the Evangelist commissioned of God, who had risen out of Scripture and the primeval

ages upon the gaze of the preacher. He discoursed to the startled throng, met there to be asked for subscriptions—to have their interest stimulated in the regulations of the committee, and their eyes directed towards its worthy and respectable representatives, each drawing a little congregation about him in some corner of the earth—of a man without staff or scrip, without banker or provision, abiding with whomsoever would receive him, speaking in haste his burning message, pressing on without pause or rest through the world that lay in wickedness—an apostle responsible to no man—a messenger of the Cross. The intense reality natural to one who had all but embraced that austere martyr vocation in his own person, gave force to the picture he drew. There can be little doubt that it was foolishness.”

In this style he harangued the astonished audience and discomfited managers, and this for three hours! But of time Irving consistently refused ever to take note; and when even the elders of his own church ventured to suggest some moderation on this point, he protested at once, in terms somewhat prophetic of future protests, that he “would submit to no authority in that matter but the authority of the Church, from which also he would take liberty to appeal if it gainsaid his conscience.” When his friend Dr Chalmers came to preach at the opening of his new church in Regent Square, Irving was to commence the service (the congregation, in their eagerness, having already been assembled three hours), by reading and expounding a chapter. “He chose,” says Dr Chalmers, “the longest in the Bible, and went on for an hour and a half. On another occasion he offered me the same aid, adding, ‘I can be short.’ I said, ‘How long will it take you?’ ‘Only an hour and forty minutes.’” With such notions of brevity, and such high impossible counsels of perfection, it is not surprising that, so far as appears, the Missionary Society never asked him to preach again. In fact, from that time the “Evangelical” party began to look shy upon him. His agreement with their distinctive views was, it is

evident, even at that period, of a wholly accidental kind.* It was not long before he was honoured with the enmity of the 'Record' newspaper; and the Dissenters, according to his own account, "generally reported him as a man wholly mad."

In May 1828, Mrs Irving being again on a visit at Kirkcaldy for change of air, Irving took the opportunity of making an apostolical tour in Scotland, in order to "bear his testimony" to that which he had now come to consider as the one important truth which he was charged to deliver to the men of his own faithless generation—the imminence of the Second Advent; the point of view "from which, and from which alone," as he expresses it in one of his letters, "the whole purpose of God can be contemplated and understood." First, he thought himself bound "to open these great truths to his own kindred and townsmen, and in the church in which he was baptised." He was now no longer the unrecognised prophet among his own people. "On the Sunday when he preached, neighbouring ministers shut up their churches, and went the long Sabbath-day's journey across the Annandale moors to hear him, along with their people." Thence he went on to Edinburgh, where at that season the clergy were gathered for the General Assembly, and lectured on the mysteries of the Apocalypse at six in the morning, not to interfere with the other engagements of the clerical audience whom he especially burned to address. Crowds of eager listeners—fathers, mothers, and children—thronged the churches even at that untimely hour, and yet found no

room; and Scotch divines forgot their mild dignity, and threatened the officials "with personal violence," at the mere suspicion of unfair dealing with regard to priority of admission. At Glasgow and in the wilds of Lanarkshire, where he proceeded with his message, the excitement was the same. At Kirkcaldy it had a most unhappy result; the crowded galleries gave way, and thirty-five lives were lost. Amongst other towns in the North he preached at Perth, when the following striking incident is recorded in a letter from one who was present:—

"His text was taken from the 24th chapter of Matthew, regarding the coming of the Son of Man. I remember nothing of the sermon save its general subject, but one thing I can never forget. While he was engaged in unfolding his subject, from out of a dark cloud which obscured the church there came forth a bright blaze of lightning and a crash of thunder. There was deep stillness in the audience. The preacher paused; and from the stillness and the gloom his powerful voice, clothed with increased solemnity, pronounced these words: 'For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be.' You can imagine the effect."

Clouds were hanging over himself, and the storm was soon to burst. A second missionary visit to Scotland in the following year found him no less than before the object of popular interest, and innumerable multitudes—if the newspapers of the day are to be trusted literally—thronged to the places where he preached. But even in his native country the cry of "heresy" was raised here and there, as it had already been in London. It was asserted that he held and taught "the sinfulness of Christ's Human

* He had little of the narrow-mindedness of (so-called) Evangelicism, and seldom adopted their popular phraseology. One exception has amused us. He was trying to sell an edition of his sermons. "Try Blackwood," he writes, "or some of those worldlings." It is always allowable, we suppose, to make spoil of the Egyptians in these cases. *Non olet* is the mental remark when the cash comes in from the worldly publisher. Possibly the "serious" firms think that, in a matter of publishing, authors have no right to expect the gain *and* the godliness. For our own part, if liberal dealing be one of the marks of the unregenerate, we shall be quite content to be counted among the "worldlings."

Nature." The mysteries of religion had always a subtle attraction for his mind; and the great doctrine of the Incarnation had been almost as favourite a subject of his meditations as the visions of the Apocalypse. The orthodoxy of his teaching upon this head had been already more than questioned from time to time during the two previous years, when in 1830 he published his tract on 'The Doctrine of Our Lord's Human Nature.' Irving's own statement of the point in dispute—and it seems a fair statement—is in these words: "Whether Christ's flesh had the grace of sinlessness and incorruption from its proper nature, or from the indwelling of the Holy Ghost—I say, the latter." He was violently attacked by several of the religious periodicals of the day;* and though he had manifestly the advantage of his opponents in the charitable tone of such replies as he made, it will be readily conceived that Irving was not the man to moderate the expression of an opinion because it was unpopular. Others also accepted his statement of the question, and probably, as is apt to be the case with disciples, pushed their master's assertions to the extreme. Mr Maclean, a young minister just presented to a parish in Ayrshire, was petitioned against on the ground of this same heresy, and, after a series of appeals, was finally deposed by the Assembly. Irving's day was yet to come.

And now began the first of those remarkable manifestations which for a while startled and excited not only quiet hillsides in Scotland, but the busy heart of London itself; and of which it is by no means easy to give even the barest sketch without incurring the risk of seeming either irreverent or over-credulous. Mrs Oliphant, in dealing with the sub-

ject so far as is necessary from its bearing on Irving's life, wisely determines that it is not within her province "to attempt any decision as to what was the real character of these marvellous phenomena." The interesting memoir of Mr Story of Roseneath, already noticed, and to which the authoress refers her readers, contains probably as fair and unprejudiced a statement of the facts as could possibly be obtained; for it was in Mr Story's parish, and under his immediate cognisance, that the first manifestations took place. They were briefly as follows. In a lone farmhouse, amidst the lovely scenery of the Gairloch, a girl named Isabella Campbell had lived and died with a deserved reputation for almost saintly piety. A memoir of her, drawn up by Mr Story, had obtained an immense circulation, and drew hundreds of visitors, from curiosity or better motives, to the place where she had lived. Her sister Mary—beautiful, clever (as her letters abundantly prove) though not highly educated, imaginative and excitable, and affected with tubercular consumption—found herself in some degree the inheritor of her sister's honours. The peculiarities of Irving's teaching had, as we have seen, already reached Scotland; and some of the pilgrims to Fernicarry had learned to look upon bodily disease as the permitted infliction of Satan, and to pray for the manifestation of the gifts of healing, of tongues, and other spiritual powers which they believed only required faith and prayer to be reawakened in the Church. Suddenly Mary Campbell broke out into an utterance. Let Mr Story describe it, for he was present on a subsequent occasion—a deeply-interested and not entirely unsympathetic witness:—

"I had just taken her by the hand to bid her adieu, when, obviously possessed

* If the virulence of some of Irving's opponents may be estimated from their ignorance, it must have been great indeed. A writer in the 'Christian Instructor' chose to compare Irving's opinions with the Monothelite (lit. "*single-willed*") heresy; and, in the course of his argument, spoke of "*Monothelos himself*."

by some irresistible power, she uttered, for, I should suppose, nearly an hour, sounds altogether new to my ear, but which certainly seemed to be language. She knows when the languages change, and the articulations are obviously different; some of them exceedingly musical, others not so. Sometimes she has an impression that what she is uttering is the language of a particular people. One she has often conceived to be Turkish; one of those she spoke in my presence, she cried out she knew to be the language of the Pelew Islanders. 'She seemed greatly oppressed in spirit that the power of interpretation was not given. It has been occasionally given to some of those present.' . . . 'My testimony is simply this—these sounds *do seem* to be language.'

Subsequently she wrote down, of her own accord, rapidly, and "as if she herself were unconscious of the exertion," some of the utterances. Dr Chalmers submitted a portion of the writing to Sir George Staunton, and to Dr Lee of Cambridge. "My opinion is," wrote the latter, "that it contains neither character nor language known in any region under the sun;" and in this opinion Sir G. Staunton substantially agreed.* Meanwhile, in the little town of Port-Glasgow, fifteen miles off, a family named Macdonald, shipbuilders, of very religious habits and irreproachable life, had been accustomed to meet with several others in daily prayer for "the outpouring of the Spirit." There, a different and even more striking result followed. One of the brothers, James, after the simple ejaculation "I have got it," commanded in Scripture language a sister, long confined to her bed, to "arise." She did so immediately, and joined the family at their meal. A letter sent by him to the invalid Mary Campbell had the same effect; she was at once restored to a state of health so far perfect that in the following year she married a Mr Caird, and is, we believe, still living. The facts of these cases are perfectly well substantiated. The excitement was naturally

very great. Meetings were held at Helensburgh, in the summer of 1830, in which the utterance of the tongues was repeated, accompanied by prophesying and the exercise of the gift of healing. Attempts were made, in at least two cases, to *raise the dead*; once in the case of Samuel Campbell, Mary's brother; and once in the family of Mr Story himself, who had lost an infant son. In this latter case,

"The person was a Frenchman, named Mejanel, who had been in the thick of all the excitement among the 'gifted' at Helensburgh, and had wished to marry Mary Campbell. He made his way to the couch where the body lay, and, kneeling by its side, continued to ejaculate prayers and commands to arise in a stentorian voice, until Mr Story, distracted by the unseemly and unfeeling noise, forced him to desist. Mejanel appears to have been a sincere and gentle-hearted fanatic, and to have acted as he did from the desire to restore the child to its parents, whose lack of faith, he, in a letter subsequently written, indicates as the cause of his failure."—*Ibid.*, p. 238.

The minister of Roseneath was a personal friend of Irving's, and one of the deacons of his London church came from the district. He received the intelligence as the realisation of his hopes and prayers. His biographer describes his position and feelings at this time (he had a child dying) in the following eloquent passage:—

"This profound domestic anxiety gave him, as was natural, a deeper trembling interest in the miraculous reports that reached him. The command of intense and undoubting faith which had raised Mary Campbell from her sick-bed, might still raise that declining infant, whose baby days were numbered. From the little bedside he gazed out wistfully upon the horizon, where miraculous influences seemed hovering, but had not yet revealed themselves; hoping in the prayers of the Church, in the faith of the saints, in the intervention of the Lord himself, when earthly hope was over. It is not possible to enter into this phase of his life without perceiving the heart-breaking glimmer of terrible hope and expectation which mingles with the elevated

* 'Memoir of Robert Story,' &c., p. 108.

and lofty anticipations of a new outpouring of the Spirit, and gives a certain colour to the father's hopes and prayers. . . .

"On the 6th this child of prayer gave up its little life, and left another blank in the household so often invaded. Miracle did not interpose to give joy to God's devoted servant. During the whole of this last dread discipline of his life he served God divinely 'for nought,' receiving none of the extraordinary graces he believed in. Already the last trial had begun. Miraculously, from the edge of the grave, Mary Campbell and Margaret Macdonald in Scotland, and others in England shortly after, near and visible to his eyes and his faith, were brought back in safety to fulfil their existence. But it was not so that God dealt with His loyal and forlorn soldier. The draught of joy, of glorious proof and assurance, that would have refreshed his soul, was withheld from his lips. If he turned away sighing, with a pang of disappointment added to his sorrow, he never paused or slackened on that account, in the faith which did not depend upon personal blessings; but watched, with an interest unabated, the new miraculous dispensation, which had not saved his child, but which yet he trusted in as divine and true."

His congregation now met at half-past six in the morning in special prayer for the gifts of the Spirit; and, in his own words, "in the present low state of the Church," for "apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers, anointed with the Holy Ghost." The remarkable case of Miss Fancourt, cured instantaneously of pronounced hip-disease, under the same circumstances as Margaret Macdonald—a case quite as well authenticated as those in Scotland—raised the hopes and expectations of Irving and his friends still higher. For their fulfilment by the sudden outbreak of the mysterious language, first in their private prayer-meetings, then during the services in the chapel, we can only refer our readers to the biography itself. How Irving tried to restrain it, or at least limit it to what he considered a decorous interval in the regular service—how ecstatic women, unable to check the impulse, rushed out into the vestry, where

the Tongue burst forth "with an astonishing and terrible crash"—how Mr Taplin took up the strain from the gallery with "an unearthly sound and extraordinary power of voice, enough to appal the heart of the most stout-hearted," as the newspapers of the day describe it,—is recorded by the authoress from various contemporary accounts, with a conscientious effort to convey neither more nor less than truth. The narrative of Mr Baxter of Doncaster, who was one of the first possessors of the "gift," but who afterwards considered himself to have been acting under a delusion, is given at length in the Appendix, and is certainly one of the most remarkable personal revelations ever opened to the public.

Irving had blamed himself, and had been censured by some of the prophetic voices, for attempting at first to restrain these utterances so far as to prevent any interruption to the usual Sunday service. He felt that this was a vain attempt to silence the voice of Heaven. Clearly, with his views, such a half-position was quite untenable. Thenceforth he threw himself heart and soul into the movement. Friends remonstrated in vain. His father-in-law from Kirkcaldy manse—his sister, and her husband William Hamilton, whom he loved as a brother, and who was one of the elders of his church—wrote letters which touched him deeply, but did not move him a hair's-breadth. His friend Thomas Carlyle denounced it, in the peculiar tongue with which *he* was gifted, as "Bedlam and Chaos;" and Irving listened in silence. His Session remonstrated with him; but the answer he wrote them was the only one he had for all—"There is nothing which I would not surrender to you, even to my life, except to hinder or retard in any way what I most clearly discern to be the work of God's Holy Spirit." As we read Mrs Oliphant's glowing words throughout this chapter of her hero's life, we feel that, with these letters

before her, we must have sympathised with her if she had pronounced herself "Irvingite" to the heart's core.

The trustees of the Regent Square Chapel determined at last to "enforce the discipline of the Church of Scotland according to the provisions of the trust-deed." Already he had been summoned before the London Presbytery two years before on the "Humanity" question, and had denied their jurisdiction, as having been ordained by a Scottish Presbytery; and his book had also received a virtual censure in the General Assembly of 1831. Fortified by Sir Edward Sugden's opinion, the trustees still tried remonstrance in every shape before they proceeded to extremities. He answered them in a noble letter, in which he besought them rather "to confess their sin" in seeking to hinder the Lord's work. No alternative remained but to prove the distinct breach of the rule and order of Presbyterian discipline, and to remove him from the pastorate of his church. This was done by formal sentence of the Presbytery on the 2d of May 1832.* A few months afterwards, the Scottish Church took action against him on the old ground of heresy; and, after a pathetic defence, in which he denied the sense imputed to him, the Presbytery of Annan, which had ordained him, solemnly deposed him from the ministry.

Mrs Oliphant is at no pains to conceal her indignation at what she conceives the injustice of the treatment which Irving received from the hands of both these tribunals. No doubt the proceedings before the London Presbytery were not entirely in accordance with the law of evidence; no doubt, the judges carried with them into court other feelings besides the "imperturbable judicial mind." In what ecclesiastical court, Roman, Anglican, or Presbyterian, was it ever otherwise? But substantial justice was done.

The irregularities sanctioned by Irving in his church, whatever their origin or character, are admitted by the writer herself to have been "thoroughly contrary to the character and essence of Presbyterian worship;" and had they taken place in the Church of England, the result would have been, and ought to have been, the same, whatever Mr Maurice may say to the contrary.† We must protest against the ironical compliment to the "courage" of the "clerical members of the court," when they unanimously declared, in answer to Irving's appeal to Scripture, that "the question was not the Word of God, but the trust-deed and the doctrines of the Church of Scotland." Most certainly it was. Not to mention that these appeals to Scripture presuppose a court for the interpretation of Scripture, such as never yet was constituted upon earth, the law of every ecclesiastical tribunal must be taken from the law of the Church, which may be (and is always by some asserted to be) contrary to the law of the Bible, which is no more a standard of appeal in such cases than the Koran is. It seems to us also, that the earnest authoress contrasts somewhat unfairly the grand abilities of the defendant at the bar with the mediocrity of his judges, in both trials. They were no heroes, these Scottish presbyters; they had to do, as most of us have in this world, a disagreeable, commonplace, prosaic duty, with no touch of heroism about it, no faintest halo of martyrdom, but not the less a duty: they could not clothe their verdict in the glowing language in which Irving "delivers his soul;" but we may hope that none the less they did, as they aver, act "under a deep and solemn sense of their responsibility." The Annan judgment in the matter of heresy we regret, for every reason; doubting whether the accused was really "guilty as libelled," and convinced that such questions should never

* The date given, 1830, must be a misprint.

† See ii. 295.

be "libelled" at all; but Irving seems as much to blame for having made the question in the first instance a matter of hot controversy, as his judges were for holding the libel relevant.

But when a man once turns to the second chapter of the Revelation for ecclesiastical authority, it becomes evident that no synod or presbytery is likely to hold him long. He had virtually excommunicated himself—so far as outward bonds of discipline are concerned—when he declared before his judges that he recognised no authority but one, and that "had there been ordinances of the Church of Scotland forbidding the manifestations, he would have felt it necessary to disobey them."—(Pp. 278, 279.)

It is no disparagement to the Church of Scotland to say that there was that in Irving's spirit, which, when once awakened, made it almost impossible for him to have continued wholly faithful in his allegiance to her. He was brought up in her bosom, and, with the strong loving instincts which he possessed, had attached himself to her with what seemed to him an unalterable affection. But he was the child of a different spiritual race; like the young of some wild thing, he had no sooner found his wings and his strength than the care of his domestic foster-mother savoured to him of bondage. To have had any chance of spiritual peace, he should have been either a disciple of Loyola or a subject of the Fifth Monarchy. If he had been early accustomed to recognise an infallible spiritual head, he might have rendered to the end an unquestioning obedience. It could scarcely have been harder to have submitted his judgment and his conscience to God's Vicegerent upon earth, than to have been rebuked and directed by some of the new "apostles." To an unprejudiced observer, the re-scripts of Pope Pius are at least as apostolic as Mr Baxter's utterances. There was very much in Irving's disposition to which the priestly

claims of Rome appealed far more strongly than the sober equalities of Presbyterianism. From the time that his ordination vows were upon him, he seldom moved or spoke without a consciousness of the priestly office. He never entered a dwelling in the discharge of any branch of his duties without the apostolic benediction—"Peace be to this house;" and he laid his hands solemnly upon the children of his acquaintance with words of blessing. His views of the sacraments were nearly those of "high-church" English divines. He regarded the material fabric of even the unconsecrated buildings of his own communion with something like veneration; and he declared plainly that he "had more fear of the intellectual forms" of his own Church, which, he says, "tend to practical and theoretical infidelity, than of the sensual forms of the Romish Church, which do tend to superstition, and still preserve a faith, though it be of the sense." Nay, even the same impetuous spirit which, under misapprehension and trial, was that of a martyr, might, if he had been the successful champion of a triumphant church, have made him a conscientious persecutor. Like Paul, he had the secret of attaching to him all hearts; like Paul, he could have been content to have been himself "*anathema*" for very love; but, like Paul, he had that within him which might have made him a terror to heretics, if he had ever wielded the spiritual sword.

But although the great preacher's resolution never flinched for an instant, his very soul was wrung by the severance from his friends. "Reproach hath broken my heart"—is the mournful utterance of his affectionate sorrow. For a while he continued pastor of an independent congregation, until he found that the new "prophets" and "apostles" did not recognise his Presbyterian orders, and he received "apostolic" ordination from the hands of Mr Cardale, becoming

angel of the new "Catholic Apostolic Church" gathered together in Newman Street. Already a similar one had been formed at Albury; Mr Drummond was called to be an apostle; and such was the rise of that remarkable body, who have raised and occupy the splendid church in Gordon Square—who boast of a fourfold order of apostles, angels, elders, and deacons, a ritual which in simple magnificence is second to none, a liturgy carefully founded upon ancient offices, and a body of Christians inferior, we believe, to none in purity of life and liberal charity.

If we put the closing scenes of this remarkable life into words of our own, it is not because we are not fully conscious that they will lose in pathetic interest as compared with the book which lies before us, but simply because to extract the whole of these last chapters is impossible; and yet we cannot resist the temptation to lead our readers on to the end—to the decision of "that last question which, like all the rest, was to be given against him."

A branch of the "Catholic Apostolic Church" had been established in Edinburgh. The spiritual manifestations amongst those distant brethren had not been altogether of an edifying kind; they had been troubled by "the entrance of an evil spirit among them." Our authoress quotes the expression apparently from some writer belonging to the community, and we preserve it purposely, as we have done similar expressions wherever possible, without any wish or attempt to discuss its meaning. Irving was deputed by the authorities in London to give his help in the matter: "his experience in dealing with spiritual persons," says the same writer, "would, it was hoped, be efficacious in delivering them." He went upon their errand, but in a very different spirit from that which had carried him through the vast self-imposed labours of his earlier years. He was now only "a ser-

vant of the Church," and in whatever manner and with whatever success he discharged his mission (of which Mrs Oliphant discovers no record), he no longer writes the triumphant epistles which were used to chronicle his devotion and its fruits. The man himself was changed, as those who saw him noted. Professor Macdougall, who compares the preacher of 1823 with him of 1834, says that "his characteristic fire had in a great measure given place to a strangely plaintive pathos, which was as exquisitely touching and tender as his exhibitions of intellectual power had been majestic." The strong body and spirit were both shaken; he returned to London with the seeds of consumption too surely planted in an over-taxed frame. The usual fluctuations of the disease followed; there was the partial rally during the summer, then again alarming lassitude and depression; and when, at the close of that same autumn, while anxious friends were recommending the rest which he would not or could not take, and physicians spoke of a warmer climate as his only hope of restoration, he was sent by his Church on a second pastoral mission—to "do a great work" in Scotland—there were many who foresaw that such a work would be his last. He had no such misgivings; and his letters to his absent family, as he journeys from place to place, preaching and exhorting as he goes, are written in a lighter and more cheerful strain, though with the same deep human love and perfect faith as ever. From Birmingham he makes a short tour on horseback through the rich scenery of the Severn and Wye, which fills him with enjoyment of "the beauty and blessedness of the land"—by Shrewsbury, Ludlow, and Ross to Aberystwith, and so on through North Wales to Liverpool. He had intended to have continued his journey in the same manner through the northern counties into Scotland, but at Liverpool he broke down. Nothing but his undaunted spirit and un-

calculating faith could have carried him on so far. Headache and sickness and constant fever, increased by a drenching on the Menai Bridge, were his companions; he had battled with them all along, gallantly if not wisely; now inducing active perspiration by violent riding, and now anticipating the boldest of hydropathists by such an experiment as follows:—

“I counted the hours as they chimed out from the clock on the staircase; and so I lay, parched with thirst and inward heat, and yet chilly, my head full of pain, my heart of fainting, but my faith steadfast. I felt that there was much of nervousness in it, and that by some strong act I must dissolve it. The foot-pan, with the water that had been hot, but was now wintry cold (for last night was very chill), stood by the bedside, and a little jug, which had contained boiling water to keep up the temperature, was standing by its side. It was the breaking of the morning. I threw off flannels and stockings, and stood with my feet in the cold water, and poured with the jug the cold water from my shoulders downward, . . . and all at once was a changed man, and had some winks of sleep.”

At Liverpool, after “three days and nights of the sorest trial that ever he had,” he sends for his wife to be his nurse and companion. But as soon as the suffering abated, he set his face towards Scotland, and together they sailed, in spite of stormy weather, for Greenock, and so reached Glasgow. A letter from Mrs Stewart Ker describes him as he appeared there:—

“To human appearance, he is sinking into a deep consumption. His gigantic frame bears all the marks of age and weakness; his tremendous voice is now often faltering, and when occasionally he breaks forth with all his former feeling, one sees that his bodily powers are exhausted. Add to all this the calm, chastened dignity of his expression, his patient waiting upon God for the fulfilment of His purposes to himself and his flock through this affliction,—and it is exceedingly edifying.”

But that which to all other eyes was now become evident enough, he himself refused to acknowledge.

He had adopted sometime before, in common with others of his communion, the notion that disease itself was sin, or of the nature of sin; that, as he expresses it in a letter, “the standing of the members of Christ was to be without disease;” and he there records, in a very remarkable narrative, how he had himself fought against a distinct attack of cholera, which he regarded as a trial of the Great Enemy’s, and how the steadfast spirit had carried the body, racked as it was with pain, through the long ministerial duties of the Sunday, though his head swam, and “the cold sweat stood in drops” upon his forehead as he clung to the pulpit sides. So it should be also, he trusted, with the help of Heaven, even now; disease should not have the dominion over him. It was not because he had any shadow of the fear of death that he thus determinedly shut his eyes against the prospect; but, true to the great purposes which he thought Heaven had in store for him, he clung to life to the last. To him, too, it must be remembered, the Christian’s crown would seem somewhat shorn of its glory, if he lived not to see the Coming for which he looked.

“He still smiled with a heart-breaking confidence over the daily dying of his own wasted frame, and waiting for the wonderful moment when God should send back the vigorous life-current to his forlorn and faithful heart. . . . For a few weeks he is visible about Glasgow—now appearing against the sunshine in a lonely street, his horse’s hoofs echoing slowly along the causeway, his gaunt gigantic figure rising feeble against the light; . . . walking home after the worship is over, faint to lean upon the arm of the elder, who has come hastily from London to be near him, while his wistful wife goes mournful by his side, carrying the stick, which is now an insufficient support to his feebleness—sometimes pausing, as they thread the street in this sad fashion, to take breath and gather strength—a most sorrowful, pathetic picture. . . . He came back to the house of the kind stranger and enthusiastic disciple who had taken him in, in Glasgow, and, nature refusing longer to keep up that un-

reasonable conflict, lay down upon the bed from which he was never to rise."

Those sudden flashes of revival which, in cases like his, so often cheat the sufferer into the hope of recovery, were to his mind the tokens that the prayer of faith had been accepted.

"He assured the compassionate spectator, whose skilled eyes saw the golden chords of life melting asunder, how well he knew that he was to all human appearance dying, yet how certainly convinced he was that God yet meant to raise him; and again, and yet again, commended the work of the Holy Ghost to all faith and reverence; adding, with pathetic humility, that of these gifts he himself had never been thought worthy."

Up to the last few days before his death, this faith in his recovery was shared by the few personal friends of his own communion who watched by his deathbed; especially by Mr Taylor, at whose house he lay, and by his wife, who, until the Thursday morning (he died on Sunday) "never had a doubt of it." But then she, too, consented to believe, "with such pangs of natural love and disappointed faith as it would be hard to estimate, that the word of the Lord "must have had some other interpretation." For himself, it was only in the very last hours that the veil was lifted, and he saw the end as it was to be. Even then, it was through mists that half-obscured the intellect, in witness of its mysterious sympathy with the exhausted body. But the One Light that had been his guidance never grew dim or failed; whatever shadows had clouded it, whatever bewildering refractions had dazzled him, it shone on him to the end. The listeners to the dying man's wandering monologue heard a low sonorous chant, which, at

first, they could not interpret. But it was no "unknown tongue." It was the Hebrew words of David's psalm—"The Lord is my Shepherd." And the last thing like a sentence that could be made out was, "If I die, I die unto the Lord.—Amen." So, at midnight on Sunday, the 7th of December 1834, after "life's fitful fever" of forty-two years, he fell asleep. It was the only solution for the momentous questions which had vexed his soul. The Wisdom which had appointed such trials for such a spirit seems inscrutable to our limited comprehension; not so when it shortens the days. "It will be well with the just man at the last," were the words with which he closed his last letter to his wife. If he had received all those gifts he piously coveted—if he had spoken with "all tongues of men and angels"—he could have uttered no revelation truer than that.

His biographer calls him "martyr and saint." If intense religious aspirations and spotless purity of life can give a claim to the latter title, he must be a very stern critic, or a very narrow Christian, who can refuse it to Edward Irving. To the term "martyr" we demur. Its common use at least imports, not only that a man submits to death in witness for the truth, but also that he passes to that death in some sort through the furnace of persecution. And this implies—and here seems meant to imply—some violence or some injustice on the part of others. It is this which, in Irving's case, we have been unable to see. But we thank Mrs Oliphant at parting for her beautiful and pathetic narrative; hers is a book which few of any creed can read without some profit, and still fewer will close without regret.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD : SALEM CHAPEL.

PART V.—CHAPTER XV.

MRS VINCENT came to a dead stop as they passed the doors of Salem, which were ajar, taking resolution in the desperateness of her uncertainty—for the feelings in the widow's mind were not confined to one burning impulse of terror for Susan, but complicated by a wonderful amount of flying anxieties about other matters as well. *She* knew, by many teachings of experience, what would be said by all the connection, when it was known that the minister's mother had been in Carlingford without going to see anybody—not even Mrs Tufton, the late minister's wife, or Mrs Tozer, who was so close at hand. Though her heart was racked, Mrs Vincent knew her duty. She stopped short in her fright and distress with the mild obduracy of which she was capable. Before rushing away out of Carlingford to protect her daughter, the mother, notwithstanding her anxiety, could not forget the injury which she might possibly do by this means to the credit of her son.

"Arthur, the chapel is open—I should like to go in and rest," she said, with a little gasp; "and oh, my dear boy, take a little pity upon me! To see the state you are in, and not to know anything, is dreadful. You must have a vestry, where one could sit down a little—let us go in."

"A vestry—yes; it will be a fit place," cried Vincent, scarcely knowing what he was saying, and indeed worn out with the violence of his own emotions. This little persistent pause of the widow, who was not absorbed by any one passionate feeling, but took all the common cares of life with her into her severest trouble, awoke the young man to himself. He, too, recollected that this enemy who had stolen into his house was not to be

reached by one wild rush, and that everything could not be suffered to plunge after Susan's happiness into an indiscriminate gulf of ruin. All his own duties pricked at his heart with bitter reminders in that moment when he stood by the door of Salem, where two poor women were busy inside, with pails and brushes, preparing for Sunday. The minister, too, had to prepare for Sunday. He could not dart forth, breathing fire and flame at a moment's notice, upon the serpent who had entered his Eden. Even at this dreadful moment, in all the fever of such a discovery, the touch of his mother's hand upon his arm brought him back to his lot. He pushed open the mean door, and led her into the scene of his weekly labours with a certain sickening disgust in his heart which would have appalled his companion. *She* was a dutiful woman, subdued by long experience of that inevitable necessity against which all resistance fails; and he a passionate young man, naturally a rebel against every such bond. They could not understand each other; but the mother's troubled face, all conscious of Tufton and Tozer, and what the connection would say, brought all the weight of his own particular burden back upon Vincent's mind. He pushed in past the pails with a certain impatience which grieved Mrs Vincent. She followed him with a pained and disapproving look, nodding, with a faint little smile, to the women, who no doubt were members of the flock, and might spread an evil report of the pastor, who took no notice of them. As she followed him to the vestry, she could not help thinking, with a certain strange mixture of pain, vexation, and tender pride, how different his dear father would have been. "But Arthur, dear

boy, has my quick temper," sighed the troubled woman. After all, it was her fault rather than her son's.

"This is a very nice room," said Mrs Vincent, sitting down with an air of relief, "but I think it would be better to close the window, as there is no fire. You were always very susceptible to cold, Arthur, from a child. And now, my dear boy, we are undisturbed, and out of those dreadful glaring streets where everybody knows you. I have not troubled you, Arthur, for I saw you were very much troubled; but, oh! don't keep me anxious now."

"Keep you anxious! You ask me to make you anxious beyond anything you can think of," said the young man, closing the window with a hasty and fierce impatience, which she could not understand. "Good heavens, mother! why did you let that man into your innocent house?"

"Who is he, Arthur?" asked Mrs Vincent, with a blanched face.

"He is——" Vincent stopped with his hand upon the window where he had overheard that conversation, a certain awe coming over him. Even Susan went out of his mind when he thought of the dreadful calmness with which his strange acquaintance had promised to kill her companion of that night. Had she started already on this mission of vengeance? A cold thrill came over him where he stood. "I can't tell who he is," he exclaimed, abruptly, throwing himself down upon the little sofa; "but it was to be in safety from him that Mrs Hilyard sent her daughter to Lonsdale. It was he whom she vowed to kill if he found the child. Ah!—he is," cried the young man, springing to his feet again with a sudden pang and smothered exclamation as the truth dawned upon him, "Lady Western's brother. What other worse thing he is I cannot tell. Ruin, misery, and horror at the least—death to Susan—not much less to me."

"To you? Oh, Arthur, have

pity upon me, my heart is breaking," said Mrs Vincent. "Oh, my boy, my boy, whom I would die to save from any trouble! don't tell me I have destroyed you. That cannot be, Arthur—that cannot be!"

The poor minister did not say anything—his heart was bitter within him. He paced up and down the vestry with dreadful thoughts. What was She to him if she had a hundred brothers? Nothing in the world could raise the young Nonconformist to that sweet light which she made beautiful; and far beyond that difference came the cruel recollection of those smiles and tears—pathetic, involuntary confessions. If there was another man in the world whom she could trust "with life—to death!" what did it matter though a thousand frightful combinations involved poor Vincent with her kindred? He tried to remind himself of all this, but did not succeed. In the mean time, the fact glared upon him that it was her brother who had aimed this deadly blow at the honour and peace of his own humble house; and his heart grew sad with the thought that, however indifferent she might be to him, however unattainable, here was a distinct obstacle which must cut off all that bewildering, tantalising intercourse which at present was still possible, notwithstanding every other hindrance. He thought of this, and not of Susan, as the floor of the little vestry thrilled under his feet. He was bitter, aggrieved, indignant. His troubled mother, who sat by there, half afraid to cry, watching him with frightened, anxious, uncomprehending eyes, had done him a sharp and personal injury. She could not fancy how it was, nor what she could have done. She followed him with mild tearful glances, waiting with a woman's compelled patience till he should come to himself, and revolving thoughts of Salem, and supply for the pulpit there, with an anxious pertinacity. But in her way Mrs Vincent was a wise woman. She

did not speak—she let him wear himself out first in that sudden apprehension of the misfortune personal to himself, which was at the moment so much more poignant and bitter than any other dread. When he had subsided a little—and first of all he threw up the window, leaning out, to his mother's great vexation, with a total disregard of the draught, and received the chill of the January breeze upon his heated brow—she ventured to say, gently, "Arthur, what are we to do?"

"To go to Lonsdale," said Vincent. "When we came in here, I thought we could rush off directly; but these women outside there, and this place, remind me that I am not a free man, who can go at once and do his duty. I am in fetters to Salem, mother. Heaven knows when I may be able to get away. Sunday must be provided for first. No natural immediate action is possible to me."

"Hush, Arthur, dear—oh, hush! Your duty to your flock is above your duty even to your sister," said the widow, with a tremulous voice, timid of saying anything to him whose mood she could not comprehend. "You must find out when the first train starts, and I will go. I have been very foolish," faltered the poor mother, "as you say, Arthur; but if my poor child is to bear such a dreadful blow, I am the only one to take care of her. Susan"—here she made a pause, her lip trembled, and she had all but broken into tears—"will not upbraid me, dear. You must not neglect your duty, whatever happens; and now let us go and inquire about the train, Arthur, and you can come on Monday, after your work is over; and, oh! my dear boy, we must not repine, but accept the arrangements of Providence. It was what your dear father always said to his dying day."

Her face all trembling and pale, her eyes full of tears which were not shed, her tender humility, which never attempted a defence,

and those motherly, tremulous, wistful advices which it now for the first time dawned upon Mrs Vincent her son was not certain to take, moved the young Nonconformist out of his personal vexation and misery.

"This will not do," he said. "I must go with you; and we must go directly. Susan may be less patient, less believing, less ready to take our word for it, than you imagine, mother. Come; if there is anybody to be got to do this preaching, the thing will be easy. Tozer will help me perhaps. We will waste no more time here."

"I am quite rested, Arthur dear," said Mrs Vincent; "and it will be right for me to call at Mrs Tozer's too. I wish I could have gone to Mrs Tufton's, and perhaps some others of your people. But you must tell them, dear, that I was very hurried—and—and not very well; and that it was family business that brought me here."

"I do not see they have any business with the matter," said the rebellious minister.

"My dear, it will of course be known that I was in Carlingford; and I know how things are spoken of in a flock," said Mrs Vincent, rising; "but you must tell them all I wanted to come, and could not—which, indeed, will be quite true. A minister's family ought to be very careful, Arthur," added the much-experienced woman. "I know how little a thing makes mischief in a congregation. Perhaps, on the whole, I ought not to call at Mrs Tozer's, as there is no time to go elsewhere. But still I should like to do it. One good friend is often everything to a young pastor. And, my dear, you should just say a word in passing to the women outside."

"By way of improving the occasion?" said Vincent, with a little scorn. "Mother, don't torture yourself about me. I shall get on very well; and we have plenty on our hands just now without thinking of Salem. Come, come; with

this horrible cloud overhanging Susan, how can you spare a thought for such trifles as these?"

"Oh, Arthur, my dear boy, must not we keep you right?" said his mother; "are not you our only hope? If this dreadful news you tell me is true, my child will break her heart, and I will be the cause of it; and Susan has no protector or guardian, Arthur dear, that can take care of her, but you."

Wiping her eyes, and walking with a feeble step, Mrs Vincent followed her son out of Salem; but she looked up with gentle interest to his pulpit as she passed, and said it was a cold day to the cleaners, with anxious carefulness. She was not carried away from her palpable standing-ground by any wild tempest of anxiety. Susan, whose heart would be broken by this blow, was her mother's special object in life; but the thought of that coming sorrow which was to crush the girl's heart, made Mrs Vincent only the more anxiously concerned to conciliate and please everybody whose influence could be of any importance to her son.

So they came out into the street together, and went on to Tozer's shop. She, tremulous, watchful, noting everything; now lost in thought as to how the dreadful truth was to be broken to Susan; now in anxious plans for impressing upon Arthur the necessity of considering his people—he, stinging with personal wounds and bitterness, much more deeply alarmed than his mother, and burning with consciousness of all the complications which she was totally ignorant of. Fury against the villain himself, bitter vexation that he was Lady Western's brother, anger at his mother for admitting, at Susan for giving him her heart, at Mrs Hilyard for he could not tell what, because she had added a climax to all, burned in Vincent's mind as he went on to George Street with his mother leaning on his arm, who asked him after every wayfarer who passed them, Who was that? It was not wonderful

that the young man gradually grew into a fever of excitement and restless misery. Everything conspired to exasperate him,—even the fact that Sunday came so near, and could not be escaped. The whirl of his brain came to a climax when Lady Western's carriage drove past, and through the mist of his wretchedness he saw the smile and the beautiful hand waved to him in sweet recognition. Oh heaven! to bring tears to those eyes, or a pang to that heart!—to have her turn from him shuddering, or pass him with cold looks, because her brother was a villain, and *he* the avenger of that crime! His mother, almost running to keep up with his unconsciously quickened pace, cast pitiful looks at him, inquiring what it was. The poor young fellow could not have told even if he would. It was a combination of miseries, sharply stimulated to the intolerable point by the mission on which he had now to enter Tozer's shop.

"We heard you was come, ma'am," said Tozer, graciously, "and in course was looking for a call. I hope you are going to stay awhile and help us take care of the pastor. He don't take that care of himself as his friends would wish," said the butlerman. "Mr Vincent, sir, I've a deal to say to you when you're at leisure. Old Mr Tufton, he has a deal to say to you. We are as anxious as ever we can be, us as are old stagers, to keep the minister straight, ma'am. He's but a young man, and he's come into a deal of popularity, and any one more thought on, in our connection, I don't know as I would wish to see; but it wouldn't do to let him have his head turned. Them lectures on Church and State couldn't but be remarked, being delivered, as you may say, in the world, all on us making a sacrifice to do our duty by our fellow-creatures, seein' what we had in our power. But man is but mortal; and us Salem folks don't like to see no signs of *that* weakness in a pastor; it's our duty to see as his head's not turned."

"Indeed, I trust there is very little fear of that," said Mrs Vincent, roused, and set on the defensive. "My dear boy has been used to be appreciated, and to have people round him who could understand him. As for having his head turned, that might happen to a man who did not know what intelligent approbation was; but after doing so well as he did at college, and having his dear father's approval, I must say I don't see any cause to apprehend *that*, Mr Tozer. I am not surprised at all, for my part,—I always knew what my Arthur could do."

"No more of this," said Vincent, impatiently. "Look here, I have come on a special business. Can any one be got, do you think, to preach on Sunday? I must go home with my mother to-day."

"To-day!" Tozer opened his eyes, with a blank stare, as he slowly took off his apron. "You was intimated to begin that course on the Miracles, Mr Vincent, if you'll excuse *me*, on Sunday. Salem folks is a little sharp, I don't deny. It would be a great disappointment, and I can't say I think as it would be took well if you was to go away."

"I can't help that," said the unfortunate minister, to whom opposition at this moment was doubly intolerable. "The Salem people, I presume, will hear reason. My mother has come upon——"

"Family business," interrupted Mrs Vincent, with the deepest trembling anxiety. "Arthur dear, let me explain it, for you are too susceptible. My son is all the comfort we have in the world, Mr Tozer," said the anxious widow. "I ought not to have told him how much his sister wanted him, but I was rash and did so; and now I ought to bear the penalty. I have made him anxious about Susan; but, Arthur dear, never mind; you must let me go by myself, and on Monday you can come. Your dear father always said his flock was his first duty, and if Sunday is a special day, as Mr Tozer says——"

"Oh, Pa, is it Mrs Vincent? and you keep her in the shop, when we are all as anxious as ever we can be to see her," said Phoebe, who suddenly came upon the scene. "Oh, please to come up-stairs to the drawing-room. Oh, I *am* so glad to see you! and it was so unkind of Mr Vincent not to let us know you were coming. Mamma wanted to ask you to come here, for she thought it would be more comfortable than a bachelor's rooms; and we did think the minister would have told *us*," said Phoebe, with reproachful looks; "but now that you have come back again, after such a long time, please, Mr Vincent, let your mother come upstairs. They say you don't think us good enough to be trusted now; but oh, I don't think you could ever be like that!" continued Phoebe, pausing by the door as she ushered Mrs Vincent into the drawing-room, and giving the minister an appealing remonstrative glance before she dropped her eyelids in virginal humility. Poor Vincent paused too, disgusted and angry, but with a certain confusion. To fling out of the house, dash off to his rooms, make his hasty preparations for the journey, was the impulse which possessed him; but his mother was looking back with wistful curiosity, wondering what the two could mean by pausing behind her at the door.

"I am exactly as I was the last time I saw you, which was on Tuesday," he said, with some indignation. "I will follow you, please. My mother has no time to spare, as she leaves to-day—can Mrs Tozer see her? She has been agitated and worn out, and we have not really a moment to spare."

"Appearingly not—not for your own friends, Mr Vincent," said Mrs Tozer, who now presented herself. "I hope I see you well, ma'am, and proud to see you in my house, though I will say the minister don't show himself not so kind as was to be wished. Phoebe, don't put on none o' your pleading looks—for

shame of yourself, Miss! If Mr Vincent has them in Carlingford as he likes better than any in his own flock, it ain't no concern of ours. It's a thing well known as the Salem folks are all in trade, and don't drive their carriages, nor give themselves up to this world and vanity. I never saw no good come, for my part, of folks sacrificing theirselves and their good money as Tozer and the rest set their hearts on, with that Music Hall and them advertisings and things—not as I was meaning to upbraid you, Mr Vincent, particular not before your mother, as is a stranger—but we was a deal comfortabler before them lectures and things, and taking off your attention from your own flock.”

Before this speech was finished, the whole party had assembled in the drawing-room, where a newly-lighted fire, hastily set light to on the spur of the moment by Phoebe, was sputtering drearily. Mrs Vincent had been placed in an arm-chair at one side, and Mrs Tozer, spreading out her black silk apron and arranging her cap, set herself doggedly on the other, with a little toss of her head and careful averting of her eyes from the accused pastor. Tozer, without his apron, had drawn a chair to the table, and was drumming on it with the blunt round ends of his fingers; while Phoebe, in a slightly pathetic attitude, ready for general conciliation, hovered near the minister, who grew red all over, and clenched his hand with an emphasis most intelligible to his frightened mother. The dreadful pause was broken by Phoebe, who rushed to the rescue.

“Oh, Ma, how can you!” cried that young lady—“you were all worrying and teasing Mr Vincent, you know you were; and if he does know that beautiful lady,” said Phoebe, with her head pathetically on one side, and another glance at him, still more appealing and tenderly reproachful—“and—and likes to go to see her—it’s—it’s the naturalest thing that ever was. Oh, I knew he never could think any-

thing of anybody else in Carlingford after Lady Western! and I am sure, whatever other people may say, I—I—never can think Mr Vincent was to blame.”

Phoebe’s words were interrupted by her feelings—she sank back into a seat when she had concluded, and put a handkerchief to her eyes. As for Tozer, he still drummed on the table. A certain human sympathy was in the mind of the but-terman, but he deferred to the readier utterance of his indignant wife.

“I never said it was any concern of ours,” said Mrs Tozer. “It ain’t our way to court nobody as doesn’t seek our company; but a minister as we’ve all done a deal to make comfortable, and took an interest in equal to a son, and has been made such a fuss about as I never see in our connection—it’s disappointing, I will say, to see him a-going off after worldly folks that don’t care no more about religion than I do about playing the piano. Not as Phoebe doesn’t play the piano better than most—but such things ain’t in my thoughts. I do say it’s disappointing, and gives folks a turn. If she’s pretty-lookin’—as she may be, for what I can tell—it ain’t none of the pastor’s business. Them designing ladies is the ruin of a young man; and when he deserts his flock, as are making sacrifices, and goes off after strangers, I don’t say if it’s right or wrong, but I say it’s disappointin’, and what wasn’t looked for at Mr Vincent’s hands.”

Vincent had listened up to this point with moderate self-restraint—partially, perhaps, subdued by the alarmed expression of his mother’s face, who had fixed her anxious eyes upon him, and vainly tried to convey telegraphic warnings; but the name of Lady Western stung him. “What is all this about?” he asked, with assumed coldness. “Nobody supposes, surely, that I am to render an account of my private friends to the managers of the chapel. It is a mistake

if it has entered any imagination. I shall do nothing of the kind. There is enough of this. When I neglect my duties, I presume I shall hear of it more seriously. In the mean time, I have real business in hand."

"But, Arthur dear, I daresay some one has misunderstood you," said his mother; "it always turns out so. I came the day before yesterday, Mrs Tozer. I left home very suddenly in great anxiety, and I was very much fatigued by the journey, and I must go back to-day. I have been very selfish, taking my son away from his usual occupations. Never mind me, Arthur dear; if you have any business, leave me to rest a little with Mrs Tozer. I can take such a liberty here, because I know she is such a friend of yours. Don't keep Mr Tozer away from his business on my account. I know what it is when time is valuable. I will just stay a little with Mrs Tozer, and you can let me know when it is time for the train. Yes, I came up very hurriedly," said the gentle diplomatist, veiling her anxiety as she watched the gloomy countenances round her. "We had heard some bad news; I had to ask my son to go to town yesterday for me, and—and I must go home to-day without much comfort. I feel a good deal shaken, but I dare not stay away any longer from my dear child at home."

"Dear, dear; I hope it's nothing serious as has happened?" said Mrs Tozer, slightly mollified.

"It is some bad news about the gentleman Susan was going to marry," said Mrs Vincent, with a rapid calculation of the necessities of the position; "and she does not know yet. Arthur, my dear boy, it would be a comfort to my mind to know about the train."

"Oh, and you will be so fatigued!" said Phœbe. "I do so hope it's nothing bad. I am so interested about Miss Vincent. Oh, Pa, do go down-stairs and look at the railway bill. Won't you lie

down on the sofa a little and rest? Fancy, mamma, taking two journeys in three days!—it would kill you; and, oh, I do so hope it is nothing very bad. I have so longed to see you and Mr Vincent's sister. He told me all about her one evening. Is the gentleman ill? But do lie down and rest after all your fatigue. Mamma, don't you think it would do Mrs Vincent good?"

"We'll have a bit of dinner presently," said Mrs Tozer. "Phœbe, go and fetch the wine. There is one thing in trouble, that it makes folks find out their real friends. It wouldn't be to Lady Western the minister would think of taking his mother. I ain't saying anything, Tozer—nor Mr Vincent needn't think I am saying anything. If I speak my mind a bit I don't bear malice. Phœbe's a deal too feelin', Mrs Vincent—she's overcome, that's what she is—and if I must speak the truth, it's disappointing to see our pastor as we've all made sacrifices for, following after the ungodly. I am a mother myself," continued Mrs Tozer, changing her seat, as her husband, followed by the indignant Vincent, went down-stairs, "and I know a mother's feelins: but after what I heard from Mrs Pigeon, and how it's going through all the connection in Carlingford——"

Mrs Vincent roused herself to listen. Her son's cause was safe in her hands.

Meantime, Vincent went angry and impetuous down-stairs. "I will not submit to any inquisition," cried the young man. "I have done nothing I am ashamed of. If I dine with a friend, I will suffer no questioning on the subject. What do you mean? What right has any man in any connection to interfere with my actions? Why, you would not venture to attack your servant so! Am I the servant of this congregation? Am I their slave? Must I account to them for every accident of my life? Nobody in the world has a right to make such a demand upon me."

"If a minister ain't a servant, we

pays him his salary at the least, and expects him to please us," said Tozer, sulkily. "If it weren't for that, I don't give a sixpence for the Dissenting connection. Them as likes to please themselves would be far better in a State Church, where it wouldn't disappoint nobody; not meaning to be hard on you as has given great satisfaction, them's my views; but if the Chapel folks is a little particular, it's no more nor a pastor's duty to bear with them, and return a soft answer. I don't say as I'm dead again' you, like the women," added the buttermilk, softening, "they're jealous, that's what they are; but I couldn't find it in my heart, not for my own part, to be hard on a man as was led away after a beautiful creature like that. But there can't no good come of it, Mr Vincent; take my advice, sir, as have seen a deal of the world—there can't no good come of it. A man as goes dining with Lady Western, and thinking as she means to make a friend of him, ain't the man for Salem. We're different sort of folks, and we can't go on together. Old Mr Tufton will tell you just the same, as has gone through it all—and that's why I said both him and me had a deal to say to you, as are a young man and should take good advice."

It was well for Vincent that the worthy buttermilk was lengthy in his address. The sharp impression of resentment and indignation which possessed him calmed down under this outpouring of words. He bethought himself of his dignity, his character. A squabble of self-defence, in which the sweet name of the lady of his dreams must be involved—an angry encounter of words about her, down here in this mean world to which the very thought of her was alien, wound up her young worshipper into supernatural self-restraint. He edged past the table in the back-parlour to the window, and stood there looking out with a suppressed fever in his veins, biting his lip, and bearing his lecture. On the whole, the best way, perhaps,

would have been to leave Carlingford at once, as another man would have done, and leave the Sunday to take care of itself. But though he groaned under his bonds, the young Nonconformist was instinctively confined by them, and had the habits of a man trained in necessary subjection to circumstances. He turned round abruptly when the buttermilk at last came to a pause.

"I will write to one of my friends in Homerton," he said, "if you will make an apology for me in the chapel. I daresay I could get Beecher to come down, who is a very clever fellow; and as for the beginning of that course of sermons——"

He stopped short with a certain suppressed disgust. Good heavens! what mockery it seemed. Amid these agonies of life, a man overwhelmed with deadly fear, hatred, and grief might indeed pause to snatch a burning lesson, or appropriate with trembling hands a consolatory promise; but with the whole solemn future of his sister's life hanging on a touch, with all the happiness and peace of his own involved in a feverish uncertainty, with dark unsuspected depths of injury and wretchedness opening at his feet—to think of courses of sermons and elaborate preachments, ineffectual words, and pretences of teaching! For the first time in the commotion of his soul, in the resentments and forebodings to which he gave no utterance, in the bitter conviction of uncertainty in everything which consumed his heart, a doubt of his own ability to teach came to Vincent's mind. He stopped short with an intolerable pang of impatience and self-disgust.

"And what of that, Mr Vincent?" said Tozer. "I can't say as I think it'll be well took to see a stranger in the pulpit after them intimations. I made it my business to send the notices out last night; and after saying everywhere as you were to begin a coorse, as I always advised, if you had took my advice, it ain't a way to stop talk to put them

off now. Old Mr Tufton, you know, he was a different man ; it was experience as was his line ; and I don't mean to say nothing against experience," said the worthy deacon. "There ain't much true godliness, take my word, where there's a shrinking from disclosin' the state of your soul ; but for keeping up a congregation there's nothing I know on like a coorse — and a clever young man as has studied his subjects, and knows the manners of them old times, and can give a bit of a description as takes the interest, that's what I'd set my heart on for Salem. There's but three whole pews in the chapel as isn't engaged," said the buttermilk man, with a softening glance at the pastor ; "and the Misses Hemmings sent over this morning to say as they meant to come regular the time you was on the Miracles ; and but for this cackle of the women, as you'll soon get over, there ain't a thing as I can see to stop us filling up to the most influential chapel in the connection ; I mean in our parts."

The subdued swell of expectation with which the ambitious buttermilk man concluded, somehow made Vincent more tolerant even in his undiminished excitement. He gave a subdued groan over all this that was expected of him, but not without a little answering thrill in his own troubled and impatient heart.

"A week can't make much difference, if I am ever to do any good," said the young man. "I must go now ; but if you explain the matter for me, you will smooth the way. I will bring my mother and sister here," he went on, giving himself over for a moment to a little gleam of comfort, "and everything will go on better. I am worried and anxious now, and don't know what I am about. Give me some paper, and I will write to Beecher. You will like him. He is a good fellow, and preaches much better than I do," added poor Vincent with a sigh, sitting wearily down by the big table. He was

subdued to his condition at that moment, and Tozer appreciated the momentary humbleness.

"I am not the man to desert my minister when he's in trouble," said the brave buttermilk man. "Look you here, Mr Vincent ; don't fret yourself about it. I'll take it in hand ; and I'd like to see the man in Salem as would say to the contrary again' me and the pastor both. Make your mind easy ; I'll manage 'em. As for the women," said Tozer, scratching his head, "I don't pretend not to be equal to that ; but my missis is as reasonable as most, and Phœbe, she'll stand up for you, whatever you do. If you'll take my advice, and be a bit prudent, and dont go after no more vanities, things ain't so far wrong but a week or two will make them right."

With this consolatory assurance Vincent began to write his letter. Before he had concluded it, the maid came to lay the cloth for dinner, thrusting him into a corner, where he accomplished his writing painfully on his knee with his ink on the window-sill, a position in which Phœbe found him when she ventured down-stairs. It was she who took his letter from him, and ran with it to the shop to despatch it at once ; and Phœbe came back to tell him that Mrs Vincent was resting, and that it was so pleasant to see him back again after such a time. "I never expected you would have any patience for us when I saw you knew Lady Western so well. Oh, she is so sweetly pretty ! and if I were a gentleman, I know I should fall *deep* in love with her," said Phœbe, with a sidelong glance, and not without hopes of calling forth a disclaimer from the minister ; but the poor minister, jammed up in the corner, whence it was now necessary to extricate his chair preparatory to sitting down to a family dinner with the Tozers, was as usual unequal to the occasion, and had nothing to say. Phœbe's chair was by the minister's side during that substantial meal ; and

the large fire which burned behind Mrs Tozer at the head of the table, and the steaming viands on the hospitable board, and the prevailing atmosphere of cheese and bacon which entered when the door was opened, made even Mrs Vincent pale and flush a little in the heroic patience and friendliness with which she bent all her powers to secure the support of these adherents to her son. "I could have wished, Arthur, they were a little more refined," she said, faintly, when the dinner was over, and they were at last on their way to the train; "but I am sure they are very *genuine*,

my dear; and one good friend is often everything to a pastor; and I am so glad we went at such a time." So glad! The young Nonconformist heaved a tempestuous sigh, and turned away not without a reflection upon the superficial emotions of women who at such a time could be glad. But Mrs Vincent, for her part, with a fatigue and sickness of heart which she concealed from herself as much as she could, let down her veil, and cried quietly behind it. Perhaps her share of the day's exhaustion had not been the mildest or least hard.

CHAPTER XVI.

The journey was troublesome and tedious, involving a change from one railway to another, and a troubled glimpse into the most noisy streets of London by the way. Vincent had left his mother, as he thought, safe in the cab, which carried them to the second railway station, and was disposing of the little luggage they had with them, that he might not require to leave her again, when he heard an anxious voice calling him, and found her close behind him, afloat in the bustle and confusion of the crowd, dreadfully agitated and helpless, calling upon her Arthur with impatient accents of distress. His annoyance to find her there increased her confusion and trembling. "Arthur," she gasped out, "I saw him—I saw him—not a minute ago—in a cab—with some ladies; oh, my dear, run after him. That was the way he went. Arthur, Arthur, why don't you go? Never mind me—I can take care of myself."

"Who was it—how did he go?—why didn't you stop him, mother?" cried the young man, rushing back to the spot she had left. Nothing was to be seen there but the usual attendant group of railway porters, and the alarmed cabman who had been keeping his eye on Mrs Vincent. The poor widow gasped as she gazed and saw no

traces of the enemy who had eluded them.

"Oh, Arthur, my dear boy, I thought, in such a case, it ought to be a man to speak to him," faltered Mrs Vincent. "He went that way—that way, look!—in a cab, with somebody in a blue veil."

Vincent rushed away in the direction she indicated, at a pace which he was totally unused to, and of course quite unable to keep up beyond the first heat; but few things could be more hopeless than to dash into the whirl of vehicles in the crowded current of the New Road, with any vain hope of identifying one which had ten minutes' start, and no more distinctive mark of identity than the spectrum of a blue veil. He rushed back again, angry with himself for losing breath in so vain an attempt, just in time to place his mother in a carriage and jump in beside her before the train started. Mrs Vincent's anxiety, her questions which he could not hear, her doubts whether it might not have been best to have missed the train and followed Mr Fordham, aggravated the much-tried patience of her son beyond endurance. They set off upon their sad journey with a degree of injured feeling on both sides, such as often gives a miserable complication to a mutual anxiety. But

the mother, wounded and timid, feeling more than ever the difference between the boy who was all her own and the man who had thoughts and impulses of which she knew nothing, was naturally the first to recover and to make wistful overtures of peace.

"Well, Arthur," she said, after a while, leaning forward to him, her mild voice making a gentle murmur through the din of the journey, "though it was very foolish of me not to speak to him when I saw him, still, dear, he is gone and out of the way; that is a great comfort—we will never, never let him come near Susan again. That is just what I was afraid of; I have been saying to myself all day, 'What if he should go to Lonsdale too, and deny it all?' but Providence, you see, dear, has ordered it for us, and now he shall never come near my poor child again."

"Do you think he has been to Lonsdale?" asked Vincent.

"My poor Susan!" said his simple mother, "she will be happier than ever when we come to her with this dreadful news. Yes; I suppose he must have been seeing her, Arthur—and I am glad it has happened while I was away, and before we knew; and now he is gone," said the widow, looking out of the carriage with a sigh of relief, as if she could still see the road by which he had disappeared—"now he is gone, there will be no need for any dreadful strife or arguments. God always arranges things for us so much better than we can arrange them for ourselves. Fancy if he had come to-morrow to tear her dear heart to pieces!—Oh, Arthur, I am very thankful! There will be nothing to do now but to think best how to break it to her. He had ladies with him; it is dreadful to think of such villany. Oh, Arthur, do you imagine it could be his wife?—and somebody in a blue veil."

"A blue veil!"—Mrs Hilyard's message suddenly occurred to Vincent's mind, with its special mention of that article of disguise. "If

this man is the man we suppose, he has accomplished one of his wishes," said the minister, slowly; "and she will kill him as sure as he lives."

"Who will kill him?—I hope nothing has occurred about your friend's child to agitate my Susan," said his mother. "It was all the kindness of your heart, my dear boy; but it was very imprudent of you to let Susan's name be connected with anybody of doubtful character. Oh, Arthur, dear, we have both been very imprudent!—you have so much of my quick temper. It was a punishment to me to see how impatient you were to-day; but Susan takes after your dear father. Oh, my own boy, pray! pray for her, that her heart may not be broken by this dreadful news."

And Mrs Vincent leant back in her corner, and once more put down her veil. Pray!—who was he to pray for? Susan, forlorn and innocent, disappointed in her first love, but unharmed by any worldly soil or evil passion?—or the other sufferers involved in more deadly sort, himself palpitating with feverish impulses, broken loose from all his peaceful youthful moorings, burning with discontents and aspirations, not spiritual, but of the world? Vincent prayed none as he asked himself that bitter question. He drew back in his seat opposite his mother, and pondered in his heart the wonderful difference between the objects of compassion to whom the world gives ready tears, and those of whom the world knows and suspects nothing. Susan! he could see her mother weeping over her in her white and tender innocence. What if, perhaps, she broke her child's heart? the shock would only send the girl with more clinging devotion to the feet of the great Father; but as for himself, all astray from duty and sober life, devoured with a consuming fancy, loathing the way and the work to which he had been trained to believe that Father had called him—who thought of weeping?—or for Her, whom his alarmed imagination

could not but follow, going forth remorseless and silent to fulfil her promise, and kill the man who had wronged her? Oh, the cheat of tears!—falling sweet over the young sufferers whom sorrow blessed—drying up from the horrible complex pathways where other souls, in undisclosed anguish, went farther and farther from God!

With such thoughts the mother and son hurried on upon their darkling journey. It was the middle of the night when they arrived in Lonsdale—a night starless, but piercing with cold. They were the only passengers who got out at the little station, where two or three lamps glared wildly on the night, and two pale porters made a faint bustle to forward the long convoy of carriages upon its way. One of these men looked anxiously at the widow, as if with the sudden impulse of asking a question, or communicating some news, but was called off by his superior before he could speak. Vincent unconsciously observed the look, and was surprised and even alarmed by it, without knowing why. It returned to his mind, as he gave his mother his arm to walk the remaining distance home. Why did the man put on that face of curiosity and wonder? But, to be sure, to see the mild widow arrive in this unexpected way in the middle of the icy January night, must have been surprising enough to any one who knew her, and her gentle decorous life. He tried to think no more of it, as they set out upon the windy road, where a few sparsely-scattered lamps blinked wildly, and made the surrounding darkness all the darker. The station was half a mile from the town, and Mrs Vincent's cottage was on the other side of Lonsdale, across the river, which stole sighing and gleaming through the heart of the little place. Somehow the sudden black shine of that water as they caught it, crossing the bridge, brought a shiver and flash of wild imagination to the mind of the Nonconformist. He

thought of suicides, murders, ghastly concealment, and misery; and again the face of the porter returned upon him. What if something had happened while the watchful mother had been out of the way? The wind came sighing round the corners with an ineffectual gasp, as if it too had some warning, some message to deliver. Instinctively he drew his mother's arm closer, and hurried her on. Suggestions of horrible unthought-of evil seemed lurking everywhere in the noiseless blackness of the night.

Mrs Vincent shivered too, but it was with cold and natural agitation. In her heart she was putting tender words together, framing tender phrases—consulting with herself how she was to look, and how to speak. Already she could see the half-awakened girl, starting up all glowing and sweet from her safe rest, unforeboding of evil; and the widow composed her face under the shadow of her veil, and sent back with an effort the unshed tears from her eyes, that Susan might not see any traces in her face, till she had “prepared her” a little for that dreadful, inevitable blow.

The cottage was all dark, as was natural—doubly dark to-night, for there was no light in the skies, and the wind had extinguished the lamp which stood nearest, and on ordinary occasions threw a doubtful flicker on the little house. “Susan will soon hear us, she is such a light sleeper,” said Mrs Vincent. “Ring the bell, Arthur. I don't like using the knocker, to disturb the neighbours. Everybody would think it so surprising to hear a noise in the middle of the night from our house. There—wait a moment. That was a very loud ring; Susan must be sleeping very soundly if that does not wake her up.”

There was a little pause; not a sound, except the tinkling of the bell, which they could hear inside as the peal gradually subsided, was in the air; breathless silence, darkness, cold, an inhuman preternatural chill and watchfulness, no welcome

sound of awakening sleepers, only their own dark shadows in the darkness, listening like all the hushed surrounding world at that closed door.

"Poor dear! Oh, Arthur, it is dreadful to come and break her sleep," sighed Mrs Vincent, whose strain of suspense and expectation heightened the effect of the cold: "when will she sleep as sound again? Give another ring, dear. How terribly dark and quiet it is! Ring again, again, Arthur!—dear, dear me, to think of Susan in such a sound sleep!—and generally she starts at any noise. It is to give her strength to bear what is coming, poor child, poor child!"

The bell seemed to echo out into the silent road, it pealed so clearly and loudly through the shut-up house, but not another sound disturbed the air without or within. Mrs Vincent began to grow restless and alarmed. She went out into the road, and gazed up at the closed windows; her very teeth chattered with anxiety and cold.

"It is very odd she does not wake," said the widow; "she must be rousing now, surely. Arthur, don't look as if we had bad news. Try to command your countenance, dear. Hush, don't you hear them stirring? Now, Arthur, Arthur, oh remember not to look so dreadful as you did in Carlingford! I am sure I hear her coming down-stairs. Hark, what is it? Ring again, Arthur—again!"

The words broke confused and half-articulate from her lips; a vague dread took possession of her, as of her son. For his part he rang the bell wildly without pausing, and applied the knocker to the echoing door with a sound which seemed to reverberate back and back through the darkness. It was not the sleep of youth Vincent thought of, as, without a word to say, he thundered his summons on the cottage door. He was not himself aware what he was afraid of; but in his eyes he saw the porter's alarmed and curious look, and felt

the ominous silence thrilling with loud clangour of his own vain appeals through the deserted house.

At length a sound—the mother and son both rushed speechless towards the side-window, from which it came. The window creaked slowly open, and a head, which was not Susan's, looked cautiously out. "Who is there?" cried a strange voice; "it's some mistake. This is Mrs Vincent's, this is, and nobody's at home. If you don't go away I'll spring the rattle, and call thieves, thieves—Fire! What do you mean coming rousing folks like this in the dead of night?"

"Oh! Williams, are you there? Thank God!—then all is well," said Mrs Vincent, clasping her hands. "It is me—you need not be afraid—me and my son: don't disturb Miss Susan, since she has not heard us—but come down, and let us in;—don't disturb my daughter. It is me—don't you know my voice?"

"Good Lord!" cried the speaker at the window; then in a different tone, "I'm coming, ma'am—I'm coming." Instinctively, without knowing why, Vincent drew his mother's arm within his own, and held her fast. Instinctively the widow clung to him, and kept herself erect by his arm. They did not say a word—no advices now about composing his countenance. Mrs Vincent's face was ghastly, had there been any light to see it. She went sheer forward when the door was open, as though neither her eyes, nor person were susceptible of any other motion. An inexpressible air of desolation upon the cottage parlour, where everything looked far too trim and orderly for recent domestic occupation, brought to a climax all the fanciful suggestions which had been tormenting Vincent. He called out his sister's name in an involuntary outburst of dread and excitement, "Susan! Susan!" The words pealed into the midnight echoes—but there was no Susan to answer to the call.

"It is God that keeps her asleep to keep her happy," said his mother,

with her white lips. She dropped from his arm upon the sofa in a dreadful pause of determination, facing them with wide-open eyes—daring them to undeceive her—resolute not to hear the terrible truth, which already in her heart she knew. “Susan is asleep, asleep!” she cried, in a terrible idiocy of despair, always facing the frightened woman before her with those eyes which knew better, but would not be undeceived. The shivering midnight, the mother’s dreadful looks, the sudden waking to all this fright and wonder, were too much for the terrified guardian of the house. She fell on her knees at the widow’s feet.

“Oh, Lord! Miss Susan’s gone! I’d have kep’ her if I had been here. I’d have said her mamma would never send no gentleman but Mr Arthur to fetch her away. But she’s gone. Good Lord! it’s killed my missis—I knew it would kill my missis. Oh, good Lord! good Lord! Run for a doctor, Mr Arthur; if the missis is gone, what shall we do?”

Vincent threw the frightened creature off with a savage carelessness of which he was quite unconscious, and raised his mother in his arms. She had fallen back in a dreary momentary fit which was not fainting—her eyes fluttering under their half-closed lids, her lips moving with sounds that did not come. The shock had struck her as such shocks strike the mortal frame when it grows old. When sound burst at last from the moving lips, it was in a babble that mocked all her efforts to speak. But she was not unconscious of the sudden misery. Her eyes wandered about, taking in everything around her, and at last fixed upon a letter lying half-open on Susan’s work-table, almost the only token of disorder or agitation in the trim little room. The first sign of revival she showed was pointing at it with a doubtful but impatient gesture. Before she could make them understand what she meant, that “quick temper” of which Mrs Vincent

accused herself blazed up in the widow’s eyes. She raised herself erect out of her son’s arms, and seized the paper. It was Vincent’s letter to his sister, written from London after he had failed in his inquiries about Mr Fordham. In the light of this dreadful midnight the young man himself perceived how alarming and peremptory were its brief injunctions. “Don’t write to Mr Fordham again till my mother’s return; probably I shall bring her home: we have something to say to you on this subject, and in the mean time be sure you do as I tell you.” Mrs Vincent gradually recovered herself as she read this; she said it over under her breath, getting back the use of her speech. There was not much explanation in it, yet it seemed to take the place, in the mother’s confused faculties, of an apology for Susan. “She was frightened,” said Mrs Vincent, slowly, with strange twitches about her lips—“she was frightened.” That was all her mind could take in at once. Afterwards, minute by minute, she raised herself up, and came to self-command and composure. Only as she recovered did the truth reveal itself clearly even to Vincent, who, after the first shock, had been occupied entirely by his mother. The young man’s head throbbed and tingled as if with blows. As she sat up and gazed at him with her own recovered looks, through the dim ice-cold atmosphere, lighted faintly with one candle, they both woke up to the reality of their position. The shock of the discovery was over—Susan was gone; but where, and with whom? There was still something to hope, if everything to fear.

“She is gone to her aunt Alice,” said Mrs Vincent, once more looking full in the eyes of the woman who had been left in charge of the house, and who stood shivering with cold and agitation, winding and unwinding round her a thin shawl in which she had wrapped up her arms. “She is gone to her aunt Alice—she

was frightened, and thought something had happened. To-morrow we can go and bring her home."

"Oh, good Lord! No; she ain't there," cried the frightened witness, half inaudible with her chattering teeth.

"Or to Mrs Hastings at the farm. Susan knows what friends I can trust her to. Arthur, dear, let us go to bed. It's uncomfortable, but you won't mind for one night," said the widow, with a gasp, rising up and sitting down again. She dared not trust herself to hear any explanation, yet all the time fixed with devouring eyes upon the face of the woman whom she would not suffer to speak.

"Mother, for Heaven's sake let us understand it; let her speak—let us know. Where has Susan gone? Speak out; never mind interruptions. Where is my sister?" cried Vincent, grasping the terrified woman by the arm.

"Oh Lord! If the missis wouldn't look at me like that! I ain't to blame!" cried Williams, piteously. "It was the day afore yesterday as the ladies came. I come up to help Mary with the beds. There was the old lady as had on a brown bonnet, and the young miss in the blue veil——"

Vincent uttered a sudden exclamation, and looked at his mother; but she would not meet his eyes—would not acknowledge any recognition of that fatal piece of gauze. She gave a little gasp, sitting bolt upright, holding fast by the back of a chair, but kept her eyes steadily and sternly upon the woman's face.

"We tidied the best room for the lady, and Miss Susan's little closet; and Mary had out the best sheets, for she says——"

"Mary—where's Mary?" cried Mrs Vincent, suddenly.

"I know no more nor a babe," cried Williams, wringing her hands. "She's along with Miss Susan—wherever that may be—and the one in the blue veil."

"Go on, go on!" cried Vincent.

But his mother did not echo his

cry. Her strained hand fell upon her lap with a certain relaxation and relief; her gaze grew less rigid; incomprehensible moisture came to her eyes. "Oh, Arthur, there's comfort in it!" said Mrs Vincent, looking like herself again. "She's taken Mary, God bless her! she's known what she was doing. Now I'm more easy; Williams, you can sit down and tell us the rest."

"Go on!" cried Vincent, fiercely. "Good heavens! what good can a blundering country girl do here?—go on."

The women thought otherwise; they exchanged looks of sympathy and thankfulness; they excited the impatient young man beside them, who thought he knew the world, into the wildest exasperation by that pause of theirs. His mother even loosed her bonnet off her aching head, and ventured to lean back under the influence of that visionary consolation; while Vincent, aggravated to the intolerable pitch, sprang up, and, once more seizing Williams by the arm, shook her unawares in the violence of his anxiety. "Answer me," cried the young man; "you tell us everything but the most important of all. Beside this girl—and Mary—who was with my sister when she went away?"

"Oh Lord! you shake the breath out of me, Mr Arthur—you do," cried the woman. "Who? why, who should it be, to be sure, but him as had the best right after yourself to take Miss Susan to her mamma? You've crossed her on the road, poor dear," said the adherent of the house, wringing her hands; "but she was going to her ma—that's where she was going. Mr Arthur's letter gave her a turn; and then, to be sure, when Mr Fordham came, the very first thing he thought upon was to take her to her mamma."

Vincent groaned aloud. In his first impulse of fury he seized his hat and rushed to the door to pursue them anyhow, by any means. Then, remembering how vain was the attempt, came back again, dashed

down the hat he had put on, and seized upon the railway book in his pocket, to see when he could start upon that desperate mission. Minister as he was, a muttered curse ground through his teeth—villain! coward! destroyer!—curse him! His passion was broken in the strangest way by the composed sounds of his mother's voice.

"It was very natural," she said, with dry tones, taking time to form the words as if they choked her; "and of course, as you say, Williams, Mr Fordham had the best right. He will take her to his mother's—or—leave her in my son's rooms in Carlingford; and as she has Mary with her—Arthur," continued his mother, fixing a warning emphatic look upon him as he raised his astonished eyes to her face, "you know that is quite right: after you—Mr Fordham is—the only person—that could have taken care of her in her journey. There; I am satisfied. Perhaps, Williams, you had better go to bed. My son and I have something to talk of, now I feel myself."

"I'll go light the fire, and get a cup of tea—oh Lord! what Miss Susan would say if she knew you were here, and had got such a fright!" cried the old servant; "but now you're composed, there's nothing as'll do you good like a cup of tea."

"Thank you—yes; make it strong, and Mr Arthur will have some too," said the widow; "and take care the kettle is boiling; and then, Williams, you must not mind us, but go to bed."

Vincent threw down his book,

and stared at her with something of that impatience and half-contempt which had before moved him. "If the world were breaking up, I suppose women could still drink tea!" he said, bitterly.

"Oh, Arthur, my dear boy," cried his mother, "don't you see we must put the best face on it now? Everybody must not know that Susan has been carried away by a—— O God, forgive me! don't let *me* curse him, Arthur. Let us get away from Lonsdale, dear, before we say anything. Words will do no good. Oh, my dear boy, till we know better, Mr Fordham is Susan's betrothed husband, and he has gone to take care of her to Carlingford. Hush—don't say any more. I am going to compose myself, Arthur, for my child's sake," cried the mother, with a smile of anguish, looking into her son's face. How did she drive those tears back out of her patient eyes? How did she endure to talk to the old servant about what was to be done to-morrow—and how the sick lady was next door—till the excited and shivering attendant could be despatched upstairs and got out of the way? Woman's weaker nature, that could mingle the common with the great; or woman's strength, that could endure all things—which was it? The young man, sitting by in a sullen, intolerable suspense, waiting till it was practicable to rush away through the creeping gloom of night after the fugitives, could no more understand these phenomena of love and woe, than he could translate the distant mysteries of the spheres.

CHAPTER XVII.

Early morning, but black as midnight; bitter cold, if bitterer cold could be, than that to which they entered when they first came to the deserted house; the little parlour, oh, so woefully trim and tidy, with the fire laid ready for lighting, which even the mother, anxious

about her son, had not had the heart to light; the candle on the table between them lighting dimly this speechless interval; some shawls laid ready to take with them when they went back again to the earliest train; Mrs Vincent sitting by with her bonnet on, and its veil droop-

ing half over her pale face, sometimes rousing up to cast hidden looks of anxiety at her son, sometimes painfully saying something with a vain effort at smiling—what o'clock was it? when did he think they could reach town?—little ineffectual attempts at the common intercourse which seemed somehow to deepen the dreadful silence, the shivering cold, the utter desolation of the scene. Such a night!—its minutes were hours as they stole by noiseless in murderous length and tedium—and the climax of its misery was in the little start with which Mrs Vincent now and then woke up out of her own thoughts to make that pitiful effort to talk to her son.

They were sitting thus, waiting, not even venturing to look at each other, when a sudden sound startled them. Nothing more than a footstep outside approaching softly. A footstep—surely two steps. They could hear them far off in this wonderful stillness, making steady progress near—nearer. Mrs Vincent rose up, stretching her little figure into a preternatural hysteric semblance of height. Who was it? Two people—surely women—and what women could be abroad at such an hour? One lighter, one heavier, irregular as female steps are, coming this way—this way! Her heart fluttered in the widow's ears with a sound that all but obliterated those steps which still kept advancing. Hark, sudden silence! a pause—then, oh merciful heaven, could it be true? a tinkle at the bell—a summons at the closed door.

Mrs Vincent had flown forth with open arms—with eyes blinded. The poor soul thought nothing less than that it was her child returned. They carried her back speechless, in a disappointment too cruel and bitter to have expression. Two women—one sober, sleepy, nervous, and full of trouble, unknown to either mother or son—the other with a certain dreadful inspiration in her dark face, and eyes that gleamed out of it as if they

had concentrated into them all the blackness of the night.

"You are going back, and so am I," Mrs Hilyard said. "I came to say a word to you before I go away. If I have been anyhow the cause, forgive me. God knows, of all things in the world the last I dreamt of was to injure this good woman or invade her innocent house. Do you know where they have gone?—did she leave any letters?—Tell me. She shall be precious to me as my own, if I find them out."

Mrs Vincent freed herself from her son's arms, and got up with her blanched face. "My daughter—followed me—to Carlingford," she said, in broken words, with a determination which sat almost awful on her weakness. "We have had the great misfortune—to cross each other—on the way. I am going—after her—directly. I am not afraid—of my Susan. She is all safe in my son's house."

The others exchanged alarmed looks, as they might have done had a child suddenly assumed the aspect of a leader. She, who could scarcely steady her trembling limbs to stand upright, faced their looks with a dumb denial of her own anguish. "It is—very unfortunate—but I am not anxious," she said, slowly, with a ghastly smile. Human nature could do no more. She sank down again on her seat, but still faced them—absolute in her self-restraint, rejecting pity. Not even tears should fall upon Susan's sweet name—not while her mother lived to defend it in life and death.

The Carlingford needlewoman stood opposite her, gazing with eyes that went beyond that figure, and yet dwelt upon it, at so wonderful a spectacle. Many a terrible secret of life unknown to the minister's gentle mother throbbed in her heart; but she stood in a pause of wonder before that weaker woman. The sight of her stayed the passionate current for a moment, and brought the desperate woman to a pause. Then she turned to the

young man, who stood speechless by his mother's side—

"You are a priest, and yet you do not curse," she said. "Is God as careless of a curse as of a blessing? *She* thinks He will save the Innocents yet. She does not know that He stands by like a man, and sees them murdered, and shines and rains all the same. God! No—He never interferes. "Good-bye," she added, suddenly, holding out to him the thin hand upon which, even in that dreadful moment, his eye still caught the traces of her work, the scars of the needle, and stains of the coarse colour. "If you ever see me again I shall be a famous woman, Mr Vincent. You will have a little of the traits of my glory, and be able to furnish details of my latter days. This good Miss Smith here will tell you of the life it was before; but if I should make a distinguished end after all, come to see me then—never mind where. I speak madly, to be sure, but you don't understand me. There—not a word. You preach very well, but I am beyond preaching now—Good-bye."

"No," said Vincent, clutching her hand—"never, if you go with that horrible intention in your eyes; I will say no farewell to such an errand as this."

The eyes in their blank brightness paused at him for a moment before they passed to the vacant air on which they were always fixed—paused with a certain glance of troubled amusement, the lightning of former days. "You flatter me," she said, steadily, with the old habitual movement of her mouth. "It is years since anybody has taken the trouble to read any intention in my eyes. But don't you understand yet that a woman's intention is the last thing she is likely to perform in this world? We do have meanings now and then, we poor creatures, but they seldom come to much. Good-bye, good-bye!"

"You cannot look at me," said Vincent, with a conscious inco-

herence, reason or argument being out of the question. "What is it you see behind there? Where are you looking with those dreadful eyes?"

She brought her eyes back as he spoke, with an evident effort, to fix them upon his face. "I once remarked upon your high-breeding," said the strange woman. "A prince could not have shown finer manners than you did in Carlingford, Mr Vincent. Don't disappoint me now. If I see ghosts behind you, what then? Most people that have lived long enough, come to see ghosts before they die. But this is not exactly the time for conversation, however interesting it may be. If you and I ever see each other again, things will have happened before then; you too, perhaps, may have found the ghosts out. I appoint you to come to see me after you have come to life again, in the next world. Good-night. I don't forget that you gave me your blessing when we parted last."

She was turning away when Mrs Vincent rose, steadying herself by the chair, and put a timid hand upon the stranger's arm. "I don't know who you are," said the widow; "it is all a strange jumble; but I am an older woman than you, and a—a minister's wife. You have something on your mind. My son is frightened you will do something—I cannot tell what. You are much cleverer than I am, but I am, as I say, an older woman, and a—a minister's wife. I am not—afraid of anything. Yes! I know God does not always save the Innocents, as you say—but He knows why, though we don't. Will you go with me? If you have gone astray when you were young," said the mild woman, raising up her little figure with an ineffable simplicity, "I will never ask any questions, and it will not matter—for everybody I care for knows me. The dreadful things you think of will not happen if we go together. I was a minister's wife thirty years. I know human nature and God's goodness. Come with me."

"Mother, mother! what are you saying?" cried Vincent, who had all the time been making vain attempts to interrupt this extraordinary speech. Mrs Hilyard put him away with a quick gesture. She took hold of the widow's hand with that firm, supporting, compelling pressure under which, the day before, Mrs Vincent had yielded up all her secrets. She turned her eyes out of vacancy to the little pale woman who offered her this protection. A sudden mist surprised those gleaming eyes—a sudden thrill ran through the thin, slight, iron figure, upon which fatigue and excitement seemed to make no impression. The rock was stricken at last.

"No—no," she sighed, with a voice that trembled. "No—no! the lamb and the lion do not go together yet in this poor world. No—no—no. I wonder what tears have to do in my eyes; ah, God in the skies! if you ever do miracles, do one for this woman, and save her child! Praying and crying are strange fancies for me—I must go away; but first," she said, still holding Mrs Vincent fast—"a woman is but a woman after all—if it is more honourable to be a wicked man's wife than to have gone astray, as you call it, then there is no one in the world who can breathe suspicion upon me. Ask this other good woman here, who knows all about me, but fears me, like you. Fears me! What do you suppose there can be to fear, Mr Vincent, you who are a scholar, and know better than these soft women," said Mrs Hilyard, suddenly dropping the widow's hand, and turning round upon the young minister, with an instant throwing off of all emotion, which had the strangest horrifying effect upon the little agitated company, "in a woman who was born to the name of Rachel Russell, the model English wife? Will the world ever believe harm, do you imagine, of such a name? I will take re-

fuge in my ancestress. But we go different ways, and have different ends to accomplish," she continued, with a sudden returning gleam of the subdued horror—"Good night—good night!"

"Oh, stop her, Arthur—stop her!—Susan will be at Carlingford when we get there; Susan will go nowhere else but to her mother," cried Mrs Vincent, as the door closed on the nocturnal visitors—"I am as sure—as sure—! Oh, my dear, do you think I can have any doubt of my own child? As for Susan going astray—or being carried off—or falling into wickedness—Arthur!" said his mother, putting back her veil from her pale face, "now I have got over this dreadful night, I know better—nobody must breathe such a thing to me. Tell her so, dear—tell her so!—call her back—they will be at Carlingford when we get there!"

Vincent drew his mother's arm through his own, and led her out into the darkness, which was morning and no longer night. "A few hours longer and we shall see," he said, with a hard-drawn breath. Into that darkness Mrs Hilyard and her companion had disappeared. There was another line of railway within a little distance of Lonsdale, but Vincent was at pains not to see his fellow-travellers as he placed his mother once more in a carriage, and once more caught the eye of the man whose curious look had startled him. When the grey morning began to dawn, it revealed two ashen faces, equally speechless and absorbed with thoughts which neither dared communicate to the other. They did not even look at each other, as the merciful noise and motion wrapped them in that little separate sphere of being. One possibility and no more kept a certain coherence in both their thoughts, otherwise lost in wild chaos—horrible suspense—an uncertainty worse than death.

OUR ANNUAL DEFICITS.

"It thundered on the Left in a clear sky," was a phenomenon which Virgil held to be as propitious as it was unusual. Of late we have beheld a similar phenomenon in the House of Commons; and the omens are full of good augury for the party which has so long battled ably, and at length successfully, on behalf of the Constitution. No storms of party have this session disturbed the political sky. The great grief which overshadows the Throne places a restraint upon all parties—a restraint far greater than the public at large realise. The great "political lull," too, continues, and has even deepened. The debates of the present session, therefore, have been absolutely unparalleled for the absence of party spirit and party contests. The work of criticism—the check upon Ministerial blundering, and the exposure of the financial difficulties which, thanks to three years of a Liberal Government, now beset the country—must go on: but the thunderings have all been in a clear sky, and no party division has even given room for calumny to impute to selfish ambition the telling exposures of Ministerial incapacity which have of late proceeded from the front benches of the Left.

For the last hundred years at least, there has not been a single Whig Ministry which has excelled in finance. Indeed, we shall more nearly express the truth if we say that, in this respect, every Whig Ministry has proved a failure. The present Administration appears to be emulous of the bad fame of its predecessors. Mr Gladstone, by far the most brilliant Chancellor of the Exchequer which the Liberal party has produced or acquired, has proved himself also the most reckless and unsafe, the most purposeless and inconsistent. He does not know his own mind for twelve consecutive months. Every session

exhibits him in some new contradiction of his former self. There is no real continuity of existence in him. He changes ceaselessly, not by any law of sequence or development, but abruptly like the chameleon, whose changes of colour are produced by causes entirely extrinsic and accidental. Some philosophers have been puzzled to say how it is a man, on awaking from sleep, knows himself to be the same as before. We should think the Gladstone of each new session must experience a greater difficulty of the same kind; and some future Whately or Cornwall Lewis will probably come to the conclusion that there was not one but half-a-dozen Gladstones—or rather that Gladstone was simply a *soubriquet* given to brilliant and reckless Chancellors of the Exchequer, of whom there happened to be several in the ten years subsequent to 1852. There is no determinate bias in his character. He has lively sentiments, but no deep-rooted convictions. Impressible, but without intellectual instincts, he receives his opinions from others, and readily parts with them under the influence of the hour. His mind has no stable premises: and his facile logic, resting now on one premise, now on another, according to the exigency of the moment, proves to himself, and his matchless rhetoric generally proves to the House of Commons, that each opinion in turn is best. The same Mr Gladstone who, in 1853, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, eloquently denounced the income-tax as "unjust, unequal, and inquisitorial," and ordained that its odious existence should by a lingering death come to an end in 1860—and who in 1857 inveighed against the continuance of the tax at 9d. as a flagrant breach of "political morality," seeing that a compact had been entered into for its gradual abolition

—in 1860, the very year which he had appointed for its extinction, himself raised it to 10d., and now maintains that it is hopeless, for the present generation at least, to witness its abolition. In exactly the same fashion he has turned his back upon himself with respect to the taxes on tea and sugar, which also were to have expired in 1860, but which have been kept at the war-rate in order that the duty might be taken off French wines and paper. The Peelite who, in former times, scoffed at "reciprocity," when advocated by the Conservatives, and called for Free Trade pure and simple, two years ago concocted an extravagant French treaty based on the very principles which he had condemned. Still more startling is it to reflect that the very Chancellor of Exchequer who, in 1854, maintained that even in times of war the yearly revenue ought to be made equal to the expenditure, should now (in his speech of 8th May), declare that it is hopeless to maintain a surplus in these times of peace.

Utterly regardless of his former acts, Mr Gladstone cannot be expected to have more respect for his words. Words, indeed are his principal stock in trade. He shuffles his words as a player shuffles the cards, and certainly he produces very startling effects. No one ever surpassed him in the skill with which he approaches a delicate subject and manages the weak points of his case; but then, it must be added, no British statesman ever before condescended to have recourse to so contemptible a jugglery with words—a jugglery which indeed, aided by his eminently persuasive delivery, often serves the purpose of the hour, but which every session is becoming more transparent and ineffective. Two years ago, when he wanted to frighten the House into augmenting the income-tax, he maintained that there was a deficit of twelve millions sterling; last year, when the balance was worse by 2½ millions, and when he dreaded censure for his miscalcu-

lations, he boldly maintained that there was a surplus! This year, when overtaken by the consequences of his blunders—when he can no longer deny the heavy deficit in the finances of the State—he seeks to comfort the House and propitiate the Radicals by announcing that "the epoch of retrenchment has commenced." Well, as Mr Disraeli remarked, that would be a most encouraging circumstance, if it really had a place in the world of fact; unfortunately, it is only another of Mr Gladstone's juggles. The mighty retrenchment thus magniloquently announced amounts, even by his estimates, to only one-hundredth part of the revenue; and his estimates, moreover, are quite as likely this year, as in previous years, to fall one or two millions short. It is hard to find any basis of fact for the claim which Mr Gladstone makes upon public respect as a high-principled pattern of political morality. In the use of words he is a rhetorical disciple of Talleyrand—in his acts he is perpetually denying himself; and both by words and by acts he leads the country into the commission of the greatest financial follies, as the country now begins to understand. Lord Derby last year said he wondered how the House of Commons could be so carried away by a charlatan. We believe the House of Commons is beginning to take the same view of the case; and, unquestionably, the crushing exposures of Mr Gladstone's financial bubbles, which have recently been made by Mr Disraeli and Sir Stafford Northcote, have produced a great effect, both upon Parliament and the country, and one which will only be deepened by the further course of events.

The very opening of the financial year gave omen of the coming downfall of Mr Gladstone's prestige as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The very tone, and much more the facts, of his Budget speech revealed his dilemma. His consummate knowledge of the arts of rhetoric teaches him never to appear as if

standing on his defence, yet this session, despite all his efforts to the contrary, he was ever on the brink of falling down into the air and language of apology. The grand eloquence of his Budget speech of 1860 was gone; even the cool effrontery and oily persuasiveness of his last year's oration were no longer at his command. Every one who heard him felt that as a financier he was a beaten man. Facts had grown too strong even for his eloquence and audacity. The errors of the past, now matured into the difficulties of the present, began to overpower him; and he had ample excuse for his failing confidence. Every member of the House remembered that he had inherited a surplus from his predecessor in office. Every one knew that that surplus had, under his management for the last two years, been replaced by a deficit. Mr Gladstone, indeed, now asserts that these two years were "exceptional years." Exceptional, in his sense of the word, they were not. A petty war in China, and a diplomatic dispute with the Cabinet of Washington, are certainly not events of such magnitude as to be held exceptional in our history. In the last quarter of a century, as Mr Disraeli reminded the House—besides the truly exceptional event of the Russian war—there have been three Chinese wars, two Caffre wars, a Persian war, and two New Zealand wars; not to speak of the great wars in India—with the Affghans, Gwalior, Scinde, the Sikhs, and the Sepoys. There was also the serious quarrel with France about Tahiti, which brought the two countries to the verge of war; there were boundary disputes with the United States, a rebellion in Canada, a Syrian invasion, which cost something, and an Irish famine, which cost a great deal. And besides all that, there were the Continental Revolutions of 1848-49, which seriously affected our commerce, and the Napoleonic war in Italy, which first made us see the

necessity of attending better to our national defences. Reckon up these events, and it will be found that, if such events be "exceptional," there is hardly a year in our annals which may not be called exceptional. Such events, indeed, are among the possibilities of every year; and hence it has always been the custom for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to frame his estimates so as to secure a considerable surplus. Even if we abandon—as we seem to have abandoned—all hope of reducing the amount of the National Debt, every prudent Chancellor of the Exchequer must provide for two things: first, the possibility of error in his own calculations; and, secondly, the occurrence of events which may unexpectedly arise to disturb those calculations. Mr Gladstone's principle of finance appears to be to disregard these considerations of ordinary prudence, and we see the consequence. His estimates prove deceptive, and he has left no margin to cover his mistakes; events, of which he is warned beforehand, occur, and he has to come to the House again and again with supplemental Budgets. And, despite of these supplemental Budgets, and his infinite ingenuity in forestalling payments, his errors prove so tremendous, that every year we are landed in a fresh deficit.

We have to thank Mr Disraeli for calling the attention of the country to the disastrous condition into which the finances have fallen during the last two years. The service which he has thereby rendered to the House and to the country is great and timeous. Finance is a dry subject, budgets (at least Mr Gladstone's) are complicated affairs: and we do not think we exaggerate when we say that previous to Mr Disraeli's speech on 7th April there were very few men even in the House of Commons who understood the actual condition of affairs. That speech was a most masterly one, and the effect produced upon the House was worthy

of Mr Disraeli's best efforts. It was also quite unexpected, and fell upon Mr Gladstone like a thunderbolt. In vain did the astonished Chancellor of the Exchequer sit still, when his antagonist concluded his speech, and allowed Mr Bass to discourse upon beer in order that he himself might gather his ready wits for a reply. The facts were dead against him: to grapple with the merits of the case would have been to court and confess defeat; but we were not prepared for so great a failure as the Chancellor of the Exchequer made in his reply. There was great irritation, pettiness, and personality in it—but of answer not a shred. Mr Gladstone was upset; and in his perplexity he had recourse not only to recrimination but impertinence—nor had he, on this occasion, even the force of eloquence by which impertinence is raised into invective.

That speech of Mr Disraeli's made an end of Mr Gladstone's reputation as a financier in the House. Singularly enough, it seems to have induced Mr Gladstone to have recourse to Mr Bright's plan of trying, when beaten in the House, to get up an agitation out-of-doors. We cannot otherwise explain the Chancellor of Exchequer's extraordinary ebullition at Manchester, when, still smarting from the exposure of his tremendous blunders, he whiningly complained that the fault really was not his—that he was but a poor weak vessel—and that all the deficits which he had been creating ought to be laid at the door of Parliament and the country—not at the Government's, and least of all at his. It was a sign of the times. Boastful Gladstone could no longer boast. No man so inclined as he to vaunt, "Alone I did it!" So long as matters went smoothly, in what boastful language he has always alluded to every measure of finance to which he has stood godfather! We say "godfather"—for of actual parentage he has been guiltless, unless it were the luckless Act for converting a portion of the

debt in 1853, which only landed the country in additional expense.

One good thing we have to say for the speech at Manchester—it produced the best debate of the session in the House of Commons. Sir Stafford Northcote, who, both in last session and in this, has taken a place in financial debates second only to Mr Gladstone and Mr Disraeli, in his clear, neat, and business-like way, called the Chancellor of the Exchequer to account for his extraordinary delinquencies at Manchester—for the statements, alike false in fact and unconstitutional in principle, by which he had endeavoured to throw upon others the blame that was wholly due to himself and the Government to which he belonged. Mr Gladstone having been duly warned beforehand, was ready this time, but the sole substance of his reply was that he had never said anything of the kind! It was a sheer delusion, he said, on the part of Sir Stafford Northcote; the newspapers (which were unanimous in the report which they gave of his speech) were all wrong; and he entered upon an elaborate description of what he held to be the position and duties of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, to show how much every one had been mistaken as to the language and opinions imputed to him. A more remarkable self-contradiction, even on the part of Mr Gladstone, never was witnessed. He might quite as well have denied his own existence. And the occasional laughter with which his contradictions were received, showed that a good many members of the House were of that opinion. But what can be done when the accused distinctly denies that he ever spoke the words imputed to him, and makes an entirely opposite profession of faith? What more could be said than Mr Disraeli said—"I have heard the right hon. gentleman over and over again, according to my feeble powers of conception, put forth similar opinions, which,

in my view, are highly to be deprecated; and I have taken opportunities in this House of stating my opinions concerning them. I am glad to hear now from the right hon. gentleman an authoritative statement that we in this House, and the people in this country, have, for a long time, been labouring under an entire misconception of his declaration at Manchester,—that the right hon. gentleman shares entirely the responsibility of the Government, and that the principle of limited liability, which I thought so dangerous and inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution, is not held by him.”

Thus was demolished another of Mr Gladstone's pieces of finesse, and thus was inaugurated another of his self-contradictions. With an eye to further gyrations of this political weathercock, it is worth while to place on record his formal recantation:—“If language of mine,” said Mr Gladstone, “can be shown to have been used which can have the effect of separating me from my colleagues as respects responsibility for expenditure proposed by the Government, I not only disavow the language, but confess the fault. *I accept the responsibility—I share it in the full.*”

This admission, so shrewdly extorted from the Protean Chancellor of the Exchequer by Sir Stafford Northcote, clears away the last web of gossamer behind which Mr Gladstone sought to screen himself from the weighty charges brought against him of mismanaging the national finances. Now, therefore, let us see exactly the position into which he has brought the British Treasury. He began with a surplus. Although the first six months of 1859—which witnessed the outbreak of war on the Continent, the “reconstruction of the British fleet,” and other measures of national defence—were at least as “exceptional” a period as any that has followed, the Conservative Government left the finances in so good a position that at the end of the year

the revenue exceeded the expenditure. What followed? First, as to Mr Gladstone's estimates. In the financial year 1860-61 his estimates proved so erroneous that the expenditure exceeded his calculations by £2,642,000; in 1861-62 he erred again on the wrong side by £963,000. More fallacious estimates than these were never submitted to the House of Commons. But leaving his estimates, let us take the actual balance-sheet of the two entire financial years during which he has been in office. Here we find matters still worse. In 1860-61 there was a deficit of £2,558,000; in 1861-62, as Mr Gladstone has admitted, there was another deficit of £1,164,000, and a further excess of expenditure has since been ascertained to the amount of £278,000. Looking at these facts, we may well be lost in wonder at the overbearing effrontery of the Minister who, a year ago, could assert in his Budget speech that he was in possession of a surplus, when there was in fact a deficit of upwards of two and a half millions sterling; or, again, that all through last session he should have haughtily insisted that there was sure to be a surplus at the end of the year, when, as he was frequently warned from the Opposition benches, the natural result was a deficit of nearly a million and a half. His errors have been inexcusable beyond parallel. When he brought forward his Budget in 1860, all discerning men saw that we should immediately have another Chinese war on our hands. At that very time, too, the Government was in possession of the report of the Committee on Fortifications, counselling an expenditure of twelve millions—which report the Government meant to act upon. But what cared Mr Gladstone for these things? He was bent upon having a showy Budget, which would sacrifice a large amount of revenue: he wished to have a French treaty “at any price,” and also the abolition of the paper-duty; and, for the sake of these objects,

he deceived the House of Commons, by framing estimates for the year which he or any man in his position should have known to be delusive, but which he relied upon rectifying (as to a great extent he did) by means of successive "supplemental" Budgets brought forward at the close of the session, when half the members had left town. Last year, happily on a smaller scale, he did just the same. Eager to make out a good case, in order to carry his pet project of abolishing the paper-duties, Mr Gladstone estimated that he would receive three-quarters of a million of the China indemnity money—although Mr Fitzgerald showed, by singularly acute arguments and authentic information, that the receipts would not exceed one-half of that amount. Mr Gladstone had neither arguments nor facts to rebut his critic—as Mr Disraeli says, "he absolutely carried that estimate of £750,000 on his personal guarantee:" but the event has shown that Mr Fitzgerald was right, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had erred in his estimate of this simple matter to the extent of nearly £400,000. In a similar spirit of arrogance, and latterly even of ridicule, did he treat the representations, urged with such frequency by Mr Bentinck, that in the then state of affairs in America, it was more than probable that some critical circumstance might arise which would necessitate an augmentation of our naval and military expenditure. Again the Chancellor of the Exchequer was wrong and his critic right, as the bill of charges for the Trent affair amply proves.

These facts, the accuracy of which is admitted by Mr Gladstone himself, demonstrate that in the two years during which he has had the exclusive direction of the finances, his mismanagement has accumulated a deficit of four millions sterling. How has this deficit been temporarily supplied? The greater part has been obtained by

enormously reducing the balances in the Exchequer. In March 1860 these balances, necessary to enable the Government to pay its way, amounted to £7,972,000; in March 1862 they were only £5,288,000. In this way, Mr Gladstone has been able to supply his great deficit to the extent of £2,684,000; and the remainder of the deficit has been supplied by appropriating repayment of loans which were raised by the country (for example the Irish loan), to the extent of £881,000, and by creating new debt to the extent of £461,000;—in all £4,026,000. Nor is this all. The eloquent financier has at the same time anticipated the revenue of the country, to the extent of £3,200,000—namely, £2,000,000 anticipated upon the income-tax, and upwards of £1,200,000 upon the malt-credit. But for this violation of "political morality," the deficit on the two years would have been nearly *seven and a half millions sterling!* This enormous deficit, too, has been accumulated during a period when the national Exchequer has enjoyed windfalls such as very rarely indeed come to the aid of a Minister of Finance. The falling in of the terminable annuities has reduced the charges on the National Debt to the extent of £2,000,000; and there has also been the unexpected repayment of a portion of the Spanish loan. There have been not a few incompetent financiers of the Liberal party, and foremost amongst these Sir F. Baring and Sir Charles Wood; but it was reserved for Mr Gladstone, to show what still greater blunders could be committed by a Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was not merely incompetent but reckless—and who, unfortunately, was gifted with such a power of persuasive eloquence, that he was able to lead the House into the adoption of measures which would have been scouted at once if brought forward by any Minister of greater candour and duller parts.

The first duty of a Chancellor of

the Exchequer is to make ends meet. He is the man to whom the country looks for the balancing of the annual accounts of the State. His great business is, to provide revenue sufficient to meet the expenditure of the year. It is in vain for Mr Gladstone to excuse himself by saying that, in course of time, the effects of the French treaty, and of the abolition of the paper-duties, will entail no loss upon the revenue of the country. That may be true enough—and the same might be said of other remissions of taxation. But it was plainly his duty, until that happy time should arrive, to compensate the annual loss by other means. It behoved him first to obtain the assent of Parliament to an augmentation of other taxes, in order to compensate the loss upon those which he desired to reduce or abolish,—an assent which, in the present state of the expenditure, was not likely to have been given; or else he should have been in possession of a surplus of such magnitude as would enable him to cover the temporary loss which he proposed to incur. That was the principle upon which Sir Robert Peel proceeded; and the present Sir Robert Peel said rightly last session, when opposing the abolition of the paper-duties, that he did so, because he felt assured that his father, if he had been alive, would have taken the same course.

The condition of the national finances appears to us, and must appear to every one who looks into the matter, in a very deplorable state. There is no margin to cover any further falling-off of the revenue, and yet such a falling-off seems inevitable. We have almost exhausted the extraordinary taxation upon which we rely in times of war and danger, and yet the epoch of trouble is, most obviously, not yet over. Mr Gladstone has appropriated every windfall, and has also trenched deeply on the resources of future years. We are already living from hand to mouth. We cannot again get £2,684,000 by reducing our bal-

ances in the Exchequer, for those balances are now at a point too low for the credit of the State and the requirements of the Exchequer. Nor can we again get £2,000,000 by anticipating the payments of the income-tax; nor a million and a quarter by anticipating the malt-credit. All these shifts are at an end. Nor, except by a merciless raising of the income-tax, is it easy to see how any more money is to be obtained. The principal item of the Excise, the revenue from spirits, has experienced a falling-off during the last year to the extent of a million sterling,—plainly demonstrating that we have carried taxation upon that article to the highest point. While totally abandoning some taxes, which were little complained of, and which certainly were not felt by the body of the people, we have strained others, which press upon the whole community, to a point exceptionally high:—

“A few years ago,” said Sir Stafford Northcote, “we were told that the taxes on which we could fall back in cases of emergency were the income-tax, the malt-tax, the spirit-tax, and the taxes on tea and sugar. It is evident that neither the malt-tax nor the spirit-tax is available for us now. We have pushed the spirit-duties as far as they can go. The House has been told that the falling-off in the consumption of duty-paying spirits is not the result of illicit distillation; but they must remember that the spirit-duties both in Scotland and Ireland are now four times as much as they were some years ago; and they know that when the Chancellors of the Exchequer tried to increase those duties in former times they were beaten by the smuggler. Well, then, as to the malt-tax, we cannot carry that much further. The tea and sugar duties we are at present maintaining at a war-level. I do not mean to say that in a great emergency we might not raise them still higher; but it is very doubtful whether we should get more by doing so. There is, then, the income-tax; but that, too, is very much at a war-level. Sir Robert Peel put on a 7d. income-tax, and if it stood at that figure, we might consider that we were paying a peace income-tax; but while we pay 9d. or 10d. in the pound, we must, I think, feel that we are paying a war income-tax.”

In no condition of its external fortunes can a country afford to regard with indifference a financial position like this. Least of all can this country afford to do so in the present times. We do not think that England can escape from her armaments quite so easily as Mr Disraeli in his speech on 8th May represented. We prefer to take the account of the position which he gave us a month before. On the 7th April the right hon. gentleman said—"If we look abroad—if we look either to the American or to the European continent, no one, however disinclined to indulge in a gloomy view of the future, can for a moment assert that the prospect is of an encouraging character. Upon the state of America it is unnecessary for me to make a single observation. It occupies all minds, and has already been amply touched upon. But with respect to the European continent, although for the moment there is perfect quietude, no one can shut his eyes to the fact, that of all the difficulties which occasioned a recent war, not one has received a solution." We believe that is the true account of our position. Sir Stafford Northcote, on the same occasion, spoke to the same effect. "It is idle," said he, "to attribute our present exceptional position to such causes as the China war, or the possibility of a difficulty with America. A year or two ago it was France with which we were entering upon a race of armaments; now it is America also. There seems a probability that the United States, which used to be a great pacific power, are on the eve of becoming a great military power, and that upon an element where it will be necessary to take the most costly measures to preserve our ascendancy. I ask the House to consider what probability there is of this exceptional state of things coming to an end for some time?" In the more recent debate of 8th May Lord Palmerston spoke of our foreign affairs in the same spirit,—declaring we believe rightly, that it is im-

possible for England to reduce her armaments in the face of obvious troubles abroad, and when France shows her ambition by keeping ahead of us in those iron war-ships which are to constitute the fleets of the future. Since Mr Gladstone now, says he, "accepts the responsibility for expenditure proposed by the Government, and shares it to the full," it remains for him to defend himself, if he can, against the charges of not only impoverishing the treasury, and squandering revenue, but of doing so at a time when the national revenues are certain to experience a prolonged strain.

If we look at home, we find the prospect more seriously and unequivocally worse. There may be a difference of opinion as to the aspect of foreign affairs. Some may think that we could reduce our armaments if we were to cultivate a still closer alliance with France, and abnegate our own views and interests wherever a difference of policy arose with our Imperial ally. Others, like Messrs Cobden and Bright, may go further, and believe it possible to dispense with all armaments, and establish a millennium of peace. The latter opinion is absurd; the former is untenable. England, in our opinion, is not one whit overarmed—we would almost say that we cannot be too well armed, considering the state of affairs abroad. But we repeat, whatever diversity of opinion may be held upon this point, there can be none whatever as to the gloomy aspect of affairs at home. The sanguine estimates of the Chancellor of the Exchequer are sheer delusion. His nominal surplus is an utter fiction. He might as well promise the millennium for next March as a surplus. He has based his calculations upon a state of affairs which has no relation to this year of suffering. A blight has fallen upon Lancashire. The factories are stopping by hundreds, the people are starving by tens of thousands. In Preston, for example, of the 25,000 people em-

ployed in the mills, only a fourth are on full time, and of the remainder 10,000 are entirely out of work. Blackburn, Wigan, Stockport, and other places, suffer in a manner not less severe. The manufacturing zone of England, where nearly one-third of the annual profits of the country are made, is smitten to the heart; and no one can tell how long the calamity may last, or to what dread extremities the distress may yet proceed. As a national calamity, this cotton-dearth—so singular as a social phenomenon, and so dreadful in its effects—is worthy of amplest notice; but here we can only regard it in its relation to the revenue. The misery and starvation of so vast a portion of our working-classes—the loss of all profits on the part of their employers—and the heavy voluntary contributions on the part of the general public to alleviate the distress—will affect most seriously two of the principal branches of the revenue. It will affect the Excise, and it will equally affect the income-tax. Spirits and malt, tea, sugar, and tobacco—these are the articles which yield almost the entire amount of the Excise revenue; and every one of these articles will not fail, in this year of suffering, to show a greatly diminished consumption. The income-tax will fare no better. From hundreds or even thousands of mills, instead of the usual well-filled schedules, there will be a return of “no profits;” and not only the numerous and wealthy class of manufacturers will thus suffer, but all the business classes in connection with them will suffer in a hardly less degree.

How, then, is Mr Gladstone to escape from making another deficit still—a third one? And how is he to meet it? As usual, he seeks to postpone the evil day. He will carry on smoothly and with sanguine words as long as he has a pound left in the Exchequer. But surely this time at least, when fairly driven to the wall, he will not have

the assurance to plead that he could not have foreseen the severity of this Lancashire distress. Any man of ordinary prescience, in April 1860, could have foreseen the imminence of a China war—must have known, indeed, that hostilities were at that very time commencing: but Mr Gladstone, to serve his purpose, refused to believe in its approach. In the same year he had in his possession the report of the Committee on Fortifications, and knew that a large sum would have to be voted for that branch of the national defences before the session closed; yet he kept from the House all knowledge of this until he had obtained its assent to his most delusive Budget. Is the same sharp practice, the same delusive game, to be enacted this year? When Mr Gladstone brought forward his Budget, the cotton-dearth was already upon us—the country was already within the grasp of this great national calamity. The allowance which he has made for its effects on the revenue is almost nominal. Yet it is manifest that the distress is increasing, and must increase to still more formidable proportions. The price of cotton indeed, which had risen to twice its ordinary rate, has experienced a slight decline in consequence of the capture of New Orleans, and of the report that a considerable stock of cotton has fallen into the hands of the Federals. But we may rely upon it that the Federals will attend to their own wants first. The factories at Lowell have almost been as badly off as our own; and even if all the cotton captured be exposed to sale in the open market, the manufacturers of the Northern States, protected as they are by a most stringent tariff, can afford to purchase it at a higher price than our manufacturers can offer. This has already been demonstrated by the fact that American buyers have been carrying off a considerable portion of the limited stock which remains on hand in this country, although they have to pay the extra

freightage back to New York. And even if the Louisianian planters were to prefer dollars to patriotism—which they are little likely to do—and were to bring a goodly supply of cotton to the market of New Orleans, we must remember that a considerable time would have to elapse before such supplies could reach this country. At the best, therefore, the widespread distress in our manufacturing districts must go on increasing until autumn; and how much longer it may endure, it is as yet impossible to say.

Mr Gladstone is not likely to be in office for another year, but it would be a good lesson for him if he were. He would then have to face the consequences of his own acts, and encounter a House tardily but thoroughly awakened to the disastrous nature of his financial policy. The time for trifling is past. Eloquence and deception have had their hour—a woeful one it has been for the State; and when the Budget is laid on the table next spring, we feel confident that there will be an expression of feeling on the part of the House such as has not been witnessed in matters of finance for many years. Only twice during the last nine years has there been a surplus—in 1858-9, when Mr Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in 1859-60, the year when he quitted office. Despite the lapse of the terminable annuities, the National Debt is now greater by £30,000,000 than it was in 1853. We cannot go on in this way. It is certainly a remarkable sign of the times—of the increased difficulties of our financial position—that the same man who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1854, advocated the extraordinary principle that even in the time of a great war the whole expenditure should be met and covered by the revenue of the year,

should, when again in office, declare that it is now hopeless to obtain a surplus in these times of peace. In 1854 Mr Gladstone spoke absurdity; in 1860-62 he has done worse, for he has acted absurdly. If a surplus be hopeless now, to himself more than to any one is the deplorable change due. Thanks to the impressive speeches of Mr Disraeli, the House, awakening to a sense of the unsatisfactory condition of the finances, has rejected the vote of £700,000 for the British Museum, as well as the costly proposal for consolidating the Law Courts, on the ground that at present the country cannot afford to make such an expenditure; and sundry other votes, such as that for the fortification of Alderney, have been opposed by formidable minorities. It is not merely that the wealth-producing power of the country is so much diminished that the strictest economy is necessary on the part of the Government, but Parliament has now become aware of the reckless expedients by which Mr Gladstone has sought to sustain his financial mismanagement. It now knows that, in order to cover his annual deficits, he has diminished the Exchequer balances to the extent of two millions and a half, and has at the same time encroached to the extent of three millions upon the future revenues of the State by forestalling taxation. When such is the case, it is easy to see that the financial debates of the session, which have already proved so damaging to the Ministry, are not yet at a close; and before August brings temporary relief to the reeling Ministry, its financial policy will have been as thoroughly exposed and discredited in the eyes of the country as was that of Lord Melbourne's tottering Cabinet in 1841.

WHO PLANNED THE MONITOR?

A LETTER FROM AMERICA.

[We think it only common justice to Captain Coles, and to ourselves, to insert the following Letter, received by him from Baltimore. The writer, it will be seen, gives authority to use his name; but, for reasons which will naturally occur to any one, we refrain from doing so at present.—
ED. B. M.]

BALTIMORE, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
April 24, 1862.

TO COWPER P. COLES, Captain R.N.

SIR,

In your letter of the 31st inst., published in the London 'Times,' and reproduced here in the 'New York Herald' of yesterday, there occurs the following paragraph:—

"I have persevered and succeeded so far; but, alas! for what? To have the deep mortification of finding that America, instead of England, should have the palm of floating this Monitor, which is to dictate the reconstruction of navies to the world."

Now, sir, I think I can throw some light on this subject, and show to yourself and the world conclusively, and without the shadow of a doubt, that the "mortification" should be on the part of the American people for allowing themselves to be so egregiously hoaxed in this matter of Captain Ericsson's "so-called invention" of the Monitor.

That *your* invention of iron-clad raft, with revolving cupola *à la Monitor*, and also of a sea-going war vessel embodying alike defensive and offensive principles, together with your plans for cutting down wooden vessels of war of the largest class, and rendering them impregnable by armour-casing, in a manner since successfully adopted in the Merrimac, was known to hundreds, nay thousands of Americans—including editors, mechanics, navy and army officers, and indeed to all who, either by profession or inclination, are attracted by the higher class of literary publications—I unhesitatingly assert, and am prepared to prove.

And now to the proofs. If you will turn to 'Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine' for the year 1860, vol. ii., numbers for November and December, pages 616 to 649 inclusive, being in all 35 pages, you will find two articles entitled 'Iron-Clad Ships of War.' In the first of these articles, number for November, is given the history of iron-plated vessels, and the progress made in regard to them in the French and British navies, with a passing tribute to the experiments of Mr Stevens, the American projector, in 1845; together with a very favourable report by a board of naval officers, appointed "pursuant to an order from Rear-Admiral Sir E. Lyons," to inspect the model of a gun-raft invented by you. This report is dated Kussatch, in the Black Sea, on board your then ship, the Stromboli: *the date is 13th November 1855.*

The second article, however, in the December number, is the one more immediately bearing on the present question. It is, in fact, a pamphlet of seventeen pages, almost exclusively devoted to a description and criticism of your plans for iron-clad shield-protected ships of war, and contains, at page 644, three diagrams of your invention, with a broadside view of a 14-gun shield frigate, modelled after your system. These drawings are beautifully executed, and so clearly described in the contents, that the

merest tyro in mechanics cannot fail to understand and appreciate their value. The treatise is entirely exhaustive; the plans and measurements so complete, that any clever marine architect, with this number of 'Blackwood' on his desk, could go to work and make out his working plans and specifications at short notice.

Now, it may be said that all this is very true; but why suppose that Captain Erricsson had ever seen or ever heard of 'Blackwood's Magazine?' Well, it is *possible* he never did; but after what I have to say on this point, I think it may be put down as highly *improbable*.

'Blackwood's Magazine' is republished by Messrs Leonard, Scott, & Co. of New York, in this country, as regularly as it appears in Edinburgh, and, as I am informed, has a more extensive circulation here than in Great Britain. I have been a subscriber to it for seven years past, and never missed receiving my number regularly each month. Upon its appearance each month, it is extensively advertised in the various papers, with the several articles it contains appended *seriatim*. Every editor of note in the country has a copy sent him, and in his book-notices, in nine cases out of ten, a list of the articles contained is given, with short criticisms attached; and it is to be found on the counters of the principal booksellers in every prominent city of the Union.

Under these circumstances, I think it will be a hard matter for Captain Erricsson to prove that he never heard of 'Blackwood,' and do away with the awkward coincidence that the *plans* and *drawings* of your vessels were well known here a full year before he commenced to build the Monitor, and fifteen months previous to her fight with the Merrimac.

From the New York papers I perceive that Captain Erricsson claims to have put his plans before the French Emperor as early as the *fall* of 1855. Very likely it was on the 13th November of that year, the very day upon which the Naval Commission visited your ship in the Black Sea. *Truly a most astonishing coincidence!* If so, it seems astonishing to me that, throughout all the excitement which has been raging in France and England ever since in regard to iron-plated vessels of war, and which has been duly noted and commented upon by the press of this country, he should have observed such an extraordinary reticence on this important subject.

And that amongst the thousand and one projects for rapidly increasing the efficiency of the American navy which the events of the past eighteen months have called forth, not a word should appear from Captain Erricsson in regard to his invulnerable Monitor. Why was this? For the past ten years his name has been prominently before the people of this country in connection with marine inventions. He came here avowedly to develop his plans in regard to marine architecture, which, it is alleged, prejudice and jealousy prevented him from perfecting in England.

If ever there was a time when a nation needed and prayed for a "Monitor," it certainly was during the siege of Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbour. The garrison were from December 1860 to April 1861 beleaguered by formidable batteries, impassable by wooden vessels. The whole mind of the inventive people of the Northern States of the Union was exercised to find some means of throwing in supplies and reinforcements to the weak and starving defenders. Never before had the possessor of a Monitor such a chance of earning the eternal gratitude of a people. But, notwithstanding all this, not a word from Captain Erricsson. Why was this? Did he consider himself bound not to break faith with Napoleon, who had for five long years declined to adopt his plans of 1855? Or was it that he considered the time too short in which to build a Monitor? That could scarcely be, for the present Monitor was built and made ready for sea in the short space of one hundred days. Now, the threatened condition of

Sumter was known considerably more than one hundred days previous to its surrender ; and surely the man who had all his plans perfected so long ago as 1855, could have had little difficulty in constructing his Monitor in time to relieve Sumter : and if not, there was Fort Pickens, then thought to be in almost as bad a strait as Sumter. Or was it that 'Blackwood's' not being published here until about the 24th December 1860, completely put it out of the power of Captain Erricsson either to plan or build a Monitor? I may mention that, upon the occurrence of the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac in Hampton Roads, and when it was seriously contemplated to present Captain Erricsson with a testimonial, I called the attention of some of the press of this country to these publications in 'Blackwood,' but, for reasons best known to themselves, they declined taking any notice of them.

In conclusion, sir, allow me to say that I am in no way conversant with mechanical science, or connected with mechanical inventors—have not the pleasure of knowing either yourself or Captain Erricsson further than by reputation; and my sole object in this is that justice may be done, and honour accorded, in the premises, to whom honour is due.

I am, Sir, respectfully yours,

A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.

P. S.—Herewith I send you two papers, one of which contains the Report of the "House" Committee on National Defences, and the other the Southern Committee's Report on who planned the Merrimac; these may be interesting. I append my name, which, of course, you are at liberty to use as you think proper.

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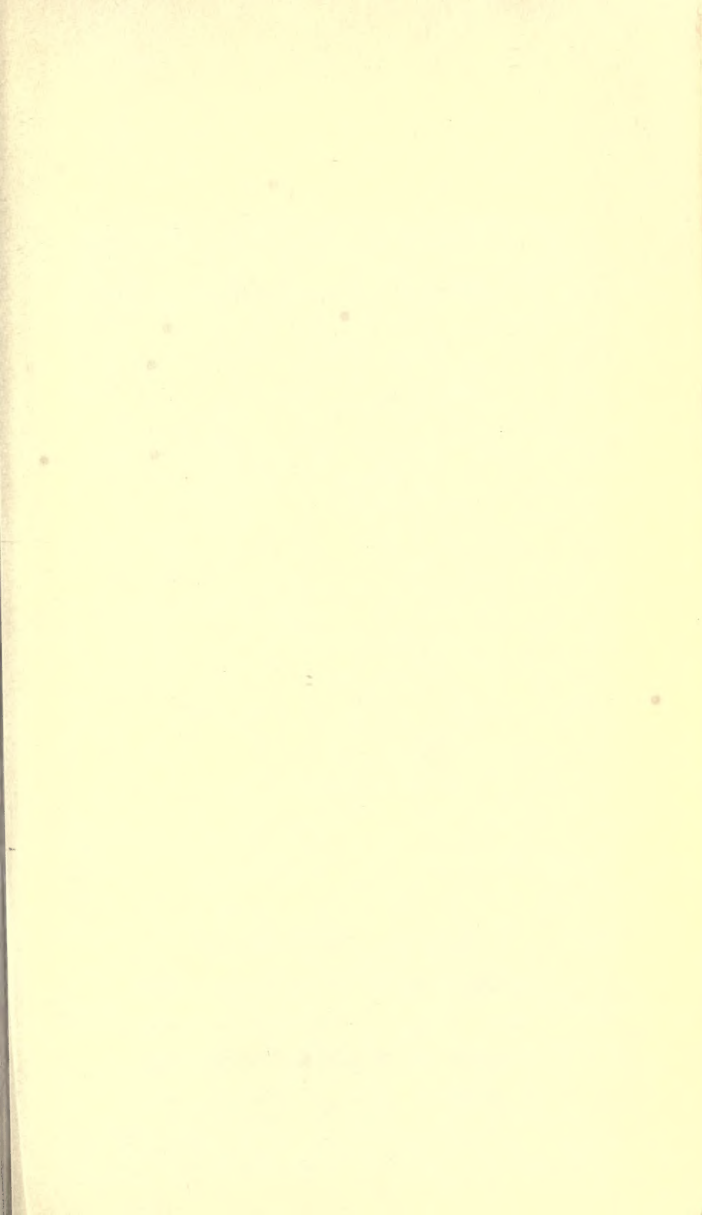
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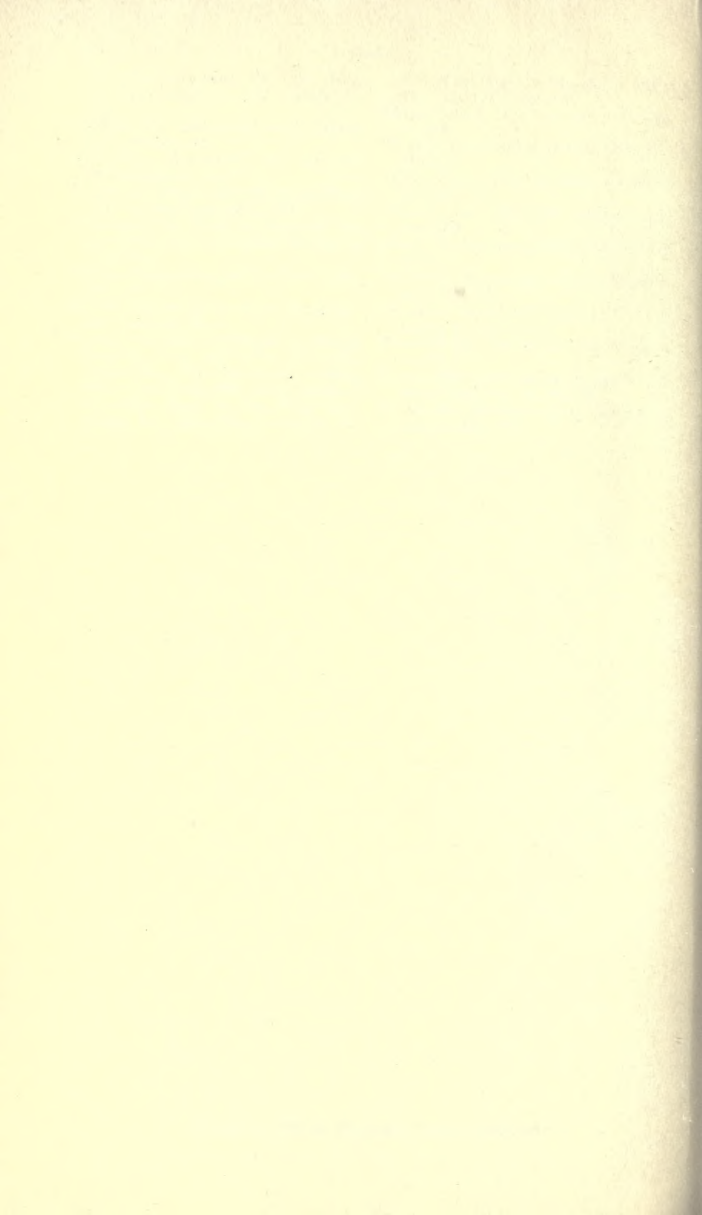
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